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CASSELL'S

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"SHE HAD A BASKET ON HER ARM
AND SHE BEGAN TO SING."

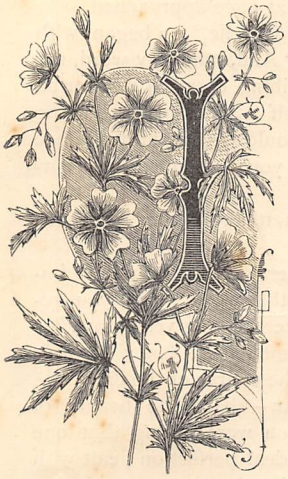
Cassell's Family Magazine.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

By ALICE O'HANLON, Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," "No Proof," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

SNOW-BOUND.



"SAY, young man, wake up! What a heavy sleeper you are, to be sure! I knocked twice at your door before coming in. Do rouse yourself!"

This adhortation was accompanied by a shake of the shoulder. Charlie Nunnerley, the speaker's cousin, turned over and sleepily rubbed his eyes.

"Hello, Victor—time to get up?" he asked, yawning.

"I should think so, rather, at a quarter to ten!"

"No! Is that possible?" Charlie started to a sitting posture. "I'll be dressed in a trice; but don't wait breakfast for me, my boy. Really, I'm sorry to be so late," he added apologetically; "but the fact is I sat up reading that new book I bought yesterday till after three. What kind of a morning is it, Victor?"

There was a window near to the bed. Victor McNicoll approached it and drew up the blind. "You shall see for yourself," he rejoined, with peculiar emphasis. "Look! What do you think of that?"

"Snow! Surely not?" An accent of dismay marked the query.

"Yes, snow," repeated the other. "A foot deep already, and coming down still as fast as it can whirl."

"What an awful nuisance! That accounts for it being so chilly last night."

Charlie was on the floor now, looking through the casement by his friend's side. The view whereupon he gazed was by no means extensive. It consisted of a small plateau immediately beneath the window, the trees which bordered it, and the garden-benches and tables disposed about it, all thickly covered with snow; beyond that, a couple of narrow ledges, or terrace-walks; then, apparently, a sheer precipice. Where the ground ended a grey mist began, seething up, as it were, from the abyss below to meet and engulf the dancing, gyrating white crystals that floated downwards into it with an effect that, after long gazing, made the brain feel dizzy and bewildered.

"Uncommonly awkward, isn't it?" resumed Nunnerley. "You'll feel vexed now that you let me persuade you to come up here at all."

"Nonsense! You don't suppose I shall blame you for the snow?" returned his cousin.

"But what on earth are we to do?" again questioned Charlie. "There is nothing to be seen here beyond our noses. We had better go on to Interlaken this morning instead of this afternoon, as we intended, hadn't we? I know you are anxious about your letters."

"Certainly I am," assented Victor; "but we are not likely to get down the mountain either morning or afternoon to-day."

"How so? We might not be able to *walk*, perhaps, in this storm, but there are the mules we came up on yesterday. The guide stopped here all night, you know. Why shouldn't we let the beasts carry us down?"

"For a very simple reason—that they have already carried some other people down, or their luggage."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes. The driver understood, of course, that we should not want them again ourselves, and it appears the mules were engaged over-night by that old gentleman and his son, the doctor, with whom we were talking in the drawing-room last evening. They went off at seven o'clock this morning. The landlord tells me, however, that the guide was very reluctant to venture in the snow, though the downfall was not nearly so heavy at that hour as it is now, and that he asked three times his usual charges for the journey."

"Humph! And you really think we couldn't walk? The way up seemed straight and plain enough," suggested Charlie.

"But the way down, my dear fellow, would scarcely be very plain now, I imagine," answered his companion. "In fact, the landlord protests that it would simply be madness for us to attempt the descent. He never remembers, he says, such a fall of snow taking place here before, so early in the year."

"Well, I suppose we must resign ourselves to our fate with the best grace we can," said Charlie, moving away from the window as he spoke; "but I must say it's very tiresome when we are so pressed for time."

To this observation his cousin made no reply. A slight frown, however, contracted his brow as he continued to gaze forth at the eddying tornado of dazzling white flakes.

That Victor McNicoll was of Scottish descent may

be gathered from his name; but having been born and lived all his life in a West of England county, he could scarcely be considered a Scotchman.

In figure tall and spare, he possessed a nervous, energetic constitution. His eyes and hair were dark, his skin sallow, his features strongly marked and prominent. A firm, well-moulded mouth and chin completed a face far from handsome, yet to the perceptive eye full of character, and by no means unpleasant to look upon.

Without his "vestural tissue"—the clothes which, as the erudite philosopher Teuflesdröckh maintains, "make the man"—it might scarcely seem fair to introduce the other young fellow, were it not that, even in a condition so nearly that of the aboriginal savage, he could well bear comparison with his correctly-tailored companion.

Charles Nunnerley, in sooth, was remarkably good-looking; also he was fully aware of the fact, and sufficiently appreciative of its advantages. Of the blonde Adonis type, he had a fair, silky moustache, bright blue eyes, and a clear, healthy complexion. He possessed, moreover, a finely-developed muscular frame, and a pair of shapely white hands. In age the cousins were not far apart. Victor had just reached his twenty-fifth year; Charlie was nine months his junior.

The two young men, it may here be explained, were just completing a walking tour which they had been making together in Switzerland. Within the past fortnight they had penetrated to many out-of-the-way districts, but they had now returned to the more beaten tracks of this much be-travelled land. From Grindlewald, on the previous day, they had walked over the Wengern Alp, and had afterwards ridden up the Mürren, with the design of merely passing one night in their present location. This was a huge hotel on the summit of the mountain, crowded a week ago by over a hundred people, but now almost deserted. That grey mist rolling below filled the narrow valley of Lauterbrunnen. The falling snow hid the magnificent range of the Bernese Alps, which, on a fine day, stretched in an intoxicatingly beautiful panorama just across the valley, almost, as it seemed, within a stone's-throw.

"And since we *are* to be kept prisoners here," re-commenced Charlie, who appeared inclined to grumble at the aspect of events, "it makes matters worse that there should be so little society in the house. Let's see: now that the doctor and his father have gone, there will be only those two old maids, the widow and her little girl, and that crusty German professor—if he is a professor."

"Nay, by-the-by, there are two other persons," returned Victor: "an American and his daughter. They were not in the drawing-room last evening, but that young fellow the doctor was just beginning to speak to me about them when some one came up and interrupted him. I'd forgotten the circumstance till you reminded me of it; but he said, I recollect, that they were a most extraordinary and interesting pair."

"Ah! well, that's a trifle more encouraging. Now if you'll make yourself scarce, old fellow, I'll hurry up, and be down directly."

"All right; I'll go and order breakfast, then. Chops, shall we say, and eggs?"

"That'll do capitally. Shan't be long, I assure you."

Charlie was not long. Descending the stairs, he found his cousin pacing backwards and forwards in the great *salle-à-manger*, capable of dining some three hundred people, whilst a couple of waiters were bustling about the corner of a long table, where breakfast was already spread for the two.

On perceiving him, Victor at once approached.

"I've seen the Americans, Charlie," he began, with quite an air of excitement. "And, upon my word, the doctor was justified in describing them as wonderful. You may congratulate yourself as an artist on having come up here. If only you could paint that girl's face as it ought to be painted, you'd immortalise yourself."

"Dear me! What's the matter with the girl's face? Is it pretty?"

"Pretty?" echoed the other, with a gesture of impatience. "Pretty is not the word. Do you remember, Charlie, what you were saying yesterday?"

"At which particular moment? I fancy I made several observations during the course of the day."

"You know what I mean—about the beauty of young women in novels. You were saying that one never meets in real life that ideal perfection dealt with in fiction. But you may abandon your conclusion now. This girl is lovely—indescribably lovely; neither pen nor pencil could do her justice."

"Really!—there must be something extraordinary about her indeed to arouse a passionless, *nil admirari* fellow like you to such a pitch of enthusiasm."

"*I* passionless?"—with a shrug of the shoulders—"What a profound judge of character you are, Charlie!—so keen and penetrative in your observations! But come to the table; that *garçon* is waxing impatient."

Charlie followed. When, however, the covers were removed, and the servants had retired to a distance, he resumed the conversation.

"And where did you see her, Victor?" he asked—"this Peri, who has 'snatched a grace beyond the reach of art'?"

"Here. They had just finished breakfast, she and her father, when I came in, and they both bade me good morning as they left the room. And the father, Charlie, is as wonderful as the daughter—quite as wonderful, only in a different way. If they are Americans, they are of an entirely new type to me. I have met Americans from north, south, east, and west, I believe; but I never met any like these before."

"Vulgarians?" concisely demanded young Nunnerley.

"No, no—at least, not the daughter. If I had not heard her call him father I should not have believed in the relationship. It is a perfect mystery," protested

Victor. "She, the girl, moves and looks like a queen: it's no exaggeration to say it. But the man—well, I don't know. He may be a successful gold-digger, or perhaps a backwoodsman, or a farmer from some central wilds; anyway, he is a *rara avis*, even for a Swiss hotel. But I won't say any more. It is a pity to spoil your first impression by my descriptions. They have gone into the *salon;* we can join them there after breakfast."

"So be it. You have raised my curiosity considerably, I confess," returned Nunnerley. "Possibly this unlucky business of the snow may turn out less vexatious than we imagined—Another chop, please!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

FELLOW-PRISONERS.

HOWEVER much it had been excited, Mr. Charles Nunnerley's curiosity did not prove injurious to his appetite.

"There!" he interjected presently, setting down his empty breakfast-cup, and stretching himself contentedly. "Unless they pile up the damage pretty high, they won't make much out of me by that meal!"

"Well, no; you have certainly done justice to it," acquiesced his cousin, who had himself eaten but sparingly. "Now we'll adjourn to the drawing-room, shall we?"

"All right, my dear fellow, I am at your service."

Without further parley, McNicoll rose and led the way.

In addition to smoking and billiard rooms, the hotel boasted two public *salons*, divided by folding doors, one of them only being at present in use for the limited number of guests. Unclosing the door of the latter, Victor stood aside and allowed his companion to precede him.

The room presented a delightful glow of light and comfort. In an open grate blazed a huge fire of resinous pine-logs. Crimson rugs were spread here and there over the polished floor, and the warmth and colour within afforded an agreeable contrast with the wintry aspect of the falling snow without.

At this moment all the visitors at the hotel—to the number already specified—were in occupation of the apartment.

Upon a couch by one side of the fireplace sat two middle-aged maiden ladies. One of these—a showily-dressed individual, with a large nose, red-tipped, and suggestive of obtrusive curiosity—was an incessant and exasperating talker. The other was a mild, washed-out little woman, very shy and silent, with an air of perpetually apologising for her own existence.

Opposite to them, on the other side of the hearth, a little girl sat, nursing a doll. Her mother, a young widow, who took a good deal of trouble to look younger than she really was, had drawn her chair to a centre table, by which sat also an obese, ill-tempered-looking man in spectacles. This man—he whom Charlie had dubbed "the professor"—had collected together all the latest newspapers, and having secured them for future use by placing them under his elbow, was skimming an article in one of the current monthlies.

Upon entering the room, Nunnerley had paused likewise by this table, just behind the widow's chair, and on perceiving him, the professor (he actually was a professor) drew closer his store of literature, and glanced up with a low growl, and a look on his face like that of a dog who fancies another dog wishes to possess himself of his bone.

Charlie, however, neither coveted the literature, nor did he notice the glance. With an amused smile on his lips, he was looking after McNicoll. For the latter, having passed onwards towards the fire, had instantly been seized upon by the loquacious lady, who lay in wait like an all-devouring octopus, ready to cast out her tenacious tentacles of speech round any prey that presented itself. Gifted with a loud rasping voice, this vivacious lady had furthermore an agreeable habit of repeating the same sentence over and over again, as though she were practising a transposition lesson, such as is given to school-children.

Taking up a guide-book, Charlie turned over its pages at random, and listened.

"Yes, I awoke at six this morning—I usually awaken about six. And I could scarcely believe it—I assure you, I could scarcely believe it—when I saw the snow. For yesterday, though it was cold—yes, certainly it *was* cold yesterday—one could never have expected snow. I went into my friend's room at once. It was about six o'clock, I know, because it is usually about six when I awaken. I don't sleep very well. And my friend was as much surprised as I was when she saw the snow. It is such a heavy fall, you see—such a very heavy fall! And although yesterday was cold—yes, certainly cold—yet one doesn't expect snow in September——"

"Ach! slash me out dat voman's tongue, sombody, or I lose the senses!" muttered the professor below his breath.

"Did you speak, sir?" inquired Charlie, who, though he had not quite caught the remark, fancied, from the direction of the gentleman's gaze, that he might be the "sombody" addressed.

"Hein!"

Beyond this polite expletive the professor vouchsafed no immediate response.

The young widow, however, regarding Charlie with a confidential smile, whispered—

"This gentleman, Herr Jacob" (she had ventured yesterday to inquire his name, and had been gruffly answered, "Jacob"), "has christened these two ladies 'The Windmill' and 'The Victim.'"

"Ja, ja! Vords, vords, vords!" broke in the professor, again looking up from his book, and moving one hand round and round as though turning an organ. "Vords ground out like a mill—no sense, all wind; clack, jabber, babble-gabble; pah!"

Thereupon, hitching forward his chair with a savage jerk, the amiable man settled himself emphatically to his reading, and subsided into silence.

Meanwhile, disregarding another *sotto voce* confidence on the young widow's part, and an inviting

gesture of her hand towards a seat by her side, Charlie Nunnerley was staring hard in the direction of a window, in the embrasure of which, apart from the rest of the company, sat the two Americans. The girl about whom Victor had waxed so enthusiastic occupied an easy-chair, with its back towards him. Charlie, therefore, was unable to see her face. From where he stood, however, the father was distinctly visible, and it did not require much study to convince him that his cousin was right in describing him as a phenomenal specimen of the American traveller.

An under-sized man of middle age, he seemed to have been cast in a rough iron mould. His figure was stout, but one received at once the impression that he must have been much stouter, for somehow he had a shrunken look. His clothes were of fine texture, glossy and new. They did not, however, appear to fit him, and (possibly from the way they were worn) were given to crinkling up in odd and abnormal places. His patent leather boots were unexceptionable, but of a huge size; and to complete his toilet, there sparkled on his breast an enormous diamond pin.

In buckskin breeches and a blue striped shirt, with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, the poor man would have looked, Charlie thought, homogeneous and comfortable; in his present costume he appeared very much the reverse. Like his feet, his hands were unusually large. They were, moreover, horny and labour-hardened. Ruddy in colour, his skin hung loosely about his cheeks, and was elsewhere much bewrinkled and furrowed. His blue-grey eyes had an absent look in them, and the expression of his face was somewhat troubled. Once or twice, however, when addressing his daughter, Charlie noticed that it lighted up with a smile of rare sweetness.

Having thus taken in the father's appearance, young Nunnerley felt his curiosity more than ever tickled in respect of the daughter. Guide-book in hand, he ventured presently to stroll towards the window, as though to look forth.

The American, observing his approach, nodded. Then somewhat nervously clearing his throat, he added—

"Good morning, mister."

Charlie returned the greeting, and managed to include in his bow the girl, who had turned to see whom her father was addressing.

Her father! Was it really possible? The idea of such a relationship struck Charlie as even more incongruous than it had done his cousin. His artist's eye was, at the first glance, fascinated by her face. The delicate oval curves—the clear, rich, brunette complexion—the large dark blue eyes, so innocent and frank in their expression—made up altogether a beauty which, as Victor had truly said, was indescribable. In figure, too, the girl was almost perfect; and the dress which clung to her well-rounded supple form was, though costly in fabric, quiet and lady-like in tone.

Becoming aware that he was regarding her rather too intently, Charlie averted his gaze with a slightly heightened colour, and remarked to her father—

"This sudden fall of snow is a little awkward, is it not?"

"That's so, mister," rejoined the man, with alacrity, evidently pleased to be spoken with. "Yes, that's so. An' it's particular awkward fur me an' my daughter, because we'd fixed fur to go down the mountain to-day, an' now 'tain't possible nohow. It'll be sorter dull, too, I'm afeard, fur everybody, through not bein' able to git out o' doors."

"Oh, I dare say we shall survive a day's imprisonment," laughed Charlie. "Have you been here long?"

In putting this inquiry he glanced again at the girl, and she it was who replied.

"Five days, and I should be glad to stay longer. I call it just lovely up here when the air is clear." (There was a curious accent or drawl in her speech, very slight—the faintest reflex of her parent's. Charlie thought it deliciously piquant.) "And until to-day we have had very good weather—haven't we, father?"

"Yes; oh, yes, Idalia—the weather's bin fine, I 'low. An' the views is grand; I've nothin' agin the views." A slight sigh, nevertheless, accompanied the assertion. "But your brother, now," he went on: "I don't guess he'd keer much for here, Idalia. He likes it gayer, does Peley. I've a son, mister, as we was expectin' to meet down to Interlaken to-day. He's bin travellin' around a spell by himself, but we was to meet him to-day down there at the Hotel Jungfraublick."

"Oh? I see."

The last word had been ludicrously mispronounced. But Charlie did not smile; he was thinking—"Her name, then, is *Idalia*. It is a beautiful name; it suits her exactly."

"We've been at that hotel before, me an' Idalia," resumed the American, communicating the information with the frank simplicity of a child. "We'd fixed to wait there fur Peleus—that's my son; but some ladies as we got a bit sociable with, they advised us to come up here fur a spell. They said we should be sot up with the views. An' Idalia, she has been a good deal pleased; but, bless her! she's young, and young folks is kinder easy pleased."

"But, father" (Idalia bent forward with a troubled look, and touched his horny hand), "I thought you had been enjoying yourself too."

"Lor, yes! To be sure I have, honey! Don't you git fancying no otherwise."

The sweet smile which Charlie had before remarked once more illuminated his plain and wrinkled visage.

His daughter, however, continued to regard him wistfully for some moments longer, stroking the while his large red fingers, with a caress so utterly unaffected that she might have forgotten the stranger's presence.

Looking on, young Nunnerley thought that he had never seen greater ease or grace of manner. No duchess, he told himself, could show a more perfect self-possession, yet at the same time a finer lack of self-consciousness.

"Idalia," said her father, glancing towards the window and changing the subject, evidently with design, "I've bin a-wonderin' how 'tis that when you

look up inter it when it's a-comin' down the snow 'pears sorter dirty an' black, an' all the while it's as white as kin be. It's powerful currious, thet is. What's the reason of it, Idalia?"

"A CURIOUS BLENDING OF DIGNITY AND SIMPLICITY" (*p.* 9).

"I don't know, indeed, father," rejoined Idalia, after a moment's consideration; "I can't explain it."

"Kin ye not now?" he asked. "Well, in a general way she does know most things, does Idalia. She's hed a powerful good edication, you see, mister. But *you* kin tell about the snow, I dessay?"

Charlie reflected. He felt an eager desire—he could scarcely have told why—to be able to elucidate the phenomenon, and yet he could think of no explanation. He was not, it may here be confessed, a very studious or well-read young fellow, and his schoolboy knowledge had long since gone to the dogs.

"Um, no," he acknowledged at length. "I'm ashamed to say that I really do not know how to account for the fact."

His shapely white hand, as he made the reluctant admission, went up to his moustache, and he was twisting the corners of it disconcertedly when, his regard once more falling on her, he caught Idalia looking up at him, with a glimmer of amusement in her face.

"Never mind," she said, laughing. "We can find it out another time. It doesn't signify. You are English, are you not?"

"English? Oh, yes, I am English, of course," he answered, stammering slightly.

The unabashed, straightforward gaze of those large lustrous eyes seemed to affect him for the moment with a kind of mental vertigo.

"What part of England do you come from?" she questioned again, with the same *naïve* directness.

"From London. I am an artist. I have a studio there." He added these particulars without any accountable reason.

"An artist—are ye now railly?" put in the father, with lively interest. "Wall, thet's smart. An' ye make picturs?"

"Yes, of people mostly. I take portraits."

"Do tell! Ye look smart, though—right down smart ye look. I aimed fur to hev Idalia's pictur' tuk when we was down to Rome," he subjoined, "but someways she wouldn't give in to settin' fur it there. She 'lowd she'd hev it tuk in England."

"That artist will be highly fortunate, whoever he may be," observed Charlie gallantly, "who shall be permitted to take Miss—the young lady's portrait."

He had made a pause after the "Miss," but the surname he had hoped for was not supplied. As for the compliment—insinuated as much by the tone as the words of his speech—Idalia took no notice of it whatsoever. Her thoughts appeared to be occupied with another subject.

"High Radstow is a long way from London, is it not?" she asked presently.

"High Radstow?" The young man repeated the name in accents of extreme surprise. "Why, yes, it is a considerable distance. It is a small market-town in one of our Western counties. Do you—you don't know anything of it?"

"No," she answered quietly; "but we are going there to live in about a fortnight."

"To High Radstow?—to *live?*" he echoed again. "Excuse my astonishment, please, but I know the place well. My cousin Victor McNicoll — the gentleman by the chimney-piece there—lives at High Radstow, or at least in the neighbourhood of the town."

"Is thet so? Now thet's currious, ain't it, Idalia? I wonder now," he continued, with an eager, yet diffident, air, "ef he might happen to be acquainted with a place about thar called Monkswood Hall?"

"*Of course he is*—very well acquainted with it! And so am I," exclaimed Charlie. "Why, my cousin has lived at High Radstow all his life. Shall I call him? Victor!" He turned, without awaiting assent, and emphasised his summons with a raised finger.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

SURPRISING INTELLIGENCE.

ALTHOUGH by no means a lady's man, Victor McNicoll was incapable of anything approaching to discourtesy in his demeanour towards the opposite sex. Held mercilessly by the talkative lady's incessant babble, he had all this while been writhing under the infliction like a cockchafer with a pin through its body. Yet, without a *brusquerie* on which he did not care to venture, he had felt unable to extricate himself. His replies, however, had grown monosyllabic, and his distracted gaze wandered constantly towards his cousin at the window. Charlie, he saw, was making acquaintance with the Americans about whom his own interest and curiosity were so largely excited. For the nonce he envied young Nunnerley that free-and-easy confidence of manner which he was wont upon occasions to stigmatise as "uppishness." Charlie, he reflected, never lost anything through shyness, and Charlie, he knew, would certainly never have allowed himself to be thus detained against his will through undue politeness to an elderly spinster. Victor had just resolved to take his courage in hand and to effect an escape, when his cousin's call expedited his deliverance.

Murmuring a relieved "Excuse me!" he crossed the room.

"Victor, this gentleman wishes to make some inquiries about High Radstow," began Charlie. "He is going there; and I have just mentioned that you live in the neighbourhood."

"Indeed!" The exclamation indicated a surprise equal to that which his cousin had already betrayed. High Radstow was not a place usually favoured by the visits of strangers. "I shall be happy to give you any information in my power, sir," he appended, after a second or two.

"Thank ye, mister; thet thar's very kind o' ye, an' civil. But won't ye set?"

"Yes, pray do sit down," put in Idalia, supporting the invitation with the quiet assurance of one who was accustomed to find her word law.

The young men obeyed with no feigned alacrity. Bringing forward two chairs, they settled themselves *vis-à-vis* to their new acquaintances.

"Well, now, that looks friendly, don't it, Idalia?" observed the American, smiling round the little circle in frank gratification. "My name is Bretherton, gentlemen—Abner Bretherton, an' I come from North Carolina. I suppose"—his expression altered here, and he leaned eagerly forward, smoothing out the knees of his trousers: a favourite habit of his—"I suppose, now, there ain't no North Carolina folks anywhares around them parts?"

"About High Radstow, do you mean?" asked Victor, who could scarcely forbear a smile at the interrogation. "No, I should think not—in fact, I feel sure not."

"No, 'tain't likely—come to think of it, 'tain't at all likely," assented Mr. Bretherton, the eager light dying out of his eyes. "But seems like as though when a man's gettin' into years he sorter hankers arter his own country-folk," he went on, with a faint sigh. "Though I'm gettin' used now to being among strangers"—this with renewed cheerfulness—"oh, yes, I'm gettin' used to it, Idalia."

Once more Idalia laid a caressing touch on his hand.

"You were going to ask the gentleman about Monkswood Hall, weren't you, father?" she suggested.

"Thet's so, honey. He says, mister, that you know the place, an' ef you wouldn't take no offence at it, I'd like to put a question or two. I'm afeard, now, it's raither a gorgeous house, ain't it?"

"Monkswood is a fine estate, certainly, but not particularly grand," answered McNicoll, with raised eyebrows. "The house is old and picturesque, and the grounds are, or rather *were*, beautifully kept. There is a little wood at the back of the Hall, from whence it takes its name. I knew Mrs. Curtis, the widow lady to whom it belonged, pretty well; but she has been dead now some eighteen months, and the house has been unoccupied ever since. You—you were not thinking of renting it?"

"Well, no; it's our own, you see; so we don't need to rent it. An' ye really know'd Miss' Curtis, did ye? Lor'! I feel quite uplifted, mister, to make your acquaintance! Ef you wouldn't mind it, I'd like to shake hands."

Abner extended his horny palm as he spoke; and when Victor, with increased astonishment, had responded to the advance, he continued—

"An' so ye know'd Hypatia? Was she anyways like Idalia?"

"Yes, it is—I beg your pardon," he apologised hastily, "but I have been puzzling myself to discover who the young lady reminded me of, and now I understand—it is Mrs. Curtis!"

"Thar! I allus 'low'd so!" exclaimed Mr. Bretherton. "It's nigh upon thirty year since I saw Hypatia, an' then she was only a girl of fourteen or fifteen; but I've allus allowed that Idaly was her very picter an' image. I've never went back on thet opinion."

"Were they——Was Mrs. Curtis a relative of yours?" demanded McNicoll.

"She was my sister."

"Oh, indeed!" Victor's amazement was more genuine than complimentary. "Yes; I recollect now that she was an American by birth. But no one could have guessed it from her speech or manner."

"And I recollect your telling me," said Charlie, "when I was down in the spring, that Mrs. Curtis had left her house and property to her brother, who lived in the States somewhere."

"North Carolina. Yes, mister; that's me. I'm her brother," affirmed Mr. Bretherton, nervously rubbing his knees. "But I don't wonder that you look kinder dumbfoundered; I don't wonder at that a bit. Patty, now—I dessay she was a good deal polished, wasn't she? We used," he explained, "to call her Patty when a girl."

"Certainly; Mrs. Curtis moved in the best society in the county," rejoined Victor; "and her manners were perfect."

Mr. Bretherton smiled.

"You wouldn't hev guessed, then, that she'd bin raised in North Carolina, or that she'd a brother like me?" he asked. "Well, you see, it was this way, mister: my father, he'd a sister ez kept a store in New York city; an' when Patty was fourteen year old, or thereabouts, she was sent to live with her aunt. Thet was mother's doin's, thet was. She'd a heap of pride, mother hed; an', you see, she wanted Hypatia to learn town ways an' git polished. Mother, she'd a powerful ambition, poor thing! arter edicating an' polishing folks, through bein' a superior woman herself. Once—once" (with a profound sigh) "she even aimed fur to hev me polished too. But, bless you! it warn't no manner of use: I jest *couldn't* polish, gentlemen, no more'n the sole of an old boot. That's so. I tuk arter father, you see, who was a roughish sort—not arter mother. An' though I'd be 'mazing glad to do it now, fur Peley's sake an' Idalia's, I've jest had to give it up. Even this tour, though I've tried hard to learn bong-tong, as they call it, it haven't been of no mortal use. I ain't one bit more polished than I was at the beginnin'; an' we've bin travellin' around now fur nine months or more. 'Tain't *in* me, ye see; thar's where it is. Why, no! you might as well try to polish a mule," he concluded, in deep humility.

"Father, don't!—please don't!" entreated his daughter, a vivid crimson suffusing her lovely face. "Who wants you different from what you are? *I* don't. I wouldn't have you altered one whit—not one whit!" she repeated passionately. "You are polished with the best kind of polish. But these gentlemen don't know, father—they don't know you. They may think, if you talk like that, that you want improving some way; but you don't—*you don't!*"

The girl's head was held proudly erect; and whilst speaking she had thrown a searching, somewhat defiant glance at the two young men. Both, fortunately, bore the scrutiny well. Charlie Nunnerley, though inwardly much diverted, managed to suppress all sign of amusement. Victor McNicoll, for his part (possibly because he possessed a less keen sense of humour than his cousin), had found nothing in the situation to tickle him. The Arcadian simplicity of the father; his frank yet humble acknowledgment of want of fashionable cultivation, taken in conjunction with his anxious and troubled air, struck him rather as pathetic than ludicrous. As for the daughter's little outbreak of distress at her father's self-depreciation, and her loyal refusal to allow of any deficiency in him, this touched Victor in a peculiar manner. As Idalia's large violet-blue eyes met his with a gleam of fire in their depths, he seemed to obtain a glimpse into a strong and uncommon character. Intensely interested by this passing revelation as to her nature, and thrilled with admiration of the girl's rare beauty, enhanced by the warm glow on her cheeks, Victor remained silent, his absorbed regard riveted upon her face; and the crisis might have become decidedly embarrassing but for young Nunnerley's ready *savoir-faire*.

"Well, I quite agree, sir, with your daughter—with Miss Bretherton," he said, gravely affecting to misunderstand the question at issue. "I don't see why European polish, as you call it, should be any better than North Carolina ditto; and if *I* came from the New World, I would not trouble myself in the least about acquiring the usages and conventionalities of the old one. But may I bring you back to your subject?" he went on, with cheerful ease. "You were

going to tell us, I think, how your sister, Mrs. Curtis, came to marry an Englishman?"

"But Mrs. Curtis, I understood, was married twice," interposed Victor, now recovering himself. "General Curtis was not her first husband, was he, sir?"

"Well, no, he warn't. No; Hypatia, she was married twice; thet's so," returned Mr. Bretherton, manifestly flattered by this show of interest. "Her first husband, he was a young feller by the name of Arthur Coverley. They was grand folks, the Coverleys was, an' rich. The father he owned a big warehouse in London, an' another in New York City. An' young Coverley, you see, he was livin' a spell in New York, a-larnin' the business there. Wall, he used to meet Hypatia every mornin' a-goin' to the school as mother hed hed her sent to. An' by'n-by he struck up an acquaintance with the girl; an' though she was only fifteen, an' him twenty-four, he vow'd he'd fell in love with her, 'n' wouldn't never marry no one else. Seems sorter romantic, don't it?" he asked, smiling.

Both young men assented to this proposition. And, placidly rubbing his knees, the good man resumed—

"Well, bein' grand folks, an' an old fam'ly, as they say, the Coverleys was a good deal riled at first. An' old Mr. Coverley he went over to New York City to try an' stop the courtin'. But it warn't of no use. Young Coverley he wouldn't go back on Hypatia. So when the father hed seen her, an' how powerful good-lookin' she was, he 'lowed to give in ef mother 'd agree to him a-takin' her back with him to London, and puttin' her to a first-rate boardin'-school there. So thet's how 'twas, you see. An' they was married when Hypatia was seventeen."

"And did you never see her again, sir?" Charlie asked. The young artist was not very curious on this or any other point of Mrs. Curtis's history, but he wished to prolong the conversation, and to enjoy further opportunity for the study of Idalia's exquisite face. The latter had by this time recovered her equanimity. There still, however, seemed to linger about her a slight air of confusion, a passing shyness engendered of the consciousness of her recent impetuosity.

"No, mister, I never see'd her again—never; 'n' yet we'd allus aimed, both Patty an' me, fur to meet one another some day. But somehow it never fell out as we could fix things rightly. Mother, though *she* see'd Patty twice when she was Mis' Coverley, down to New York," he went on. "Patty went over there o' purpose, 'n' they stayed together in a big hotel fur a spell. An' when mother got back home, you may b'lieve she was pretty full of her visit. Seemed like she couldn't talk of nothing else but how fine Hypatia was fixed, an' what a grand lady she'd growed, an' how polished she was. An' arter that, you see, she 'pear'd to set more store by polish than ever, mother did." He paused for a second or two reflectively, and then continued: "Howsomever, young Coverley, he didn't live more'n ten years arter they was married. Hypatia, she was left a widow at twenty-seven, poor thing! with a fortin of forty thousand pounds, as her husband had willed to her. They'd no children, you understand. Hypatia, she never did have no children."

"I suppose not. And afterwards, of course, she married General Curtis. He was a fine-looking man, but a good deal older, I should say, than she?"

Mr. Bretherton nodded. "Well, yes, I b'lieve thet was so."

"I only remember seeing him once or twice," pursued Victor. "He was a confirmed invalid when first they came to live at Monkswood, and he died shortly afterwards. The climate of India, I was told, had tried him much in his later years."

"I dessay—yes, I dessay," acquiesced Mr. Bretherton. "They both lived in India a longish spell, you see. Well, how curious it seems!" he continued, with childlike expansiveness, "that you should have knowd my sister! Fur all I hevn't seen her of so long, I've thought a heap of Patty; an' it's kinder comfortin' to meet some one as has knowd one o' your belongings. It's like a breath o' mountain air from home. An' it's a pleasure, this is, havin' a chat with you two young fellers," he concluded.

As a matter of course, the young men protested that the pleasure was all on their side; and Victor went on to add that he felt delighted to make the acquaintance of any relative of Mrs. Curtis, a lady whom he had always greatly admired.

"But is it true?" he asked, addressing Idalia, with subdued eagerness in his tone, "is it really true that you are thinking of going to live at Monkswood?"

"Well, yes—at all events, for a time we are," she answered. "And if father can feel happy there we may settle in England altogether."

"It's this way, mister; this is the way of it," observed Mr. Bretherton explanatorily. "Monkswood Hall, it's our'n. General Curtis, he left it to Hypatia; an' Hypatia, havin' no kith nor kin but us, why, naterally, she left it to us—an' all her property, too. There's over six thousand pounds a year—take it roughly at thirty thousand dollars—from the property as she had through her two husbands. That's a pile of money, ain't it?"

"A consummately delightful pile, I should consider it," remarked young Nunnerley.

"But besides that, I'm a rich man myself—a very rich man," went on Mr. Bretherton, mentioning the fact apparently without the smallest pride in it—"'Folks in England,' mother used to say, 'think a heap of money.' Is that so, now?"

Charley laughed. "Well, yes, I am afraid it is a true bill," he owned. "We pretend, of course, to set a higher value on birth and education. But 'money makes the mare to go.' In the end there's nothing like a golden key for unlocking the portals of society."

"Now that thar, it's jest what poor mother allus upheld!" pursued Mr. Bretherton, heaving a sigh and resuming the friction of his knees. "'Take the children to England, Abner,' she kep' on sayin' to me over an' over agin, when she was dyin'—'Take them to England, an'——' Was you wantin' anythin', my lad?"

The last words were addressed to a sleek-looking

waiter, who had just entered the room and drawn himself up behind Victor McNicoll's chair.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur," was the polite rejoinder, "I've been desired to inform the gentlemen that a fire has been lighted in the billiard-room, in case they might wish for a game."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

ABNER IS CONFIDENTIAL.

ENGROSSED in the conversation they had been holding, the little party by the window had almost forgotten the fact that they were in a public room. The interruption, however, that had just occurred having served to recall to their notice the presence of others, it now became apparent that in a furtive way they were being made the centre of observation. The talkative lady's tongue, for once, had grown silent, and, leaning forward in her seat, she seemed to be straining her attention to catch something of the subject which was so obviously interesting them.

The young widow, moreover, whether with a view to eaves-dropping or not, had changed her place. She had left the centre table to the taciturn professor, and was at present seated upon a couch only a few yards distant. The contents of a small workbasket which she was re-arranging lay upon her knee, and by her side stood her little girl. The child held in her hand a piece of bright blue satin, and whilst whispering something to her mother, was glancing askance at Idalia.

"Why, Daisy, I declare I had quite forgotten!" exclaimed the latter, catching sight of the child at this juncture. "I promised to cut out Dolly's jacket for you this morning, didn't I? Come here, dear," she beckoned, speaking with the faint drawl which Charlie had found so piquant, and which Victor now remarked for the first time.

"Oh, thank you! But not if you are engaged?" returned the little girl, approaching shyly.

"I'm not engaged. Come right along to that little table over there, Daisy, and we'll fix the jacket splendidly. Father, you won't mind me leaving you for awhile, will you? It does him good," she added, significantly addressing a half-commanding, half-supplicatory glance to the two young men as she rose from her seat—"it does him good sometimes to have a chat with strangers. Father enjoys society."

Bowing, as though to promise that her father should still enjoy his society, Charlie Nunnerley rose also and kept his feet whilst Idalia crossed the room. And again, as he watched her free step and graceful carriage, he endorsed in his own mind the correctness of Victor's report concerning her. His cousin had declared that she looked and moved like a queen, and unquestionably there was something regal about the girl's air—a curious blending of dignity and simplicity.

The widow, too, watched Idalia's transit across the apartment, and her countenance cleared. If the truth must be told, she had been secretly looking to these two young gentlemen to lighten for herself the tedium of her enforced detention within-doors. She had hoped at least to enjoy some agreeable conversation with them, if not to get up an incipient flirtation. Flirtation, incipient or otherwise, was the widow's favourite pastime. And she had accordingly felt annoyed that the attention of both should be monopolised by that singular American girl and her utterly plebeian father.

Now, however, that the girl had withdrawn from their company, she trusted there would be a chance for bringing her own charms into operation.

But, alas! these revived hopes were doomed to speedy disappointment.

"I say, governor, do you smoke?" inquired Charlie, dropping back into his chair.

"Well, yes, I do," Mr. Bretherton returned, beaming amiably under the impression that the term "governor" was a title of respect. "Yes, I take a pipe now an' agin."

"And perhaps you play billiards?"

"Billiards? Bless you, no. Thet thar ain't a likely divarsion fur a man with hands like these here"—spreading them out to view. "Once I did hev a try at it; but I couldn't hit the balls right nohow. It's a sorter delicate an' ticklish job, handlin' them sticks is. But Peley, now, he's fond of the game, Peley is."

"Well, come, at any rate, and have a smoke with us whilst we play," rejoined young Nunnerley. "I say, Victor, let's go and have a game?"

"Very well," acquiesced his cousin, starting slightly, and bringing his gaze back from a fascinating view of Idalia's side-face presented to his vision across the room. "Very well, I'm quite agreeable."

And in another moment, without so much as a glance at the disconcerted widow, the three men had quitted the *salon*.

In the billiard-room they found another glorious pine-fire, as bright and cheerful as that they had left behind.

Drawing an arm-chair to one side of it, Charlie invited Mr. Bretherton to occupy the comfortable seat. His courtesy, however, was marked by a kind of condescending familiarity of manner. In the daughter's absence the young artist's demeanour towards the father had undergone a considerable change. This change Victor noticed with disapproval. In his opinion Charlie's easy air, displayed towards a man so much his senior, savoured of disrespect, and was altogether bad form.

But Mr. Bretherton did not appear to observe anything amiss. On the contrary, he seemed more pleasantly impressed than ever with the young man's companionableness.

"It's real good now of you young fellers to be so chatty," he remarked, rubbing his hands over the blaze. "I haven't met no one so chatty not fur a long spell. English folks, you see, they're different that-a-way from Americans. They ain't neighbourly—not to call neighbourly. In a general way I don't seem to git on with them myself not so well as I could wish. But Idalia, now—it's different with Idalia and with Peleus, through them being edicated an' useder to society an' bong-tong."

"Ah, yes! capital thing, that bong-tong, isn't it?" said Charlie, gravely imitating poor Abner's pronunciation, but bestowing at the same time a surreptitious wink upon Victor—who, however, merely rewarded the grimace with a frown. Then, selecting his cue, Nunnerley commenced, by a judicious leading question, a course of "pumping," which, continued throughout the game, put himself and his cousin in possession of certain facts respecting the antecedents and present position of the Bretherton family, which facts, without reporting the conversation containing them, may be briefly recapitulated—not, however, that in giving them forth Mr. Bretherton really needed any special "pumping;" the unsophisticated man, having evidently nothing in his life to hide, and no notion of disguise or evasion, answered all queries put to him with the most patent unreserve.

Summed up, then, the information now acquired by the young men was this:—

At an early age Mr. Bretherton had inherited from his father a farm, situated among the Apalachian mountains, at that easterly portion termed the Blue Ridge. The farm—a very extensive one—was called (from the circumstance that it overlooked a splendid cataract) Whitefall Prospect, whilst the name of the surrounding district was Clear-Water Valley. On the beauty, healthfulness, and general delectability of this spot, poor Mr. Bretherton (who was plainly much attached to his home and natal land) dwelt with warm enthusiasm and the occasional wiping away of a furtive tear.

In his father's time, the farm-lands surrounding the house had, it appeared, been chiefly devoted to the cultivation of Indian corn, whilst a large portion of the estate lying higher up among the mountains had been made of comparatively little use. On coming into possession, however, Abner, besides continuing the cultivation of grain, had turned those neglected and less fertile tracts of his demesne to service by breeding upon them an immense number of swine; and through the sale of these animals to South Carolina pork-exporters he had gradually grown rich. Seeing, moreover, that he had had little opportunity of spending it, his money had accumulated, so that, in addition to the property recently acquired through his sister, he now possessed a handsome fortune invested in various stocks and shares.

That among his neighbours and friends in that far-off mountain vale Abner Bretherton had been a man of high note, was easily to be gathered from his artless admissions. Indeed, as a matter of fact—although, despite his wealth, he had continued to labour with his own hands upon his farm, and had in no way set himself above his associates—he had, by their common consent, been elected a kind of honorary magistrate, and made an umpire and referee in all matters of local dispute or interest.

Having lost his wife soon after the birth of Idalia, who was now eighteen years of age, his family had consisted, until within fifteen months, of his mother, his son, and daughter. It was by their grandmother that the children had been brought up, and by her influence that their ideas and characters had necessarily been more or less moulded. So far as the young men could judge from Mr. Bretherton's respectful references to her, she had been a woman of some little education and a great deal of ambition. Furthermore, she had been remarkably handsome (a slight admixture of Spanish blood running in her veins), and it was from her that her daughter Hypatia and granddaughter Idalia had derived their dark beauty. Whilst herself in her teens, Mrs. Bretherton had once spent a year in London, whither she had accompanied a family from New York in the temporary capacity of lady's maid. From that visit she had imbibed a strong taste for high life and fashionable manners. Aiming, in the first place, to elevate her own children, and having met with such unexpected success in Hypatia's case, she had afterwards yearned for a similar improvement in her grandchildren's social status, and had determined, if possible, to effect it. So long, however, as the children were young and their father was amassing the fortune requisite to her schemes, she had not desired that he should leave his farm to settle in a more civilised district. But she had always insisted that in due course this must be done. Meanwhile, in order to fit them for their higher sphere, both boy and girl had been well educated. Peleus—this name, by-the-by, as Mr. Bretherton informed his interlocutor, was a source of much annoyance to its owner, and for some time past the latter had been anxious to change it for Percival.

"An' we'd orter strive to call him so," admitted the father, with a sigh, and a deepening of certain anxious lines about his face. "Fur, maybe, it was sorter hard on him to give him such an outlandish name. Anyways, when he hates it so we'd orter be keerful to say 'Percival,' an' I'm tryin' to learn. Only, bein' so used to it—Peley, you see, it *will* keep slippin' out now an' agin."

A second sigh concluded this parenthetical remark; and something in Mr. Bretherton's aspect, as he made it, caused Victor McNicoll to surmise that this son of his was not in every respect a comfort to the worthy man.

But, to return from this digression, Peleus, or Percival, had, at his grandmother's instance (the old lady had evidently held the reins of government in her son's household), been sent, from the age of six, to school, first to Raleigh, then to a more advanced academy in Boston, and finally to Harvard University. A very small portion only of the youth's life had been spent at home, for even in the vacations he had usually been prevented from returning thither. His grandmother, at such times, had been wont to meet him, taking with her his sister, and to carry the two off in search of "polish" to some fashionable spa, or other resort where good society was to be had.

As for Idalia, she too had, on three several occasions, been banished by her resolute-minded grandparent to a distant educational establishment. Each time, however, she had been obliged to return to Clear-Water Valley at the end of a few weeks—ill with fretting

and home-sickness. And each time she had found her father suffering also, mentally and physically, through a separation which neither of them could endure. After that third failure both had obstinately refused to submit to any further experiments in the boarding-school direction. Mrs. Bretherton, therefore, had been obliged to content herself with engaging for Idalia's private instruction at home the most competent governesses that money could hire.

It was now some eighteen months since the old lady had been seized with an illness, which resulted in her death. Whilst she lay sick there had reached Mr. Bretherton the news of his sister's demise, and of his own inheritance of Monkswood; and this news had, of course, been communicated to the dying woman. Now, even before this event, the latter had decided in her own mind that the time had fully come for Abner to quit his quiet valley. Daily, therefore, from that time forth, she had importuned her son to give up his farm, to take his children to travel in Europe, and afterwards to reside upon their English estate. Eventually, wearied by her solicitations, and satisfied also that it would be to his children's advantage, Abner had given his mother the promise she required, and had only waited to lay her ashes beneath the shadow of his much-loved mountains before setting off on its fulfilment. But, though he had left his farm, Mr. Bretherton had not sold it. He had merely committed it and his two or three thousand hogs to the care of an agent. That agent was a second cousin of his, an honest man named Jabez Dean, in whose capacity as well as probity he had the utmost confidence. The usual returns, therefore, would, he expected, continue to flow in from this source; and it was easy to see that the ingenuous American was a little oppressed by the burden of his riches. It was also easy to see that his present life was not to his taste, and that, although he made no open complaint, he was suffering from that melancholy disease, nostalgia, or as our neighbours across the Channel term it, *maladie-du-pays*.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

COUSINLY COMPLIMENTS.

To the particulars thus freely imparted to them, both young men had listened with close attention. Even as an utter stranger Mr. Bretherton had awakened their interest. How, indeed, could they avoid feeling interested in the father of so lovely a daughter? Still, as a stranger, or a mere passing acquaintance, they would scarcely have cared to listen to the story of his life. It was the reflection that future intercourse with him would be in the one case possible, in the other almost a dead certainty, that had given import to the worthy man's account of his antecedents and present position.

And in Charlie Nunnerley's eyes the fact that this "elderly bumpkin"—this "rustic *bourgeois*" (so he would have described him)—actually possessed coffers bursting with gold, did in truth appear a very interesting fact. Gradually, as he had come to realise the opulence of the frank American (involving, as it did, the substantial heiress-ship of his beautiful daughter), the young artist's manner had grown a little less patronising, and rather more deferential. Already, within himself, Charlie was beginning to plan how the acquaintanceship, so unexpectedly commenced on this Swiss mountain, might be renewed in England.

Upon Victor McNicoll's part there was no need for such planning. Since they were about to become his neighbours in a small country place, the difficulty with him, were such his wish, would be to avoid meeting Mr. and Miss Bretherton again; and such certainly was not his wish. On the contrary, Victor was conscious of a singular satisfaction in the knowledge that Idalia and her father were not to pass like shadows out of his life.

As for Mr. Bretherton, he was moved by a similar consideration to quite a pleasurable excitement.

"It don't seem one-half so lonesome-like to think of goin' to that thar place as it did, now I've made your acquaintance, mister," he presently observed. "Might you live anywhere near what'll be our home?"

"Well, not *very* near. Our house is about twenty minutes' walk from Monkswood Hall; but that is nothing," said Victor.

"Why, no—not fur young legs it ain't nothin'. An' maybe," he suggested timidly, "there's a family of ye?"

Victor explained that he had a father, mother, and two sisters.

"Two sisters? Hev you now, really?" repeated Mr. Bretherton, in a tone of much interest. "An' they'll be young, I guess?"

"Oh, yes; they are both younger than I. Dora is twenty, and Jessie eighteen. When Miss Bretherton comes to Monkswood I hope she will allow them to call upon her?"

Mr. Bretherton administered a gratified rub to his knees before replying—

"Now that's cheerful! Thank you, mister! Idalia, she'll be quite sot up havin' young folks around; an' so shall I," he added; "I'm powerful fond of young folks. An' your sisters, now; I dessay they'll be tender-hearted girls 'n' friendly?"

Victor smiled. "Yes," he said, "I believe they are tolerably amiable. But a man shouldn't crack up his own family, I suppose. By-the-by, I think I ought to tell you, sir, in return for your own candour, what our position in life is. My father is not an independent squire, as you will be, living on your own property at Monkswood. He is a business man."

Mr. Bretherton nodded. "Keeps a store, does he?" he asked.

"Well, no; not exactly," laughed the young man. "He owns two large cloth-mills—at least, he and a gentleman who is his partner do. The firm is styled 'Courteney, McNicoll,' and the mills—'Upton Brook Mills' they are called—are situated about two miles from High Radstow."

"And capital, good-paying concerns they are!" put in Charlie Nunnerley. "His father is awfully rich, governor; and I expect my cousin will be made a

partner before long. I wish I had half as good prospects as he has—— Hello!—can that gong be for luncheon? I must have a wash, Victor, before I eat."

"So must I," returned his cousin. And, waiting only to exchange, at Mr. Bretherton's request, another hand-shake, the two young men ran upstairs.

"I say, did you ever know a queerer thing in your life?" exclaimed Charlie, turning uninvited into his cousin's room, and proceeding to make himself at home at the wash-stand. "You little imagined, Vic, when you were telling me about them at breakfast this morning, that our wonderful Peri and her old oddity of a father were actually on their way to High Radstow—of all places in the world! Upon my word, 'that thar fact is stranger than fiction anyhow,'" he concluded, imitating Mr. Bretherton's tone.

"It is strange—yes," assented Victor curtly. Somehow it grated upon him to hear Idalia described as a "Peri," or her father as an "oddity." "I feel sure, Charlie," he subjoined presently, "that Mr. Bretherton is a man to be esteemed."

"Oh, no doubt of that! I feel the strongest veneration for him already—and for his purse also, and his hog farm, and his stocks and shares. Bless the man! may his shadow never be less! I suppose I may use your brush?"

"Certainly; don't be bashful, pray, about helping yourself to anything you may require."

"CHARLIE HAD PROFFERED TO TEACH THE YOUNG LADY THE GAME" (*p.* 13)

"Is that meant to be satirical? No matter—I can stand it," said Charlie, laughing. "Now be quick, my boy—I'm in a hurry to join the fair Idalia."

"Are you, indeed? Well, you needn't wait for me," retorted Victor, who, so far, had been kept from performing his own toilet by his cousin's obtrusion into his room.

"Nonsense! Of course, I shall wait for you," protested the other generously. "I say, Victor, isn't she enough to carry a fellow off his feet at a glance?"

"*She!* Who?" demanded Victor, affecting ignorance.

"Those delicious eyes! those exquisitely long lashes!" pursued Charlie. "Lor'!" (again mimicking Mr. Bretherton's drawl), "*there* is a beauty to dream of—to drive a man distracted!"

"Humph! I'm pretty sure of one thing, my dear fellow," sneered Victor; "and that is that you will never be driven distracted by love or admiration of any one, unless it be of Charlie Nunnerley. I wouldn't warrant you against going mad of self-conceit."

"What an unfounded libel! You are in a sweet temper. What is the meaning of it?"

Victor laughed. He could not well have explained the reason, but he certainly did feel unusually irritated just now, both by Charlie's assurance of manner and style of conversation.

"Your rhapsodies sound so uncommonly cheeky," he observed; "and I wonder," he added suddenly, "what Miss Hester Courteney would say to them."

Charlie looked startled and a little displeased.

"Miss Hester Courteney?" he repeated. "And, pray, why should you suppose that she would have anything to say to them?"

"Nay, you may answer that question for yourself," rejoined Victor, shrugging his shoulders.

"I never trouble myself to guess riddles," answered his cousin. "Are you ready now?"

At the luncheon-table the young men found themselves placed directly opposite to Mr. and Miss Bretherton. The latter welcomed them both with a frank smile, and the conversation throughout the meal was mostly confined to the three. Idalia, it is true, made several efforts to induce a more general sociality, and the young men politely followed her lead; but the company was not composed of very congenial elements, and did not appear inclined to consort.

The talkative lady certainly chattered incessantly; but the "flow of her soul" (her conversation was assuredly not a "feast of reason") was chiefly directed towards her friend, "The Victim." The churlish professor only opened his lips to animadvert upon the cookery; and the widow, who was looking decidedly sulky, replied to the remarks addressed to her from time to time as nearly as possible in monosyllables.

On the conclusion of this repast Victor McNicoll retired again for a time to his own chamber. Although there was no prospect of despatching it to-day, he was anxious to write a letter which might be sent off on the first available opportunity.

This letter was to his father, and the tone of it was somewhat apologetic. When at home, Victor filled the post of head cashier at the mills, and the three weeks' leave of absence from his duties which had been granted him would expire to-morrow. That the prolongation of his holiday by a few days would occasion any serious difficulty in business matters, the young man did not for a moment suppose. But he was sufficiently conversant with his father's temper and disposition to feel the advisability of acquainting him without delay with the cause of his present detention. Also, he desired that this explanation should precede his own arrival at home.

His letter finished, Victor repaired to the drawing-room. There the first persons his eye lighted upon were his cousin and Miss Bretherton seated apart at a small table, whereon lay a chess-board. Approaching them he learned that Charlie had proffered to teach the young lady this game; and it appeared to him that Idalia was enjoying her lesson. Further, it struck him that his cousin, at all events, considered his presence and superintendence of the amusement *de trop*. Withdrawing, therefore, to a distance, he took up a book; but for some reason or other he found it impossible to read. His gaze kept wandering constantly towards the chess-table, and he found himself furtively watching the progress of the instruction. That instruction—with intervals devoted to what seemed to be very interesting conversation—lasted throughout the greater part of the afternoon; and by the time the table was at length pushed away, Victor had grown so strangely and unaccountably restless that he could with difficulty keep his seat.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

HOW I FURNISHED FOR A HUNDRED POUNDS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIRST.—DECORATION.

EIGHT weeks after my wedding-day I stood for the first time on the threshold of what was henceforth to be my home. My husband was to be manager for his uncle of a small mining property, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year; three hundred pounds was the whole of our capital, and out of that we were to provide the furniture of the house, which was allowed us. We had our three hundred pounds, it is true, but if we spent it now, and the future brought dark days, how bitterly we should regret it; so we put two hundred away, and resolved that one hundred must do

for everything we wanted, and that what it would not do we must simply go without.

It was a perfectly new house, only just dry from the builder's hands, rather an ugly little villa on the outskirts of a large town. There were a dining-room and drawing-room on the ground floor, both of a fair size, rather large than small. On the next landing two good bed-rooms, one with a dressing-room attached, and above these three servants' rooms. The best point in the house was the staircase and banisters, which were of light oak and very pretty; everything else was very commonplace. There was a great deal to be done, for none of the rooms were papered or painted, and how we should find money to decorate and furnish this house, small as it was, was a great problem.

Our uncle sent us the address of a good decorator, who came to see the house, and said it could be done up for next to nothing; and, if we liked, his men should begin the next day. "I should like an estimate first," said my husband; and after some days the estimate came—papering and painting the whole of the house, landings, &c., seventy pounds. It was not a high estimate, but quite beyond our means; we should have nothing left for furniture. We went to other firms and got estimates, none under the sum I have mentioned, some above it.

The next morning I started in the direction of one of the less genteel parts of the town, and before one house I saw the ladders and brushes of a paperhanger. I spoke to one of the men, and asked for the address of his master. I found his shop in a little out-of-the-way street; there were some rather nice papers in the window, and a superior man of the workman class within. I opened my business by saying that I wanted my drawing-room done up, for we had resolved only to have one room done at a time, and to pay for each when finished. He came back with me and saw the room. "How did I want it papered?" He produced patterns of white-and-gold paper. I wanted no paper, I wanted it distempered; he gave me an estimate for that, but strongly recommended paint instead of distemper. "It will be more expensive, but you will be able to wash and clean it, and it will last much longer." The walls were painted in two shades of olive-green, the wall being a lighter shade than the woodwork; the paint was flatted, not varnished, but as the walls were rather damp, the paint was mixed with oil instead of turpentine: this should always be done with damp walls. The ceiling was washed a cream tinge, which is always an improvement upon the glare of white.

I was very fond of painting, and while the ceiling was being done I resolved to paint a frieze. I did not paint it upon the wall, because had I done so I could not have removed it, and the work of standing upon ladders and painting above you is much more difficult and slower than painting upon the flat. I had seen some very good material for the purpose, called Willesden, or waterproof paper, which was more than two yards wide. It can be got in all qualities, but the best for painting is that at 1s. 4d. per yard. I found four yards quite enough for my frieze. I made it about a foot wide: it had a pale olive ground with a dark olive border, which looked well on the light shade of the wall; upon it I painted in oils a conventional pattern of yellow Welsh poppies, with pale blue butterflies. It looked beautiful when it was finished, and had cost me little, for I painted all the ground with the remains of one of the cans the painter had been using. The only paint I bought was four tubes of flake white, for I had to use a good deal of body colour in the poppies.

Any one who wished to make such a frieze would find it easy, for if they did not know enough of drawing to design a pattern, they would find very good ones among those sold for crewel-work, which they could easily trace on to the frieze with red or blue tracing-paper. I painted some of the same pattern in the panels of the door. I like a conventional pattern for this purpose better than natural groups, which soon weary one. We hunted in several ironmongers' shops for finger-plates for the door, and bought a pair of brass fluted at two shillings the pair, also a brass handle and bolt for three and sixpence the set. We did not expect to be able to carpet the floor, so I stained it. I bought a five-shilling tin of staining, which does three rooms, and is very nice, for after two coats the floor does not require any varnish, as there is some mixed with it. We nailed up our frieze when it was dry, painting over the heads of the nails, and after it was up we varnished it. Our painter sent us in a bill of five pounds, having kept within his estimate; our expenses of frieze, doors, &c., had been within a pound. So for six pounds we had quite a pretty drawing-room.

"My dear," said my husband to me, "we must not spend so much on the dining-room, or we shall have little to buy furniture and house-linen with." I groaned as I thought of the house-linen, for I knew that could not be got for nothing. "We had better paper the dining-room: it will be cheaper," he said; so we began to look at pattern-books. The paint of a dining-room gets more knocked about than that of any other room, and it would soon require renewing, and lead to extra expense. So we were to have three good coats of paint and a sixpenny paper. Oh, what a trouble that paper was! Why will not artists design some pretty cheap papers? What a boon they would confer if they did so! But the cheap colours are so ugly, and all the respectable ones had some pink in them, and pink is just the colour that will not last.

At length we came upon a yellow ground, covered with a jasmine pattern well drawn in brown; it does not sound pretty as I describe it, but in reality it was not at all bad, and with dark brown paint, and a dark brown line round the cornice, it had a good effect, and certainly did not look a sixpenny paper, which perhaps was a comfort to my weak mind. I thought the door looked poor, so I bought some lincrusta of the kind which is made in panels specially for doors, and I had it fastened in the panels and painted brown, the same shade; every one admired it, and it had only cost four shillings, for I had two yards

at two shillings the yard, which was quite sufficient. The dining-room cost us three pounds four shillings.

We now had the two bed-rooms and dressing-room to think of. I had a great desire for a plain lining-paper for my own room, but feared it would be too expensive. However, there was not so much woodwork to be painted as in the dining-room, and the room was smaller, so the painter said he would undertake the job for two pounds ten, and would give me an eightpenny paper. I was able to get a plain blue of a lovely artistic shade, and with blue paint a shade darker our room was a great success. I had the spare room done like it for thirty shillings, as that had no dressing-room. The hall was still undone, as well as the kitchen and servants' rooms. We had made a few acquaintances, and one afternoon I started off to return some calls. I met in a friend's drawing-room a lady who was greatly interested in the poor. She was giving us a sad picture of the many men out of work in her district, when I startled the room by suddenly inquiring, "Have you a white-washer?" "Many, alas!" she answered; and she undertook to send me a good one, and also, if possible, one who would not require money advanced to take his brushes out of pawn. A very respectable man came up, and undertook to wash my kitchens. I had the walls washed a brick-red, like the kitchens in the North; he named his own price, ten shillings, and he then washed the servants' bed-rooms blue and white, charging fifteen shillings for the three. We wanted the hall and staircase done like the passages of our hotel in Paris; the lower portion of the wall was washed white, and the upper part a Venetian red. This red I could not quite get again, but the man managed to make something very like it. He charged thirty shillings for the whole, remarking at the time that red was an expensive colour—this of course is well known. After he had finished, I thought some stencilling would improve it, so I went to my old friend the painter, and got him to lend me one of his stencilling patterns, with which I made a white pattern on the red wall just above the white dado, and it was a great improvement.

And now our house was really finished, so far as the decoration was concerned; of course there were many little extras wanted, which the future might bring money to do. We had spent fifteen pounds nineteen shillings; the work was good, and the house looked more like a home. I have all the receipted bills of that time now; I was looking at them yesterday. They were in the bottom of my dressing-case, tied up with a bit of white ribbon that once tied my wedding-veil. Oh, they were bonny days, those days when we were poor! They had their trials; it was not "always spring weather;" but we were "young and together!" One of the bills yesterday had a cross upon it, and it reminded me of what was a real trouble then; for when your shillings are numbered, it is a bitter thing to buy your experience; and as I fancy I am not the only inexperienced wife in the world, I will conclude this paper with the story of my floor-cloth. The hall was a rough stone one, too ugly and cold to be left bare, and floor-cloth it must have to cover it. We measured the hall, and said that, if expensive, we must wait for it. I was passing a large shop, when I saw some rolls of floor-cloth in the doorway. "How very wide it is!" I thought; so I went in and asked the price: only two and elevenpence, and four yards wide. I ran home, and, in company with my delighted housemaid, again measured the hall. We found that six yards, a pound's worth of the floor-cloth, would quite do all we wanted, so I sent the order to have it cut and put down at once. I was rejoicing at the beautiful appearance of my hall when the bill was sent in, and then, to my horror, I found my mistake; I had not known it was sold by the square yard, and I had to pay three pounds ten shillings instead of one pound. It was a blow! I tried to blame the man who sold it, but he only grinned, and said, "In course he thought the lady knew how floor-cloths were sold." Poor thing! she was very stupid, but I think she has never taken anything for granted since that day.

FOR BABY'S SAKE.

BY FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

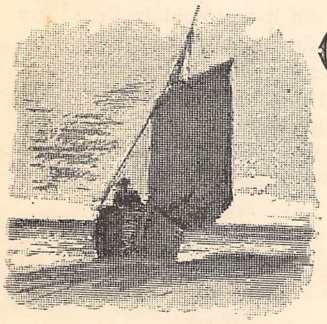
DO you remember that morn in May, dear?
Birds were singing and flow'rs ablow;
Out in the woods we kept the day, dear,
Baby's birthday, a year ago.
Chasing the butterflies o'er the clover,
Plucking the flowers a crown to make,
For she was queen the whole world over,
All was happy—for Baby's sake.

But the sunshine passed, and the dark clouds drifted,
Fell a shadow our lives between,
And Baby's sweet little face was lifted,
Wondering what could that shadow mean.
"Father, kiss mother," Baby faltered;
Oh! we wept till our hearts must break,
As the old, old love came back unaltered,
All forgiven—for Baby's sake.

Baby is gone to the golden weather,
Over the shining mountain's brow;
Through the dark mists we walk together,
We have only each other now.
Put your hands into mine and pray, dear,
Pray that soon the morn will break,
That God will hear us and show the way, dear,
Safe into heaven—for Baby's sake.

SHRIMPING.

THE METROPOLIS OF SHRIMPS.



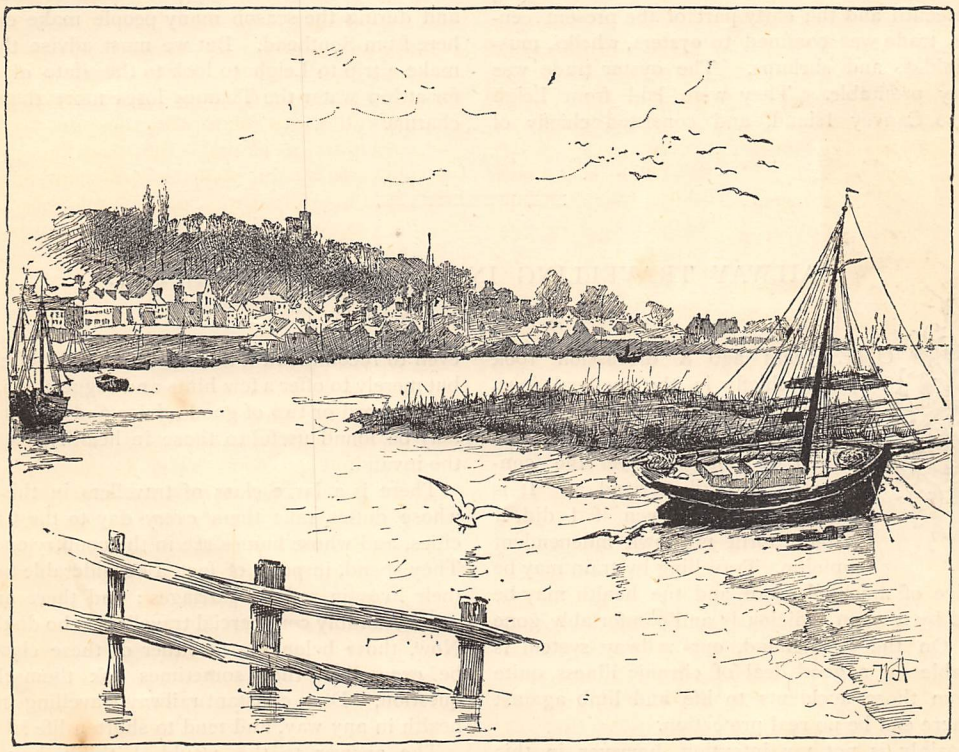
ON a creek of the Thames, three or four miles above Southend, is a small fishing-village, which seems to have escaped being developed. Indeed, the place has a curious old-world look about it, which cannot fail to strike the most careless visitor. Close by the waterside stands a row of genuine fishermen's cottages, their small yards forming a primitive quay. Facing these, on the other side of the narrow street, is another row curiously similar. Low, and very roughly built, for the most part of wood, though here and there a cottage of brick seems to wear a look of modern improvement, this, the main thoroughfare of Leigh, does not seem to indicate prosperity. And if we watch the leisurely way in which the trains draw into the sleepy station, which is scarcely raised above the high-water mark, and note how that idle crowd of men and women, boys and girls, dogs and fowls, throng about the railroad, or stroll to and fro over the level crossing, we can hardly realise that this is the Metropolis of Shrimps. Nor if we ascend the steep hill, which rises abruptly on the north, are there any metropolitan features to be seen. The houses are all of much the same type, and even the inevitable builder seems to get scanty encouragement, for the few erections of brick and stucco on the hill-side are, or were when we last saw them, mostly unoccupied. But climbing up the steep and narrow pathway which leads to the top of the hill, we forget for the time being that we are in search of shrimp merchants' mansions.

Here stands a quaint old church, and round it "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Looking southward we see the Thames, here a broad silver streak, and worthy of its reputation as the world's great waterway, up and down which is being perpetually borne the merchandise of both the hemispheres. And as we gaze upon the mighty river we see passing and re-passing steamers of every size, from the tiny tug to the huge ocean steamship, some homeward, some outward bound. Dotted about the river are smacks of every rig, while here and there the trim white sails of a yacht add a pleasing touch to the picture. Close in shore, too, is a fleet of some hundred fishing-boats, some at anchor, but most of them lying high and dry on the mud. At our feet lies the tiniest metropolis in the world, looking from here still more out of date. A little to the eastward are low banks of marshes, jutting

far out into the river, and intersected by innumerable creeks and swamps. Of these creeks, the innermost, Leigh Ray, stretches along past the village and saltings until it changes its name to Horseshoe Reach, which skirts Canvey Island and joins Benfleet Creek. On the other side of the river we see the Sheerness forts and the rigging of the shipping in the Medway, while, as the eye travels down the coast passing the Isle of Sheppey, we can make out Margate harbour. Down the coast to the eastward, the undulating ridges hide the view until we see Southend pier, which stretches out like a huge breakwater far into mid-stream.

To our right is the very beau-ideal of country rectories, nestled in trees, and clustering round the church stand a group of pleasant houses, some old, some new, but all substantial and pleasant to look upon. One of these is peculiarly attractive. Low and with deep bow-windows, the masses of ivy which hang over the porch and climb up to the roof are a picturesque proof that this is part of the old village, and indeed, unless tradition speaks falsely, possesses a history. For many years it had the reputation of being haunted, but, as the story runs, during some alterations a female skeleton was found in the cellar, and the remains being buried in consecrated ground, the ghost was seen no more. It is, however, necessary nowadays that we should say that we only give the story for what it is worth, without in any way vouching for it as one worthy of the attention of the Psychical Society. But charming as this situation is—and in summer it would be difficult to find one possessing a rarer combination of charms—the winter storms here rage roughly. The great gale of January, 1881, indeed, blew in the east window of the church. This is a reproduction of an earlier window, and has "three cusped ogee lights with reticulated flowing tracery." It was filled in with stained-glass representing the Crucifixion, the Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalene, and St. John standing in the foreground. The style is that of the later masters. Only a few months ago the window was again blown in. Of the church itself we can say little here. Of the Late Perpendicular period, and built of Kentish ragstone, it is in many ways an interesting structure. The square stone tower, about eighty feet high, contrasts strongly with the nave and chancel (which has lately been enlarged), and the tiled roof, while a quaint and spacious red-brick porch of the Tudor style, is an obvious addition to the earlier building. The nave opens into the chancel by "a wide arch of two reveals with hollow chamfered edges," but this is not ancient. The same must be said of the four pointed arches which separate the north aisle from the nave. The chancel, lately restored and enlarged, is the oldest part of the church, and probably dates from the reign of Edward III. A double-light window on the south side is filled in with stained-glass pictures of Faith and Hope; but these are of no great allegorical or artistic value.

But we must now leave the church, and retracing our steps to the village, go in search of shrimps. The whole population, about 1,700, is chiefly engaged in



LEIGH.

shrimping, and their prosperity varies with the season and the weather. Fishing is chiefly carried on with small trawls, and besides shrimps, which are sometimes taken in immense quantities, dabs, plaice, and even soles are caught. The "take" of shrimps varies within wide limits, a boat sometimes taking a hundred gallons in a single day or night, but forty gallons is considered a good haul, and, of course, very often the work is not even remunerative. But the market price of shrimps at Billingsgate is, if possible, of more importance to the Leigh fishermen than the amount of the take, and this will be believed when we add that it fluctuates between four shillings as a maximum and one shilling as a minimum price per gallon. The shrimps are boiled on board boat and then picked over, the brown fetching a much higher price than the red. They are sent up to London at night by goods trains, and sometimes the freight amounts to as much as 2,000 gallons. The Leigh shrimping fleet now consists of about a hundred boats, which are mostly small.

The fishery is a very ancient one, and probably existed in British times. In Roman times there was certainly a colony here, and when a cliff fell some years since, a large number of Roman coins were found. The place was of sufficient importance to be mentioned in "Domesday Book," and it was of some account as a nursery of sailors in the reign of Edward II. But we must pass over its history.

In the seventeenth century it was of some importance as the only port between Gravesend and Harwich. The fishery of Leigh Ray has passed through some curious transformations. Thus, during the eighteenth and the early part of the present century the trade was confined to oysters, whelks, mussels, winkles, and shrimps. The oyster trade was long very profitable. They were laid from Leigh Marsh to Canvey Island, and consisted chiefly of the deep-sea species, which were brought from Jersey and Cancalle Bay. So rich were the beds that in 1724 they were the occasion of an invasion of the men of Sheppey and the Kentish coast, which is known in history as "the Kentish Armada." The poachers carried off some thousand bushels of oysters. The Leigh fishermen were evidently very peaceably disposed men, for they actually resorted to law for a remedy, and the trespassers were tried at the Brentwood assizes, the jury assessing the damages at £2,000. The fishery extended from Leigh Ray all round Canvey Island. Since 1855, in which year about 468 tons of oysters were sent off to London, as against about thirty tons of shrimps, winkles, and mussels, ostriculture has steadily declined here, and in 1864, 705 tons of shrimps and mussels were despatched, and only 34 tons of oysters. Since then the trade in oysters and whelks has been altogether abandoned.

The shrimp trade fluctuates greatly according to the weather. In a stormy season the take is very small, and when too fine the men are often out for days without earning enough to pay expenses. Windy, but not "dirty," weather is the best, and, as we have already pointed out, sometimes a single boat will make £20 in a day, but that is an exceptional sum. Perhaps £5 to £10 may be taken as the average earnings per boat in favourable weather. The fishermen are hardy and honest sailors, and Leigh has for centuries sent numbers of men to the navy and mercantile marine.

In many ways this little village possesses a charm of its own. Inland there are numerous beautiful walks, and during the season many people make excursions here from Southend. But we must advise those who make a trip to Leigh to look to the state of the tide, for at low water the Thames loses more than half its charms.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN COMFORT AND SAFETY.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

SOME years ago a discussion took place, chiefly in the medical journals, as to the effects of railway travelling on the health. At this date I do not remember the conclusions generally arrived at. It is little matter, for even if I did, I should form my own independent opinion. Travelling by train may be productive of much pleasure, and the health may be benefited by it when judiciously and comfortably gone about. On the other hand, our railway system is accountable for a good deal of chronic illness, quite apart from those accidents to life and limb against which there can be no real protection.

It certainly is not my intention, however, in this paper to put forward railway travel as a new cure, or even to recommend it as a curative agent of any kind, but merely to offer a few hints and suggestions, coupled with a word or two of good advice and warning, which may be found useful to those in health as well as to the invalid.

There is a large class of travellers in this country whose duties take them every day to the City, or to cities, and whose homes are in the country or suburbs. They spend, in point of fact, a considerable portion of their lives in railway carriages; and there are many others, notably commercial travellers, who do the same. Now, those belonging to either of these classes may be excused if they sometimes ask themselves the question, "Does constant railway travelling injure the health in any way, and tend to shorten life?"

The answer to this would, I think, be: "It all depends on how one travels." I happen to have

among my acquaintances quite a large number of railway guards, several of whom have been in the company's service for thirty years, and some for a much longer period, and all of these, as far as I can at present recollect, are hale, healthy men, whether old or young, pleasant and good-natured and *calm-minded*, as a rule, amid all the roar and bustle incidental to their occupation.

This, the reader may naturally reply, proves nothing. The sick and infirm, those whom their calling has used up, drop off the line, and are therefore out of count. True; but I also happen to know that most of those who do leave, do so either to better themselves or because they are getting up in years.

I know the case of an old gentleman (he is well-nigh seventy) whose profession—a rather singular one—compels him to live almost constantly in railway carriages, with only intervals of a few hours' toilsome work at the places he visits. He has been leading the same strange life for, I believe, twelve or fifteen years. He eats and sleeps in the train, and abjures Pullman. He takes breakfast one morning at, say, Aberdeen, sups next evening perhaps in Exeter, and next probably at Newcastle, or it may be Glasgow or Perth. Well, I do not know where I could find a healthier man, nor a harder, nor hardier. His secret is this—and it is the secret also of the surprising health which railway guards enjoy—he does his work and travelling systematically: he times himself: he never hurries.

There is as much difference between the method of travelling adopted by these people, and that of most commercial men, as there is between the flight of a hive bee and that of a blue-bottle fly.

Those people who have business in the City, but who go home every night to the country to dine and to sleep, have only themselves to blame if they do not derive more benefit from that mode of life than from staying constantly in town. To one not accustomed to railway journeys, the noise, the rattle, and dust are very fatiguing, but your constant traveller soon gets over this.

"When I have to make a journey of fifty miles by railway," said a well-known author to me the other day, "I always go first-class *for cheapness' sake*." The explanation is this: did this gentleman travel third-class, he would be incapacitated for clear, steady brain-work next day, and would thus be out of pocket far more than the difference between the two fares. The jolting of a railway carriage over the smoothest line tends to concuss the brain, to stupefy, to stultify it, and a period of rest must ensue before it is again fit for brilliant mental labour. Brain-workers like my friend the author, not much used to travelling, would naturally be more cognisant of this than others. And invalids would feel it too; therefore I say that the latter cannot travel over-carefully as regards their comforts, when they travel at all.

It is often, if not always, a matter of moment for the invalid to get over the journey as quickly as possible. Fast trains, however, are certainly the most fatiguing, so if time can be spared, the invalid should adopt the slower method of progression.

Hurry to or from trains should in all cases be avoided. It is dangerous to the healthy habitual traveller as well as the invalid. Many a one has suffered permanent dilatation of the heart in hurrying to catch a train; many a one has dropped down dead from the same cause.

Hurry in catching trains tends to weakness of the nervous system, to indigestion, and to heart disease, to say nothing of the risk of catching cold from sitting down in the carriage heated, in cases where the person has to walk quickly instead of riding.

For a large number of different kinds of complaints change of air and scene is prescribed for patients, and long journeys have to be made in railway carriages; it behoves the invalid, therefore, to look well after his comforts in travelling, and not to neglect the slightest precaution to make the journey easy.

Let him not—or, rather, I should say let *her* not; for ladies are more apt to err in this way than gentlemen—let her not, then, fidget and worry herself a week beforehand, thinking of the dangers of the journey, the perils of the road, including the fatigue. Once on board and started, invalids never fail to be quite astonished at the strength they possess, and at "how well they bear the journey." This is very pleasant, but I am sorry to tell them that their strength, in nine cases out of ten, is more apparent than real, and is due to the concussing action on the brain of which I have already spoken. For railway travelling has a numbing, I had almost said a narcotising, effect upon the senses. From this semi-lethargy the patient awakes next day, but it is very agreeable while it does last.

Long journeys should, if possible, be taken by night. And the patient will do well in this case to be at the station of departure in good time, and to make friends with the guard, or to place herself under the management of the station-master, who will see her into a good compartment.

It is a great mistake to take more luggage into the carriage with one than is actually necessary. There is a van for personal property, and no one has any business to travel who cannot so pack his or her luggage, so label and address it, as to insure safety. People who come lumbering and floundering and fussing into carriages with leather hat-boxes, great portmanteaus, or commercial tin-cases, I look upon as both selfish and disagreeable.

But rugs are essential to comfort, and so also, to the invalid travelling by night, is an india-rubber air-cushion. This is *so* easily carried, *so* easily inflated, and *so* comfortable. Here is a hint, by the way, to some makers of india-rubber goods. While travelling by day in, say, a second-class carriage, tired people often find it a great relief to be able to occupy even one-half of the seat: they can thus get their legs up. Well, in this position there is no other pillow for the head except the hard window-frame; would it not be possible, my dear manufacturer, to have a tiny air-cushion to fit this little window-sill?

The invalid will have a basket of edible provisions: this she would hardly forget. No strong meats, nor ham, nor beef, nor new bread should find a place

herein. Everything should be light and digestible and tasty, but pastry and sweet-stuff should be avoided; while of fruit, grapes and oranges are the best. A bottle of cold tea and a bottle of water should not be omitted. Tea is the best of all stimulants for railway travellers. A cup to drink from should not be forgotten. Spirits in any shape never fail to congest the brain of a travelling invalid, although they appear to give relief at the time.

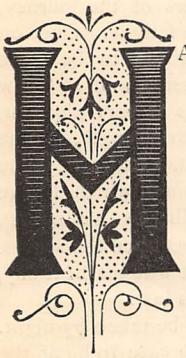
Well, then, with her rugs, her air-cushion, and lap-basket, a lady invalid will travel with comfort, providing she does not forget books, and a reading-lamp to attach to the cushion beside her. The price charged for these candle-lamps at railway stations is preposterous, while very often, owing to a badly-acting spring, or a too thick or too thin candle, the thing proves a failure after all.

Invalids in London should avoid travelling by the Underground as long as the present system of ventilation, or rather non-ventilation, is practised. The spectacle presented to the eye of an intelligent foreigner of an underground carriage, full of perspiring, yawning, semi-comatose people on a summer's day must seem pitiable in the extreme. And so it is.

Neither in winter nor in summer should people while travelling by train shut up the windows and ventilators of their compartments. The air soon becomes vile and vitiated, and, I need not add, most debilitating and unwholesome.

GEORGE FENWICK'S SCHOOLFELLOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SO BLUE: THE STORY OF A GIRTON GIRL," ETC.



HAVERSTON is one of the many towns of which at once the best and the worst that can be said is that they are within easy reach of London. The advantages of such a position are too obvious to need pointing out; the disadvantages arise mainly from the absence of any sense of self-sufficiency, of corporate unity and integrity. The inhabitants depend for the most part on London for their business and amusement, and there is nothing to counteract the shifting instability which constitutes one of the leading difficulties of life in the suburbs, where society, consisting of heterogeneous uncongenial elements, is split up into sets, cliques, and factions, the edges of which overlap uncomfortably, and where the range of one's acquaintance is determined neither by the well-defined social stratification of an old country town, nor by the wide freedom of choice in the matter of friends which a Londoner prefers even to fresh air, green fields, and a low horizon.

Yet everywhere there are pleasant people to be found, and in Haverston the rule was well illustrated by the set of which the Hallams and Delanes were the most popular members. The Delanes were a large family—all more or less charming, from Mr. Delane, who had given up the bar in favour of the quiet pursuits of literature and botany, and Mrs. Delane, of whose sweet face and sympathetic nature no one could ever speak warmly enough, to the sturdy little boys of four and five, whose inseparable figures, golden-headed and blue-bloused, were familiar to every pair of eyes in the place. But the third girl, Kitty, just turned twenty, was perhaps the greatest favourite of all. She was her mother over again, people said, meaning not only that she had the same delicately refined face and winning manners, but that she was as uniformly gentle, unselfish, and considerate. Her chief friend was Grace Hallam, whose quicksightedness and rare sagacity made her the best possible companion for a girl of Kitty's diffident, self-contained nature. The two had grown up together, and without much interchange of sentiment had reached that stage of mutual confidence which transcends all uttered confidences as surely as the quality of resolution transcends all defined resolutions.

The Hallams and Delanes lived within a stone's-throw of one another, on opposite sides of a hilly lane. Their nearest neighbours were some people of the name of Fenwick, who sounded a somewhat lower note on the gamut of culture, but with whom they were, almost of necessity, on terms of intimacy. The children from all three houses played together, and it was impossible to drop old habits merely because the divergence of breeding showed more distinctly as they grew up.

George Fenwick, the eldest son, had been a pleasant, handsome boy, and in the old days Kitty Delane had taken to him kindly enough. But a change for the worse came over him as he reached manhood, and now the girl shrank from his clumsy familiarities. Spoilt by his wealthy parents, he had conceived an intense belief in himself, and an overweening confidence in his own good looks, abilities, and powers of fascination, which completely overlaid his one virtue of good-nature with a crust of blind egotism and stupidity. The tall, big young man, with his stout, impassive face and heavy manner, possessed no single quality likely to gain favour in Kitty's fastidious eyes, yet for some time past he had chosen to assume a condescendingly lover-like attitude towards her, and to annoy her with awkward civilities. Her efforts to convince him of the fruitlessness of his attentions remained quite without effect; conscious of his wealth and infinite superiority to any other man in Haverston, he persisted in considering himself a favoured suitor. That he should ever have a rival seemed to him a hardly conceivable possibility.

Yet the day came when the truth flashed upon him

with unpleasant distinctness that other people, at any rate, saw the matter from a different point of view, and that his pretensions were being endangered by a man whom he himself had been rash enough to introduce to Kitty. An old schoolfellow had written to him one day asking if there were any houses in Haverston to be let for the summer, and George had replied in the affirmative, with the result that a pretty house on the hill was taken for three months by the schoolfellow's father—a General James. The Fenwicks made the most of the very slight acquaintance between the two young men, spoke familiarly of "the General," and trotted out "George's friend, Oliver James," on every possible occasion. Young James submitted with a grace that concealed his amusement. At first sight he seemed hardly more than a slender boy, but the impression of his extreme youth, contributed to by a slight fair moustache looking like a first attempt, a pair of frank, grey eyes, and an impulsive manner, wore off on a nearer acquaintance. No one could have contrasted more completely at all points with George Fenwick. It was the difference between a cart-horse and a race-horse. Oliver James was excitable, agile of limb and brain, good at all games, in-door and out-door alike, ready of speech, delightfully free from self-consciousness, chivalrously courteous to women. His drawing-room gifts earned him no little chaff from his male acquaintance, but there was too much good stuff in him of a more solid nature to allow of their putting him down as a mere "ladies' man." There is a charm about these frank, boyish natures, that appeals as strongly to men as to women; and the fault to which they are most prone—the sudden overstepping of the lines of justice, prudence, and forethought that hem in the more evenly-balanced minds—is rarely judged with the severity it deserves. No amount of reasoning will induce people to view with the same harshness the faults which spring from impulsive thoughtlessness—bad as they are—and those which are cold-blooded in origin and action.

"KITTY WALKED ABOUT ALONE" (*p.* 23).

At the end of a very short time Oliver James was the most popular man in Haverston. Yet he was not ready to be "hail fellow, well met" with every one. About women especially his instincts were peculiarly quick and true for so young a man, and cool from the first towards a certain set of girls, who were most anxious to welcome him in their midst, his bearing towards Kitty Delane was eagerly attentive. She, for her part, soon decided that she liked him better than any man she had ever known. This mutual attraction, however, was not destined to act on without let or hindrance to its natural close.

For some time George Fenwick did not in the least resent Kitty's being friendly with his old schoolfellow. He complacently informed a neighbour that "little Kitty" wanted to hurry him up, and was trying to make him jealous, but he shouldn't fall into the trap—not he. He was up to her tricks. Why, James hadn't a quarter the money.

But one evening he came home furious.

"I'll horsewhip that fellow yet!" he exclaimed, stamping heavily up and down his mother's sitting-room. "I'm not to be trifled with—he shall understand that!"

"Who is the offender?" asked Mrs. Fenwick quietly.

"Why, that whipper-snapper Hayter—the cad!—comes up with a jeer on his face, and asks when the Haverston congregation are to hear the banns read out between me and Kitty Delane!"

"Well?" observed Mrs. Fenwick, as George stopped, almost speechless with wrath.

"I said there was no hurry," he continued; "and

then the fellow gave an impudent laugh—said he supposed I knew best, but the world in general noticed that while I talked another acted, and that the names Oliver James and Kitty Delane rang together like a chime of bells!"

Mrs. Fenwick raised her eyebrows slightly, and again said—

"Well?"

"Well, I won't stand it!" declared her irate son. "She's the prettiest girl about here, and she's my style, and I mean to marry her. After this I'll ask her to-morrow, and settle the matter."

"Shall I tell you what would happen if you did?"

"What?"

"She would refuse you."

"Refuse me!"—George laughed incredulously—"She's not such a fool!"

"You will be guided by me, George," said Mrs. Fenwick calmly. She was shrewder than her son, and saw clearly enough that Oliver James was not a rival to be despised. "Let me act for you. I consider that Oliver James has acted treacherously in making love to the girl he must know you wish to marry. He shall understand that he has stepped in between you and hindered your engagement. And you attend to me. Behave to Kitty tenderly, but show that you consider yourself wronged by her. On no account go further. Leave the rest to me."

George growled and grumbled, but ended by acquiescing in his mother's judgment.

A day or two later the victim walked into the web prepared for him—that is to say, Oliver James called on Mrs. Fenwick, and found her alone at home. To comprehend what followed, two things must be borne in mind—Mrs. Fenwick was exceedingly clever at misrepresentation: Oliver was abnormally sensitive.

"This is very nice of you," said Mrs. Fenwick, giving her hand to her visitor with a smile. "Do you know, you are one of the very few young men in Haverston who ever take the trouble of calling upon their friends."

"I do it for my own pleasure," returned Oliver, with equal politeness; "but to-day I have come with a purpose. I am leaving Haverston, and this is a farewell visit."

"Why, why?" asked Mrs. Fenwick eagerly. Was it possible that Kitty had refused him?

"The *why* I prefer to keep a secret," said Oliver. "I can only tell you that I shall be gone about four months."

"Then you will not return here?"

"Oh, I hope so!" replied Oliver, with a sudden sweet smile. "My parents will be back in town, but I mean to take lodgings here."

Mrs. Fenwick's hopes were dashed. His air was anything but that of a disappointed lover. On the contrary, she now feared that he had been too quick for her, that he had already spoken to Kitty. She must find out at all costs how far matters had gone.

"Mr. James——" she began, and then hesitated, and looked at him wistfully.

"Yes, Mrs. Fenwick."

"It is very, *very* difficult for me to go on," she said; "but this matter lies so near my heart, and is of such supreme importance to my son, that even at the risk of offending you beyond hope of forgiveness I must speak."

Oliver regarded her a little curiously, and inclined his head. Another judicious pause, and Mrs. Fenwick continued, with a sigh—

"George is so utterly wretched. He may not be very sharp, but he has a good, true heart, and all his life he has worshipped one girl with a devotion few know him to be capable of. Up to a month or two ago she evidently returned his affection: indeed, words passed between them which most girls would consider equivalent to an engagement. Yet, since your coming she has thrown good feeling to the winds, and slighted him—to amuse herself with you."

Oliver sat ominously silent, resting his arm on his knee, and shading his face with his hand. He could not reconcile the idea of double-dealing with the image of Kitty Delane that rose before his mind's eye.

"George little thought," proceeded Mrs. Fenwick, wishing she could see her visitor's face, "that when he suggested your father's taking the Poplars he was introducing a rival to himself. He trustfully praised you to Kitty. Now his heart is almost broken. He bears it bravely, but I, his mother, know how terribly he suffers."

Let it here be observed that nearly every sentence Mrs. Fenwick uttered contained a falsehood. No significant words had ever passed between George and Kitty, he had never praised Oliver to her, he had never been moved to real grief by the idea of losing her.

But Oliver allowed Mrs. Fenwick's imputations to influence him, and the blood mounted to his face. What if Kitty had flirted with George to the alleged extent?

"It would be better for my poor boy," began Mrs. Fenwick again, "if Kitty would be consistent, and show him quite distinctly that she has ceased to care for him; but every now and then there is a return of her old manner, and she inspires him with a wild hope that after all she is only coquetting with you to make him jealous. And, indeed——"

Oliver rose suddenly. His fair young face looked ten years older, but his words, alas! were prompted by a most unhappy impulse of impetuous youthfulness.

"You have said enough, Mrs. Fenwick!" he exclaimed hotly. "I believe in Miss Delane, and consequently look upon all you have said as the result of your being misinformed; but I will not have it supposed that I have supplanted your son. I shall leave without seeing her again—without saying good-bye to her—much less all that I meant to say. If she cares for George, let her marry him; if not, let her wait for me. I shall go to-night."

Mrs. Fenwick triumphed inwardly; but she was not yet satisfied.

"One moment!" she said haughtily, standing up and facing him. "You have dared to accuse me of falsehood; I choose to overlook the insult, but I re-

quire your word of honour that you will neither see nor communicate with Miss Delane for the next four months."

Oliver was carried away by excitement.

"She shall not hear a word of me or from me till I return." And therewith he strode out of the room.

He did not doubt Kitty for a moment, but he was possessed by a confused multitude of sensations and motives, which, while they presented shifting, kaleidoscopic views of all his Haverston life and future hopes, blinded him to the one consideration that should have saved him from falling into Mrs. Fenwick's snare. Too late it flashed upon him what his promise involved. If Kitty cared for him, *she* would be the chief sufferer. He now realised that she would of necessity think him false and base, and that for four months he was bound not to clear himself.

Meanwhile, Haverston heard with openly expressed surprise of his departure, and the gossip about it was not lessened when people found that his parents alone knew where he had gone to, and that they declined to be questioned on the subject. A week or two later General James and his wife returned to town. Then the report spread that Oliver had got into mischief and was escaping unpleasant consequences—an explanation to which Mrs. Fenwick especially gave credence.

I need hardly say that her efforts to damage Oliver's reputation were wasted as endeavours to improve George's position with regard to Kitty, who shrank more than ever from his hated attentions, till at length even his dense brain was enlightened as to her opinion of him. At least it was clear that she did not hanker after the honour of becoming his wife. In high disgust, he almost immediately engaged himself to a silly girl who possessed the cardinal virtue—which Kitty lacked—of implicit belief in himself. Of no man was Mrs. Poyser's biting observation ever more true—"He wants to make sure o' one fool as 'ull tell him he's wise."

Kitty's power of self-control and self-repression was sorely tried. When first she heard of Oliver's departure she had fled to Grace Hallam, and broken down utterly in her friend's arms. But the chief strength of shy natures, such as hers, lies in suffering silently and secretly. After that one confession to Grace she never referred to her trouble; nor did her friend ever press her to speak. Whatever spoken sympathy might do for other girls, she knew it would not be the right thing for Kitty, whose one desire was to crush her hurt down out of sight. It was in defending her from pity and compassion that Grace served her best. In a thousand silent ways the quick-witted friend saved her from pain and annoyance, and during four weary months cleared the briars out of her difficult path. Mrs. Fenwick tried in vain to make herself disagreeable: Grace was always too quick for her. Yet the truth could not be disguised altogether, and people who were too kind to speak noticed that Kitty walked about alone more than usual, and that there was a new expression of resolute reserve about her sweet, quiet face.

At last brighter days dawned for the poor child.

Late one evening she and Grace returned from a walk together, and, as was very usual, she went home with her friend, and accepted an invitation to stay the evening. She was always much more there than Grace was at the Delanes', for Grace, being an only daughter, was accorded the luxury of a private sitting-room, in which there was more chance of remaining undisturbed than in a house full of boisterous children.

"Will you play to me, Grace?" asked Kitty as soon as they entered the familiar sanctum.

Grace sat down at the piano, preluded softly, and then struck into Schumann's "Carnaval." Surely there are few human emotions that are not appealed to in one or other of these penetrating, changeful melodies.

"Nobody's playing could ever affect me as yours does, Grace," said Kitty. "You make the piano speak not only clearly, but to *me*."

"That is what I try to do, at any rate," returned Grace. "I can say things to you in that way that wouldn't do in words. Shall I go on?"

"Please, dear."

Grace was pausing in momentary doubt what she should play, when the visitors' bell rang. "Visitors at this time!" she exclaimed. "Whoever can it be?"

She went to the door, and setting it just ajar, listened to the voices in the hall. Kitty could not hear, nor did she see the sudden flush of excitement that swept across her friend's face. Grace closed the door and came back into the room.

"It is your father," she remarked in an odd voice.

"My father? Why do you look so strange, then, Grace?"

"Because he is not alone, dear. Mr. James is with him."

Kitty said nothing, but her lips trembled and the colour deserted her cheeks. She tried to rise, but Grace gently forced her back into the chair.

"Wait here, dearest. You trust me, don't you?"

Kitty still could not speak, but her eyes gave assent, and Grace left her.

She found Mr. Delane and Oliver James alone in the drawing-room. As she entered they both stepped rapidly towards her.

"Kitty is with you?" asked Mr. Delane hastily.

"Yes."

"Mr. James wishes to see her."

Grace looked questioningly from one to another.

"It is all right, my child," said Mr. Delane smiling. "He has my permission."

"She is in my sitting-room, Mr. James," said Grace, looking very gravely at the young man.

He was very much changed. She could see that at a glance. There were lines in the forehead that used to be so smooth; his cheeks were thinner, and a harassed expression about the eyes and mouth seemed to tell of anguish unwillingly—impatiently borne.

With a quick "Forgive me," he hurried past Grace. She heard his hasty footsteps ring upon the tesselated hall; then he evidently paused a moment before venturing into Kitty's presence.

"He is an excitable fellow," said Mr. Delane. "I hope after to-day he will sober down. About half an hour ago he turned up at our house, and we had a long talk in my study before I would consent to bring him here. You want to know what he has to say for himself? Kitty must tell you that."

"Where has he been?" asked Grace.

"Taking a friend's place as under-master at some school. The friend was out of health and ordered complete rest. Oliver has been taking his duties, handing over to him every penny of the salary, and at the same time saving him from all anxiety about the future by keeping the place open for him. It never occurred to Oliver that his absence might be equivocally interpreted."

"What has all that to do with his behaviour to Kitty?" asked Grace.

"Nothing whatever. If you want that explained you must go to him. I regard what he told me as strictly private."

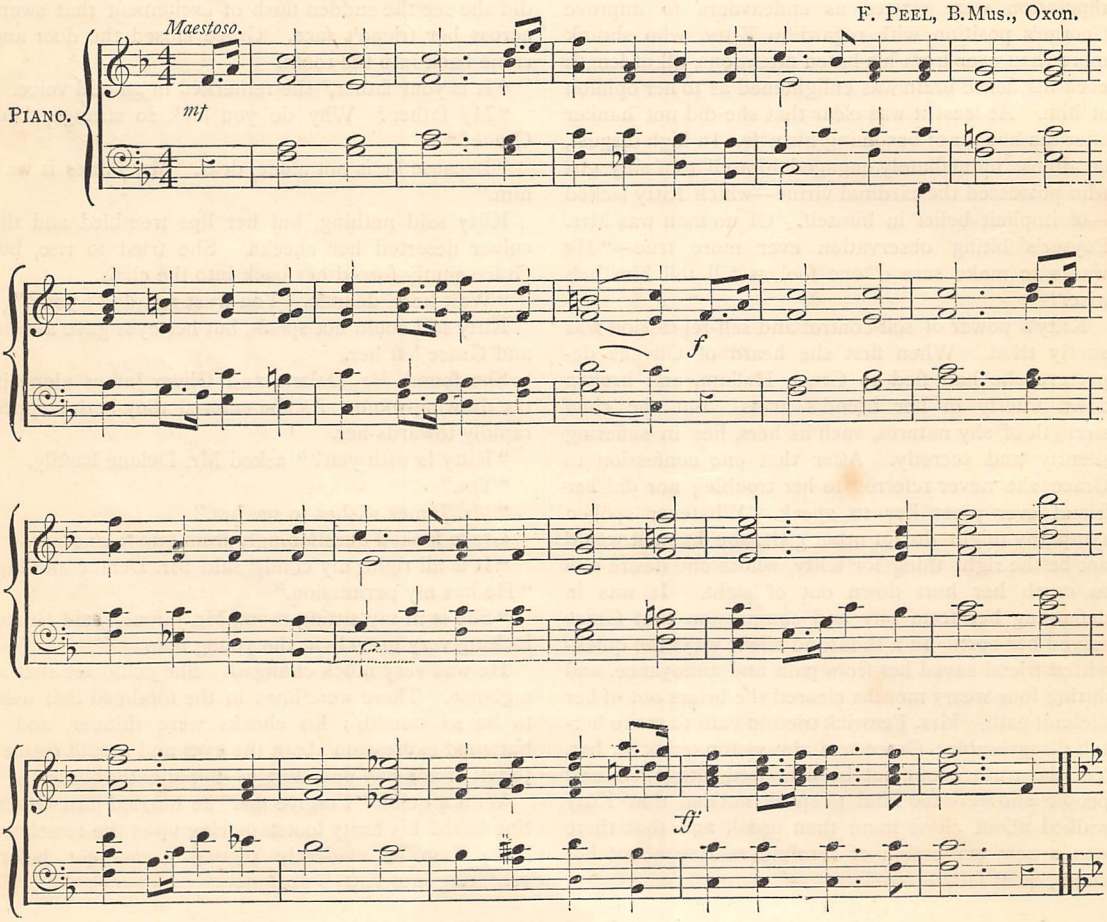
Kitty and Oliver did not emerge from the sitting-room for a long while—not till the long-deferred words of love and betrothal had been spoken, and all past tribulation blotted out by present happiness.

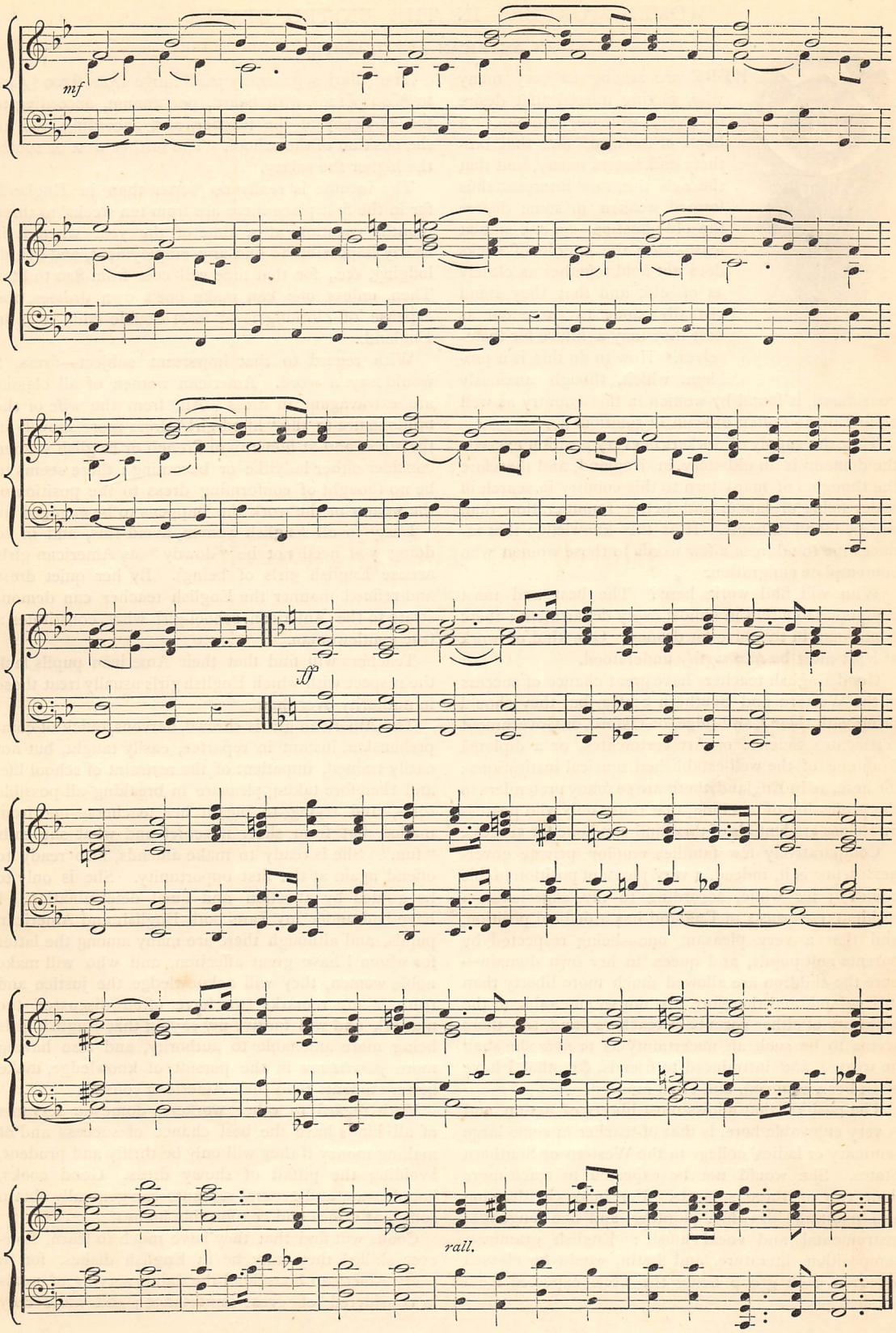
In the end Grace did hear what had passed between Mrs. Fenwick and Oliver, but Kitty never admitted that her lover had been at all to blame; and I will do him the justice to say that he never wearied of trying to deserve the forgiveness she had granted so readily and gladly.

H. L.

March for the Pianoforte.

F. PEEL, B.Mus., Oxon.

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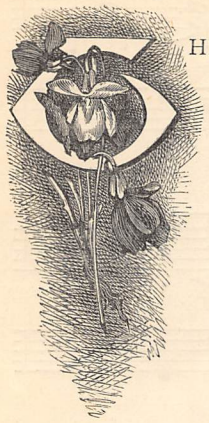
WOMEN WORKERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY AN AMERICAN ART TEACHER.



THERE are among us very many who, having missed that desire of every womanly woman, "a home of my own," find that brothers and sisters marry, and that the new ties, new interests, thus formed weaken in some degree the old affection—on one side at least—that the bundle of sticks does not hold together as closely as of old, and that they stand virtually alone to carve out as best they may a future for themselves. How to do this is a problem which, though anxiously considered, is found by women in this country as well as in England often difficult of solution.

That the supply of workers in every position exceeds the demand is an old story in England, and therefore the thoughts of many turn to this country in search of wider fields of labour and better remuneration than can be found at home. It is this knowledge that induces me to address a few words to those women who contemplate emigration.

Who will find work here? The best and most energetic labourers in almost every department; there is no room in this hive for drones. One kind of work at least must be *thoroughly* understood.

Good English teachers have great chance of success in the Western and Southern States, but they should bring with them Cambridge, or Oxford, or Government certificates, Science or Art certificates, or a diploma from one of the well-established musical institutions; for here, as in England, there are so many pretenders to the profession of teaching, that those only who possess first-class credentials of this kind can hope for success.

Comparatively few families employ private governesses, nor is it, indeed, a very pleasant position in this country; for while, according to my experience, a resident governess in England has a defined position, and that a very pleasant one—being respected by parents and pupils, and queen in her own domain—here the children are allowed much more liberty than in England, and therefore are not so amenable to the authority of either parents or teachers; and, too, there seems to be such an uncertainty as to *how* she shall be treated, *how* introduced to friends, &c., that I have often been annoyed, and often amused.

The position that allows most liberty of action, and is very enjoyable here, is that of teacher in some large seminary or ladies' college in the Western or Southern States. She would not be expected to teach more than two or three subjects. For instance, drawing and painting; drawing, painting, and one language; instrumental and vocal music; English grammar, composition, literature, and Latin, would be classed together, each group being the work expected from one teacher.

The salaries generally paid range from $200 (£40) to $600 (£120), with board, per annum, according to the efficiency of the teacher, and according, too, to the position of the school. The further west or south, the higher the salary.

The income is really no better than in England, for in the first place there are from ten weeks' to three months' vacation at a time of the year when it is nearly impossible to find any employment, and board, lodging, &c., for that time will cost from $40 to $60. Then, unless one can make one's own dresses, the expense of clothing is at least double what it is in England.

With regard to that important subject—dress, I would say a word. American women of all classes are extravagant in dress. All, from the wife of the millionnaire to the "hired girl," dress more showily in the street and at home than French or English women consider either ladylike or becoming; there seems to be no thought of conforming dress to the position of the wearer or the work she happens to be engaged in.

I say to all English women, avoid this, and in so doing you need not be "dowdy" (as American girls accuse English girls of being). By her quiet dress and refined manner the English teacher can demonstrate to the American school-girl what constitutes a true gentlewoman.

Teachers will find that their American pupils lack the respect with which English girls usually treat those in authority over them.

The American girl is shrewd, nervous, quick of comprehension, instant in repartee, easily taught, but not easily trained, impatient of the restraint of school life, and therefore taking pleasure in breaking all possible rules, and trying to outwit her teachers—not from malice, but from sheer mischief and what she calls "fun." She is ready to make amends, also ready to offend again at the first opportunity. She is only to be guided by affection and quiet determination. I have had under my care both English and American pupils, and although there are many among the latter for whom I have great affection, and who will make noble women, they will acknowledge the justice and truth of my remarks (we have often discussed the matter), and will forgive my saying that English girls being more amenable to authority, and also having more *persistence* in the pursuit of knowledge, make better students than their American cousins.

With regard to other workers, domestic servants of all kinds have the best chance of success and of making money if they will only be thrifty and prudent, avoiding the pitfall of showy dress. Good cooks, laundresses, and general servants can generally obtain sufficient wages and comfortable homes.

Cooks will find that they have much to learn, however skilled they may be in English dishes, for in every American household the dainty serving of meals is considered of great importance; and while they

cannot attempt to compete with us in the cooking of "fish, flesh, and fowl," we must yield the palm for the making of bread and cakes to our American cousins.

A good bread-maker is considered a treasure in an American household.

Cooks can earn from $2 to $5 per week, according to ability; but do not expect to obtain large wages at first: it is better to take small wages, learn thoroughly the American method of cooking, and so go on step by step.

Really good laundresses can earn about the same wages.

A competent laundress, who possesses sufficient money to rent a suitable place, purchase tubs, &c. —one who understands her business *thoroughly*— is sure of success either in a small town or a large city. Ordinary laundry-work is paid for at the rate of from 75 cents (three shillings) to one dollar (four shillings) per dozen articles. Other domestic servants may earn from $1.75 to $4 per week.

Seamstresses are also sought for, and their wages— if resident in the family—would be about the same as those of cooks; in some families, and if they are very dainty and skilful, they may be paid more.

Dressmakers may also do well if they thoroughly understand cutting and fitting, and are careful to *finish* their work daintily. They may earn, if they go to work in families, from $1·50 to $2·50 per day, but out of this they would have to provide for lodging and partial board, and for the months when there is very little work to be done, viz., from July to October, and from January to April.

Shop-assistants are badly paid, and have to find their own board and lodging.

Telegraph operators receive from $25 to $60 per month.

The watch factories present a good source of employment for women, but the demand for employées is not so great as when I came here ten years ago, and all vacancies are promptly filled. The wages paid vary from 60 cents to $2 per day.

Respectable board and lodging cannot be obtained for less than $4 per week; the plainest laundry-work will cost you 50 cents per dozen articles in a country town, and from 75 cents to a dollar in the cities; so that in my opinion it is the wisest plan for women who come here to seek work, to try to obtain employment where they can also find a home. American boarding-houses, such as working women can afford to patronise, are anything but pleasant. English women cannot become accustomed to them, to their general stuffiness and disorder, the strange *mélange* of inmates, the tobacco-chewing and spitting of the men, and many other disagreeables too numerous to mention. I have tried boarding more than once, and always with the same result of complete disgust.

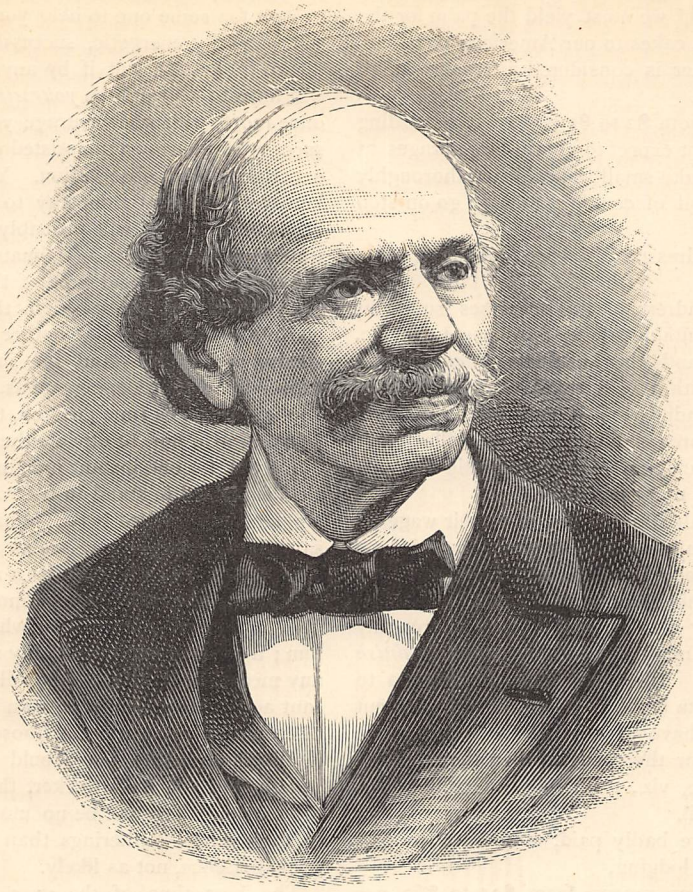
To all I would say, if you are earning a reasonably comfortable living in England, do not think of coming here to do better; but if you cannot find employment at home, then come here with the determination to work earnestly. Truly you must resolve, whatsoever your hand finds to do, to do it with your might; you have not a chance of success if you are faint-hearted or wait for some one to help you. If you show yourself capable, energetic, successful, plenty will assist you to do better; but if by any chance you fail, you will have to "straighten *yourself* up," and commence once more, with what courage you may, to win back success by your own unassisted efforts. I speak from experience and observation. You will find the life here very different from any to which you have been accustomed. You will probably suffer much for some time from the change of climate, the intense heat of the summer, the great cold of the winter; but, above all, you will feel oppressed in the winter by the close warmth of the houses—whether heated by stoves, or steam, or hot air—and the insufficient ventilation, especially in the sleeping-rooms. But to these things you will learn, as time goes on, to accommodate yourself, and also how to obviate their disagreeable effects.

Do not for one instant imagine that the social barriers supposed to stand in the way of advancement in England are levelled here. Whatever Americans may say, class feeling—caste—is as strong here as in the old country. In both countries a *man* who has intellect, education, and *will* can surmount all obstacles, and gain for himself entrance to whatever society pleases him; a woman cannot, or only now and then—not by any means as a rule. You will make plenty of pleasant acquaintance in your own position, and you will be received pleasantly by those to whom you are intellectually akin; but should they be possessed of wealth, and you be a worker, there rises immediately the barrier. You will be no more likely to be invited to their social gatherings than in England—nay, by my experience, not as likely.

The best time of the year for teachers to leave England is in July or August. Schools close in June and re-open in September, and during the holiday months engagements are made for the ensuing school year. Applicants should not trust to advertising or answering advertisements, but apply at once to some well-established agency, such as will be found in all large towns.

If possible, provide yourself with dresses (including one good black one) of serviceable materials, sufficient to last you at least one year, also with a warm winter cloak, an umbrella, and all necessary flannel garments for winter wear. Cotton goods are much the same price here as in England, therefore do not cumber yourself with print dresses; bring only such few as you may require to work in, should you choose domestic service.

I am not supposing that those for whom I write this have any money to spare: if so, they would remain in England. Therefore, I say, travel as cheaply as you can, do not hesitate to take an intermediate passage by any of the great lines of steamers: you will be very comfortable. I would not recommend any woman to take a steerage passage if she can avoid it, because in the summer time that portion of the steamer is so crowded; but if she cannot afford anything else, she may be quite sure of kindness from all officials, especially if it is seen that she is travelling alone.



SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

HEN the history of music and musicians has been completed to the end of the present century, the position occupied in its annals by Sir Julius Benedict will be found in many respects without a parallel. To very few musicians eminent in several departments of their profession is it given to celebrate their fiftieth annual concert, nor does a case frequently occur of a composer in his eightieth year conducting an oratorio from his own pen. These circumstances would alone form a sufficient claim to honourable remembrance; but — still keeping aside Sir Julius Benedict's right to be considered as a representative musician of his time—there are other respects in which his career merits more than ordinary distinction. The opportunities which he has enjoyed of holding intercourse with many of the great creators of musical composition are, we should think, unique. Benedict knew Beethoven in 1827, and he had the honour of being not only a pupil, but a friend of both Weber and Hummel. Mendelssohn he numbered among the companions of his youth, and later on, while in Paris, he was on the most intimate terms with Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Hérold, Halévy, and others distinguished in the musical world. In our own country, during his long and honourable career, now extending over half a century, he has been the friend, and not unfrequently the patron, of most of the eminent musicians of his time, and has gained for himself a position in our midst such as no foreigner has succeeded in attaining since the days of Handel.

Julius Benedict was born at Stuttgart, on the 27th of November, 1804. His father was a banker—a profession to which also Mendelssohn's father was attached. When he was but fourteen years of age, young Benedict had so far anticipated his future career as to play at a public concert, and receive great praise as a pianist. After taking a course of lessons from Hummel, who was at that time the leading German pianist, and a ready writer of all classes of music, Benedict had the good fortune to secure for a teacher one of the leading composers of the day—Carl Maria von Weber. The latter had always refused to take pupils, but was, by the pleading of a friend, induced to alter his resolution in Benedict's favour. From 1821 to 1824 the young student had the benefit of Weber's

exclusive instructions, and was treated by the illustrious musician more as a son than a pupil. Benedict accompanied his master to Berlin, where he first met Mendelssohn, and afterwards to Vienna, where, in 1824, when he was but nineteen years of age, he was appointed, on Weber's recommendation, accompanist and musical director at the Kärntnerthor Theater. In the following year he removed to Naples, where he filled the post of *maestro al piano* at San Carlo. It was while here, in 1827, that he composed his first operatic work, *Giacenta ed Ernesto*, which met with considerable success. Three years later he produced for the same house another work, which did not gain so warm a reception as his first venture, but which was afterwards cordially received by the musical public of his native city.

In 1830 Benedict paid his first visit to Paris, at that time the home of most of the composers who have made the French school of music what it now is. Here Benedict formed the acquaintance of Madame Malibran, the famous singer, and her husband, the distinguished violinist, De Bériot. These eminent artists met him again after he had returned to Naples, and prevailed upon him to give up his position in Italy, and accompany them to London in the capacity of pianist at their concerts. We read in the "Life of Moscheles," that in 1835 "Julius Benedict became a member of the great musical guild in London, and asserted his position at once as an excellent musician and pianoforte player. His long residence in Italy made him peculiarly fitted as an accompanist to the Italian singers, and in Moscheles' house he was heartily welcomed as a distinguished compatriot." From 1835 until the present time we have had Weber's favourite pupil permanently among us.

The late John Mitchell, famous for his musical enterprise in London for many years, introduced *opera buffa* at the Lyceum in 1837, and Benedict was appointed to the direction of the music. In this year he produced a little work which had been originally performed at Naples; and in 1838 *The Gipsy's Warning* was brought out at Drury Lane. The work contains a very dramatic air for the bass voice, "Rage, thou angry storm," which is frequently sung, but the composition as a whole is now almost forgotten. As orchestral conductor at Drury Lane, Benedict had much to do with the first presentation of Balfe's most popular works, including the popular *Bohemian Girl*. At the same theatre he produced, in 1844 and 1846, *The Brides of Venice* and *The Crusaders*. Of the former Moscheles says: "There are fine orchestral effects, and the vocal parts are well treated, and worthy of special commendation"; and of *The Crusaders* we are told that "the music is pleasing, and often dramatically effective." Both these works have been translated, and given with much success in the composer's native country.

In 1850 Benedict accompanied Jenny Lind to the United States, where he acted as conductor and pianist, and shared in the "Swedish Nightingale's" unexampled success in a series of 122 concerts. When he returned from America, he was engaged as musical conductor at Drury Lane, and afterwards at Her Majesty's. At the latter house, in 1860, an Italian version of Weber's *Oberon* was produced, when Sir Julius Benedict added the recitatives, which were wanting in the English form of the work, and also introduced six additional numbers from *Euryanthe* and elsewhere. These additions were greatly approved, and have since been considered as belonging inseparably to the Italian version of Weber's romantic work. In 1860, too, Benedict's beautiful cantata on the subject of *Undine* was produced at the Norwich Musical Festival; and in the end of the same year the first performance of the work took place in London—a performance which received an additional interest from the fact that on that occasion Clara Novello took her leave of the English public in the part of Undine. In 1862 he brought out the *Lily of Killarney*, on the whole perhaps the most spontaneous, melodious, and, at the same time characteristic work which has proceeded from his pen. After this, with some smaller compositions, came the oratorio of *St. Cecilia*, written for the Norwich Festival of 1866; that of *St. Peter*—his first sacred work—composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1870; and the cantata *Graziella*, written for the same festival of 1882.

Of purely orchestral work Sir Julius Benedict has given us two specimens in the form of the symphony. The first was heard at the Crystal Palace in 1873, and the second in the following year. His latest compositions include an overture and *entr'actes* to *Romeo and Juliet*, written for Mr. Henry Irving in 1882, and a scena, *Mary Stuart*, for the Philharmonic Society in 1883. He has also given us samples of literary work in the form of a loving memoir of Weber, and a short, but delightful, sketch of the life and works of Mendelssohn.

From 1842 to 1878 Benedict held the post of conductor at the Norwich Musical Festivals, and with some few interruptions he has officiated in a similar capacity at the Monday Popular Concerts since they first started, now more than twenty-five years ago. His own annual concert has been looked upon for fifty years as one of the most prominent features of the musical season, and seldom fails to draw a large audience. Sir Julius Benedict received the honour of knighthood in March, 1871, and he has been the recipient of decorations from most of the sovereigns of Europe. But his merits as a friend and a musician have been testified to in a manner more substantial than the bestowing of titles and orders. In 1874, when in his seventieth year, it was determined by his many English friends and admirers to offer him a testimonial "in appreciation of his labours during forty years for the advancement of art, and as a token of their esteem." As an outcome of this resolution, Sir Julius Benedict was presented in the following summer with a costly service of silver, including a magnificent group of candelabra. The presentation was made at Dudley House by the Duke of Edinburgh, before a company of the most eminent musicians and amateurs in London. On the 6th and 7th of June in the present

year Sir Julius celebrated his jubilee by two concerts given in the Royal Albert Hall, at the first of which his oratorio *St. Peter* was performed. Sir Julius Benedict will shortly be the recipient of a money testimonial, which has already reached a large sum, and which has been subscribed to by many distinguished musicians and lovers of the divine art.

Such is a brief outline of the career of one who, as composer, performer, and teacher of music, has now held an exceptionally high position in this country for over half a century. We have found space to mention only the leading works which have proceeded from his pen. These may be taken as representative specimens of his musical gifts, but they form only a small number of the gems which have been the outcome of his genius. There are few forms of music which he has not cultivated; and though many composers have written more, there are few who have been so successful in so many different styles as Sir Julius Benedict.

JAMES C. HADDEN.

COMING THROUGH THE WOOD.

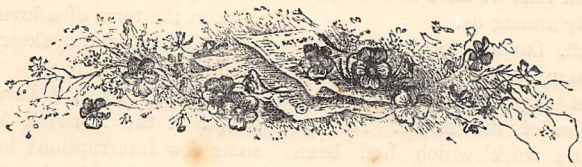
I SAW her coming through the wood,
My pretty one, my dear;
I said, "An' you will marry me,
I'll wait for you a year.
And I'll give you a silken gown,
And I'll give you a ring,
An' you will only marry me
I' th' coming of the spring."

My love, she tossed her pretty head
As she went on her way,
And said, "I'm in a hurry, sir,
For it is market day."

She had a basket on her arm,
And she began to sing,
As she went on into the town
To do her marketing.

She stayed to rest as she came back
Upon a fallen tree;
She'd bought a ribbon for her hair
And put it in for me.
And then we sat and wondered what
The coming year would bring;
And, oh! I think she'll marry me
I' th' coming of the spring.

REA.



A SHILLING A DAY AND HIS BOARD

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

A FEW years ago there appeared in a popular journal, conducted by the late Charles Dickens, an amusing description of a journey in a large square caravan, the external walls of which were covered with staring advertisements printed on great bills known as "posters," while the interior was occupied by the proprietor, who represented that he was known as "King of the Bill-stickers." The writer of the description saw this portentous vehicle slowly passing along Cheapside, and frequently blocking or being blocked by the traffic of other vehicles. He gained an introduction—or, rather, introduced himself—to the owner, who sat within in solitary state on a wooden stool, and during their jolting and somewhat prolonged journey through the City, not only participated in certain refreshments which were handed into the caravan from a tavern on the route, but gave his audience of one some technical information on the interesting subject of the bill-posting business and its recent developments.

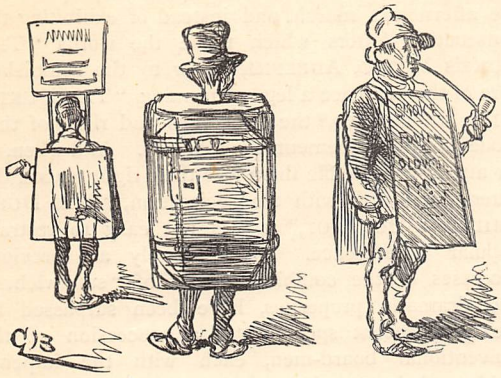
Glancing at that lively description to-day, one is almost startled to find what remarkable changes have taken place in the methods of public advertising since it was written.

Bill-posting is now not only a science, but an art, the professors of which have to deal with sheets, several of which are combined to make a bill of stupendous area, proportionate to the vast extent of hoarding on which it is to be displayed.

So large, so strikingly illustrative, and so varied in style and colour are the modern posters, that London thoroughfares, where extensive "improvements" are going on, take the aspect of irregular

picture-galleries, sometimes of a character rather appalling than attractive, but always eminently suggestive of what we are pleased to call civilisation.

It would be rash to conclude that the art of bill-

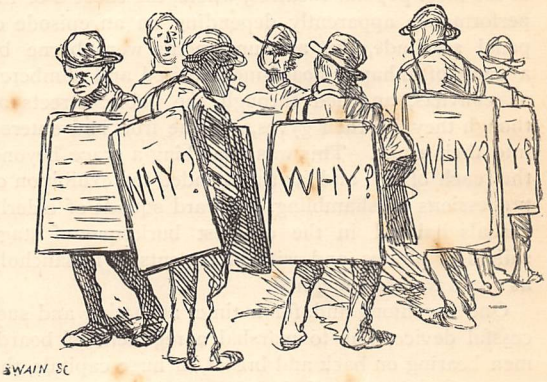


sticking has attained its utmost limit; but, at all events, its professors often seem to occupy most of the important sites in the metropolis, and to keep possession for an indefinite period, and until the original timber of the exclusive hoarding becomes a solid and impregnable rampart of papier-maché, each successive layer being an interjectional chronicle of the history of a period.

We are not prepared to say that the men employed to display this mural record claim to rank as historians, but let us ask ourselves what would be the result if the entire staff—or, rather, clan or tribe—of metropolitan bill-posters lost their heads, so that the various innumerable sheets became inextricably mixed, and London awoke one morning to see hoardings and dead walls covered with irrelevant segments of thousands of pictured and "displayed" advertisements. Fancy the fearsome appearance of long streets, where at frequent intervals the otherwise blank spaces were filled with incongruously combined portions of the presentments of natural and unnatural heads of hair, bridal bloom, anti-corrosive paint, prize kitcheners, with smiling cooks, cattle food, cures for obesity, and patent wringers! Imagine the features and the forms of contortionists, statesmen, showmen, philanthropists, popular actors in character, comic singers, eminent divines, hospital nurses; figures displaying the latest shower-proof attire, modish hats, symmetrical umbrellas; gentlemen suspending the operation of dressing for dinner to discuss the merits of a new collar-stud; mothers neglecting rampant babes to extol the virtues of a revived food; ancient crones with a remedy for sprains; blooming maidens with scarlet cheeks, illustrating the effects of a wash for the complexion;—all commingled in heterogeneous segments, and associated with a meaningless eruption of letters, explaining nothing, and suggesting only abject hallucination!

Fancy recoils from the mere hint of such a possibility, and finds some relief by reverting to the times when the most striking advertisements consisted of strange objects placed upon wheels and slowly moving through the chief metropolitan thoroughfares, to the dismay of the drivers of the public vehicles and the despair of already belated passengers. Special Acts of Parliament and ordinances of the Civic Council have reserved all rights of obstruction for the Lord Mayor and Corporation. On Lord Mayor's Day some occasional vestiges of the old advertising media reappear; but where are the giant caravans covered with posters, the Brobdingnagian hats, the seven-league boots, the painted and varnished pagodas, the monster tea-caddies, and all the other picturesque symbols which so often strangled the stream of traffic for an hour or two, and checked the feverish current of the streets?

These are nothing but a recollection now, and even the branch of itinerant advertising which still flourishes and has been largely developed in West-End thoroughfares, is sternly banished from the City of London. The "sandwich men," as they are called—the chunks of humanity between slices of deal thinly spread with more or less piquancy—are allowed no place between the Griffin of the Law Courts and the outer eastern boundary. Light and entertaining announcements emphasised by repetition, as a line of board-men slouches in single file, are denied to the *habitués* of the districts between Aldgate and Cripplegate. Even a man who recently appeared in Cheapside wearing a waterproof coat painted with white letters, was summarily arrested and cautioned. The modern representatives of the heraldic office who bear blazoned on their rigid tabards the latest achievements of the age are, however, one of the cherished institutions of Western London, and the greater streets would lose some chief attractions if these were abolished. They are among the most entertaining of our few remaining public shows, now that legislation has declared against the strolling juggler, the acrobat of the by-way, and the pedlar who in years gone by stood and pattered



at the street-corner that he might sell "six handy and useful articles for a penny."

How often has our weak curiosity yielded to the appearance of a grimy and melancholy-looking individual who, with a wistful and imploring air, bore on his feeble front a placard inscribed with the injunction

—"Do not look at my back"! How often have we been tormented day after day by a wooden-bordered square of unsullied pasteboard borne silently along, its centre containing the command, "Watch this Frame;" and having watched it with persistent expectation,

what has been our indignation when we discovered, later in life, that the frame had been filled with a recommendation to "Try Bubblejohn's Bunion Plaisters"! The means adopted for directing public attention to the depressed and too consciously inappropriate mediums of these advertisements, are often amazingly ingenious. A procession of heterogeneously-sized fellows, each provided with a pasteboard nose and a burlesque hat, is but a crude method of arresting notice. The appearance of a regiment of grotesques, each with a long pipe, and the legend "Smoke only Fungus's Old Virginia Cabbage Leaf," is but an initial form of announcement. A whole row of unmistakable denizens of Whitechapel and St. Giles' wearing imitation Chinese blouses, caps, and black calico pig-tails, and each bearing a fan which half conceals the inscription on his chest, is a higher range of invention. This has, however, been excelled by a recent advertisement of a drama at one of the most popular theatres, where, the success of the performance apparently depending on an episode of penal servitude, the announcements were borne by a gang of unhappy board-men, attired and numbered as convicts, and led through the public streets as though they felt their gyves, and the iron had entered into their souls. This was snatching a grace beyond the reach of art, and far transcended the exhibition of processions of shambling, awkward squads of elderly casuals habited in the coarsest burlesque of stage sailors or pirates, and with lineaments as melancholy as could well be imagined.

One ingenious and, for a time, attractive and successful device, was to marshal a regiment of board-men bearing on back and breast, in huge capitals, the consecutive letters of the title of some sensational drama. The chief difficulty was not only to place them in proper order, so that the public behind them, or before them, should read letter by letter the proper words of the advertisement, but so to regulate the march that each man should maintain his position in single file in spite of the obstructions and the traffic of the streets. This was so difficult that the experiment has been almost abandoned. When a number of men—having had their mid-day rest, and eaten their bread and dripping, by the wall leading down to the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, at the Charing Cross end of the Strand—prepare for the afternoon's march, and instead of exhibiting the consecutive letters which make the words "THE DUKE'S MOTTO, ADELPHI," show to the astonished gaze of the populace a legend running, "THE DUKE'S MILD HE POTATO," the difficulties and risks of that mode of announcement are obvious. And when, in an attempt to shuffle them into their right places, the letters burst forth with the declaration, "THE DUKE SMILED A HOT POT," it was not easy to restrain popular interference. But probably all previous successes of the combined effects of "sandwiches" and dramatic properties, have been surpassed by the quite recent spectacle of a procession of the conventional board-men, each with the impenetrable and depressed expression peculiar to the tribe, and each carrying a baby—that is to say, a doll of more than natural infantile beauty and proportions—becomingly attired. The effect of an interminable succession of infants, borne by such incongruous nurses, was irresistible. Even the grim features of the men themselves occasionally relaxed—moved by the laughter of the spectators.

It is not only the merely grotesque and incongruous that succeeds, however. Quite lately an advertisement in the newspapers offered a reward to a number of bald-headed men who would submit to have the name of a new cough medicine branded or stamped on their bare pates. The outcome of this was that a number of peripatetic mediums—otherwise board-men—were engaged to parade the streets wearing a "scalp" wig, on the back of which the name of the article was impressed, and over the front of the wig a hat of somewhat grotesque appearance. As some of these men were to pervade the bridges and the public thoroughfares singly, and were liable to rude salutations, not to say the occasional missiles and jocularities of a personal character, the pay was supposed to be

raised from the traditional shilling to eighteenpence a day; but the scheme does not seem to have been successful.

Of course, only the advertisements of the regular theatres and amusements, and those of some articles of commerce which have acquired the right to a specific name, hold a permanent place in the "sandwich" announcements. The sensational displays are necessarily ephemeral. There are a few boardmen who are pretty regularly employed when they choose to apply to the firms who engage their own mediums and supply the boards. There are others who are only too glad to get a job for a week or so; and these, as well as some of the more regular and steady itinerants, are readily mustered and roughly drilled by a gentleman who is an agent for conspicuous advertisements. Any one who has happened to be at the entrance of a certain court not far from St. Giles' Church early in the morning at this season of the year, may have seen the poor ragged regiment assemble there, for this is the agent's trysting-place.

Here the names of the queer contingent are enrolled, here they receive their board, and here they come for their shilling. Where do they live? When Sam Weller was once asked that question he answered, "Anywheres." You may take the same reply. "Well, you see, what's a shillin' or eighteenpence arter all? It may be better than hangin' about the docks all day on the chance of fourpence a hour for three or four hours three days a week; but them as hasn't got no reg'lar lodgin's with a family down Whitechapel way, or else by Waterloo Road, or perhaps Bermondsey, or closer by in this neighbourhood till Newport Market's all gone, why, they takes what they can get at the lodgin'-houses in Fulwood's Rents, down by Holborn, or similar.

"Breakfus'! Well, a haporth o' coffee and a bit o' bread mostly; or, if your missus is able to do anythink, perhaps cocoa and a chunk off the loaf. Bread an' drippin' or else a saveloy, or once in a way a slice o' cheese, about the middle o' the day, and them as thinks they need it a penn'orth o' beer. We takes our dinner-time mostly down by St. Martin's Church, them as works the Strand; and others down by the bridges, and such places as has walls to set down by, or to lean agin. We're off long afore dark, and them that's lucky can pick up a job in the evening, perhaps, if they ain't wore out with the weight and the heat of the boards at their shoulder-blades and on their chests. Some on us gets a job at the theayters; and I've known sech as goes on the stage itself in percessions and sech-like for what they call sooper-noomaries.

"Lor bless you, yes! there's a many of us as has seen better days. I have myself, though it was only as a plasterer; but that man over there, as looks so tidy an' clean, he kep' a good 'ouse over his head one time. Lost his all, he did, when some bank or another went and broke, and I s'pose he's never had no chance, or else no heart to take it, ever since; but he does better than most becos he's a steady, civil man, and gets employ to put up the shutters at shops, and when they want a extra hand at the theatre, and what not. I shouldn't wonder if he made—ah, as much as eighteen bob or a suffrin some weeks. But you must excuse me, sir, and thankee. Time's up, and I must get between the shutters agin. There's my mate a-beckonin' of me, and we've got to work round Pall Mall with this lot.'

SWEET CHRISTABEL.

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned," "In a Minor Key," &c. &c.

Book I.—WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER MEET.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE VISITORS' BOOK.

IT was what is called a show-place. Once a week, when its master was away from home—which was the rule, and not the exception—its doors were thrown open to such of the public as cared to find their way over miles of comb and fell, to be landed at last, wearied out with the long jolting drive, within the leafy shade of its grand old oaks, its massive elm-trees, its spreading beeches.

Such few were wont to declare that they were amply repaid for their toilsome drive as they wandered within prescribed limits over park and gardens, or followed the severely curt housekeeper within doors, up and down, in and out, through gallery and hall, chapel and refectory, winding passages and stone-cut staircases, until they found themselves once more within reach of the front door, and were politely told that there was nothing more to see. They could not complain. They had been shown all that was noteworthy in the house: the priests' hiding-place, the sliding panel, the dungeon, the inevitable Queen Elizabeth's bed-room, the museum, where, duly numbered and catalogued, lay enshrined in glass cases the many curious and interesting objects from all quarters of the globe, collected by the present owner—all, in short, that made Vanstone Abbey one of the most celebrated places of the county, as it was undoubtedly the most inaccessible. Fourteen miles from a town; fourteen miles from a station; separated from civilisation by a broad desolate moorland, that flushed into sudden greenery as it shelved down into the wide fertile valley, where the grey old Abbey stood like a sentry taking his ease.

Those old monks had chosen their situation with that eye to the good things of this world, with that sound common sense and regard to the natural advantages of a country, that showed them to be wise in their generation. The river that ran foaming and leaping through the park at Vanstone was well stocked with trout and grayling, whilst an occasional salmon would remind the angler that he was not so very far from the sea; on the rich green pastures grazed some fifty head of cattle, while waving fields of corn, barley, and oats told their own tale of the fertility of the soil. These lay, however, for the most part, some distance from the house itself, stretching far down into the broad valley, and standing out, an ever-changing mass of shifting gold and varying green, against the dark foliage of the acres of park-land and wood that closed up almost to the very doors of the Abbey, enshrouding it in a dim church-like gloom. Five great avenues, all equally wide and equally thickly planted, led up to the front of the building, but only the central one was used, and very seldom was man, horse, or vehicle seen even in that one.

To-day, however, it is different. To-day the Abbey is open to visitors, and some of the public, tempted by the bright morning, have faced the fourteen miles' drive, and have been landed, tired and dusty, at its doors. One of them, of a very different stamp to the usual visitors from Kirby Hayes, is sauntering now in the faint shade thrown by the bursting buds of the old beech-trees, where the little primroses that gather so lovingly round the wide-spreading roots lift their innocent eyes in wonder at this apparition among them, to be crushed, in all probability, the next moment by a heel that heeds not such small things as primroses. The owner of those well-varnished boots has other things to think of than where he plants his footsteps: his pale eager eyes are busily scanning the massive boles before him, measuring, calculating, wondering, murmuring too in low tones to himself, whilst an unpleasant smile gives an ugly glint to the blue eyes, and opens the thin lips to display a set of teeth even and white.

"Some day," he says at length out loud, drawing himself up to his full height, and heaving a sigh of intense contentment, "Some day I will have them all down, every one of them; open out the place, make it less like a prison, and realise a handsome sum of money," and at the idea the smile widens and extends, and an expression of bland satisfaction settles down on the handsome haggard features, to be quickly replaced by a gloomy scowl.

"What am I talking about?" he continues bitterly. "Will 'some day' ever come to me, who have never known a stroke of good luck but what I have won for myself? Is not my hair grey, and his still black? Are not my eyes growing dim," as he adjusts his glasses, "whilst his require no adventitious aid? Yet—yet, I have something too on my side, as long as he continues to roam the world, diving into its nooks and corners, where he holds his life in his hand, and any day may bring the news that he has fallen a victim to his own restless foolhardiness. Meanwhile the place is his, and I am one of the public, and at five o'clock I ordered

that ramshackly old vehicle to be here. It must be nearly that time now," and he draws his watch from his pocket and looks at it.

"Half-past four," he says; "half an hour yet. Shall I, or shall I not, see the child? I do not know what good it will do, except for the fact that it may, that it most certainly will, annoy her father. Well, perhaps better leave it alone. School-room young ladies are not much to my taste;" and with a shrug of the shoulders he turns, and walks towards the house. As he emerges from under the beech-trees, however, into the wider expanse of the old-fashioned garden that lies to the south of the building, he becomes aware that some one is coming towards him, that "the child," as he had called her, is approaching. She is walking slowly along the broad gravelled terrace, a book in her ungloved hand, on which her eyes are fastened; a slim, girlish figure, with small dainty feet, and equally small sun-burnt hands, very simply dressed in a broad shady hat, which, casting her face into deep shadow, leaves little of it visible but the curved red lips and the roundly-moulded chin and jaw. By her side, majestic and dignified, strides a huge St. Bernard dog.

"A little like her mother, with the Vanstone hands," is the mental comment of the visitor as he gently approaches her, and is amused to see the deep shy blush that overspreads her face as she becomes aware of his presence.

"I beg your pardon," he says, courteously raising his hat with an air that tells you at once that he is a gentleman, "I am afraid I am intruding: that I have strayed beyond the limits assigned to visitors."

She raises her eyes now frankly and fearlessly—large blue-green eyes, set under a pair of delicately-pencilled straight eyebrows.

"I think not," she answers in a low sweet voice. "Visitors always come into the gardens. I forgot it was their day," she adds naïvely, and is about to turn aside under a small archway, when he places himself before her with a renewed interrogation.

"I am so sorry to detain you," he says, "but could you tell me, is Mr. Vanstone abroad now? I know he is away from home," he adds, with a smile that shows his white even teeth, "or I should not be here."

"Yes," she answers, with a little involuntary look of surprise, "he is abroad. Quiet, Bernard, quiet!" to the dog, who is uttering sundry low wrathful growls in an ascending scale of indignation, to which the visitor pays not the smallest attention.

"And his address: could you favour me with that? I have a little matter of business on which I wish to communicate with him."

"His address?" she asks, too shy to question further; "that is very difficult to give, he is moving about so much. When last I heard from him he was at Damascus, just starting for Arabia; he told me to write to him the day I received his letter, and then he could get my answer; after that, I was to wait till I heard again. That was more than a week ago; he will be well on his way by this time."

"Thank you very much; I am extremely obliged to you. I suppose you have no idea when he will be home?"

"No"—with the shadow of a sigh—"no, I do not know."

Once more raising his hat, and with that same bland smile, the visitor turned away to go round to the front door. There stood the dusty old fly that had nearly jolted him off his seat coming, his two fellow-travellers seated within, patiently awaiting him whom they had recognised as their superior in social position from the first moment that his well-bred accents had fallen upon their ears, asking "to be permitted to share their fly."

He climbed upon the box seat, as he had done before, and resumed his place, and in time his interrogations. Not, however, till they had rattled along the beech avenue for a whole mile, had driven through another mile of park, where the deer stood browsing under the trees: not until they were well outside the great iron gates, with the massive stone lodge on either side, climbing up the gentle, but wearisomely long, ascent that led on to the moorland, did he re-commence his pleasant affable conversation with the driver. Until then the light blue eyes had roved restlessly from one object to another in the landscape, with a proud look as of ownership on the good-looking features, which disappeared as he turned to converse once more with his Jehu.

Meanwhile, Christabel Vanstone had flitted upstairs, and was gazing from a window on the staircase, secreted behind a curtain, at the fly and its occupants, speculating the while on who the unknown old man could be who knew her father and wanted his address.

"I know his face too," she murmered to herself; "I have seen it before. I wish I could remember where."

"Chris," said a somewhat severe voice suddenly behind her, "what are you doing here? Staring through the curtains at the Kirby Hayes people? My dear, that is very unladylike."

"They can't see me, Rennie," without withdrawing her gaze. "I am well hidden by the curtain."

"And did I not hear you talking to some one in the garden just now—some stranger? How could you do such a thing? You know Mr. Vanstone would not like it."

Christabel turned her bright face to her governess's careworn features, eliciting a smile even before she began to speak.

"For the reason, dear Rennie, that he spoke to me; and, savage as I am, I could not be so rude as not to answer him."

"Now, Chris, don't be wild, but tell me all that happened."

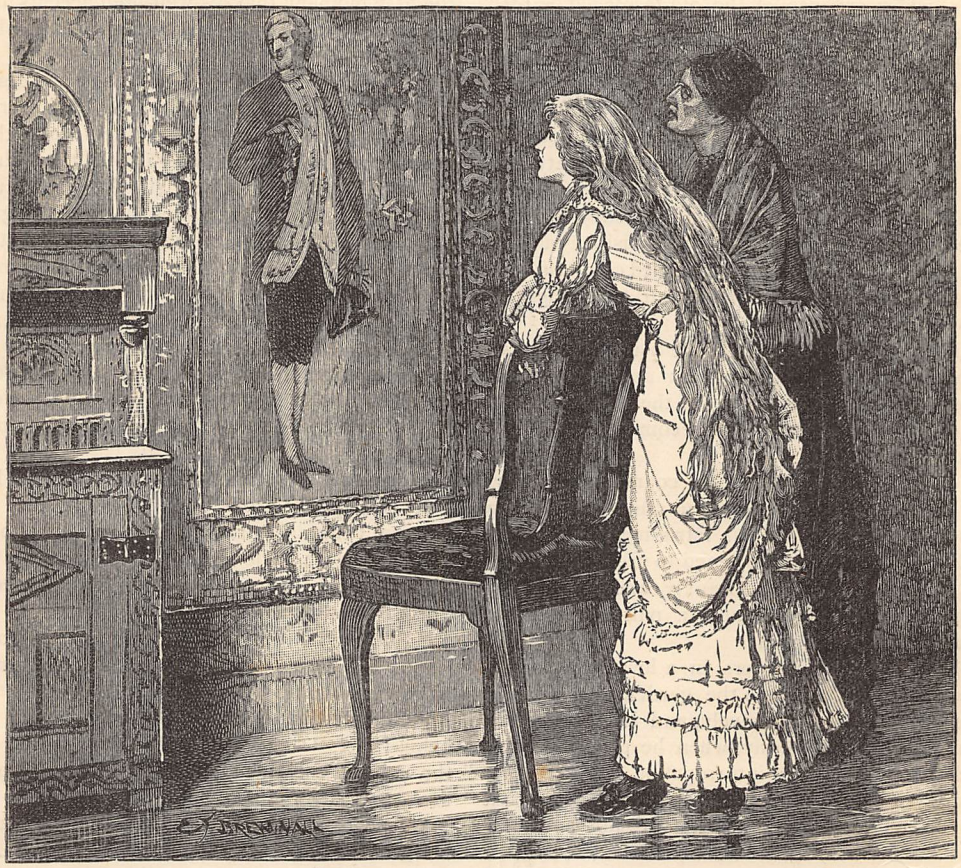
Christabel laughed outright at the adjuration.

"He asked me father's address, which of course I could not give him: that was all, dear; so don't begin to bother yourself because you were not at my elbow. He was a very polite old gentleman," meditatively, "only I don't like his face. The strange thing is that

I am quite sure I have seen him before. Help me, Rennie. Where could it have been?"

"How can I tell, my dear? However, there is the strangers' book to assist us. We will look in that, and see his name."

"Of course we will. Why, how stupid of me not to think of it!" and off ran the girl, Miss Reynolds following slowly behind, with a look of worry on her puckered forehead as she murmured—



"'THE MAN WHO SPOKE TO ME WAS JUST LIKE THIS PICTURE.'"

"Such a responsibility! Sometimes I feel I cannot bear it any longer."

"I have found him," rang out Christabel's sweet voice. "Come, Rennie."

Miss Reynolds quickened her footsteps, absolutely running down the black oak staircase, and was surprised to find her pupil, instead of in the hall, turning over the leaves of the visitors' book, standing in what was called the Painted Ante-room, from the stained-glass windows with which it was adorned, gazing fixedly at the portrait of one of her ancestors.

It represented a man of about forty years of age, richly dressed in the costume of George III.'s period, with a handsome, cynical face, rendered almost sinister by the fading of the flesh tints; eyes of lightest blue, that seemed to rest with a scornful smile on the upturned face before him; and with hands of feminine delicacy, over which fell ruffles of finest lace. Miss Reynolds drew near.

"Well, Chris, where is the visitors' book?"

"The visitors' book? Oh! I forgot. Yes, Rennie," her voice falling almost to a whisper, "the man who spoke to me was just like this picture. He had just those light blue eyes and pale face, just that cold, cruel smile, and small hands. This was the face he reminded me of."

"Then, my dear, he was some relation, you may depend upon it. The visitors' book will soon tell us that. Come, I would not spend any more time staring at the wicked Colonel Vanstone if I were you."

"I do not know why that picture always attracts me so," answered the girl; "but when once I begin to look at it, I cannot take my eyes off it again."

"It is because it is so admirably painted," responded her governess as she slowly turned over the leaves of the visitors' book. "To my mind it is the finest

portrait in the house, and not unlike your father. Why, my dear child," as her finger travelled down the page where were inscribed the names of that day's visitors, "we are both right: the stranger is a relation. Listen: —Granville—no; Grenville—what a vile scrawl the man writes! — Grenville Vanstone, Green Street, London."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

AN ONLY CHILD.

CHRISTABEL VANSTONE was, as she was apt to say herself, a mistake. The only child of an only son, the owner of an estate strictly entailed on heirs male by all the laws of succession, she ought to have been a boy, and she was, alas! only a girl.

A girl with a sweet, bright, winsome face, on which the sun seemed ever shining, glinting in the golden hair, kissing the red lips and peach-like cheeks, shooting his beams into the large wondering eyes, lurking in the soft dimples in cheek and chin, altogether making his home with her. Perhaps it was that she was the youngest, the fairest object on which his rays might linger in that grim old Abbey, which he had so much difficulty in penetrating, where the walls were so thick and the windows so narrow that he had some ado to throw so much as one beam into the dark, oak-panelled rooms.

It was but a gloomy home for a young thing like Christabel to grow up in. The great empty halls and rooms would re-echo drearily to her light, springy step; with chilling eye and gloomy frown, her ancestors would look down from staircase and gallery on this last of the elder branch of the Vanstones, as she went singing down the corridors, all unsubdued by her own misconduct in being a girl. For the Abbey was not gloomy to her, any more than the dense foliage of a South American forest is gloomy to the myriad-hued birds that build their nests in its tangled branches. It was the only home she had ever known, and she loved it with that tenacious affection which was a strong point in her character—an affection which turned it in her eyes into an abode unrivalled for charm and beauty. It would make her smile when kind-hearted people would ask her if she were not dull there, and wonder what they meant. Why should she be dull, when she had all that a lavish nature could give her—when the days were not long enough for the pleasures she contrived to extract from her surroundings? She had known what it was to be sad, sorrowful, miserable even, but dull—no.

For she had never known anything else. She could not dream what the old house might have been if hers had been only one out of many childish footsteps: if the solid rafters and thick walls had echoed again and again with the sound of laughter and mirth: if the master and mistress of the house had made it indeed their home, and huge fires had burnt in the dim old rooms, and the great banqueting-hall, once the refectory, had been filled with guests. She only knew it hushed and silent, wakened now and then to a half-life, when Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone would return from their travels for a month or six weeks, or, at the longest, three months in the summer. And even that occasional rousing had ceased for the last three years, and for three years the Abbey had not known its master's step. The last time it had been heard, it was heavy with sorrow, for he had come home only to bury his wife, the cherished companion of his ceaseless travels, in the family vault, where lay all the Vanstones who had lived and died for many generations. After the last sad rites, he had turned his back on the Abbey, without a thought, almost without a word, for the desolate child left behind, as she had been so often before, with her governess, Miss Reynolds, whilst he sought some inaccessible spot wherein to hide his grief.

Christabel had sorrowed for her mother with all the warmth of her young loving heart. But she was not the loss to her that a mother usually is to a child. It was not a daily, hourly blank in her life, for, truth to tell, she missed her comparatively little. How could she miss a mother whose society she had enjoyed at the very utmost for three months out of the twelve? who, ever since she had been quite a little thing, had been content to leave her in the care of Miss Reynolds, and to roam the world in its length and breadth with her husband. Neither she nor that husband had ever been able to forgive Christabel the unpardonable sin of being a girl. They were not in the least unkind to her, simply indifferent, but it was an indifference that made itself felt. They took no delight in the development of her childish beauty, in the unfolding of her quick intelligence, in the sunny nature that made her laugh up in their unresponsive faces with a smile as sweet as a May morning, in the warm loving heart that caused her to wind her arms round their necks, only to be repelled—not repulsed—with cold kisses.

They were quite satisfied that they had done their duty by her when, after the most conscientious efforts to procure the very best article that money could obtain, they had provided her with a highly-recommended, religious-minded governess, who had been content to bury herself in the country, in consideration of the high salary held out to her as a bait, and who had strict orders that if the child were suffering from so much as a finger-ache, the nearest doctor should be sent for immediately. Morally and physically they considered that they had thus fulfilled their part as parents, and would go off to Asia or America, Africa or Australia, as the case might be, without a twinge of conscience as to the well-being of the child they left behind, and who, although she knew it not, was partially responsible for the travelling fever that had taken such a hold on them that they could not shake it off. The Abbey had become odious to them since all hope of a son had been denied them; from the first years of their married life they had found it unbearably dull; afterwards it had become hateful, and it seemed to them a very secondary matter that they left behind them, within those grey old walls, a little bright-eyed child, who went for nothing in their lives.

The sting of her sex lay not so much in the fact that, on account of it, the Abbey would pass away from the elder to the younger branch of the Vanstones, as in the character borne by that branch.

The wicked Colonel Vanstone, whose portrait hung in the Painted Ante-room, and who had been one of the most dissolute, as one of the handsomest men of a day when fashion and crime went often hand-in-hand, and Fleet marriages and highway robberies were among the more exciting freaks in which a man of fashion might indulge with impunity, was the first of a line of descendants who were not altogether behind their ancestor in their capabilities for vice. That vice had changed with the character of the times in which they lived, and the present lineal descendant of Colonel Vanstone—Grenville Vanstone, of Green Street, London, as he had put down his address in the strangers' book at the Abbey—had, in his younger days, run through the gauntlet of such as are permitted in this Victorian age, and in this, his fifty-eighth year, found himself a double widower with six children, a wanderer on the face of the earth from the just pursuance of his tradespeople.

That there was war to the knife between these two branches of Vanstones was but natural. The elder branch, though slightly eccentric—as was the whole family, who explained the fact by attributing it to the Viking blood said to be running in their veins—had been respectable for many generations, and it was a real sorrow to Mr. Vanstone to feel that at his death the Abbey and all that appertained to it must pass into such hands as those of Grenville Vanstone and his son. Of the son he knew nothing beyond the fact that Grenville Vanstone was his father, which was in itself all-sufficing. Not that Myles Vanstone personally cared for the Abbey: it bored him beyond words. The humdrum level life of an ordinary English squire and landowner made him shudder; politics had no fascination for him; the usual round of domestic joys, no attraction. A wanderer he was by nature; a wanderer he remained. There were very few quarters of the globe he had not visited, very few he had not shown his wife. Therefore, when her mother died, and her father set off alone again on his travels, it made but little real difference to Christabel. Uncared for, but not neglected—for Miss Reynolds watched over her with tender, unselfish solicitude—the child had shot up during these three years of her father's absence into the girl, and had passed her sixteenth birthday with very little knowledge of the outer world, save that which was afforded her in her yearly month's sojourn at a small seaside village, where she improved the shining hours by bathing, dabbling among the rocks, poking her pretty little "tip-tilted nose" into all the clefts and crannies of the same, watching the crabs, shrimps, and anemones, collecting seaweed, and altogether conducting herself like the veriest baby, instead of with the dignity of the only daughter of Mr. Vanstone, of Vanstone Abbey.

Year after year Miss Reynolds and Christabel betook themselves, in September, to the same rustic fishing-village, till Furlby became as a second home to them, and their advent was looked forward to by its seafaring population as the bright spot in their hard-working existences, and their arrival and departure the periods from which they dated all the events in their uneventful lives.

The place had been chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone as sufficiently secluded to form a retreat for so important, and yet unimportant, a person as their only child, where such a thing as a young man—"a young gentleman," as Mrs. Fagby, the landlady, put it—had never been known to do more than pass through. Mrs. Fagby had once been lady's maid to Mrs. Vanstone, but when the constant travelling made such a luxury useless, she married Mr. Vanstone's valet, and, assisted by master and mistress, established herself at Furlby in a pretty little house, which she was enabled to furnish suitably for the requirements of the "gentry" to whom she offered her apartments. Hitherto Christabel had been almost the sole representative of the class; and although occasionally the wives and daughters of persons of undoubted respectability from the neighbouring town of Cranmoor would patronise the lodgings for a short period of sea-bathing and shrimp-eating, still Mrs. Fagby was far too well versed in social distinctions to put them on the same level with Miss Christabel. It was tacitly understood by both herself and Miss Reynolds that, now that the child was growing to woman's estate, she should be jealously guarded from all intercourse with strangers. Miss Reynolds would watch anxiously from the beach to see that no male intruder should suddenly appear from she knew not where, and give her charge a helping hand over the rocks, or otherwise ingratiate himself into her favour; and Mrs. Fagby, busy with her work, would nevertheless keep a sharp look-out that none of the Cranmoor folk should presume to offer any amenities to Miss Christabel. Meanwhile, the girl herself was quite unaware of the anxiety she caused. No ideas of young men had troubled her pretty head as yet, and she would have been amazed if any one had suggested that such a phenomenon was to be met with in Furlby. The one hero of her day-dreams was her father, and he would have laughed could he have looked into his daughter's heart, and have seen what a large space his image filled there—could he have guessed how he was the centre of most of her thoughts, the corner-stone of nearly all her girlish castles in the air.

Yes, Christabel had passed her sixteenth birthday, and was now a tall, graceful slip of a girl, with a natural elegance in all her movements that made you overlook the unconventionality of the same. In Miss Reynolds' eyes she was the fairest creature ever seen, and some day she felt sure the Prince would break through the fence that hedged about this Sleeping Beauty; and then, what would Mr. Vanstone say? The absolute trust reposed in her by this strangely indifferent father only made her the more nervous as to the fulfilment of the same. Christabel was left to her entirely for good or for evil; no word of instruction as to further education, health, or happiness was included in those short formal letters which reached her from time to time, dated from every quarter of the globe—no word of her future, now that she was growing up. None the less did the anxiety weigh heavily on her, so much so

that she was seriously meditating writing to Mr. Vanstone—of whom she stood in great awe—and boldly stating that, now that his daughter was growing up, she did not feel any longer equal to the undivided responsibility of her guardianship.

But before so much as the opening phrases of an epistle that should not offend Mr. Vanstone's susceptibilities had been satisfactorily composed and arranged, an event was to occur which rendered the letter unnecessary, and changed the placid current of Christabel's hitherto uneventful life.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE PRINCE.

CHRISTABEL sat on the rocks at Furlby, musing. Behind her lay the sea, calm and shining, bathed in a dim golden haze, that sat brooding over land and water, veiling the white cliffs of the little bay, steeping the glistening houses, with their red roofs and green weather-stained shutters, that nestled so confidingly in every sheltered nook and cranny, in a soft transparent mist, and wrapping the girl herself in a delicious state of semi-somnolent enjoyment. There was not a breath of air stirring. Afar, the ships lay motionless on the gleaming waters, their white sails hanging idle and immovable under the spell that lurked in the steely clouds that lined the horizon, looming somewhat ominously through the golden mist, and threatening at some distant hour a sudden rending of the sleepy calm.

Miss Reynolds, perched on a twin rock to that occupied by Christabel, to which she had been steered with infinite difficulty by her volatile pupil, attired in an enormous mushroom hat and blue gauze veil, was conscientiously endeavouring to read her newspaper, a duty in which she never failed, regarding it as the only means of keeping her mind open in the solitude to which she was condemned. It was a duty, however, attended with considerable difficulty to-day, when her eyelids seemed weighted with lead, and even the comparative discomfort of a rocky seat did not prevent the mushroom hat from nodding jerkily, till the head sank forward, the paper slid unrestrained into a crystal-clear pool at her feet, and Miss Reynolds was in the Land of Nod.

Christabel looked across at her with a smile.

"It is a terribly sleepy afternoon," she murmured to herself. "I suppose there is thunder in the air," and composedly returned to her day-dream, which was difficult to terminate satisfactorily, seeing that her blue-veined eyelids were momentarily drooping lower, till they closed altogether, and the rippling waves were singing her a delicious lullaby.

It was the hour legitimately devoted to siestas, and soon Christabel was dreaming on her rocky seat as had she been in the downiest of beds. She was with her father in those wondrous lands where the sun never sets and the light never wanes: with him on those far-off prairies where suddenly there comes a crackling and a fizzing, and there is a blaze of light, as the fire rushes forward, and the long grasses are all aflame: with him—for the scene is ever changing—on those foaming rivers, where there is a roar of water, and the white eddying froth lies all around their little frail craft. There is a sound as of thunder; some one is calling to her, and the boat is upsetting; she can feel the water close—closer.

She awakes with a start and a shiver, for it is no dream. Afar, the thunder is growling ominously; the water is all round her; her hand, foot, and dress are quite wet. Behind her, in front of her, everywhere waves, no longer soft and noiseless, but breaking with a long low moan that makes her shudder involuntarily. Here and there a few black specks show their heads, denoting where a short time ago there was a long stretch of rock, shingle, and sand. She springs to her feet with a sudden terror, not for herself, but for Miss Reynolds. Yes, there she is on her rock, fortunately one of commanding position, wide awake now, and helplessly wringing her hands, too terrified to do more than call out sobbingly—

"Oh, Chris! oh, my child! what shall we—shall we do?"

But succour is nearer at hand than they think. That shout that reached Christabel in her dreams not three minutes ago is resounding again—a good strong British shout, distinctly framing the words—

"Stay where you are, and I will come to you!"

Miss Reynolds hears it this time too, and stretches out imploring hands to the figure that is swinging down rapidly from the high perpendicular cliff that overhangs the beach at this point. Christabel sees it, and holds her breath, for it is a perilous descent, and her eyes gleam with something more than pleasure at the prospect of her own rescue, as the stranger drops lightly to the ground, plunging instantly into the waves, which show now ugly white crests, and are swelling out bigger and stronger every moment. Straight and swift he comes towards them, and Christabel and Miss Reynolds simultaneously make him signs each to rescue the other first. But he has taken in the whole situation from his height on the cliff, and he knows that one is old and the other young, and that the oldest comes first—not, however, without a reassuring smile to Christabel, as she nods her approval of his choice.

"I will come back for you; do not be afraid," he calls out to her, "only do not try to make way for yourself;" and then he has taken Miss Reynolds, to Christabel's immense amusement and delight, in his arms—she should not allow him to carry her, certainly not—taken her as though she were a mere feather-weight, and is bearing her back to the shore, in spite of her remonstrances, in spite of her feeble struggle, of her entreaty: "For goodness sake take Miss Vanstone, and leave me!"

"If you struggle I shall only be the longer fetching the young lady, and the storm will break directly," he says sternly, and she yields to a stronger will than her own, and struggles no more.

"I promise you she shall be safe," he continues, more gently, looking back for a momentary glance at the upright fearless figure standing alone in the waste of waters; and she does not question his words, for she feels that he will make them good.

She is on the beach now, set down in hot haste, a limp, dripping figure, whilst he makes his way back to her charge. She never takes her eyes off him as he steers through the waves, over rock and seaweed, sand and shingle, till he is close by her darling's side. Christabel has been awaiting him quietly, in spite of the pattering drops of rain that have commenced, and the intermittent rumble of the distant thunder, never stirring from her post, though the waves are dancing round her feet, and the skirt of her short serge dress is wringing wet.

"Were you afraid?" he asks, and looks into the bright beautiful eyes, so fearless, and yet so soft.

"For one minute," she answers candidly, "before you came, but not since then."

He smiles a little swift evanescent smile, lifts her, without any apology, from her rocky elevation, and commences his journey back to the beach. Where is her resolution not to be carried? where the indignation she intended to show if such a step were attempted?—Fled, vanquished before the quiet *sang-froid* that seems to allow no gainsaying. Silently she suffers herself to be borne along without a word of remonstrance, whilst Miss Reynolds, standing on the shore, watches the transaction with mingled feelings of horror and thankfulness.

What she goes through in those few minutes it would be difficult to describe. First there is the fear that those swift decided footsteps may stumble, and the precious freight be cast into the shining waters; then a vision of Mr. Vanstone's indignation that she should so have neglected her charge; thirdly, that nightmare of her life—a strange man bearing Christabel in his strong arms through the waves.

Meanwhile his progress towards safety is attended with greater difficulty than it was last time. True, Christabel is lighter far than poor, frightened Miss Reynolds, but the rain is coming down faster and faster, the waves are gaining ground every minute, and washing up higher and higher, as he threads his way, half-wading, half-swimming, through the maze of rocks. Is he more nervous this time? It looks like it, for once or twice he stumbles; Christabel's feet and dress are immersed in the water, and she gives a little low laugh of merriment. Except for this, their journey is accomplished in total silence, during which time she has leisure to study her rescuer, and to notice with some surprise the queer little smile that quivers in the corners of his lips, and which deepens for one second into one of undisguised amusement.

There is one fact about him of which there is not the slightest doubt: he is very strong. Strong not only physically, she meditates, but mentally; there is strength in the firmly-set mouth, in the somewhat powerful jaw, in the keen grey eyes, in the wide forehead; and yet it is a melancholy face: a face which looks as, although its owner would conquer circumstances, yet none the less would he feel those circumstances.

All this Christabel has settled to her satisfaction as he ploughs through the waves, and now they are within two yards of their haven. Another minute, and Miss Reynolds, regardless of the stranger's presence, regardless of the big splashing rain-drops, is holding her darling in her arms, looking at her as though she expected to see some change in her, half-laughing, half-crying, as Christabel reassures her—

"You see I am quite safe and sound, dear Rennie; I have not even lost a boot;" and then, with a shy smile, and turning to the stranger, "Thanks to you."

"Indeed, indeed," chimes in Miss Reynolds, "how can we—how can I—ever, ever thank you enough? No words of mine——"

"They are not necessary," he interrupts her briefly, almost roughly. "You cannot imagine that I, or any other man, would leave two women to drown." And with that he takes off his hat, and prepares to leave them.

"I can swim," says Christabel, with a twinkle in her eye; then seeing that he is really going: "You are so wet," she adds, "and it is raining so fast; won't you——" and she looks at Miss Reynolds.

"Come home with us, and have tea—unless, indeed, you would rather go to your hotel and change your clothes, and then give us the pleasure of your company?"

Miss Reynolds is rather pleased with this speech; she has been so long, as she says, out of civilised society, that she quite wonders at her own glibness in framing it. She cannot help it that the individual before her is a man and a gentleman; were he to propose to Christabel within an hour's time, still she could not be so ungrateful as not to ask him to take a cup of tea with them.

"I have no hotel, nor have I any clothes to change to," he answers. "I am only here for a few hours, and I leave by the six-thirty train."

"Then come with us, by all means. Mr. Fagby, our landlord, will be delighted to look after you, and I am sure a good fire and a cup of tea or some wine are quite necessary before your journey."

"Shall I come?" he asks, almost as though he were speaking to himself.

"Yes, do," answers Christabel; and he assents.

Together the trio make their way in the fast-falling rain along the few yards of beach, and then turn into the winding path up the cliff that leads to Mrs. Fagby's trim little domain, so warm and sheltered, that the myrtle blooms in great green tubs alternately with the massive blue hydrangeas, and in winter the camellias stand out in the little garden, and are none the worse.

Miss Reynolds talks volubly to cover the feeling of nervousness she cannot overcome at her own temerity, sending Christabel on in front to order a fire and change her dress, and to tell Mr. Fagby of the arrival of a gentleman; and by the time they have reached the door, Mrs. Fagby is there ready to receive them, and Fagby in attendance to take over the care of the gallant rescuer of the precious Miss Christabel.

A quarter of an hour later the tea is spread invitingly in the pretty bow-window that looks out on the sea, a bright fire is burning in the grate, and Christabel, kneeling in front of it, is busily occupied in preparing a dainty dish of hot buttered toast. Thus the

stranger finds her as he makes his way into the sitting-room, emerging from the hospitable hands of Mr. Fagby, attired in a suit of clothes which had formerly belonged to Mr. Vanstone, and which sit on the tall broad-shouldered man as had they been made for him, whilst his own damp garments are in process of drying. Miss Reynolds has had time to cool down from the first ardour of her hospitality, and is beginning to be afraid of her own rashness. The stranger is young: that is to say, he may be any age from twenty-five to thirty-five; he is good-looking and unmistakably a gentleman. Has she not been rather foolish?

But the mischief is done now; he is standing there before her by her own invitation, and there he must stay—only three-quarters of an hour, it is true—till the time comes for him to depart for the railway station.

The red firelight falls on Christabel kneeling upon the hearth-rug, and lingers in her golden hair. She has changed her wet serge for a dress of deep dark red, and has put on a broad lace collar that reaches to her shoulders—one of her mother's "bits" of lace, of the value of which she has not the faintest notion. She has not an idea that she is dressed æsthetically. High art and all its concomitant branches have not penetrated to Vanstone, though its attributes, peacocks and sunflowers, have long since made their home there; she does not know that, as the stranger's eye rests on her, he thinks of Venice and Paul Veronese's pictures, and wonders who taught this pretty child to dress.

"HE STEERS THROUGH THE WAVES, OVER ROCK AND SEAWEED" (*p.* 40).

"I hope you do not find us too warm with a fire," says Miss Reynolds; "but it is raining so fast, and Miss Vanstone was so wet, that I was afraid of her catching cold."

"And a fire is so nice when it is raining outside, isn't it?" chimes in Christabel, as she dexterously arranges her bits of buttered toast in a plate, after which they all close cosily round the table, and the business of tea commences.

The stranger, rather silent at first, grows more communicative as he warms with the excellent tea and does justice to Christabel's toast. He and Miss Reynolds sustain the brunt of the conversation, which turns at first on various trivialities, on Furlby and its inhabitants, on the adventures of the day, the new line that

has lately been opened, and so on, until by degrees it comes out that he has but lately returned from India, and that he is now on his way to London.

Thus much he tells them of himself, and they are both too shy and unversed in the ways of the world and the subtleties of conversation to discover more about the man who sits enjoying their hospitality, and whose face seems somehow familar, and yet unfamiliar, to Christabel, as she listens eagerly to the conversation, and a childish question rises to her lips.

"You have been in India? I wonder if you ever met my father?" He looks up interrogatively. "Mr. Vanstone," she supplements.

"I have seen a Mr. Vanstone," he answers, "two or three times. I met him both in Calcutta and Cashmere, but we have never spoken to one another;" and with that he looks at his watch, abruptly rising to seek Mr. Fagby and don his own clothes, previous to departing by the six-thirty train.

With many expressions of gratitude on the one side, of quiet deprecation on the other, they part, and as Christabel gives him her hand—

"I should like some day to do something for you," she says naïvely and impulsively, and is surprised at the momentary flash of light that gleams over the sombre face before her as he bends his head slightly, and his eyes seek hers.

"Would you?" he answers, and his smile is as sweet as his face is severe; "some day perhaps I shall remind you of your words."

The next moment he is gone, and Christabel, quite unaware that her speech was somewhat unconventional, turns round to find Miss Reynolds so engrossed in a letter that Mrs. Fagby has just brought in, that she has heard neither her pupil's farewell to the stranger nor his rejoinder, and it is quite half an hour afterwards that she says suddenly—

"My dear Chris, how very stupid we were not to ask that gentleman's name! I cannot think what Mr. Vanstone will say when he hears that we had a stranger into tea whose name even we do not know."

"I do not think father will mind," responds Christabel carelessly; "but perhaps Mr. Fagby will know: he finds out everything;" and with that the subject of the stranger subsides before the more engrossing one of the letter lately received, which bears the post-mark "Kirby Hayes."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

HOW WE FOUNDED REGENT'S INN.

(THINGS THAT ARE GOING TO BE.—I.)

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A NEW SUGGESTION.

ONE evening, in the spring of a certain year, which need not be particularly mentioned, two young men were seated in the lodgings of one of them. The room which they occupied was in the vicinity of the Regent's Park; the windows looked out upon the trees and palings of the north side of the enclosure. The accommodation was of the usual kind observable in this lower middle class of lodgings at sixteen shillings a week with a few "extras." On the walls there were cheap reproductions of well-known engravings; the china was of the Hampstead, not the Chelsea, pattern; while the furniture had seen "better days and worse nights."

The occupants of this rather dingy, but not uncomfortable apartment, were both deep in thought. A cat occupied the only arm-chair in the room, and the young men did not disturb the animal. This spoke well for their good nature. They gazed in silence at the fire for some minutes, and at length the renter of the rooms, Ralph Adderly, said—

"You are very quiet to-night, Fred. What are you thinking of?"

The young man addressed raised himself, and sitting up in his chair, replied with a kind of sigh—

"Well, I dare say you will wonder when I tell you I was thinking what dull lives we poor clerks lead, as a rule, and what waste of time there is in our existence."

Adderly paused before he answered; then, after a while, he said—

"I quite agree with you. Look at me—or at twenty other fellows in the office. We go down to Pall Mall at half-past ten in the morning. We write, or calculate, or docket papers, or check accounts, until about five, with a little relaxation in the way of lunch. Then, after office hours, we dine and go to a music-hall, or a small party. I am tired of this round. It's all very well for men of means, but you and I cannot afford to go out much, and the music-hall caste is decidedly low."

"Quite true," replied his friend. "My banking work is more laborious than your official duties, and my pay is less than yours. I want society. I enjoy the company of my fellow-creatures, but I can't afford it! I don't want to associate with "Toms, Dicks, and Harrys," or Miss Thomases, Richards, or Henriettas—if those are the feminines—and many a night I have my solitary tea, and read myself to sleep in sheer weariness. Heigho!"

He ended with a sigh, and imbibed a mouthful of the compound at his elbow.

"There *must* be a remedy for this kind of thing," said Adderly. "There are hundreds of men who are

in similar positions to ourselves—clerks and young fellows who cannot afford to run about, and yet to whom some society is a necessity."

"There are clubs," suggested Fred Tompkins—"cheap clubs."

"What use would a club be to us? The entrance fee and subscription would amount to at least ten pounds at first—or say, only eight. Then we live miles away from these places. A club means cabs; cards, or billiards; whiskey and water, or wine, that we would not otherwise consume; an occasional dinner or lunch, with many contingent expenses which I cannot afford from my allowance. No, Fred—*we* cannot aspire to a club yet."

A knock at the door at this juncture gave notice of an arrival; and the two friends waited in silence until the new-comer was admitted.

"I believe it's Jack Allen," said Tompkins. "The voice sounds like his. Yes, it is Jack!"

"Hallo, you fellows!" was the cheery salutation. "I am awfully glad to find you in, Adderly. This weather has something dispiriting in it, so I came out on the chance of finding you."

"You know Tompkins, I think?"

"Better than he knows himself," replied Allen, nodding to his *vis-à-vis*. "Yes; old Tomkins and I are much in the same boat—or, rather, raft. We are shipwrecked, fortuneless, impecunious; eh, Fred?"

"Not quite so bad as that, Jack. Our ship will one day come home. But I am glad you have come in. Adderly and I were saying how dreadfully we wanted some pleasant, nice, reasonable, social way of passing our evenings—cheaply, of course."

"The Exhibition is nice," said Jack, "and cheap. The British Museum—till eight—is good."

"But it is the winter evenings we want particularly to provide for. 'Fisheries' and 'Healtheries' are all very well for a few times; but that is not *social* enjoyment—pleasant society—the society of brethren. You know what I mean."

"Masons?" asked Jack, smiling.

"Don't be ridiculous. Can you suggest anything *sensible?* We can't join a club; we belong to no Inn——"

"Form one," said Jack quickly.

"Form one? Make a club?"

"No; *found an Inn of your own!*—a nice social Inn, with a common room, like a small College. Build it—constitute it like—well, like, say, a College."

"What!" interrupted Adderly; "with a Warden, and Fellows; Bursar, and all those 'swells'?"

"There need be no 'swells' at all," continued Jack Allen, warming with his subject. "No grandees required; we are all poor men. We want an Inn as the poor Oxford students did in old days. The Inns are Colleges now. Yes: *let us found an Inn!*"

"A capital suggestion!" exclaimed Fred Tompkins. "Jack, you shall be Warden."

"No, thank you. But first catch your hare. Now, seriously, I think this may be done—and well done. Will you two join?"

"Certainly," replied the other young men.

"Now, this is business, mind," continued Jack. "I am quite serious *this* time! Look here, Adderly, let us clear the table and have pens and ink. There! now for the beginning: what shall we call the place?"

"Park Inn," suggested Tompkins.

"St. John's Inn," said Adderly suddenly.

"I suggest Regent's Inn," cried Jack Allen. "Regent's Inn is new; it is, to my idea, appropriate. As to St. John's, there seems to be no particular reason for the name. Park is too common, Tompkins; eh?"

"'Regent's Inn' certainly sounds better," said Tompkins modestly. "But so many fellows we know are near the Park——'

"My dear fellow, that is nothing. We shall have plenty from the whole of London. The name, I think, should be Regent's Inn; and it can be erected, or formed, within or near the Regent's Park."

"We cannot build in the Park," said Adderly.

"We may convert one of the existing houses in the neighbourhood. St. Katherine's Hospital is up here: why not Regent's Inn? Why, certainly! Let us not anticipate. We will arrange the 'foundation' before we commence to build."

"Yes; let us arrange things in order," said Adderly. "Now for the 'prospectus,' or articles of association. We must have a Corporation, and a head."

"A Provost or Warden, by all means," said Tompkins, "with a certain number of Fellows. Give me pen and ink."

The three young men then set to work, writing and comparing notes.

We may now leave them to draw up the rules of the new Inn, and await the results of their labours.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE FOUNDING OF THE INN.

The crude and half-sportive suggestion originally thrown out by Jack Allen had, in the hands of his friends and himself, gained serious proportions, which promised to assume a useful and practicable shape. The three young men drew up a prospectus, which was submitted by them to various acquaintances, to whom the objects of the Regent's Inn were fully explained. These were—

First, to secure a pleasant, social society of young men of limited means, who would subscribe to the rules of the Institution. These rules, as drafted, were by no means arbitrary, but were sufficiently strict in their powers of application to insure the moral and social tone of the Inn.

Secondly, to provide residence for the Members—a room for each—or two rooms, though one was deemed sufficient in some cases. These rooms were small, each "suite" of two opening into each other—one to serve as bed-room, the other for study or sitting-room. All meals were to be partaken of in hall, to which a common room or reception-room was to be attached. In the latter the Members met their friends before and after dinner, to which one guest could be invited on certain terms by any of the inmates.

These two main rules carried with them many smaller regulations, which the young men's Committee, acting under advice, and after considerable consultation, adopted. Besides the dining-hall and coffee-room, there was a common room, with billiard and card-rooms; but no money was permitted to be played for, nor was any betting allowed. All kinds of games and recreations were admissible on these conditions. A reading-room and library were matters of course.

The formation of the library was rather a difficulty, for books, though cheap enough, are not always to be had cheaply; and such volumes as the Inn required were as much for reference as for amusement. But the difficulty was in a measure overcome by admitting as Associates some of the younger members of certain publishing houses, and by putting before some other firms the need of a cheap supply. To the credit of the leading publishers, it may be stated that they, in nearly all cases, supplied new and valuable works at very low prices; while Jack Allen, who had quite a talent that way, succeeded in buying up "second-hand" volumes which, when re-bound, looked "as good as new."

Meanwhile, other members of the Committee were not idle. As every profession has its poor adherents, many deserving, but not rich, pupils of architects and other artists came and united themselves in the Regent's Inn Fellowship. The plans of the new buildings were drawn and submitted to an eminent architect, who interested himself in the good work. So by degrees the arrangements approached completion, but the necessary funds for the building and the starting of the Inn were not as yet forthcoming.

The money must be raised. The kind architect had examined the plans, a royal personage and two influential members of the Government had expressed approval, and an energetic nobleman had consented to become the President of the Committee. This was a measure of success on which the young men had not counted so soon.

Nor did they count upon the impetus their originally quiet suggestions had gained. Numerous members of Parliament, bankers, and rich philanthropists, of all creeds and parties, came forward. The new Regent's Inn began to be the fashion. Even ladies of high degree interested themselves in the Institution, and the Lord Mayor found time to convene a meeting on behalf of the Regent's Inn Committee. Steps were then taken for the incorporation of the Inn; a company, called "The Residential Inns Society, Limited," with a capital divided into shares, was formed for the purpose of providing a building and other necessaries, and a large sum was very readily subscribed on the understanding that a small, but in all probability a safe, interest would be secured to the subscribers after the first year or two.*

* A precisely similar scheme has been found successful in the case of one of the younger Colleges at Cambridge.

In truth, the idea bore excellent fruit. The acknowledged want of suitable accommodation for young men in London was, at length, about to be supplied. The regulations were few and simple; the fees were low; the tariff very reasonable.

The Institution was required to be self-supporting. The Warden or Provost—who, as chief ruler, would keep going the social and intellectual life of the Inn—would have a salary; the Secretary and the Matron were also recognised; and of course all these payments were expected to be provided by the working of the Institution itself.

The building was designed in the Elizabethan style, and enclosed a spacious court or "quad" within its walls. The general effect was very good. At a little distance, a space of ground was secured for cricket, while lawn tennis was obtainable in the quadrangle itself. The house arrangements have been already referred to. The sleeping-rooms were not large, but comfortable. Bath-rooms were also built, and could be used free of charge by residents. In short, a home, on a Collegiate basis, was provided for about 150 to 200 Members.

While the building was being completed, the governing body was appointed by the acting Committee. The President of the Committee, whose judgment was unquestionable, submitted some names to the Founders of the Inn. This body elected the first officers, who were composed of the Warden and a Council of twelve gentlemen; the Council to be so constituted that two members should retire annually after the first two years, but were eligible for re-election for another year, at the option of the majority of the Members of the Inn, who also chose the Council in after-years.

As soon as the building had been got ready, the Provost was duly installed, and the Inn was formally opened to the Members. The subscription is trifling; the number of Members is every day increasing, while the benefits to the community of such an Institution cannot be measured by present and immediate results. Some other time it may be permitted to us to describe the life of the place, its domestic details, the cost of living, and the various resources open to its Members.

By such means as these—*i.e.*, by giving young men a pleasant home and social intercourse, enlivened by the visits of their relatives, both ladies and gentlemen—the moral tone of these busy workers is preserved. The too frequent temptations born of idleness, and general absence of any definite object for the evening's amusement, are now reduced to a minimum. Employers and employed alike will quickly recognise the advantages of such residential Inns as the Regent's Inn, the rise and inauguration of which we have briefly described in this, not quite imaginary, but rather anticipatory, sketch; and heads of firms or public Departments would do well to encourage the establishment of such residences by every means in their power.

THE GARDEN IN DECEMBER.

IT by no means follows that because the vast majority of our plants and flowers are at this time of the year in a quiescent state, the gardeners themselves should follow their example, and seek a prolonged period of repose, albeit the temptation to do so is undeniable in the early hours of the morning, when the thermometer is hovering over 32°. The gardens of the idlers, however, we shall leave

to take care of themselves while we readily find work more than enough to keep us warm without an overcoat, and to make our hands horny. Now, although it has been said that "May and December can never agree," one of our endeavours this month will be to effect a compromise with the adage, in so far as the garden is concerned. Call our garden the "old man" if you will, but we intend to deck him out, even now, in such a costume as to make him worthy, in some respect at least, to stand by the side of May. And May, too, be it remembered, is not all flowers and sunshine;

it can boast of plenty of east wind, and sometimes some keen frosts as well.

To begin with our December garden decoration before going on to still warmer work. Our flower-beds and borders are certainly just at present stripped of their bedding-out plants, while underneath the soil we may assume were placed, in October or November at latest, all the hyacinth and other bulbs that are to beautify our garden in the coming spring. But without damaging our bulbs we can carefully plunge between them some bright little and varied evergreens in pots. And the variety to be had in evergreen foliage, both as to colour and form, is simply wonderful. And then, too, there is a marked contrast between the Pinus and the fir tribe, and of this we ought to take due advantage, while the Portugal laurel and the common laurel vary, not only in their colour, but in the shape of the leaf; and our old and familiar friend of this month, the holly, is still more variegated. Add to these the Aucuba Japonica, the plain and striped Alaturnus and Euonymus, with the tribe of Arbutus, &c., not to mention the Christmas rose, while there are many late autumn or early spring flowers that even at this season, if it be at all a mild one, either prolong or hasten their appearance amongst us.

And in good open weather, by which we mean damp or mild and "muggy," all heavy alteration in the garden can be still proceeded with, such as the removal of shrubs or trees, the formation of new beds or walks, and, indeed, any work on a large scale, which we should find it more difficult to carry out in the full spring-tide of the year.

All our newly-planted shrubs and trees should just now be constantly examined, the heavy gales to which we are liable during the months of November, December, and January testing them very much; if they are allowed to sway about before they have got well hold of the soil in which they have been planted, they will probably fail entirely; and a failure of this kind often proves seriously inconvenient, as it leaves us perhaps with a large gap or a part of the house or garden, as the case may be, exposed, that we want protected or enclosed. See, then, that all the stakes are holding fast your young trees and shrubs.

Another important December operation is the collection of soils and compost for your potting, for next month, or certainly in February, we are busy in our greenhouse over our shifting of plants. All our heaps of soil, then, already collected will be improved by being thoroughly turned over, so as to allow the frost to act upon them, and at the same time be sure to carefully pick out all the wire-worm and grubs that you find; for ill-prepared soil, if once used in your greenhouse, may make havoc with many of your plants inside. And by this time, too, the collection of leaves and stalks, with the rakings of beds and borders, and all the autumnal waste and decayed foliage, must be very large: have all this thrown on to your dung-heap, and in due course let all be dug into the soil. Except for actual thorns and brambles, a bonfire in your garden is nearly always a very unnecessary, and even a wasteful thing, for recollect that every dead leaf that is afterwards dug into your garden affords a certain amount of nourishment for all that you are striving to grow in it, while the frequent purchase of a load of manure is a heavy expense.

And in the kitchen garden, where these loads of manure must certainly be had every year, have them wheeled on to your beds only in frosty weather, and set out in the usual small heaps at intervals, ready for use: this heavy work, however, should not be done during wet weather, or you will turn your garden paths into the appearance of a newly-ploughed field. And it is well to select at once the various plots of ground for your different vegetable beds; trench in the manure carefully, so doing it that your soil is well exposed in large lumps to the beneficial action of the frost, for on this painstaking preparation of your beds for future crops so much of your after-success must necessarily depend. In the fruit garden, trees can yet be pruned in open weather, but they must not, of course, be touched while the frost is about. And sometimes, too, the gooseberry caterpillar may be got out of the way by a good digging done now under the bushes.

See particularly that your fruit garden is thoroughly drained. A venerable horticultural authority tells us that "nine-tenths of the mischief among fruit-trees may be attributed to bad drainage, and the other tenth to the roots coming in contact with a sub-soil which they do not like." For one of these evils the remedy, of course, is in our own hands, while with the other we naturally find it more difficult to cope; though, in planting new fruit-trees at this time of the year, if regard be had to the soil best adapted to them, we can even partially remedy this latter evil, even though our soil be adverse, by first of all throwing out a good quantity of soil, and then filling up with imported stuff, according to the wants of our tree or the defects of our own soil.

And much of our time is spent upon watching our greenhouse stock of flowers and cuttings for the following year. Very often we can hardly help just now being a little over-crowded, in which case give all the air you can, and for the purpose of avoiding that terrible "damping off," which is often a more injurious enemy than the frost, give but very little water. Should you find a pot the soil of which is perpetually wet, see to it at once: the cause is either defective drainage at the bottom of it, or else the pot is exposed to the drip of some cracked pane of glass overhead. It is the Christmas month of 1884, and we have been striving to make our old garden look bright even in the death of the year. Idleness in the garden means the death of the garden as well, but with honest and persistent toil do we not know that a few inches beneath the surface we have laid the certain hope of a wonderful resurrection of flowers and fruit in the coming year?

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

IF you can *really* afford it, you will invest either in a dolman, short at back and long in front, falling in two ends, or in a large mantle fitted to the figure, and descending to the feet, made in a mixture of plain and the most magnificent velvet brocade, the plush or velvet patterns very large, and thrown on a rich, handsome ground. The trimmings should be feather, fur, or chenille, the passementerie jet and cord and chenille, the designs being very large, with heavy drops. Fur has been made up into a fringe of tails or balls. Very pretty plain and fancy cloth dolmans are worn, braided in worsted and gold braids, also smart cloth jackets, single or double breasted, short and close-fitting, handsomely braided or trimmed with Astrachan, which, to be guilty of a bull, if real is lamb, but more generally is woven wool. A new waterproof has come out, red instead of steel-grey; and plush opera cloaks are the most fashionable. But in the winter months people mostly wear fur-lined cloaks for evening, which thoroughly envelop the figure. These are not so much circular as of the long dolman shape, with short sleeves, and are made in the fine smooth-faced cloths—green, blue, red, or black—as much as in cashmere.

There is very little new in hosiery this year, except that the black dyes are really fast now, and that manufacturers have been turning their attention to making the hose durable as well as good-looking, hence very many of them are spliced and have double heels, so that you may wear shoes without any fear of the tops cutting at the back of the ankle, or of toes poking through before their time. Laced stockings have been brought out, and are liked by those who object to garters, and who have not yet adopted suspenders. The front of the stocking is slit from the top to the knee, strengthened by a facing, and laced with a smooth lacing-string. This lacing prevents the stocking from slipping down, at the same time causing it to fit neatly above the knee. Plain coloured stockings exactly matching the dress are the most fashionable, some plain wove, some ribbed, but this year the ribs are wider. Still open-rib and elaborately embroidered stockings are worn by those who can afford them, especially with shoes. If you want a good-wearing woollen stocking, get one made of alpaca wool, wiry, light, warm, and strong. If you desire to match a dress, and not take a great deal of wear out of them, there is a new make of cheap, pure silk stockings, brought out in all colours. Balbriggan, woollen, silk, and spun are the choice of stockings for winter wear. Americans and Parisians affect the stockings striped from top to toe, with two colours or black and a colour. People with weak circulations will like to know they can have spun silk stockings with fleecy linings, and also armlets in silk or merino, woven so that they can be slipped on to legs and arms in a minute. To these people I would recommend wearing a Shetland spencer with long sleeves under the bodice of their dress. Nothing is so warm, and it takes up no room.

If any of you have schoolboy sons bound to travel to and fro in cold weather, let me suggest to your notice the blanket rugs, very soft—made, by-the-by, at Bradford—having fringed ends, and of indistinct checks in large designs. They are three yards long, and the warmest, cheapest, and lightest thing of the kind I have found out yet; better than the plain Scotch rugs or Scotch mauds.

Knitted and crochet shawls are now made in a variety of tints and shaded, some with hoods, some as scarves, some as long rugs, and these, serving as they do a double purpose of rug and wrap, find great favour just now.

It has become so much the fashion to wear tea-gowns for home dinner, that every year greater care is bestowed upon them. Among the prettiest I have seen lately are some in green or cardinal plush, cut *en Princesse*, with flat rows of lace laid down the front, graduating at the waist, and forming a very large collar. The French ones are much trimmed with the new woollen lace, and they show a predilection for woollen fabrics, which they plait a good deal in the skirt, border all round with deep lace, and add robings of lace down the front. A red Sicilienne Paris tea-gown I admired was trimmed with old Valenciennes, and had the inevitable Watteau plait.

There is very little to chronicle in dress-making. Coats are worn; but much more, pointed bodices with basques at the back; and the skirts are as plainly draped as possible, and show to advantage the richness of the materials of which they are composed. Tailor-made dresses are stitched or braided.

The season's buttons are the bullet shape, in vegetable ivory, or a composition like pebble; the flat buttons are metal or horn, intermixed with steel sometimes. Quite the newest buttons for dresses have a hook at the back, and loops or eyes are provided to fasten them with. They are manufactured in dark metals, old silver, bronze, gilt, &c., and in such fanciful designs as a bird, a flower, a dragon, &c. The large clasps for fastening waistbands are produced both in wood and in metals.

A capital novelty worth knowing about is whalebonienne. It is made of buffalo-horn, and at half the price is just as durable as real whalebone, and does not split.

Cream is to be *the* colour of lace this season in lingerie. I do not find many novelties, only improvements. Pretty fichus and bows, and such-like tasteful additions to dress, are made in gauze and Oriental lace.

The prevailing shape is a sailor collar at the back, to which plaited ends are sewn on each side. These are slipped over the head and make a most becoming trimming, the ends being fastened together at the waist, and edged with lace. They are also made in velvet and soft silk with gold braid.

Beaded laces are fashionable, both jet and coloured, and there is a great demand for coloured laces, the newest of all being the woollen ones. Most of the best makes of black and white laces are to be had in widths suitable for skirts, with piece-net to match. Chantilly is thrusting Spanish out of the market in black laces.

A novel notion is a card-case covered with a portion of a silk pocket-handkerchief, with two corners. This is thrust into the dress in front, so that the ends look like those belonging to a pocket-handkerchief.

FRIENDSHIP.

Another novelty are waistcoats buttoned on to the front of bodices, made of fur, or of a new material, fringed silk, like a silk ruche.

The new gauze fans—black, white, and coloured—are so exquisitely painted by good French artists, that though they cost a great deal, they are really worth it. I saw one the other day, apparently bordered with red silk, through which some well-painted mice had bitten their way, carrying some pieces of red silk with them. Others again have charming female figures, and moonlight scenes. Plain gauze fans are also used to match the dress, and very elaborately trimmed with bows of ribbon or velvet on the handle, and large ostrich-feather aigrettes or bunches of flowers on the outside stick. Ostrich-feather fans can be had now cheap and nasty, as well as good and costly. For young girls, marabout fans in light colourings are quite charming. Lace fans, and cotton fans, and natural flower fans are all worn.

There is but little that is new in underlinen. The night-gowns are bordered with lace, and have deep lace jabots all up the front. A profusion of wide lace is employed upon them. Good embroidery only in wide insertions, and edgings, is also used, relieved by being threaded through with ribbon.

There is nothing startlingly novel this year in children's fashions. I find the frocks are generally made with bodices and skirts in one, the skirts tucked, the bodices loose, fastened on one side with metal clasps—far too fine for children, by-the-by. Full bibs and fancy waistcoats appear on most of the bodices.

The Tam o' Shanter is the favourite hat for children, made in velvet and plush, and the Postillion, also high in the crown, like that worn by the Postillon de Longjumeau, the crown encircled with ribbon. Paris hats for children are unusually large, just like their elders'. Large collars of linen made with a frill round are embroidered in red and blue.

The cloaks are more ulsters than anything else, with Astrachan capes, but there is much variety in them, and some have the bodice portion gathered at neck and waist.

Among our illustrations will be found an out-door walking costume, and two evening dresses. Let us turn our attention to the long cloak of the former, although it is last in our Chit-chat. The ground is ottoman or ribbed silk, the pattern *frisé* or curled velvet, the trimming is dark fur edged with fur-tail fringe—it may be Alaska sable, lynx, fisher-tail, beaver, or bear, for all are worn—the lining is poppy-red satin, because plush as lining is not worn this season.

The chief point of difference between the long cloaks of last year and the new ones, is the greater fulness in the skirt at the back—the folds being either mounted in double or triple box-plaits, or in round and padded

organ-plaits. The bonnet is felt, with velvet brim ; the feathers are shot, producing what is known as the "*nacré*, or mother-o'-pearl effect," and the pins that fasten them in place are gilt arrows. A jersey bodice is worn beneath the long cloak, for jerseys are again in fashion, not exactly as when first introduced, for the new ones have a basque with side forms in the back and postillion plaits, and are frequently made with a kid waistcoat, which is light tan in colour when the jersey is either brown, black, blue, or grey stockingette.

Dinner dresses are often a combination of three different materials, and the illustrated figure holding a leaf fan wears an example of this style. The bodice and back of the skirt are in rich brown Bengaline—a corded silk which is an improvement on Sicilienne—the tablier and flounce are brown gauze, studded with gold chenille spots, and mounted on gold satin, which forms also the trimmings. The bodice is becomingly arranged with this bright satin as folds, plastron, and bows.

The remaining figure wears a dress of grey nun's-veiling, with small tufts of poppy-red chenille in lines : the tablier and plastron are piece-lace laid in wide folds, and tapering towards the waist. A red velvet sash, and bows at both throat and sleeves, add the necessary touch of colour to the grey dress.

Jet still holds a firm place in the trimming world, the preference now being given to gimps entirely of jet, sometimes made of fine beads strung together to resemble lace in design, while others are large cut beads arranged as palms in points, and these can be divided without unthreading, and serve as epaulettes, cuffs, plastrons, and graduated panels on skirts. The drop trimmings of both jet and satin represent berries and flowers, or pine-cones, and these are sold by the dozen—several dozen often being used on the tablier and waistcoat of a single dress.

Skirts now require a vast deal of adjustment, because, in order to look fashionable, they should be full and much puffed out at the back, but straight and narrow at the front and sides. In order that they may fall well in any position, the steel springs must be placed very high at the back, and every skirt must be mounted on a foundation ; four breadths of silk form the best, though inferior materials are often used—and these are furnished inside with either elastic bands or sets of strings. The first set are five inches below the waist; the two next are elastic bands with ribbon or tape to tie them ; the fifth is only ten inches above the hem, and is an elastic band measuring about half a yard, tacked in two or three places to the lower skirt. With such an arrangement the pad bustle and steels are sometimes banished, and the projection at the back just below the waist is achieved by a separate tournure of horsehair, the over-skirt being fully draped above.

No French dress of any pretension is considered well made without a foundation skirt. There is no change in the shape, but skirts are slightly wider, as they now measure two yards and a half at the foot. They are either made with one or two side gores, or with one or two straight back breadths. The simplest

A WINTER MORNING.

shape has four breadths, a straight back one and three gored ones. Three casings for steel springs are run across the back, and when these are used the pad bustle may be dispensed with if the drapery above is very full, otherwise a square cushion filled with horsehair is either sewn to the belt or made with strings so as to serve under any dress.

The facing at the foot of a silk skirt is alpaca about nine inches deep, with two inches of silk turned up on it, and braid is sewn on the wrong side to fall a little below the edge. To render it more secure the braid should be sewn twice round. The placket opening is at the back, although the drapery above fastens on one side, and in some of the new dresses in front. For stout figures the draperies are sewn on the foundation skirt three inches below the waistband, and darts are taken in the upper part of the side breadths, so that there may be no addition to the size.

OUR MODEL READING CLUB.

THE age in which we live is essentially a reading age, and an age of books. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the love of reading and the comparatively inexhaustible supply of good books have combined to bring about the formation of reading clubs and societies of various kinds in all parts of the country. The general object of such clubs is to provide for their members social recreation, together with instruction and useful occupation both inside and outside the home, and with such good ends in view they most assuredly deserve to flourish. Unfortunately, however, many of these societies, although promoted with much spirit, and carried on for awhile with considerable zeal, languish for want of that skilful direction which can alone insure success, but which can only be afforded by those who are well read in the literature of past and present times, and who have had practical experience in the working of kindred institutions. Such needful guidance it is our present aim to supply.

"Our Model Reading Club" comprises two distinct divisions—the Private and Home Reading division, and the Ensemble or Company Reading division.

The object of the Model Home Reading Society is to insure among its members the utilisation of leisure moments in the systematic reading of good sound literature. It therefore lays down rules for daily reading, prepared with a view to the healthful and profitable use of the time at the disposal of all who are enrolled in the society; and it provides from month to month lists of books, and portions of books, recommended to be read.

The Ensemble or Company Reading division deals with the assembling together of members for mutual instruction and amusement afforded by reciting or reading aloud some of the best extracts from English literature. Such assemblages may, of course, be either in the home or in halls or other public buildings, according to the size and scope of the particular branch of our "Model Reading Club."

In this division, again, selected programmes of readings of a varied character will be given month by month, affording members plenty of choice in selection.

And now for a few words about

OUR HOME READING DIVISION.

A "Home Reading Society" of the kind we have in view should not be too large to be manageable, and perhaps it should not exceed a hundred members. It should be managed by a Committee of four or five, and a Secretary, who will also act as Treasurer. As a rule, the promoter of the society will be the best person to act as Secretary. All members should be required to pay a small annual subscription to cover expenses.

As already explained, the object of such a society is to promote systematic reading of sound literature. All members should therefore bind themselves to read selected books for a given number of hours every week, and should pay a small fine whenever they do not fulfil their undertaking. The time to be devoted to reading may vary in different societies, but should not be less than two, nor more than six hours per week—that is to say, there should be an average daily reading of from twenty minutes to an hour, Sundays of course being excluded. Furthermore, in order to insure steady attention to the subject-matter of the book, no reading of less than twenty consecutive minutes should be allowed to count.

Certain rules as to the time of reading should be laid down. Thus, late hours should be discouraged, and no reading should be allowed after 10.30 p.m. Reading in bed, either at night or in the morning, should not be reckoned, except in the case of invalids. Neither should reading at meal-times be permitted, since doctors agree that, in order to promote good digestion, the attention should be concentrated upon the meal, and not be enchained by a book.

Of course, in a society of this kind, the word of each individual member must be taken as to whether he or she has read each week for the specified number of hours. Each member should therefore keep a time-table, to be forwarded to the Secretary once a month or once a quarter, each week's doings being recorded somewhat in this way :—

Dec. 1.	Hallam's "Middle Ages of Europe"	45 minutes.
,, 2.	Do. do.	50 ,,
,, 3.	Macaulay's "Essay on Lord Clive"	55 ,,
,, 4.	Tennyson's "In Memoriam"	30 ,,
,, 5.	Morley's "First Sketch of English Literature"	35 ,,
,, 6.	Reviews of Current Literature in Weekly Papers	25 ,,
		240 ,, or 4 hrs.

As far as possible, notes should be made of all books read, together with short abstracts of them.

The sums received in payments of fines, together with any surplus arising from subscriptions after payment of expenses, may be devoted to a prize fund, prizes being given for the best notes on books or for abstracts of them, and for the best short biographies, essays, &c.

The following is a specimen of the rules that may advantageously be laid down for the management of "Our Home Reading Society":—

1. The number of members must not exceed ——*

2. The Society will be controlled by a Committee of four members, and by a Secretary and Treasurer, chosen by the whole body of members.

3. Members must undertake to read works selected from the monthly list issued by the Committee, during an average of at least —— hours† a week, no reading of less than twenty consecutive minutes being reckoned. Only one book to be read each day. Reading in bed, at meals, after 10 p.m., or on Sundays not to be calculated. Reading *aloud* to count only to the person reading, and *not* to the listeners.

4. Under special circumstances, books of a solid and instructive character, other than those in the monthly lists, may be read by members, but only after notice has been given to, and assent obtained from, the acting Committee.

5. The subscription for each member will be two shillings per annum, payable in advance.

6. Members must report every fourth week to the Secretary as to the books read, and send a weekly time-table.

7. Members who read for less than the appointed weekly average must pay a fine of one penny for every week in default, sending the fines to the Secretary, together with their report.

8. After the payment of postages, printing expenses, &c., the balance of the subscriptions and fines will be devoted to the establishment of prizes for the best and most regular courses of reading, for abstracts of books read, for notes on historical episodes, and for short biographies and essays, &c, such prizes to be announced from time to time by the Committee.

The following is the suggested programme of books, any two of which to be read in whole or in part during the first four weeks:—

Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."
Milton's "Paradise Lost."
Mackenzie Wallace's "Russia."
John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy."
Farrar's "Early Days of Christianity."
Dean Church's "Life of Lord Bacon."

It will be wise to confine the attention to *two* of these books only until they have been carefully read.

OUR ENSEMBLE OR COMPANY READING SOCIETY.

The object of this division of "Our Model Reading Club" is to provide social recreation of an instructive character during the winter evenings. With this end in view, it is proposed that the members should meet together monthly for the purpose of reading, reciting, or hearing selections from the best English literature.

In the case of small societies, each of the members may well take it in turn to have the meeting at his own house, it being laid down decisively that either (1) no refreshments are to be expected or provided, or that (2) refreshments be limited to tea and coffee.

If the society be a large one, a hall or other public building should be engaged once a month. In any case a Committee and Secretary must be appointed, and special rules should be laid down as to the length of readings and recitations, and the selection of readers. As a general rule, *no* reading or recitation should occupy much more than twenty minutes in delivery, and ten minutes would, perhaps, be preferable. The members should be selected as nearly as possible in turn, so that all may have an opportunity of improving their reading, of overcoming nervousness, and of acquiring confidence in the presence of a number of hearers.

Every member must, of course, pay a small subscription—probably about half-a-crown a quarter will be sufficient; but this must, of course, depend upon the cost of the hall or room, if one be hired.

For the first evening it is proposed there should be "Variety Readings," and one or other of the following specimen programmes may be selected:—

FIRST PROGRAMME.

Title.	*Author.*	*Estimated time occupied in delivery.*
"Hervé Riel" (one of the author's later ballads)	Robert Browning	... 10 minutes.
"The Tar Baby" ("Nights with Uncle Remus")	Joel Chandler Harris	15 ,,
The Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice" (each part to be taken by a different person)	Shakespeare ...	... 30 ,,
"Her Letter"...	Bret Harte ...	... 10 ,,
"The Northern Cobbler"... ...	Tennyson ...	... 15 ,,
"The Blind Linnet"	Robert Buchanan	... 10 ,,
		90 ,,

SECOND PROGRAMME.

"The Showman's Courtship" ...	Artemus Ward...	... 10 minutes.
The Scaffold Scene from "John Inglesant"	J. H. Shorthouse	... 25 ,,
"The Ballad of Carmilhan" ...	Longfellow ...	... 15 ,,
"Captain Reece" (one of the Bab Ballads)	W. S. Gilbert ...	... 10 ,,
"The Friendly Waiter" (from "David Copperfield")... ...	Charles Dickens	... 25 ,,
"Shandon Bells" (from "The Reliques of Father Prout")...		... 5 ,,
		90 ,,

Of course it is not intended that either of these programmes should be rigidly adhered to. They are merely given as specimens, and if desired, a new programme may be made up of any of the selections.

With a view to encourage the formation of societies on the lines here laid down, the following Prizes are offered for competition among the Members of genuine Reading Clubs:—

Home Division:—Books to the value of Three Guineas (published price), for the best and most satisfactory abstract of any two of the complete books recommended to be read during the session. The abstract should give a concise account of the object and plan of the book, and of its contents.

Ensemble Division:—Books to the value of Three Guineas (published price) for the best set of three programmes for "Variety Readings" (duration—90 minutes each programme). The selections given in the Magazine must not be included.

The abstract of each book should not exceed one printed page of this Magazine in length. Both abstracts and programmes should reach the Editor soon after the close of the session in May. Further notification will be given of the last date on which abstracts and programmes will be received.

Competitors must be *bonâ fide* Members of Reading Clubs, numbering not less than *twelve* Members for the Home Division, and *twenty* Members for the Ensemble Division.

* According to the leisure at the disposal of those who take the management.

† Two, three, four, five, or six.

A POINT OF HONOUR.

N the bright sunshine of "leafy June," Wivenhoe Court is looking its best, and inside the grey, flower-covered old house, the morning-room presents a cheerful picture.

Its occupants—three in number—have just quitted the breakfast-table, and a footman brings in a bulky letter-bag, which he takes to his master, Gervase Royston, Lord Wivenhoe, who is deliberately preparing for his morning's smoke.

He waves the man away, saying in a cheery voice—

"Aunt May, will you open it, please? I can't get this cigar to light."

A kindly-looking lady, who has turned her chair away from the table at which she has been presiding, takes a key and the bag from the man, and proceeds to distribute its contents.

"Half a dozen for me," she says; "all these for you, Gervase, and a thick one for Beatrix."

A girl who has been at the open window steps forward for her letter, which Lord Wivenhoe takes from his aunt to give her, and as he does so, he cannot fail to see the very large and somewhat peculiar writing of the address.

"Beatrix," he says, as he turns to her, "this is exactly like Bob Clough's hand; but it can*not* be his."

The girl stands facing him. She says, in a clear, round voice—

"Yes, it *is* Sir Robert's writing."

"Child!" is Gervase's astonished exclamation—"what can that scamp have to write to you about?"

"Give me the letter, please," is all that Beatrix answers.

He still withholds it, and looks completely bewildered.

"Beatrix," he says, "you cannot know what you are about. This fellow is not fit to come into your presence. Why, half the *men* I know will not speak to him; and as to women—— Yet he is writing to you! Is this the first?"

"No, Gervase," says Beatrix, still facing him, but with a flush mounting into her cheeks.

"Let me burn the letter," he says, crushing it in his firm hand, "and tell me I may write and say I have done so."

"I cannot," she answers, her face paling as rapidly as it had flushed, and her voice becoming low and deep; "you must give it me."

"Explain, darling," implores Gervase, going close to her and looking down on her troubled face; "tell me how it comes that he can dare to send you this."

"No, Gervase," is her low reply; and with a catch in her breath that is like a sob, she adds, "Can you not trust me?"

"Not in such a matter as this. You do not know, dear, the ill that such a man may work you. You *shall* promise me you will not write to him."

"I have never written, and I never will," she says, raising her lovely eyes to his.

"And yet you will not give up this?" he asks, holding up the letter once more.

"No, I cannot," she answers firmly.

He paces up and down the room in a fury of distress and doubt. The two are alone, for Miss Royston had gathered up her correspondence and departed before the first question to Beatrix was spoken; and at length he comes to the girl, and says, in tones whose forced quietness betrays the tumult within him—

"Beatrix, this man is a scoundrel, and you must tell me what right you have given him to address you, or else——"

"Or else what?" she queries unflinchingly, drawing herself up to her full height, and looking him in the face.

"I must have my wife's confidence," he answers.

"But I am not your wife yet," she says, in a hard voice; "and if you cannot trust me, I never will be. Give me the letter, Gervase, and say you will not ask any more questions."

"No, I cannot promise that," he answers; "but you will tell me about it later?" and so saying, he holds out the unfortunate missive.

"I shall *never* tell you anything about it," she answers; "therefore, if you intend to ask me, I must say 'Good-bye.'"

As she speaks she takes the letter from his unwilling hand, and walks to the door; there, for a moment or two, she waits, as if expecting him to speak. He remains silent, and she quietly leaves the room.

Gervase goes out of doors, and ponders on the scene he has gone through.

His *fiancée* is also his ward. Her mother died when she was born, and her father—Colonel March, his greatest friend—begged him to undertake the trust. He was killed in India when she was little more than a baby, and since then Beatrix has known no other home than Wivenhoe Court, where "Aunt May" and "Cousin Gervase" have, by their kindness, made her almost forget that she is an orphan.

When she was fifteen Gervase thought she needed the companionship of girls of her own age, and sent her to Brighton to make friends with half a dozen other damsels confided to the care of an accomplished lady. From this "banishment," as she called it, Beatrix had returned three months ago.

It so chanced that she and her guardian had not met for two years, he having been abroad in the winter when she was at Wivenhoe, and in the summer she was at the sea-side with Miss Royston, or else visiting school-fellows. So when, instead of a rather awkward, brusque-mannered girl, Gervase was greeted by a beautiful, graceful young woman, he felt as much admiration as astonishment.

The difference in their ages enabled him to see more clearly what a treasure she would prove to the man who should win her for his wife; and the clever

travelled man set himself in earnest to the work of conquest. Small wonder that he succeeded, and that the girl to whom he had for years seemed a hero to be reverenced should delight in accepting his love, and gladly own that her heart was in his keeping.

As he walked he became calmer; the matter resolved itself into a trifle, which would be crushed, as such trifles should, in five minutes' quiet talk, and Beatrix would be his, with no cloud between them.

So musing, he resolved to let her pass the morning

"AT THE FOOT OF THE TOWER HE PAUSED" (*p.* 55).

Until this bright June morning no shadow had crossed the sunshine of their love, and the happiness of the three at Wivenhoe had been without a flaw. Now, as Gervase paced the shady walks, a hundred doubts and fears beset him. Did he know this girl's character as he thought he did? Where had she met Robert Clough? Why did she not at once confide in him, her friend and guardian, as well as her promised husband?

without his presence, and rode off to one of his farms, and then to the nearest town. There he met a friend, who detained him till late in the afternoon, and it was not until nearly dinner-time that he found himself at home again.

He dressed quickly and descended to the drawing-room, hoping to find Beatrix there alone. The room was, however, untenanted, but Miss Royston soon made her appearance.

"Aunt May," he said, "where is Beatrix?"

"Upstairs, Gervase; she is not coming to dinner," answered Miss Royston, adding, "What has happened? Bee seems very unhappy, and we have expected you all the afternoon. After luncheon she went out to the old tower where you are so often together, and when she came in she complained of headache, and has not let me see her since."

"She would not tell me why she has letters from Robert Clough," said Gervase, "and we—well, we quarrelled, I think, auntie; and Bee actually wished me 'Good-bye.' But, of course, it was nothing; she will explain, and we shall be friends again in five minutes."

"Do not be too sure," said Aunt May warningly. "Beatrix is very firm and very sensitive. I hope you were not cross, dear."

"Certainly not," replied her nephew sternly; "but it is imperative that I should have an explanation. The man is a regular scamp, and she acknowledges it is not the first time she has had a letter from him. How she can even have heard his name I cannot think."

"You must trust her, nevertheless. She will probably explain it of her own accord. She may have met him when she was staying at the Peytons', you know; she saw so many people there, and we wished afterwards that we had not let her visit Sophie."

"You mean the girl who tries to be fast," said Gervase; "but I don't think even old Peyton would allow Clough to be in his house."

Dinner was announced at this moment, and no more was said of Beatrix. Gervase spent the evening alone, busy writing a paper for a scientific society. He was an entomologist, and knew more of the beetles and butterflies of Brazil than any man living, and, in support of some of his theories concerning the mode of life of these creatures, had spent much time and more money. At present he was engaged in organising an expedition on the point of starting in quest of fresh facts.

While smoking his last cigar he thought much of Beatrix, and arranged to his satisfaction what he would say on the morrow, feeling quite assured that their reconciliation would be accomplished in a few minutes.

And Beatrix? For her, as Miss Royston surmised, the matter was no light one. She felt it to be a point of honour not to answer Gervase's question, and believed he would make her apparent want of confidence in him a reason for breaking off his engagement. Her night was spent in rehearsing again and again what she would say to him on their meeting.

Lord Wivenhoe found in the morning that his plans for the day were again frustrated, for before he left his room a telegram was brought him, saying that the man who was to conduct the expedition to Brazil had met with a terrible accident, and requiring his immediate presence in London to decide what steps were to be taken in the emergency.

After a hurried breakfast, therefore, he had to leave without seeing Beatrix, able only to give Aunt May a message for her, and a promise to return the next day. Arrived in London, he found that the expedition ran a fair chance of failure, as the others of the party declined to start without some one thoroughly experienced as leader. There was no hope of the recovery of the destined chief, and a substitute seemed impossible to obtain.

Gervase had been entrusted with the organisation of the expedition, the cost of which was to be borne by others as well as himself; and much, from a scientist's point of view, depended on its being carried out. In twenty-four hours everything must be settled, as the ship in which the passages were taken was to start immediately.

In this crisis Gervase felt his only course was to take the place of the missing chief himself, and to send the news to Wivenhoe, promising as speedy a return as it was possible to compass.

The one day he had for preparation flew by in a whirlwind of business, but the calm of the succeeding voyage gave him ample time to ponder on the annoying chain of circumstances which had prevented his interview with Beatrix.

The destination of the party was Para. From thence they were to proceed inland, wishing to strike the Amazon again about 1,500 miles from its mouth, traversing the alternate sandy plains and dense forests of the district immediately south of the great river, and hoping to obtain a store of insects and much valuable information.

The winter came and passed slowly by. Only two letters reached Wivenhoe—one from Para, where the expedition arrived, the other from a place 300 miles up the country. These were cheery, and the second gave graphic accounts of the wild life Gervase was leading, and of the interesting discoveries that were being made.

To Beatrice he wrote affectionately; deplored the difficulty of sending letters or receiving them, but mentioned the "explanation" he was awaiting.

There had then been a long silence, broken by intelligence from one of the party that Lord Wivenhoe was very ill with fever, and that it might be months before he could traverse the distance to Para, but that as soon as he could travel he would return home.

Gervase received a letter from Beatrix, saying she felt it would be better their engagement should be at an end, as she could not give him the explanation for which he asked; but as he did not read it till he was beginning to recover from his illness, he thought it best to leave matters as they were. Doubts of her affection for him made him think, perhaps, she only made the refusal of his request a pretext for escaping from an engagement which had become distasteful.

At length he reached England—weak, worn, and sad. He felt no inclination to hurry to Wivenhoe, and stayed in London to read papers at scientific meetings, and discuss theories, and relate his adventures to those interested in his researches.

The season was at its height, but for Gervase the only section of society that concerned him was the learned one. He walked through the Park, scarcely

noticing the crowds with which it was thronged, and mechanically returning the salutes of his acquaintances.

One day, as he was pursuing his listless way, a lady called him ; and turning, he saw a pretty girl pulling up her horse under one of the trees in the Row.

"Ah ! Lord Wivenhoe," she said, "I *am* glad to see you ; they said you were too ill ever to come home."

"Much obliged to them, Miss Peyton, I am sure," said Gervase. "How is your father ?"

"Quite well, I believe," was the reply. "But I am no longer Miss Peyton : my name is Clough. Bobbie and I agreed to run in double harness some time ago, and we have to thank you that we managed it."

"You have married Robert Clough ?" was Gervase's astonished remark, "and you thank *me* for assistance ? I am *entirely* in the dark as to your meaning."

"Well," said the lady, "I ought to have said—'Thank Beatrix ;' for Bob and I fell in love—awfully—while I was at Brighton, at school. When I left, father wouldn't hear of his coming to the house (I had met him when I stayed with friends one holidays), and I couldn't even correspond with him at home ; so I thought of Bee, asked her to send letters on to me from a friend—put her on her honour. Bee—safe as a church—told nobody, though she *was* angry when she found it was Bob who was writing. Jolly girl ! One fine morning we were married. *I* can keep a curb on Bobbie, and I handle it so that he thinks it a snaffle ; and I mean that he shall ride straight. Ta-ta !"

The rapid young lady touched her hat with her whip by way of adieu, and went off at a smart trot.

Gervase remained for a few minutes, watching her with a stunned feeling. This, then, was the "explanation" ! He must rush at once to Wivenhoe.

A dash into his club, a hurried look at "Bradshaw," a jump into a hansom, and soon he was flying past the familiar country on his way home.

Arrived at the little station, he was reminded by the station-master's scarcely-recognising glance that he was looking unlike himself. He had on a frock coat and tall hat, which were out of place here ; and he was so thin that the garments hung upon him in a fashion which it would have distracted his tailor to see.

He soon found himself at the Court ; and hearing from the servant that Beatrix had gone to the Ruin, he sped rapidly across the park in search of her.

At the foot of the tower he paused. He had caused the roof to be repaired, and had placed there a seat, which commanded a lovely view ; and here many happy hours had been spent with Beatrix. Now she was there alone.

How would she greet him ? Would she forgive his want of trust ? His aunt had mentioned in her letter that she was looking ill ; and, agitated by doubts and fears, he ascended the crumbling staircase.

At the sound of his step Beatrix rose from the spot she had always chosen for her seat, and he had time to notice that she looked pale and sad as he walked towards her, exclaiming eagerly—

"Bee, I have come to beg your pardon. I met Lady Clough in London, and she has told me of the promise by which she bound you. How unhappy it has made us ! Surely it was a mistaken sense of honour that made you keep it, darling ! I may call you so once more, may I not ? I shall believe that you will keep your promise to love me as sacredly as you have done this one to Sophie, if you will make it once more. Do you love me still ? Will you love me always ?"

"*I* have never changed," said the girl, as she placed her hand in his ; "but I could not break my word, even for you, Gervase."

The pair who walked into the drawing-room an hour later looked entirely happy, and kind Miss Royston rejoiced in hearing all they had to tell her.

The festivities at Lord Wivenhoe's wedding will long be remembered by his friends and tenants, but Sir Robert and Lady Clough were not invited to grace the ceremony with their presence.

M. R. L.

VILLAGE INDUSTRIES: PUNNET-MAKING IN KENT.

IN this work-a-day world of ours, to labour seems the lot of the larger portion of the community, and they accept it without complaint, but the variety in the conditions of this toil is a fit subject for more than a mere passing thought. The industries of great cities often entail grievous hardships on the journeyman and artisan : Sheffield cutlers, paint manufacturers, even those who have to do with wool and cotton, can tell sad tales of the difficulties and trials with which their work is surrounded, and which are quite unknown to some of their more fortunate brethren.

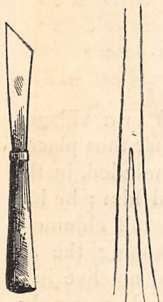
How different is the scene of their labour from that of the man engaged in some handicraft in a village ! The blacksmith, wheelwright, or carpenter thus placed can spend his leisure time, if he be so minded, in the pure air of the woods and fields around him ; he has no smoky atmosphere to breathe, no tall chimneys towering above his dwelling and poisoning the air with their noisome blackness ; he need not live in a long, dull street, where each house exactly resembles its neighbour, but for his home he has a cottage, with roses and honeysuckles climbing over its porch, and a patch of garden which he can make bright with flowers.

His children are healthy, because their days are spent in the open air, and the smaller wage he earns

MAKING THE PUNNETS.

is compensated by the reduced price of many articles of food, and by the ease with which he procures vegetables and fruit—things which are luxuries to the dwellers in towns.

Besides the recognised workmen to be found in every village, there are in many places small industries occupying the leisure of the women and children, and greatly helping towards the comfort and well-being of the community. It seems a pity that these cannot be increased in number, so that every hamlet should possess its own speciality, and be a recognised centre for work of some kind. It is true that many large towns send forth small colonies, as lace-making spreads from Nottingham, and boot-making from Northampton, into the neighbouring villages; but that is not the same thing as the work of straw-plaiting, knitting, pillow-lace-making, glove-stitching, and other small handicrafts which flourish in some of our English counties.



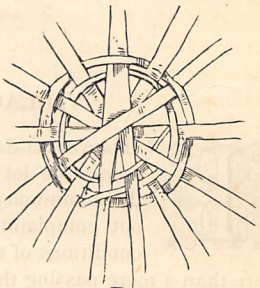
1 2

A large portion of the pleasant land of Kent is given up to the production of green-grocery, instead of being devoted to the cultivation of wheat, barley, oats, or rye; and here we find fruit-farms, hop-gardens, strawberry-grounds, and vegetable-fields innumerable.

The peasantry are, as a rule, far better off than in the districts where the land is arable, for whole families can take part in the out-of-door work. All the year round there is something to be done by those who are industrious and willing, and that not only by the men of the family.

In February begin the taking up, trimming, and replanting of strawberries, weeding, stone-picking, gathering turnip-tops, and attending to other vegetables. Then comes the laying of straw beneath the strawberry plants, followed by vegetable-planting, and green gooseberry-picking. After this is the long process of gathering and punneting strawberries, picking raspberries, currants, ripe gooseberries, plums and greengages. Then the straw must be raked away from the strawberry plants, and by that time it is September, and all the families who have been thus busied flock to the hop-gardens, their numbers being recruited by "hoppers" who come from London, and who look upon the "hopping" as other folks do on a visit to the seaside. All the summer there has been the picking of peas and other vegetables to employ the hands, and huge carts have been starting off at two in the morning, laden picturesquely with daintily-packed vegetables, or with fragrant baskets of fruit, filling the spots where they stood with the odours of their contents, and leaving scented traces of their passage through the country lanes.

In October and November come the digging of potatoes, "clamping" them, and the cutting of greens and Brussels sprouts, and after that the men are engaged in getting the land ready for the operations of the next spring. Women and children have meanwhile no reason to be idle, they can work at punnet-making for the strawberries or "rasps" of the next summer.



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We never give a thought to the little baskets we see in the streets and shops in such numbers; they are thrown aside after once using; and yet each one has required care and deftness in its construction,

and their manufacture is a source of considerable profit to the women and children of many villages. In the one of which we speak from acquaintance, the cottages in winter-time seem brimming over with the light punnets, the wood of which they are made, and the chips left after their completion.

Every available out-house is crowded with baskets tied together in rings of twelve, and the rings piled again in dozens to form a gross.

One often meets a queer little figure in the lanes, a head and a pair of boots, with a body made of dozens of rings of punnets, so carried that they seem to form an enormous wicker-work barrel.

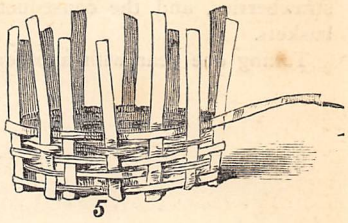
The wood of which these baskets are made is deal, bought in sheets of two thicknesses. It costs twenty-six shillings for nine bundles. Eight of these contain each seventy-eight sheets, and are of the thicker quality ; the remaining bundle consists of ninety-six sheets of the very thin wood.

4

The sheets are soaked in water until thoroughly saturated, after which they are placed five or six deep on a large board, and with a strong knife (Fig. 1) are cut in strips, some of them being over an inch in thickness, and some not half that width.

The wide ones are used for the framework of the punnet, and the others for filling it in. The thin sheets are cut into tiny strips for binding the tops and fastening together the ribs for the bottoms of the baskets. To make these, six strips of wood are taken, one of which is forked in the middle (Fig. 2). These are laid one over the other and bound together (Fig. 3) to make the thirteen spikes needed for the ribs of the punnet. On them is placed an iron disk (Fig. 4), round which the pieces are bent up to form the framework, and in and out of these are twisted the narrower strips for filling up (Fig. 5). The basket, which has taken very few minutes to make, as three pairs of hands have a share in the process, is then thrown into the corner, to await its finishing, which consists of bending down the tops of the ribs, and pushing them under the first row of the filling-in, or else of binding the edge with a shaving like those used at the bottom, and knotting it together to keep all tidy.

The hardest part of the work is that of cutting up the strips ; it looks very easy as the knife slips along the edge of the flat iron bar used ruler-fashion, but a trial soon proves that both strength and dexterity are needed for the task, which is generally given to the big boy of the family, or else the father is coaxed to cut enough for a gross of punnets in the intervals of his out-of-door work. Forming the bottom and bending up the ribs are undertaken by the mother and the elder girls ; the little ones can put in the light basket-work, and do the finishing. The wood being wet is pliable and easily manipulated.



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In this manner a great quantity of work is accomplished, a family of six or seven can make two gross of baskets in a day, and as the pay for these varies from four and sixpence to six shillings a gross, it is an industry by no means to be despised.

Even old women can make the punnets in large numbers if they can get the wood cut, and one elderly dame of our acquaintance engages a grandson to prepare strips enough for perhaps three gross a week, presenting him with a pair of boots by way of payment ; she and a young grand-daughter can then easily make up the punnets. The materials for a winter's work

PACKING THE PUNNETS.

cost from about thirty shillings to four pounds, and this is quickly recouped at the rate of nine shillings per day, the smallest sum given for two gross.

The chief difficulty with which the punnet-makers have to contend is the uncertainty as to the crop of strawberries, and the consequent demand for their baskets.

Taking one year with another, however, the earnings of a family are considerable, and if they could only be induced to become thrifty there should never be a needy person in all the fruit districts; but here, as elsewhere, the money easily earned disappears as quickly, and the fleeting pleasure of a day's holiday, or the glory of brilliant clothing, scarcely seems an adequate return for the many hours spent in winter over the work of punnet-making.

TEACHING BY CORRESPONDENCE.

THE system of instruction by correspondence has been attracting a good deal of attention lately, and its usefulness is becoming year by year more generally understood and acknowledged.

A few notices of the system have appeared from time to time in various periodicals, but these have chiefly dealt with it from the promoters' and observers' points of view; and it occurs to the present writer that a few observations on it from the parents' point of view might not be without interest to readers. His experience of it in his own family enables him to offer these with confidence, for five of his children—four boys and a girl—have been educated under it, so far as English subjects are concerned, whilst attending schools taught in French on the Continent, or moving about from place to place.

The correspondence classes they joined were those of the late Association for the Higher Education of Women in Glasgow, now affiliated to Queen Margaret College at that place, and of which Miss Jane S. Macarthur (of 4, Buckingham Street, Hillhead, Glasgow) is the honorary secretary. These classes, although primarily intended for girls, are open to boys, and also to women and men of any age. Instruction is given not only in all the subjects prescribed for the Glasgow University Local Examinations, but also in a number of subjects outside the University programme.

The subjects taken by the writer's children were English grammar, arithmetic, history, English composition, and literature. Once, when no other teaching was available, they included French and German. One of the boys also took logic when preparing for a public examination.

The charges were moderate, and did not in the case of any one subject exceed £1 11s. 6d. for the annual six months' course, which lasted from November to May.

The system, as is now pretty generally known, consists in sending out beforehand a "plan of study" for the course in each subject, showing the heads of reading for each fortnight, on which the fortnightly examination paper, to be forwarded to each student by post, will be set. Three days are allowed for answering the papers, which are to be returned by post to the tutor. It is obvious that the success of this system of instruction, like any other, depends mainly on the efficiency of the instructors, and this fact has been fully recognised in selecting the tutors for the Glasgow classes. As far as the writer can venture to express an opinion, the selections have been good. He has always been much struck by the pains taken by the tutors to encourage the efforts of the pupils, and not only to guide them in the acquirement of knowledge, but to educate their minds. Much skill, too, has generally been shown in arousing the pupils' interest in their work, and the return of the corrected fortnightly papers with the tutorial remarks on their margins has always been an event of considerable excitement in the family.

On the whole, it may fairly be said of this system of education, that where very good *vivâ voce* instruction is not available, it forms a thoroughly good and economical substitute. Its disinterested and enthusiastic promoters do not claim more for it than this, for they do not pretend to compete with satisfactory oral teaching, and they may well be content with the usefulness of their work even when so limited.

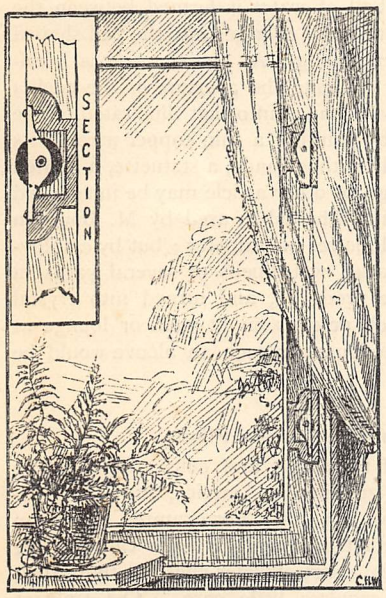
To illustrate its usefulness, it is only necessary to suggest a few cases of common occurrence in which classes taught in the ordinary way cannot be resorted to. A pupil may be in a foreign country, or in a colony, or in some out-of-the-way place where there are no classes at hand of any sort, or he may be delicate and unable either to attend public classes or to pay for private lessons, or he may have some exacting employment which hampers him in regard to time, or he may be of too advanced an age (many of the Glasgow pupils are of this kind) to attend boys' or girls' classes with comfort or propriety. In all these and similar cases, the correspondence classes supply a want that can be met in no other way.

The writer is deeply sensible of the benefit he has himself derived from these classes in having the education of his children made possible when ill health, foreign residence, and sometimes frequent movement, presented difficulties that without them would have been insurmountable. He sincerely hopes that this briefest of records, giving the result of his own experience, may be of service to others in like circumstances.

THE GATHERER.

Window-Sash Holder.

This device is intended as a substitute for the common window-weights. One of the edges of the sash carries recesses in which are fitted casings, consisting of a plate with a slot or opening, with wings projecting from the side edges of the plate opposite the slot. Each of the wings is bent under and against the plate as far as the side edge of the slot, and thence it extends straight from the main plate, each of the parallel straight portions having a perforation through which a pin is passed. On this cross-pin is journalled an elastic roller that turns between the parallel portions and projects slightly above the surface of the plate through the slot. When the sash is in its place, these rollers bear against the window-frame and keep the sash in any position to which it may have been adjusted. The casings are strong and durable, and can easily be removed from the sash for the insertion of new rollers or for any other purpose.



New Electric Boats.

A private resident on Lake Windermere has started a launch on that beautiful sheet of water, which moves without noise or smoke by the aid of electricity. A very successful trip was also made recently on the canal from Bolton to Bury by Mr. Banks, an electrician, in a launch 21 feet long by 4 feet 6 inches in beam. The current was derived from Faure-Sellon-Volckmar accumulators of the half horse-power size. The propeller is 12 inches in diameter and 11-inch pitch. It made 450 revolutions per minute. The speed attained was about six miles per hour. The current used was about 31 amperes, and had an electro-motive force varying from 45 to 35 volts. The boat itself weighed 7 cwt.; the accumulators also weighed 7 cwt., and the dynamo which turned the propeller, by means of the current from the accumulators, weighed 1 cwt. The apparatus was controlled by a switch, or current-changer, within reach of the man who held the rudder.

Vulcoleine.

Vulcoleine is the name given to a new substance extracted from petroleum by Mr. Typke King and Mr. T. P. Bruce Warren. To obtain it they take the distillate of petroleum which is given off between temperatures of 100° and 212° Fahrenheit, and which is commonly called spirit of naphtha. This is treated with two or three per cent. of sulphuric acid, agitated, then allowed to subside, and the liquor decanted from the sediment. This liquor is run into a still with one or two per cent. of lime, or calcium carbonate, to remove the sulpho-oils. They then distil the liquor and obtain the vulcoleine, a liquid which is a substitute for bisulphide of carbon, and which can be used for extracting oils, anthracine, for dissolving gums or resins, and for vulcanising india-rubber in conjunction with chloride of sulphur.

New Table-Knife.

With a view to secure greater symmetry and better distribution of material than the present form of table-knife possesses, an American inventor has introduced certain modifications in this indispensable implement. First, as regards the blade. The ordinary blade, he contends, furnishes two or three times more surface than is really required; and by doing away with the superfluous metal, the cost and labour of manufacture are expected to be reduced. Then, with regard to the handle, near the forward end its width is lessened, but by widening it sidewise a finger-rest is obtained, by which a cutting force can be comfortably applied without involving the tight grasp needed in the ordinary handles. The rest being made on both sides, the handle can be employed with a double-edged blade. The handle gradually narrows in front of the finger-rest, and the tang of the blade is inserted into this neck.

An Improved Bird-Cage.

Those who keep birds know how necessary it is to have the cage always sweet and wholesome. This work, of course, entails a certain amount of trouble. In order, however, to get rid of this bother altogether, a bird-cage has recently been patented, containing a very simple but a very useful improvement. The body of the cage is constructed in the usual way, but at the level of the floor there are side guides, and a roll of waterproof paper stretched across the floor and through the guides. Every morning the soiled paper is pulled out at the opposite end of the cage and torn off, a fresh sheet of paper having meanwhile unwound itself from the roller, and becoming the new floor. The paper may be either plain or coloured, and ornamented in a variety of designs.

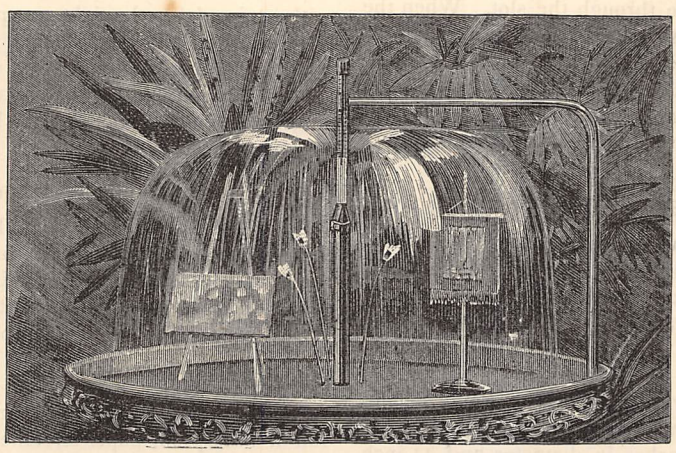
A New Gas-making Process.

Sulphur fumes are very obnoxious in gas burned in houses; and in order to reduce them to a minimum,

the gas after it is made is usually purified by passing it over lime, which absorbs the sulphur. This lime is thereby rendered very offensive, and hence gas-works are sometimes a nuisance to the neighbourhood when the purifiers are being cleaned out. To get rid of this nuisance, Mr. W. F. Cooper has introduced the process of mixing the lime with the coal before the latter is put into the retorts and the gas distilled from it. The process has been working satisfactorily for about a year at the Tunbridge Wells Gas Works, and yields a very pure gas. The coal is mixed with 2½ per cent. of lime which has absorbed 2½ per cent. of water: the slaked lime forming 5 per cent. by weight of the coal to be distilled. The coal used at Tunbridge is New Pelton with 2½ per cent. of Cannel. It is mixed with the lime, and both ground together in a mill between toothed rollers. The limed coal is then fed to the retorts by West's charging machine. The gas from the retorts is passed through St. John's carburetting apparatus, then condensed, washed to extract the ammonia, and then purified with oxide of iron, and stored in the gas-holders. The process causes these purifiers to last much longer than by the old lime process, as well as producing more ammonia and tar; moreover the coke is better, being free from sulphur, and therefore good for household fires. In fact the process is a gain both from a monetary and a sanitary point of view.

A Water-Bell.

Water-bells have hitherto generally been made by allowing water to issue from a small circular orifice, or by shooting the liquid jet against a disc of polished metal having a slightly elliptic rim. The bells thus produced are, however, lacking in transparency, and the form we illustrate is a great improvement on them. It is the device of M. Bourdon, and the bell is formed by two opposing jets of water. The pipe conducting the water from the reservoir ends in a truncated nozzle of 12 degrees angular opening, and causing all the streams of water to converge towards the middle of the jet. Over this is placed, concentrically to the truncated nozzle, a glass tube of about 20 centimetres in length, and the same interior diameter as the orifice by which the water rises from the reservoir. This antagonistic tube is supported by a copper rod fixed either against a wall or on the margin of the basin, at a distance of two centimetres between its lower end and the truncated appendage. The reservoir must be kept at a constant level by means of a water-gauge cock. The water-height above the jet is about 60 centimetres. The flow of the water is regulated by a stop-cock. To produce the bell, the basin is filled to the level of overflow with water, the cock is gently opened, when a ball of water is formed between the pipes, and then gradually enlarges into the bell-shaped fountain of the engraving. At first the bell is hemispherical, but, by reducing the aperture of the cock a little, the shape will change into that illustrated. The bell may be slit by pointing a thin copper wire to its top; and by the hole thus made, a statuette, a lighted candle, a bird-cage, or other article may be introduced without wetting it. The tubes used by M. Bourdon have been 20 millimetres in diameter; but by employing larger apparatus, water-bells of several yards in diameter may be produced, and turned into crystal tents, under which persons might walk or lounge at pleasure. In a hot summer such an alcove would be quite refreshing.



A WATER-BELL.

Chinese Garden Plants.

The fashion of importing and cultivating Chinese garden plants is growing in America, and will probably extend to this country. For example, American agriculturists are introducing the water-caltrap (ling chiaco in Chinese), a sort of water-chestnut that grows in marshes and requires little care. The Chinese water-lily (*Nelumbium speciosum*), which furnishes a kind of bean, good for food, is also engaging attention. Its leaves make an excellent wrapping like paper, and while its roots and seeds are edible, its flowers are very brilliant. The chiao-pai and the chintsai are varieties of water-celery that are planted on bamboo rafts covered with mud, and form a sort of floating garden like those of ancient Mexico and modern Kashgar. The iron-tree (t'ieth-shu) has the property of absorbing iron, and the Chinese drive nails into it when it shows signs of drooping, and requires a mild tonic. The tiao-lan is a plant which flowers when it is taken off the ground and suspended from the ceiling. The chi-shu is a tree furnishing a beautiful "golden varnish," which is much used for decorating sign-boards in China. The varnish has a drawback, in the form of a poisonous element, causing acute inflammation of the

skin; but a remedy is said to exist in the application of crab's liver and a decoction of pine-shavings!

Glass Bearings.

Glass bearings for wheels are now being tried on some of the American railway trains. The advantage expected from them is absence of friction. The glass employed is of peculiar quality, very hard and strong. What the result of the trials is likely to be, is not stated; but the idea of using glass for bearings, if not on a large, at least on a small scale, and in small apparatus, appears to be worth trying, provided a suitable glass can be manufactured.

A Solar Pyrometer.

Captain Ericsson has erected, at New York, an ingenious solar pyrometer, with which he has measured the temperature of the solar surface. It is shown in our engraving (Fig. 1), and consists of a polygonal reflector composed of a series of inclined mirrors, A, and provided with a central heater of conical form, B, acted upon by the reflected radiation of the sun in such a way that each point of its surface receives an equal amount of radiant heat in a given time. When the reflector faces the sun at right angles, each mirror catches a pencil of rays 32·61 square inches in section, and the entire reflecting surface receives the radiant heat of a tubular sunbeam of 32·61 × 96 = 3,130 square inches sectional area. Fig. 2 represents a transverse section of the instrument as it appears when facing the sun; the direct and reflected rays being indicated by dotted lines. The heater is composed of rolled plate-iron 0·017 inch thick, with head and bottom of non-conducting material. It can be put in its place and removed in a very few minutes. The proportions of the end of the conical heater correspond with the perimeters of the reflector, and the diameter of the upper end at the intersection of the polygonal plane is to that of the lower as 8 to 6, in order that every part may be acted on by rays of equal density. With this apparatus, which gave him the amount of heat intercepted by a reflecting surface of given area, Captain Ericsson has estimated that the temperature of the solar surface cannot be less than 3,060,7278 Fahrenheit. This is a result enormously higher than former estimates of Siemens, Rosetti, and others, who placed it at from 3,000° to 10,000° Centigrade, or not much more than the temperature of the voltaic arc.

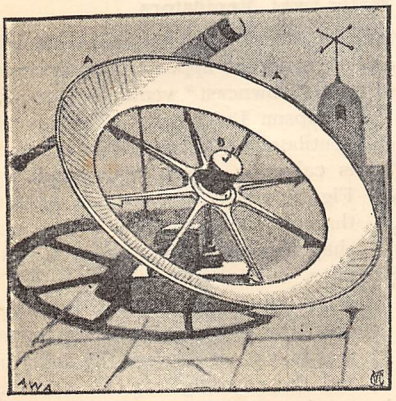


FIG. 1.

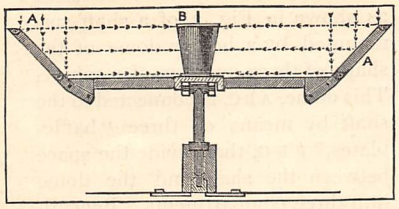
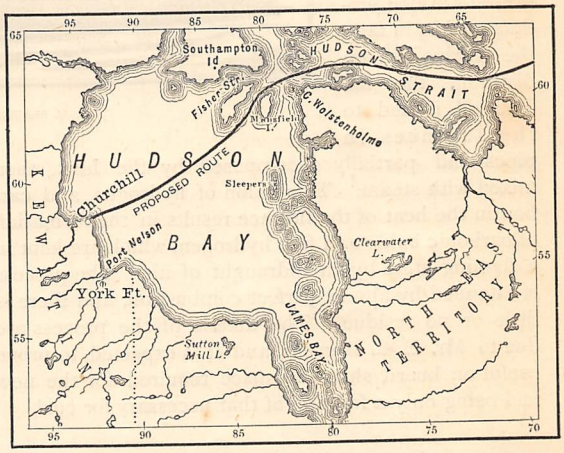


FIG. 2.

A Proposed New Route to Montreal.

Our kindred in Canada are about to survey a new route, *viâ* Hudson Bay, from England to their capital, Montreal. The present traffic is carried either by way of New York from Liverpool, or by the Dominion Line and other steamers, which ply to Halifax and other places. But the suggested route from Liverpool will, if arranged, permit of steamers proceeding through Hudson Straits into the great Bay of Hudson—the vast inland sea of North America, easily accessible from the ocean. On the western side, and rather to the southward of the Bay, stands Fort Churchill, which is distant from Liverpool only 2,900 miles. Once at Churchill, the merchandise can be conveyed quickly to Montreal—much more rapidly than by either Cape Race or New York. As an emigrant route, this new way would be an improvement on the existing passages; but—and here comes the difficulty—the sea so far north is only navigable about three months in the year. Whether, under such circumstances, a line of steamers *viâ* Hudson Bay to Canada would "pay," is a question which can only be solved by experiment. At any rate, a vessel has been despatched from Halifax to make soundings and take observations in the Straits; but we imagine that the difficulties of the transit will not depend upon the depth of water, or the intricacy of the navigation, but upon the climate and the ice, which render any long period of navigation in those waters out of the question, and thus indirectly preclude cheapness during such a necessarily short season.

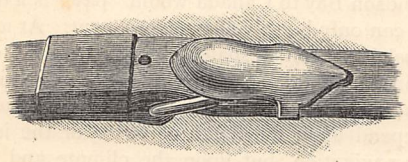


Shale-Oil for Fuel.

Highly successful trials of crude shale-oil as a substitute for coal in engine furnaces were recently made at the Forth Bridge Works. The engines are used there for pumping air into the pneumatic chambers in which the workmen excavate the foundations for the bridge-piers on the bed of the river Forth. The crude oil is obtained from the Dalmeny Shale Oil Works close at hand, and in appearance is like coarse butter. It is almost a waste product, and is, in fact, the residue left on distilling the oil. The oil is fed to the furnaces in pipes and partially decomposed by the heat, then mixed with steam. This union of hydrogen and carbon in the heat of the furnace results in the formation of carbonic oxide and free hydrogen, which are kept in a flaming state by an indraught of air. The process is attended by almost perfect combustion, and there is little or no residue. The details of the process are due to Mr. E. C. Burgess, and it is expected to prove useful on board ship, the space required for the new fuel being only a fraction of that necessary for coal.

Improved Carriage Harness.

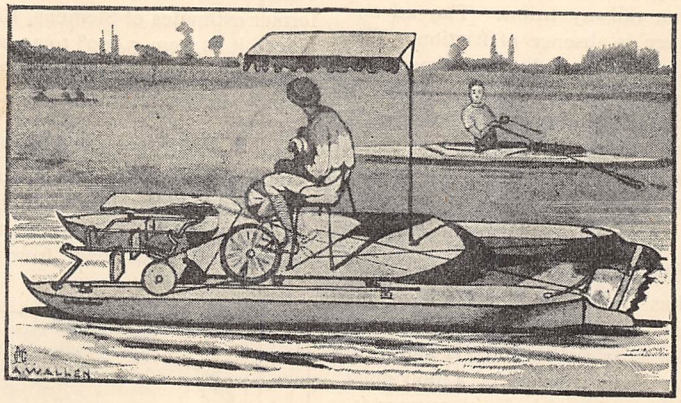
When a horse switches his tail, it is often found that the hairs become entangled in the buckle or between it and the strap, and so get broken or detached. The accompanying woodcut shows an appliance which has been invented for the purpose of preventing this by providing the breeching supporter with a deflecting shield. The shield is a metal plate bent, and furnished with a loop to receive the strap, and a hook enters a hole in the strap. When in position over the buckle, the shield covers the upper part of it and of the tongue, over which it is curved. The shield is prevented from accidentally slipping upward on the strap by the hook and the hole for the reception of its curved part, while by bending the strap so as to throw the hook out of it, the shield can be moved upward in order to allow the strap to be connected or otherwise with the buckle.



In the case of harness furnished with this device, when the horse switches his tail, the hairs strike upon the shield and are thus deflected and prevented from being caught in the buckle.

Water-Velocipede.

A new form of water-velocipede is represented in the accompanying engraving. The deck, it will be seen, is raised above the twin hulls, and the machine is propelled by a double-crank driving shaft. In front of this shaft is a triple crank with pulley at each end, and a bolt passes round this and a similar pulley on the driving shaft. In front of and parallel with the crank shaft is another triple-crank shaft, both cranks being connected by a rod. On each rod is adjusted a vertical paddle-blade. When the crank shaft is revolved, the motion imparts to the blades a downward and backward action through the water, and an upward and forward movement out of the water, the circular motion being the same as that of the cranks. By the use of the triple-crank shafts, one blade is always in the water.



A WATER-VELOCIPEDE.

Water-tight Ventilators.

It is important for ships' ventilators to avoid letting in water, and the condition appears to be attained by the "upcast" and "downcast" ventilators of Mr. Sampson Low, B.A. The upcast ventilator or "Crown Ejector," as it is called, is shown in principle by Fig. 1, which represents a section through the appliance. A dome-shaped chamber or wind-chest contains within it a "water-baffler," A B C, which, on the sea breaking over the dome, deflects any water that may enter between the dome D, and the covering cap E, into the bottom of the dome, where it escapes by exits at E E. The shape of the dome and the position of the cap are so regulated that, at whatever angle the wind strikes the ventilator, a partial vacuum is set up in the wind-chest, and an upward current of air thereby induced.

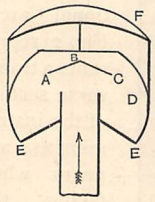


FIG. 1.

The downcast ventilator consists, as shown in Fig. 2, of a shaft surmounted by a hollow dome of the shape of three-quarters of a sphere. This dome, A B C, is connected to the shaft by means of three "baffle-plates," F F G, that divide the space between the shaft and the dome into three compartments. Beneath the dome is fixed a "wind-guide," D E, which surrounds the shaft as a collar, and is attached to both shaft and dome. This conducts the air into the dome, whence, owing to accumulated pres-

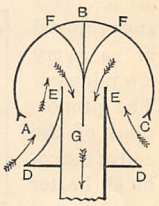


FIG. 2.

sure, it escapes in the direction of least resistance, that is to say, down the shaft of the ventilator. Owing to the angle at which the dome and wind-guides are set, all water is excluded from the interior of the ventilator. These ventilators, while evidently well adapted for use on board ship, are also applicable to houses, public halls, drains, and so on. The upcast ventilator, owing to its rapidity of exhaust action, very quickly ejects sewer-gas.

A Portable Accumulator.

Microscopists and photo-micrographists using small electric lamps for their studies and photographs of objects, will find the following method of constructing a small and portable accumulator, as given by Dr. F. W. Mercer, of some practical value. The accumulator is a small model of the Faure-Sellon-Volckmar type. It consists of a $\frac{3}{4}$-inch thick wooden box 12 inches long, 6 inches wide, and 7 inches deep, outside measure. A partition divides it in the centre, forming two cells. The joints of the box should be halved into each other, and well smeared with Canada balsam in benzol before closing. When completed, the interior of the cells should receive four or five coats of asphalte varnish, each coat being allowed to dry before applying another. The lead plates for use in the cells should be formed as shown in Fig. 1. Each plate is made by casting the lead in a mould fashioned with a wooden pattern. The edges and ears, A B, should be about $\frac{3}{16}$ inch thick; the surface of the plate, excepting $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of border all round, should be less than $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, and pierced with holes $\frac{5}{16}$ inch diameter, and about the same distance apart. The ear or tag, A, is for connecting the plates of the same sign electrically by means of a metal rod passed through the hole; a boss of lead $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick, formed of small lead plate, is inserted between to keep each plate apart; and the whole, say eight "negative" or eight "positive" plates, are thus secured by a screw-nut on the end of the rod. The smaller ear, B, is to secure the plate to the battery cover, through which it passes, the weight being carried by a small wooden peg passed through the whole. The sixteen plates (eight + and eight —, or four + and four — for each cell) are thus secured to the cover $\frac{3}{8}$ inch apart, and held $\frac{1}{2}$ inch clear of the bottom of the cell, to prevent their being "short-circuited" through deposits formed. Plates that rest on any portion of the bottom of the cells are apt to fail in time. The holes in the lead plates are filled with a paste made by kneading the best red lead with dilute sulphuric acid (two parts acid to five parts water). As soon as the paste has set in the holes, the battery is ready for forming. A solution of one part sulphuric acid to ten or twelve parts water is poured into the cells; and the current from a dynamo is passed through the battery, for a few days, the current being reversed several times a day. Once formed, the accumulator can be stored for use with the current from four large Bunsen cells, and this will cause it to discharge sufficient current to keep a small incandescent lamp lit for three hours. The battery should be kept clean by occasionally washing the plates in a gentle stream of water from the tap. If out of use for a week or longer, the cells should be emptied and the parts washed. Fig. 2 illustrates the kind of lamp to use with the accumulator. It is made by the Edison Company for work of this kind; and the current is started in the filament by simply sliding the lamp into its socket.

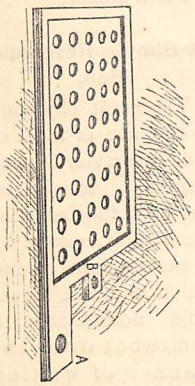


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

A Curious Flower.

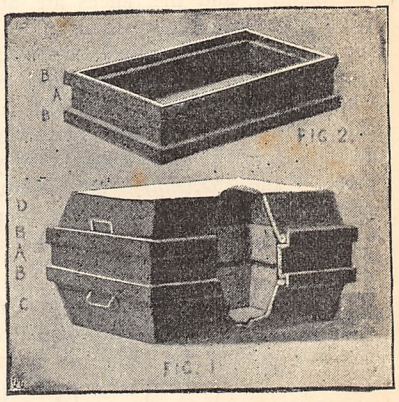
In South America a shrub of the Cactus family has been discovered whose flowers are visible only when the wind blows. The plant is about three feet in height, and on the stalk are a number of little lumps from which the flowers protrude when the wind blows upon them.

Blasting-Paper.

A paper for use as a blasting agent has been prepared by M. I. Petry, of Vienna. Unsized paper, or ordinary blotting-paper, is coated with a hot mixture of 17 parts of yellow prussiate of potash, 17 of charcoal, 35 of refined saltpetre, 70 of potassium chlorate, 10 of wheat-starch, and 1,500 of water. When dried it is cut into strips, which are rolled into cartridges.

An Oven within an Oven.

The double baking-pan illustrated in the accompanying woodcut is the invention of a lady. The design offers a convenient means of making an oven within an oven, so to speak, so that anything which is being baked can be entirely enclosed, or the top of it protected from excessive heat. In this appliance two ordinary pans are used, united by a rim or frame placed between them, the rim having angular flanges on the top and bottom edges, to receive the pans. The lower pan is placed right side up, the upper one being turned upside down. Fig. 1 represents the apparatus complete, with part removed to show the interior, the bottom pan C, and the top pan D, these last being connected by the frame or rim A, and held securely by the flanges B. The rim and its flanges are shown apart in Fig. 2.

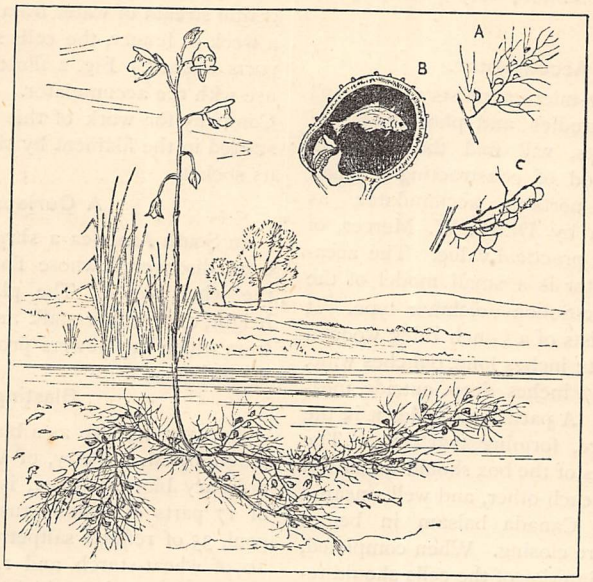


A Combined Broom and Hose.

A broom for cleansing pavements, door-steps, &c., has recently been patented in the United States. The place of the broomstick is taken by a metal tube, which terminates in a jet over the broom, and communicates by a flexible rubber pipe with the water supply. When the broom is in use the water is allowed to run through the tubing, and thus the labour of first flooding the pavement, &c., with a pail of water is done away with.

A Fish-eating Plant.

The common bladder-wort of our ponds, or *Utricularia*, has long been distinguished for the peculiar tiny bladders on its leaves. These were supposed to serve as floats to the plant, which is usually found floating half submerged as shown in the figure. They are now, however, known to also serve as stomachs or digestive organs for the plant, and are so constructed as to catch and trap food for the latter, consisting of carp's eggs, insects, and even small fishes, such as tittlebats. The animal matter is allowed to decay in the bladder, and the juices are absorbed into the plant. The small figures A, B, and C, serve to illustrate the apparatus in question; B showing a tiny fish in the closed bladder. The bladder is closed by a valve, which the fish prises open in order to enter the fatal trap. Thus caught, the captive swims about seeking an outlet, until it dies of want of oxygen. This property of the *Utricularia* has recently attracted the serious attention of American carp-breeders, who are waging war against it as a destroyer of carp-eggs and young fish.



A FISH-EATING PLANT.

An Ingenious Manifold Writer.

A new mode of taking two duplicates of an invoice, inventory, or receipt form has recently been introduced, which obviates much of the inconvenience caused by the use of two sheets of carbonised paper and three leaves of the book. Each leaf of the book is divided by perforations into three equal portions (A, B, and C), on which the printed matter is so arranged as exactly to register. The printing on A and C is on one side of the paper, on the other side on B. In use, a sheet of carbonised paper is placed over A and the reverse side of B, and C is folded over to the left at the first perforation; B and C together are then folded over A. The printed side of B will now be uppermost, and on this the writing may be made, and it will be found reproduced on A and C. This device will save merchants' clerks and others much trouble and labour.

A	B	C

A Simple Reservoir Pen.

The great objection to the use of most of the reservoir pens hitherto introduced has been the fact that the writing is done by a pencil-point, round which the ink flows. This necessitates a somewhat different manner of writing than in the case of an ordinary pen and holder. A new reservoir pen has recently been brought out, which combines the advantage of the reservoir pen with "nibs" of the ordinary kind. These "reservoir" pens, as they are called, cannot easily get out of order, and are readily cleaned or refilled.

1884 STORY COMPETITION.—AWARD.

A large number of competitors responded as usual to the Editor's offer of a prize for the best Domestic Story illustrating the Evils of Vacillation, and after careful consideration of all the MSS., the judges have awarded the PRIZE OF FIVE POUNDS *to*

STELLA ST. JOHN GARD, Stucklow, Fordingbridge, by Salisbury.

Honourable Mention is given to the stories by the following competitors, in order of merit:—

WILLIAM J. LACEY, Chesham, Bucks.
H. ELRINGTON, Youghal, Co. Cork.
M. A. WHITBY, Yeovil.
ALICE M. DALE, Sheffield.
GEORGE B. BURGIN, High Barnet, Herts.

The Editor hopes to find a place for the successful story in an early number of the Magazine.

SHORT SPEECH COMPETITION.—*Intending competitors are reminded that December 1st, 1884, is the latest day for receiving MSS. for this competition. Full particulars respecting this and other competitions will be found in our June (1884) number.*

"SHE WAS FACING THE WORLD IN A NEW CHARACTER."

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

By ALICE O'HANLON, Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," "No Proof," &c.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE MCNICOLL FAMILY.

"ANY one here to meet me, Carter?"

"Yes, sir; there's your coachman outside with the brougham."

"Very good. Bring my portmanteau along, please."

And gathering up a railway rug and other stray belongings scattered about a first-class compartment, Victor McNicoll walked off towards the exit from the High Radstow Station, followed by the porter whom he had addressed by name. "This is your last down train, isn't it, Carter?" he asked, looking back. "I had a near shave to catch it in London."

"Yes, sir; yes. It's the last as stops here—the 9.40 is."

Since Victor's introduction to the reader on the summit of the Mürren, five days had now elapsed. Three of those days had been spent on the mountain; the last two, with an intervening night, the young man had passed in travelling homewards at express speed, without rest or intermission.

He had still a pretty long drive before him; and though feeling jaded and worn, it was with a sense of relief in the change of motion that he flung himself back against the cushions of the well-hung carriage. His way led direct through the little town of High Radstow—quaint and irregularly built, with narrow up-and-down streets nearly all converging towards one point as a focus. This was the "market-place"—a large square, where each Saturday a number of portable stalls were set up for the sale of country produce, in the shape of butter, eggs, fruit, and vegetables, brought hither by the wives and daughters of neighbouring farmers.

Crossing the square, the carriage entered a somewhat broader thoroughfare—the principal street of the town, where all the best shops were located. Those shops, however, had long since been closed. Ten o'clock in High Radstow was considered a very late hour. It was a sleepy little place, and not, as a rule, much given to dissipation, even in the mild form of visiting and tea-drinking. The number of lights which glimmered in the upper storeys showed Victor that its inhabitants were already retiring to their nightly rest.

The shops left behind, there followed a long country drive of nearly seven miles, over a dark road, unilluminated by moon or gas. Then at length the carriage turned in at an open gateway, and drew up before a handsome portal.

Roused from the reverie into which he had fallen, and almost dazzled by the light from a couple of lamps that stood on either side of the portico, Victor sprang to the ground.

Scarcely had he done so before the door was thrown open, and the interior of a square hall disclosed to his familiar vision.

In the style of its appointments this entrance-hall was both luxurious and elegant. A thick Persian carpet covered the floor. There were benches and tables of dark oak, beautifully carved, whilst bronzes, statues, stands of flowers and ferns, were arranged about it in appropriate and effective positions.

Passing in, Victor surrendered his wraps to a servant, and the next instant was being drawn by two young ladies into a room, from which they had just burst in breathless haste.

"My dear girls! don't smother me, please!" he remonstrated, releasing himself gently from their demonstrative embraces, and turning towards a third and older lady, who had stepped forward to meet him. "And how is the dear little mother?"

"Little, indeed!"

Mrs. McNicoll drew herself up and laughed, as she echoed the inappropriate term; for, although beside her son's tall figure she scarcely looked it, she was considerably above the medium height. Her form, too, was slight and thin, and the simple clinging dress she usually affected added to the impression of her stature. Her face, however, was one that invited endearments. She was a gentle, sweet-tempered woman, and her placid yet thoughtful expression bore witness to her disposition. In complexion she was pale; her features were delicate and refined; her dark eyes were just the colour of Victor's own, but they possessed neither the keenness nor depth which characterised his. Although not yet forty-six, Mrs. McNicoll's hair was silver-grey, and she wore it smoothly arranged beneath a dainty lace cap that became her to perfection.

As regarded personal appearance, the Misses McNicoll bore but poor comparison with their mother. They were, in fact, rather plain girls, and much alike. Their features, derived from their father, were large and a little clumsy. They had pale reddish hair—Jessie's being a shade deeper in tint than her elder sister's—and eyebrows of the same colour. Their eyes were blue, and their complexions, but for an unstinted adornment of freckles, fair.

Nevertheless, though commonplace young women, the sisters were not unpleasant to look upon. No face behind which beats a true heart can ever be absolutely

ugly; and whatever their faults, both Dora and Jessie McNicoll possessed warm hearts and kindly natures. Souls, fortunately, are not always made to match the features, and a fair soul may exist without Madonna-like graces of form; also, happily, love discovers beauties everywhere, and at all times in the coarse and homely faces belonging to the every-day men and women of whom the world is full. It would be a bad business indeed for the majority of mankind, beauty being so extremely rare, if love had to wait for it, instead of creating it, as it does, out of its own sweetness.

Looking on whilst their mother and brother embraced, the two girls were struck simultaneously by the same impression.

"Oh, Victor, how pale you are!" said Dora.

"How ill you look!" exclaimed Jessie, in the same breath.

"Ill!" echoed Mrs. McNicoll, drawing back to scan his face in swift anxiety. "My dearest boy, are you ill?"

"Not at all, mother," rejoined her son, smiling; "but I dare say I do look seedy enough, for I am fearfully tired. I have travelled from Lauterbrunnen, you know, without stopping. Of course I need not ask if you got my telegram, since you sent to meet me."

"No; it reached us yesterday. But sit down, dear; you really do look wretched. And you must be hungry as well as tired." She bustled forward to draw a chair to the end of a long table spread with the preparations for a repast. "What will you take, Victor? There are some chops being cooked, and here is a cold partridge, you see. But you must have a cup of hot tea or coffee."

"Thanks; I'll take some coffee. But I'm not particularly hungry, mother. Sit down yourself, and don't bother about me, there's a dear."

The young man dropped, as he spoke, into the seat she had placed for him by the table, and when the coffee and chops had been brought in, the three ladies seated themselves near him.

The room was a dining-room. It was an apartment, however, meant to sit in as well as to eat in, and it had the comfortable aspect imparted by habitual occupancy. The furniture was substantial and good, the drapery of the three large windows heavy and handsome, the ornaments chaste and in good taste, whilst the walls were hung with oil-paintings (principally landscapes) in massive gilt frames.

"You got the telegram yesterday, you say?" Victor inquired, taking from Dora's hand the cup she had filled for him; "but my letter—I am afraid that has not arrived. I wrote one several days ago, but was not able to post it until a few hours before I set off for home myself. The letter was to my father."

"Yes; it came by this evening's post," said Dora. "We asked father what was in it, but he said there was 'nothing' in it; so we dared not make any further inquiries."

"Oh! Well, I am glad it has reached him before my return. I wrote to explain how it was that I had been detained beyond my time. By the way, where is he?—in the library, I suppose. But he must have heard me come in."

"I hope he didn't—at least, I hope he won't present himself here just yet," put in Jessie; "for I may inform you, my dear, that he is in one of his most cantankerous moods this evening: in comparison a bear with a sore head would be mildness personified."

"Jessie! Jessie, my child!"

"All right, mother; but it is true, isn't it? The new book-case came to-day, Victor—the one to fill up that corner, you know—and father insists on arranging the books in it himself. I suppose he is busy about that now—too busy to come and ask how you are; so let us make hay while the sun shines. You must have oceans of things to tell us; but I am afraid we shall have to pump you, as usual, to get them out. To begin with, how is Charlie? And where did you leave him?—in London?"

"No; I left him in Switzerland," answered Victor. "He stayed behind for another day at Interlaken, although he ought to have been at home some time ago to fulfil an engagement he had made."

"Victor, you have not referred to poor Sir Jonathan Ledsom," interposed Dora, changing the subject—"Were you not awfully shocked to hear about him?"

"Sir Jonathan Ledsom?" repeated her brother—"No; what is the matter with him? I haven't heard anything. I called at the Poste Restante at Interlaken, expecting letters from you there, but they told me there were none."

"Of course not. Why, Victor, you told us to direct to the Hôtel des Alpes."

"To be sure I did!" he exclaimed. "How stupid of me to forget! But I passed through the place in such a hurry. Well, Dora, what is amiss with the old gentleman?"

"He is dead, Victor. He died last Friday, and he is to be buried to-morrow," answered his sister.

"Dead!" Victor laid down his knife and fork with a start. "Dead!" he interjected again. "Dear me! How did it happen?"

"You should not have told him so abruptly, Dora," remonstrated Mrs. McNicoll. "My dear boy, you really are not well."

A slightly impatient gesture escaped the young man. "I assure you, mother, that there is nothing whatever the matter with me but fatigue," he protested; "I shall be all right to-morrow. Go on, Dora. What did he die of? It seems dreadfully sudden."

"It *was* dreadfully sudden," affirmed Dora. "It was apoplexy—a fit, Victor—and he died within half an hour. Lady Ledsom is in great distress, naturally. She has shut herself up and refused to see any one. Arthur is here, of course," she added, with a faint rise of colour—"*Sir* Arthur now, you know."

"Yes, poor fellow! And he has called here every day since he arrived," observed Jessie. "He is so troubled about his aunt. Would you believe it, Victor, she——Ha, here is father!"

Victor rose to his feet and turned towards the door. The gentleman who had just entered was indubitably a fine man. He stood six feet in his boots, and was stout and broad in proportion. His hair and the long brown beard he wore had a decided tinge of red in them. His features were pronounced, his eyes grey and sharply observant. The expression of his countenance (this no stranger could fail at once to notice) was habitually surly and ill-tempered. At the present moment his brows were knit into two deep upright furrows, and he looked more ill-tempered than usual.

"How do you do, father?" There was a deprecating but not unmanly tone in his son's voice, as he advanced, with outstretched hand, to offer his greeting.

"No, I can't shake hands," said Mr. McNicoll, waving him off; "my hands are perfectly black." (They did not look so as he exhibited them.) "Those books, Helen, are in a filthy condition, full of dust. And yet you profess, forsooth, to be a model housekeeper! But it's the way with women, I know—those of them, at least, who make a pretence of caring for cleanliness at all. They are quite content if the outside of the platter be clean. There is no thoroughness about them. They haven't a notion of thoroughness."

"But those books are so old, William," expostulated his wife softly; "and on shelves without glass it is impossible to avoid a little dust accumulating. Had you allowed it, I should have told Jane to take them outside and beat them before they were put into the new case."

"Yes, no doubt you would; and let her tear them to tatters, the unhandy bungler!" snapped her husband. "Oh, yes, I've no doubt you would! Well, sir, so you have condescended to return at last?"

"You received my letter, father, this evening, I understand," said Victor. "That explains the cause of my delay."

"And a very lame explanation I consider it," rejoined Mr. McNicoll, dropping into the easy-chair which was always reserved for his especial use. "In the first place, you had no business to go up the mountain at all when your time was so nearly run out; and in the second, it's ridiculous to tell me that you were kept there three days by a little snow. It wouldn't have kept me, I know. But you young fellows are such milksops—so afraid of wetting your feet or soiling your dainty little boots—bah!"

A quick angry flush spread over Victor McNicoll's face. He made no reply, however, until he had mastered his rising indignation. Then he said—

"It was not by 'a little snow,' sir, that I was detained. I thought I had made that sufficiently clear in my letter. For two days I could only have attempted the descent—so, at all events, I was assured—at the risk of life or limb. The third day was Sunday, and knowing that my mother strongly disapproves of travelling upon that day, I put off commencing my journey until the following morning."

"Model of virtue! How convenient it is when duty and inclination run in accord, is it not?" sneered his father.

That sneer was almost too much for poor Victor. Weary and out of sorts as he was, he felt less fitted than usual to bear with patience his amiable parent's buffets. Moreover, this scoffing suggestion irritated him the more from the fact that there was an element of truth in it. Still, by a strong effort he kept back the resentful words that burned on his tongue. As regarded his father, this young man had already learned the difficult lesson of self-control. If that Scripture adage be true—"He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city"—he had also earned his patent of nobility. At any rate, he had proved himself, often enough, a victorious general over forces other than those of war and bloodshed. It was once remarked by an observant visitor at his house, that to live with the elder McNicoll was enough to make a man either exceptionally good or exceptionally bad. On his son, however, it had produced neither the one effect nor the other. For one reason, there were in his case counter-influences at work whereof the observer in question had taken no account. Association with his father had added no happiness to Victor's life, but it had been the means of giving moral strength and vigour to his character. The tenderness which was required to modify that vigour, and which was also to be found in the young fellow's nature, had been developed through the influence of his mother. That influence had formed his ballast and mainstay; for Victor was conscious of possessing some taint of his father's hot and cynical temper—which fact made his manful self-government in all relationships with him the more meritorious.

As for Mr. McNicoll, his disposition might at times be described as positively vicious. Not only did he take no care to avoid treading on the mental corns of his family and dependents, but he was at pains to seek out those corns, in order—so it really appeared—that he might have the satisfaction of stamping on them. Fortunately for the members of his home-circle, his habits were solitary, and he spent much of his time alone. When he did inflict his presence upon wife or children, the effect was either that of a cold douche-bath or a pungent blister. And the consciousness that he was disagreeable—Mr. McNicoll was fully aware of this truth—the knowledge that his children feared, and his *employés* at the mill detested him, only re-acted in making him more savage and morose. Year by year, almost month by month, his unchecked ill-humours had grown upon him. Yet Mr. McNicoll was not a bad man, nor, at the bottom of his heart, an unkind one. In all his business dealings he was just and honourable. Farther, so far as money-giving was concerned, he was generous. His name stood high on the list of many public charities, and his work-people, though they did not know it, owed every rise in their wages, and such liberalities as a Christmas dinner and Midsummer treat, to him rather than to the partner whom they so much preferred. Thoroughly moral, too, Mr. McNicoll did not drink, gamble, or indulge

in any other such propensity. Whilst they did not love him, therefore, his children were not wholly without respect for him. For her part, his wife, notwithstanding the constant rebuffs which her affection had received, still loved him more than she dared venture to show.

There are many men who, like Mr. McNicoll, sit as incubuses on their own hearthstones, clouding the happiness and marring the lives of all around them. Verily, such men have their reward.

"I suppose, father," said Victor, venturing at length to speak, "that Harry Bentham has managed the books satisfactorily?"

"So far as I know, he has," was the grumbling admission.

"Then my absence has not really caused any particular inconvenience?"

"No, nor any general inconvenience either, for that matter," snarled his father. "In your place, however, I should not be so ready to admit or to *prove* that I could be so easily done without. You are satisfied, it appears, to be a nonentity in the business, and yet you have the assumption to consider yourself injured because you are not made a partner."

Victor pushed away his coffee-cup and rose from the table. "That I am *not* a nonentity in the business, sir, you are very well aware," he remarked, in a low tone of suppressed annoyance. "Also you are aware that, although you and Mr. Courteney have consulted together with reference to giving me a partnership, I myself have never pressed the question."

"Too proud, I suppose—eh?"

Victor did not reply.

"Did you hear me, sir?" angrily queried Mr. McNicoll. "I ask, are you too proud to seek a favour from your father, as any other son might?"

"It is not pride, father, that has kept me from pressing the matter, I think."

"But *I* think it is!" retorted the other. "You're just as full of pride as you can hold, though what you have to be proud of it would be difficult to say. Why are you standing there? Sit down, pray."

"I am going to bed, sir. Good night, mother."

"Humph! Very courteous and dutiful to march off to bed directly I come into the room, after an absence of three weeks or more," observed his father.

"Victor is very tired, William," put in his wife. "He has been travelling, you must consider, without stopping, for two days."

"Dear me! And his organisation is too delicate to stand the strain of so tremendous a journey? Well, by all means let him take himself off."

"Oh, Victor! and you have not told us a single word about your adventures!" exclaimed Jessie, darting a resentful glance at her sire. "It is too bad! Please don't go yet."

"My adventures will keep till to-morrow, Jessie," rejoined her brother. "I am, as mother says, very tired. Moreover, the domestic atmosphere is not very breathable this evening. I can't stand it any longer." And with this Parthian shaft the young man hurried from the room.

After his departure, Mr. McNicoll subsided into a grim taciturnity, and addressed no further word to any of his family. It was Victor's impression sometimes that his father absolutely hated him. How surprised he would have been could he have known the truth! That truth was, that in the secret depths of his haughty and contentious nature Mr. McNicoll almost idolised his son—that he loved him with a passionate fervour of affection and admiration, all the more ardent in that he would not allow it expression.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

REVEALS AN IMPORTANT SECRET.

FOR some minutes after he had shut himself in his own chamber Victor stood leaning against the mantelshelf, pondering with a chafed and troubled air over the injustice and unkindness of his father's reception.

But his disturbance on this score did not last long. That grievance was too old—the skeleton of the household, too familiar to excite him greatly. He was accustomed to it. One can get used to anything, even to wearing a hair shirt or to the excruciating noises of a machinist's factory.

Sitting down to pull off his boots, Victor dismissed the vexed subject, and, with a quick rebound, his mind reverted to certain engrossing reflections which had occupied him throughout his homeward journey. As a consequence, his perception of objective realities grew dim, his consciousness ceasing to take subjective note of them. Oblivious, to all intents and purposes, of where he was, he mechanically prepared for rest, and had soon forgotten his father's cool reception of him.

To confess the truth—a truth which, as yet, the young fellow himself hardly realised—Victor McNicoll had been laid hold upon by that one supreme passion, before which (especially at its first onslaught) all other human sentiments and affections dwarf and pale. He had fallen in love with Idalia Bretherton—deeply and passionately in love. It is true that he had only known her for three days, but they had been days of almost constant companionship, and, short though the time may appear, it had been long enough for the purpose.

A sharp line seemed to him now to have divided his life in two. That line cut across at the foot of the Mürren—henceforth to him a mountain of sacred mystery, as Sinai or Tabor to the Israelites. Before ascending that mountain he had been one man, when he came down it he was another. His life, with all its hopes and interests, had there been transformed by a magic more potent than that of a necromancer's wand.

That Idalia's beauty—a beauty so singular and exceptional—was the *fons et origo* of young McNicoll's day-dreams need not be denied.

Who, indeed, can deny that beauty of person is an enormous power? And why should it not be so? One has as much right to delight in the beauty of a lovely face as of a lovely view, or in the harmony of a graceful figure as that of music and rhythm.

A man can no more help the vibrations of joy he

experiences in contemplation of a smooth rounded cheek, of long lashes framing eyes of liquid depth, of delicate lips taking exquisite curves, of dimpled chins, or any of the other numerous notes of beauty whose charms poor words fail to portray, than he can help being touched by the sweet cadence of a song, or the mystic entrancement of a fair landscape seen by moonlight.

And it is often the noblest nature that is most sensitive to this subtle influence of personal beauty. A sensuous man sensualises what he looks upon. His imagination, piercing through the outer veil of loveliness, sees, or fancies it sees, impurity within. With the good man, on the contrary, beauty seems naturally the correlative of goodness. To him it is the expression of something beyond and above itself. It is the embodiment of his spiritual yearnings after innocence, truth, tenderness, and all virtue.

It is for this reason—because of the mystery which underlies it, and which claims kindred with the deeper mysteries of his own soul—that a true and pure-minded man may prove most susceptible to that power which "itself doth of itself persuade the eyes of men, without an orator."

"'NO, I CAN'T SHAKE HANDS,' SAID MR. MCNICOLL" (*p.* 67).

That Victor McNicoll was by any means a perfect young man is not pretended, but unquestionably he was pure and true, and unquestionably, also, Idalia Bretherton's rare loveliness had found its way to the inmost windings of his nature, and had touched the chords of his deepest faith and sympathy. But in this

case personal attraction, though it was the beginning, was not the end of the matter.

Victor was fully persuaded that here, at all events, the jewel was worthy of the casket. He had talked with Idalia, and had discovered that she possessed a refined mind. He had watched her, and had seen that she had a noble nature.

But that, perhaps, which had aroused his admiration most of all was her devotion to her father. That devotion was so utterly unaffected and simple, yet so patent, that all who ran might read. It was evident that the girl was not troubled with even the shadow of shame in his regard. Her tender love for him covered all defects in his speech and manner, and bridged over the gulf which her superior education, natural refinement, and adaptability to circumstances had set between them. That sharp contrast, which was so marked to others as to make them marvel at the relationship, appeared to have no existence in Idalia's own consciousness.

And what would have been touching in this passionate affection as exhibited by an uninteresting elderly woman, or a plain, freckled girl like Jessie McNicoll, became infinitely lovely in Idalia. To Victor she seemed a thing apart—a wonder of creation in her adorable perfection.

In her presence he had been content to gaze and sigh; or, at least, he had been so content at all times but when he had seen his cousin, Charlie Nunnerley, seated by her side.

Unfortunately, however, he had been forced to see Charlie a good deal by her side. The lessons in chess, begun on that first afternoon, had been several times repeated. Idalia had seemed really anxious to learn the game, and Charlie had shown himself equally anxious to teach it to her; and, naturally, the conversation over the chess-board had not been entirely confined to the movements of castles and pawns.

Looking on from a distance, and feeding with each glance a sentiment which he did not yet detect as incipient jealousy, Victor had seen the two laughing and talking together, sometimes to the neglect for a considerable time of the pieces before them.

Moreover, he had frequently surprised Charlie gazing with furtive, but unmistakable, admiration at the lovely features opposite to him; and, forgetful of the fact that he had himself suggested that the young artist should make a study of those features, to his professional advantage, Victor, inconsistently enough, had been moved by the sight to indignant annoyance.

Knowing something that he did about Charlie in relation to another young lady, and guessing more than he knew, it had struck him as the height of impertinence that he should direct his admiration to, or force his attentions upon, Idalia.

Then, to crown what in Victor's eyes was, even if nothing worse, an audacity of assurance in his conduct, Charlie had remained behind on the Mürren for another day after he had himself been forced to leave. He had remained with the express object of accompanying the Brethertons to Interlaken on the following morning, when they purposed to make the journey there.

Furthermore, both the father and daughter had frankly avowed their pleasure in this arrangement, and had confided to Victor their mutual opinion that his cousin was an "exceedingly nice young fellow."

With that "nice young fellow" Victor had not parted on particularly cordial terms. Not having much in common, the two had never been strongly attached (although till now their intercourse had always proved amicable), and, on Charlie's side as well as his, a coolness had sprung up during their stay upon the mountain.

So far, therefore, as the loss of his company was concerned, Victor might not have objected very strongly to this unfriendly desertion of himself; but all the way home—through that dream-like journey which had followed their separation—he had been tortured with visions of Charlie and Idalia seated together over their chess-board, or travelling in each other's company.

With these unpleasant impressions, however (he had not sought to analyse fully *why* they were so unpleasant), there had mingled more agreeable, but scarcely less exciting, thoughts.

Over and over again he had lived through the history of those three days. Every word that Idalia had spoken in his hearing seemed to be stamped upon his brain; each attitude and movement of her graceful figure he remembered; every particular in her dress (he had never before been used to notice ladies' dresses) had fixed itself upon his mind.

Without difficulty his active memory recalled all the turns of the quiet little talks he had held with her. Sweet reminiscences thrilled him of smiles which she had given him, of moments when her glorious eyes had looked with frank kindliness into his own, of rapturous accidents whereby her dress or her hand had chanced to touch him.

Poor Victor! He had never, it is true, been in love before, yet one might have thought that the signs of his present condition were too plain to have escaped his own recognition.

Even now, "thoughts, dreams, and sighs, wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers," kept him long from the slumber he so much needed. At length, however, utterly worn out, he dropped off into unconsciousness, and slept soundly until what was for him a late hour of the morning.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

A DOMESTIC CHAT.

DESPITE his spare frame and sallow complexion, Victor McNicoll possessed a capital constitution. A good night's rest sufficed to restore him to his usual health, and in much better spirits than on the previous evening he descended to the breakfast-room.

The customary hour for the morning meal was 8.30. As yet it was not much past nine, but already, Victor found, his father had left the house. The rest

of the family, however, still lingered round the table; and, after returning their affectionate salutations, Victor took his place, apologising as he did so for the lateness of his appearance.

"You know, mother, I have had to make up my arrears of sleep," he added.

"To be sure!" answered his mother. "You did right to take a long rest. I was just going to send up to inquire whether you would breakfast in bed."

"And so earn the appellation of 'milksop' which my father applied to me last night? No, thank you, mother."

"We were obliged to begin our own breakfast very punctually this morning," resumed Mrs. McNicoll, with a deprecating glance. "Your father has a good deal of business to look after before twelve. The funeral is to be at that hour, and Mr. Courteney and he have both been invited to attend it. *You* will be at the grave, too, will you not?"

"Of course I will!" returned the young man. "But, dear me! I have hardly had time to realise that awful business yet. So poor Sir Jonathan is actually dead? Though he has been an invalid so long, one never looked for him to die. But let me hear the particulars now, please. We were interrupted last evening when you were speaking of it, Dora."

"I should think we *were* interrupted!" broke in Miss Jessie. "Did you ever know the pater more abominably fractious? I was rejoiced when he took himself off so early this morning. Now we can have a good talk, Victor, and you can tell us your news."

Victor smiled, and his colour rose slightly.

"Well, yes," he observed, "I have a small piece of news which I expect will interest you all. But, first, about Sir Jonathan. Didn't you say, Dora, that it was a stroke of some kind?"

"Yes, an apoplectic fit," replied his sister. "Poor man, he had gone into the stable-yard, immediately after luncheon, to say something to one of the grooms, and whilst he was in the act of speaking, he fell down on the pavement. The seizure did not last a quarter of an hour, and he was carried back to the house dead!"

"What a terrible shock for his wife!"

"Indeed yes! she has not left her room since," said Dora. "But really, Victor, she is such a dreadful woman! One can't feel so much sympathy with her as one ought."

"Dreadful?" echoed her brother. "Why, what has she done that is dreadful?"

"Oh, Victor! you know how she hates poor Arthur," said Dora.

"And it is such unreasonable—such unnatural malice!" added Jessie. "Is it *his* fault that he is heir to the estate, or that he is so like her dead son?"

"Or that he was born in the same year, and bears the same name," supplemented Victor. "No, it is not his fault; and he is the nicest young fellow I know. Still, one can make some allowance for Lady Ledsom's feelings. Arthur's death was a dreadful blow to her; and the two boys having been together when he was drowned, she naturally——"

"Forgets that his cousin risked his own life to save him," broke in impetuous Jessie; "that Arthur would have been drowned too, if it had not been for that boatman. How can you make excuses for her, Victor? Is there any justice in her dislike of Arthur?"

"Certainly not, my dear. But then, women, you know, are not always just. They sometimes allow their feelings to get the better of their judgments."

"And don't men? Fie, Victor! That is just like one of father's remarks. Don't emulate his style of complimenting our sex, or you will get sat upon, I can tell you!" laughed Jessie. "But about Lady Ledsom: even mother admits that she is treating her nephew shamefully—don't you, mother?"

"Poor woman!" sighed Mrs. McNicoll. "Yes, it is to her own loss that she closes her heart against him. If she would only let him, Arthur would be a true son to her."

"But she has actually refused to see him!" said Dora. "He was sent for on the day of his uncle's death, and he has been at Feldhurst Court now nearly a week without having once been admitted to her presence. It has made him so unhappy, Victor. I really don't know what he would have done without mother."

"*And Dora*," subjoined Jessie significantly. "He has been here every day to pour out his sorrows in their sympathetic ears."

"I suppose," said Victor, without any thought of satire in the suggestion, "I suppose he will come in for almost everything? The estate is principally in land, and strictly entailed."

"Yes, that is the worst of it," returned Mrs. McNicoll. "Lady Ledsom, poor thing, will only have £800 a year now—her jointure money—and that pretty little cottage *orné*, 'Frenchfield,' which her husband made her a present of by deed of gift. She is going to leave the Court and live there."

"Humph! there ought to be no necessity for that so long as Arthur is unmarried," commented Victor. "Why should she leave the Court?"

"It is entirely her own doing," protested Dora. "Sir Arthur—I think we ought to give him his title——"

"But you know he won't let you, Dora," interposed her sister. "He says it is ridiculous and unkind, when we have known him all his life, to begin making a stranger of him now. And—ahem! I don't wish to call up your blushes, my dear—but I observed him emphasising the remonstrance in your case by a tender squeeze of the hand."

"Jessie, how absurd you are!" expostulated Dora, the deprecated blushes spreading hotly over her face. "Of course he looks on us both almost as sisters."

"Does he? Ah, well! I can't say that he is strictly impartial in his brotherly attentions. But proceed, please, with what you were about to remark. I am anxious to hear Victor's news."

"And I also," returned Dora. "I was only going to tell him about that letter. As she would not see him, Victor, Arthur wrote to his aunt, begging her to remain at the Court, and to look upon it still as her own property. He told her that rather than she

should go away he would himself live elsewhere. He said that for a young fellow like him to occupy that great house alone would be wretched; and he ended by entreating her to allow him to live with her, and to try to be a good son to her, in remembrance of the time when she was a good mother to him, when she had taken him as an orphan boy to live in her house. Of course, his going to live at Feldhurst Court was Sir Jonathan's doing," pursued Dora, "whereas his banishment after her son's death was hers; but that was how he put it. It was a noble letter, wasn't it, Victor? and just like him. But how do you think Lady Ledsom answered it?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure. How?"

"Actually in the third person! And such a curt, cruel note. Mother, can you remember the words?"

"It is a pity that any one should remember them, my dear," said gentle Mrs. McNicoll; "and I am ashamed to think that a woman of Lady Ledsom's education and position could be so hard. But perhaps, poor thing, when the first brunt of her affliction is over, she may begin to view matters in a happier and more reasonable light."

"I don't think it is in her to be either reasonable or happy," observed Jessie. "Her disposition is not altogether unlike that of our amiable dad."

"Jessie! Jessie!" reproved her mother, with a shake of the head; "you are speaking of your father, recollect."

The good lady was wont to enter an occasional protest against her daughter's irreverence.

"Of course I am, mother," laughed the girl. "It is a great relief to the mortal dread I suffer in his presence, to be able to speak of him as I please behind his back. Don't, for pity's sake, try to stop up that escape-pipe for my emotions. But now let us dismiss the Ledsom topic. Arthur will tell you everything himself, Vic, I'm sure; and I am on thorns to know what this news is that you say will interest us. Has it anything to do with Cousin Charlie?"

"No," returned Victor, drawing forth his watch as he spoke. "It has nothing to do with Charlie. But I must be off in a few minutes, so there won't be much time to dwell on the news. This is it:—Last week I met and made acquaintance with the people who are coming to live at Monkswood."

"Dear me! Do you mean Mrs. Curtis' brother?" demanded Mrs. McNicoll.

"Yes. His name is Bretherton. I met him and his daughter. There is a son, too; but I did not see the son."

"How very curious! How did you get to know them, Vic? And where did you meet them?" asked Dora.

"What are they like? Do tell us," said Jessie. "Is the girl nice? Are they coming soon? And why upon earth have they been so long in taking possession of the place?"

"Any more questions?" laughed Victor; "or will these do to be going on with? Thanks. Then I'll endeavour to answer them *seriatim*. I met Mr. and Miss Bretherton at the hotel on the Mürren, and through being kept there by the snow, I had the pleasure of seeing a good deal of them. For the last nine months or a year—I forget which—they have been travelling about the Continent prior to settling down in England. At present they are, I expect, in Belgium; but early next week—on Tuesday, I think—they hope to arrive at Monkswood."

"Next Tuesday? Really, this *is* interesting! To have new neighbours in a quiet country place like this is an affair of moment, with a capital M. But you didn't answer the questions *seriatim*, sir; and you missed the most important of them all: what are they like? Bretherton sounds rather a grand name; are they grand people?"

Victor smiled. "They are very *rich* people," he replied, "but certainly not 'grand.' The epithet sounds rather absurd as applied to Mr. Bretherton."

"Why, what kind of a man is he?"

"The most innocent and ingenuous man I ever met in my life," asserted her brother. "After all, there *is* a kind of grandeur about him—the grandeur of genuine simplicity."

"Really? He seems to have impressed you favourably, at any rate. Is he at all like Mrs. Curtis?"

"No, Jessie; he is about as unlike her as he can well be. I'm afraid you'll be prejudiced against him when I tell you that he looks like a common, rough farm-labourer, and that, in point of fact, he has been a farmer all his life."

"You don't say so? And Mrs. Curtis' brother? But surely he is an educated man?" questioned Dora.

"No, my dear, he is not educated," rejoined Victor; "nor, in the ordinary sense of the term, is he even a gentleman. Still, I hope you won't consider it *infra dig.* to associate with him, because if you do I think you will make a great mistake."

"But, Victor, you astonish me," said his mother. "Mrs. Curtis was one of the most lady-like women I ever saw."

"True; but, at the same time, she was not *born* a lady, mother. Did she ever tell you anything of her early life?"

Mrs. McNicoll reflected for a moment.

"Nothing about her childhood that I remember," she answered. "But of course I knew a good deal respecting her first husband; she very often spoke of him."

"Well, her mother was a lady's-maid, and her father a farmer, living in an out-of-the-way corner of North Carolina. But I'll just tell you in a few words," he went on, after a moment's hesitation, "all that I have learned concerning the family."

And thereupon he proceeded to repeat, in a condensed form, the particulars which Mr. Bretherton had so frankly communicated to Charlie Nunnerley and himself in the hotel billiard-room on that first morning of their acquaintance.

The ladies listened with deep attention.

"Then the son and daughter are educated, at any rate, if the father is not," remarked Dora, when he had concluded.

"Decidedly they are," Victor protested. "Miss

Bretherton is remarkably like her aunt, Mrs. Curtis, as you will see, and every bit as lady-like. You will call on her, will you not? Of course you must. In fact," he continued, a little nervously, "I have already promised that you should; and I expect you will become great friends."

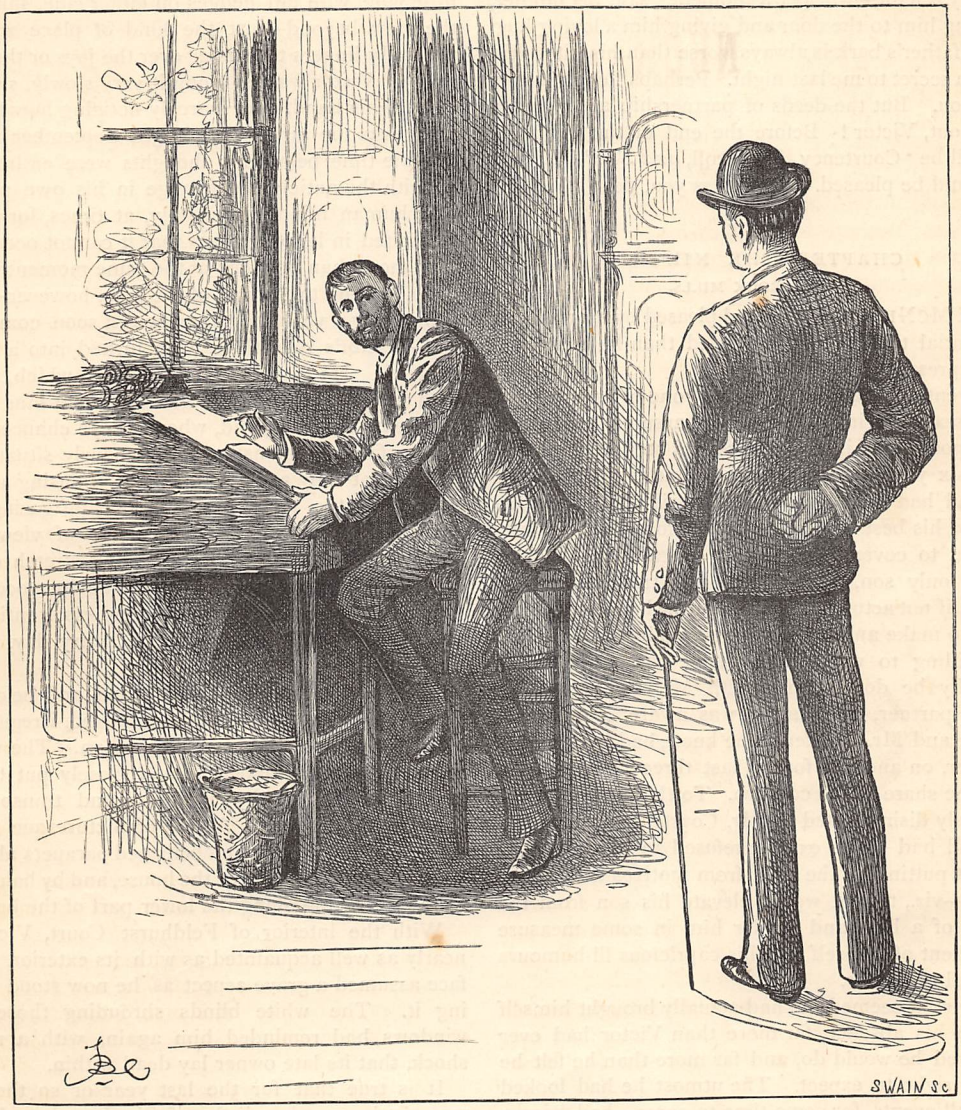
"Query," rejoined Jessie. "But as a matter of course we shall call. How old is she, Victor?"

"Just your own age—eighteen. But I think she looks older rather than you do, Jessie." Victor rose to his feet whilst making this observation. Somehow, though it was so sweet to think of Idalia, he felt strangely shy about speaking of her. "I must go now."

"Oh, wait a minute!" begged Jessie. "I want to know a host more things. Is Miss Bretherton as good-looking as I am?" Jessie's plainness was secretly a very sore point with her, and she greatly exaggerated to herself its extent. Nevertheless, she was given to being jocular upon the subject. "I can't do with any rival to my claims as belle of Upton and High Radstow, you know. Don't tell me she is pretty."

Victor laughed. "I won't," he answered; "I'll say nothing about her appearance at all. I will leave you to judge of it for yourselves when you see her."

"But you forget. You have said something about it already," put in Dora. "You said she was remark-



"IT WAS TENANTED AT PRESENT BY ONLY ONE PERSON" (*p.* 76).

ably like Mrs. Curtis, and Mrs. Curtis was a remarkably handsome woman."

"Ah, well! Wait till you see her niece! Wait till you see Miss Idalia Bretherton! But now I really must run off to the mill, or I shall be getting into trouble."

"Stay, Victor—whisper a moment," said his mother, following him to the door and giving him a loving hug. "Your father's bark is always worse than his bite. He let out a secret to me last night. Perhaps I ought not to tell it you. But the deeds of partnership are actually drawn out, Victor! Before the end of the week the firm will be 'Courteney, McNicoll, *and Son*.' I knew you would be pleased. God bless you, dear!"

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

UPTON BROOK MILLS.

VICTOR MCNICOLL was indeed pleased by his mother's confidential tidings—more pleased than he could well have expressed.

At twenty-five, a man, especially one of any strength of character, begins to long for an assured position in life—a position of independence and standing.

For six years now Victor had gone regularly to the mill, and had worked there industriously, giving his time and his best energies in return for a salary barely sufficient to cover his personal expenditure. As his father's only son, he had felt this treatment to be illiberal, if not actually unjust. But he had not thought proper to make any strong protest against it. He had been willing to wait, in the hope that right would eventually be done him. With Mr. Courteney, his father's partner, he was, he was aware, a prime favourite; and Mr. Courteney, he knew, had been urging his father, on and off, for the last three years to give him some share in the concern. To this proposition—generously disinterested on Mr. Courteney's part—Mr. McNicoll had never exactly refused to listen, but he had kept putting off the step, from motives that Victor guessed—viz., that it would elevate his son from the position of a boy, and render him in some measure independent of himself and his capricious ill-humours and small tyrannies.

Yet now, it seemed, he had actually brought himself to do, in his absence, far more than Victor had ever anticipated he would do, and far more than he felt he had any right to expect. The utmost he had looked for—at all events, for some time to come—had been a small interest in the business. He had not dreamt of anything like a full partnership, or such a partnership as would entitle him to have his name added to that of the firm. From what his mother had said, however, this was to be done—it was to be a *bonâ fide* partnership; and to be a partner in such a lucrative and flourishing business as this had proved for long years past would, Victor reflected, give him at once a certain standing in local society. He was glad of it—doubly glad, somehow, to be able to take that standing before Idalia Bretherton's arrival in the neighbourhood.

As he left the house, Victor's heart warmed towards his father. Always dutiful in his regard, both in thought and conduct, he was conscious this morning of the birth within him of grateful feeling that was almost akin to affection.

His way to the mill took the young man, first, down a narrow lane, which ran off from the road close by the side of the house. It was a very quiet and shady little lane, with tall hedges on either side, shutting out the view beyond—just the kind of place where one naturally lingers to ponder over the joys or the sorrows of life. Victor walked along it very slowly, swinging a cane in his hand, and scarcely noticing how fresh and sweet was the air on this bright September morning. For the time being, his thoughts were entirely taken up with the anticipated change in his own prospects. The human mind (fortunately, at times, for us all) is so limited in its operations that it cannot occupy itself with more than one idea at the same moment.

On coming to the end of the lane, however—and, as it was only a very short one, he did soon come to the end—Victor's reflections were turned into a different channel. He had mounted a stile, which, together with a five-barred gate, terminated the lane and led into some fields beyond, when his eye chanced to fall upon a fine old mansion conspicuously situated on a hill-side at only a short distance. Pausing upon the top of the stile, Victor stood for awhile gazing at this mansion. From his present point of view it was plainly visible, rising above a sloping stretch of green park-land, and flanked on either side by woods which seemed to promise "some boundless contiguity of shade," and which, on a glaring, sultry day, were refreshing even to look upon.

The house was built of grey stone, and belonged to one of the simpler orders of that mixed, irregular style of architecture known as Elizabethan. The windows were exceedingly numerous and closely put together, and were divided by mullions and transoms into many compartments. An air of picturesque magnificence was imparted by embellished parapets above the windows and at the top of the house, and by balustraded terraces running along the lower part of the building.

With the interior of Feldhurst Court, Victor was nearly as well acquainted as with its exterior, and his face assumed a grave aspect as he now stood regarding it. The white blinds shrouding those many windows had reminded him again, with a renewed shock, that its late owner lay dead within.

It is true that for the last year or so the young man had seen but little of Sir Jonathan Ledsom, from the fact that the baronet's invalid condition had prevented him from wandering beyond his own grounds. But, unlike most representatives of a lineage so ancient and honourable as his own, Sir Jonathan had possessed little pride of caste. He had married a lady from the middle ranks of life, and he had never disdained to associate on terms of equality with his well-to-do neighbours, whose gold he knew to be won by trade.

In his boyhood Victor McNicoll had been a close and chosen friend of young Arthur—Sir Jonathan's only son—and also (when he was taken to live with them at the Court) of Arthur's cousin and name-

sake—the orphan child of Sir Jonathan's younger brother.

As may have been gathered from the conversation reported in the last chapter, the son and heir—a bright, fair-haired youth, just eighteen at the time—had lost his life through a boating accident. That accident had taken place at the Scotch lakes, whither the cousins had been permitted to go alone—independent, for the first time, of parents or tutors. In company with a couple of boatmen, the two boys had been fishing on Loch Katrine, when the elder Arthur, stooping over the boat's side in some manipulation of his line, had suddenly lost his balance, and fallen overboard. How it happened, whether from cramp or some other cause, could never be clearly ascertained, but the poor boy had not risen again to the surface. His cousin, frantic with alarm and distress, had plunged into the water after him.

Being unable, however, to swim more than a few strokes, his gallant efforts towards a rescue would infallibly have resulted in his own death, had it not been for one of the boatmen, who, in his turn, had gone in after the second boy.

As it was, his half-drowning, together with the shock of his cousin's loss, had brought on a severe illness, from which Arthur had been long in recovering.

When eventually he did recover, and was able to return to Feldhurst Court—of which he was now the legal heir—the poor lad had found his home miserably changed. His aunt, Lady Ledsom, by whom hitherto he had been treated with every kindness, appeared, to his surprise, to have conceived a distressing aversion to him. And that aversion, instead of diminishing, had seemed only to increase as the months went by. In fact, before the end of a year after the fatal event, the unhappy lady had become almost unable to endure the sight of him who reminded her so strikingly of her own son, and who, she never ceased bitterly to reflect, had gained so much through that son's death.

At length, out of regard to his wife's feelings (though he condemned them, at the same time, as both wicked and unjust), Sir Jonathan had sent his nephew off to Cambridge.

There at the University—albeit that he was by no means very studiously inclined—Arthur had remained ever since, paying only short visits in each vacation to his uncle's house and his own future inheritance.

During those vacation visits the young fellow had always been a frequent and welcome guest at Mrs. McNicoll's hospitable board, and he had taken pains to keep up his old friendship with Victor, as well as to cultivate that of Victor's family.

So matters had stood until now. But now Arthur would go away no more. He had come into his inheritance and his title.

Feldhurst Court was his, together with an unencumbered estate and an income of £12,000 a year. For a moment Victor experienced a twinge of envy of this fortunate young man, who was as yet only twenty-three years of age—two years his own junior.

The unworthy sentiment, however, was very swiftly banished, and Victor descended the stile. Losing sight of the Court, which now lay behind him to the left, he faced the Upton Brook Mill, or Mills. The singular or plural term was used indiscriminately, because, although but one concern, there were in reality two distinct mills—each a large square building, four storeys in height. Between the two, and uniting them by an interior communication, appeared a range of counting-houses. The whole mass of buildings were of red brick, with facings of stone; but, from the colour of the bricks, it was evident that one of the mills, as well as the range of offices, was of a later date than the other.

Notwithstanding the name "Upton Brook," which might seem to indicate an elevated situation, the mills, as regarded the adjacent country, stood low. Approaching them now, Victor had to descend by a sloping field-path through a couple of meadows. In one of these a number of short-horned cows were grazing on the soft, long grass; in the other, sheaves of yellow corn stood ready to be carted away. This little walk to the mill was one of which Victor never tired. The young man delighted in the country, and loved all sweet country sights and sounds. The glory of fruit blossom, the delicious scent of hay-making, the cooing of wood-pigeons, the reposeful aspect of long shadows lying athwart the tender green herbage—these and a hundred other things were a constant joy to him, yet one to which he rarely gave expression in words. As already hinted, he was not of a demonstrative nature, and many of his feelings were manifested only by the kindling of his dark eyes, or the softening or hardening of the lines about his firm mouth.

The only manufactory of any sort, within a radius of ten miles, these woollen cloth mills, standing as they did in a hollow, offered little or no detriment to the beauty of the undulating and well-wooded landscape.

The site for them had been chosen, no doubt, on account of a river which ran past on the other side, and which supplied the necessary water for working purposes. In that river there were fish—fat perch and speckled trout—and Victor had passed many happy hours of his rare holidays in angling for them in company with Arthur Ledsom.

Hurrying a little as he drew nearer, the young man crossed a narrow cart-road, separating the fields from the mill, and passed in at an open door in the centre of the range of offices.

A second open door at the end of the entrance-passage gave view upon a large paved yard which filled up the square space between the two mills.

Victor walked to the end of this passage and looked forth.

The private office, shared by his father with Mr. Courteney, opened from the yard, and adjoined the huge "packing-room," where the finished cloth was made up into bales ready for carting away, and Victor hesitated for a second whether to seek Mr. McNicoll there.

Then, turning back, he entered a room to the right of the passage, bestowed a curt but friendly greeting upon four or five clerks who were seated around it before their desks, and passed on to an inner apartment.

This was his own private office—by virtue of his occupying the post of head cashier, to which he had been promoted some eighteen months previously.

It was tenanted at present by only one person—a man some twenty-six or seven years of age—who was stooping industriously over a ledger.

"Well, Harry, my boy, how are you?" asked Victor, touching his shoulder.

The other started. He had the misfortune to be somewhat deaf, and had not heard Victor come in.

"Oh! how do you do? I'm extremely glad to see you back!" he exclaimed, grasping Victor's proffered hand in a hearty shake.

Although not the sort of man to be a universal favourite (it is seldom the highest type of men that are), Victor McNicoll was capable of inspiring very warm attachments, both amongst his equals and inferiors. All the clerks, and every workman about the place, respected him, and there were many among them that loved him.

Harry Bentham, his special assistant and sub-cashier, certainly did so, and notwithstanding the fact that they seldom met out of business hours, a real friendship subsisted between the two young men.

"You can't imagine how dismal the office has seemed without you," he subjoined.

"But you have managed splendidly, I hear. I believe, Harry, you could now take my place altogether."

"Well, I suppose I am to have the opportunity of trying. You know, don't you, that I have been offered the post?"

"What—of cashier?" Victor demanded in surprise.

"Yes, with a salary, to begin with, of two hundred and fifty pounds a year, and promises of advance. But Mr. McNicoll says you will continue to take a general supervision of the financial department. And now let me congratulate you with all my heart on——"

"No, Harry; you had better not, please," interposed Victor. "My father has not spoken to me yet about any projected changes. I fancy he wishes to surprise me. I'd rather you didn't say anything more at present. Come, let's have a look at the books." And, mounting a stool, Victor settled to work in silence.

The silence, however, was presently interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman—to wit, Mr. Courteney.

He was a tall, robust man, with light, tow-coloured hair, a broad, flat-nosed, clean-shaven face, and a genial smile.

"Hello! young man—here you are! Back from your racketing and dissipation. Well, you've had a jolly time of it, haven't you? My girl Hester has kept me posted up as to your wanderings. Heard of them from your sisters, I suppose—unless you have been sending her the news direct! If so, the sly puss has kept the secret."

Victor blushed—not with pleasure, but with annoyance at the insinuation; and Mr. Courteney, with a graver air, resumed—

"This is a sad thing that has happened in your absence—isn't it?—about Sir Jonathan. Your father and I are just going off to the funeral in a few moments. You know, of course, that we have been specially invited by Lady Ledsom to attend it, though I should have gone to the church in any case. Poor man! he was always a friendly neighbour, and one is glad to show respect to his memory."

"I intend also to be at the grave," said Victor.

"Yes, do, my lad. And, by the way, I want you to dine with me this evening, if you will. Your father is coming also, and Mr. Trent." (Mr. Trent was the principal solicitor in High Radstow.) "There is a little business that we shall want your assistance about settling. Dinner at seven prompt. You'll come, I suppose?"

"Certainly I will, Mr. Courteney. Thank you."

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

OUR AUTOGRAPH BOOKS.

VOICES FROM THE ICE. IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IT is impossible for an autograph collector to produce from his varied treasures handwritings of greater men or of greater interest than those of our Arctic voyagers—men whose names are known all over the world, and whose courage and endurance have placed them, one and all, in the foremost ranks of Great Britain's heroes, and given them a standing-point in history which, as long as the world lasts, cannot be taken from them.

These are the chosen band who, for their country's sake and in the noble cause of science, went forth willingly to suffer and—if need be—to die.

They were all filled, no doubt, at the outset of their journeys with high hope, and for the successful discoverers they knew well there was rich reward and brightest glory to be gained, but they also knew that before them lay hardships innumerable—difficulties, dangers and sufferings too great to be realised beforehand; starvation, disappointments, and, for some, death.

Of this devoted band of warriors we know now, how, in most of their expeditions, their worst anticipations were realised, and although some have lived to snatch the victor's wreath, and have added glory to glory by their discoveries, yet at what a cost! And how the thought of their loved companions must have haunted them in the moment of triumph, those whom they had seen "drop down by the way as they walked"—those who had shared with them the last morsel of food, and

who, incapable of further advance, had fallen back to rest and had risen no more! Here and there along this golden track of victory lies a skeleton—rarely a tomb; a few lines from a journal, penned in uttermost weakness, recording bravely words of hope, but which hope for them was never to be realised; a little garden, neatly shaped and tended; a cairn of stones, ransacked of its treasures by the bears of this desolate region or the faithless hands of Indians and Esquimaux.

Some have recorded their miraculous escapes from such perils as these, and voices from the ice-world tell us, "In this our deep distress we called upon the Lord, and He heard our voices out of His temple, and our cry came before Him"; but others He called to Himself, and gave to them that crown of glory which no man ever can seek to emulate, and which can never be taken from them.

One letter which lies before us now is one full of a special interest, having been written by Sir John Franklin while actually in command of one of these most perilous Arctic expeditions, and is addressed to his devoted friend and companion, Mr., afterwards Sir George, Back, whose name is so well known for his heroic courage and unwavering fidelity to the cause he had taken in hand.

Franklin and Back had in their previous expedition in search of the North-west Passage been companions in misfortune. Together they had endured cold and hunger, and faced death in many and terrible forms. For days they had been without food; or if they had procured any, it had been, perhaps, a feast of old leather torn from the very shoes they wore on their feet, or the acrid marrow of old bones dug with toil and pain from the frozen earth; or perhaps they hailed, with a hideous thrill of joy, the sight of a deer's head, eyeless and tongueless, protruding from the snow, the forsaken relics of some wolfish repast.

The letter which we now publish was written on Franklin's second great expedition in search of a North-west Passage, when, warned by all the previous sufferings and privations of his former journey, he was constantly on the watch, lest through accident or want of forethought the provisions should once more run short, and the same miseries be entailed on the band of trusty followers committed to his charge.

It was written at Pierre au Calumet, and was either sent to Back by the hands of Indians, or was left at the fort for Back, who was following Franklin with Kendall, another of the well-known Arctic voyagers.

It is strange that this letter should have survived all the vicissitudes of so terrible a journey and should still remain in the perfect preservation in which we now possess it, and that we should know beyond a doubt that the hand which penned it was the hand of the great Sir John Franklin, whose ultimate fate was so tragic, and whose death, appalling in the mystery which must ever surround it, sent a thrill of anguish and deepest sympathy through the heart of every civilised human being on the face of the earth, and which elicited sorrow and even tears from the Indians and wild Esquimaux hunters of the North of America, who, during Sir John Franklin's sojourn amongst them, had learned not only to respect but to love him.

"*Pierre au Calumet, 13th July.*

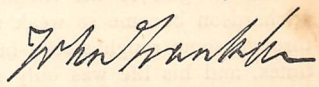
"MY DEAR BACK,

"Mr. Christian informs me that when he left the lake the Fisherman was an invalid, and therefore it is probable he may not be able to provide the large party we shall have, with Fish. I wish, therefore, that you should take as much dried meat as we can spare from hence to feed your men while they remain at Fort Chipewyan.

"I shall wait for you at that fort, but send the boats to Slave Lake the day after their arrival.

"Kind regards to Kendall.

"Yours most truly,



Endorsement on above:

"A note from Sir John Franklin to me during our journey through North America, 1825."

Subjoined is also a letter written by Back himself many years later, but possessing a certain interest of its own:—

"*London, Octr.* 20, 1858.

"SIR,

"In answer to your question I beg to inform you that I have been on five expeditions to the Arctic regions, beginning in 1818 and ending in 1837.

"It may be interesting to you to know that on the 17th January, 1834, at Fort Reliance, Great Slave Lake, the thermometer was 70 below zero, or 102 below freezing point.

"Very truly yours,

Another of the great Arctic explorers, Sir John Richardson, furnishes us with a letter full of the subject which was ever uppermost in his thoughts, even when he himself had ceased to take an active part in these exciting and dangerous expeditions. Perhaps out of all Sir John Franklin's friends, bound to him by the triple cords of mutual expectation, suffering, and high resolve, there was none so beloved by the great chief as Richardson, a true friend, who in all his terrible privations and hardships never failed in his devotion and generous self-sacrifice, risking his life again and again for the sake of those he loved.

On one occasion, when in company with Sir John Franklin, they could find no means to cross a dangerous rapid, having no boat, and the willow raft having proved unmanageable, Richardson, weak from hunger and exhausted with fatigue, actually volunteered to swim over with a line. He had, however, only gone quite a short distance when his arms became numb and he could not use them. Still undaunted he tried to push on, and had nearly reached the opposite shore on his back, when suddenly, to the horror and despair of all on land, he was seen to sink.

He was dragged back through the water, and all means were used to restore him, but, though the heat of a strong fire revived him, he did not fully recover the use of his limbs until the following year.

A few days later we read of Richardson, himself lame and almost powerless, remaining in the rear so as to help on a comrade even weaker than himself. A day or so later comes an ominous entry in their diary: "The whole party ate the remains of old shoes and whatever scraps they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigues of the day."

Again a few days after this a herd of deer was seen, but there was not a man among them strong enough to lift his gun to his shoulder. On one occasion Richardson became so weak that when the track lay through some rough stones he fell more than twenty times, and his life was only saved by the generous effort of a friend who, weak and dazed himself, still found energy enough to light a fire, which had the desired effect of restoring to Richardson his failing strength.

Sir John Richardson afterwards accompanied Sir John Franklin on his expedition in 1825, to which we have already alluded, and though on this occasion their sufferings were not so terrible nor their perils so many in number, they still displayed the same great qualities, and maintained towards each other the same close affection and the same mutual reliance in each other's plans, and were buoyed up by the same enthusiasm and hope.

When Franklin started on his last expedition, in May, 1845, Sir John Richardson was not with him; but when, in the year 1848, people were growing anxious about the fate of the great explorer, and some expeditions had already been fitted out at the public cost, and supplies had been sent out to Behring's Straits in the vain hope of meeting the party there and supplying them with food, Sir John Richardson in the spring of the year 1849 hurried to the shores of the polar sea, in the earnest hope of discovering and rendering assistance to his old friend. He was accompanied by Dr. Rae, who had himself only just returned from an Arctic voyage covered with all the lustre of a successful issue.

But all in vain was their search. An icy silence reigned everywhere; not a clue was to be gained nor a hope to be fanned. The coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers was all carefully scanned by the searchers; but the sea and the land were alike mute, and Richardson and Rae were obliged to return home without having accomplished the object which was so near their hearts.

Sir James Ross and Captain Bird also in the same year went out in search of Sir John Franklin, and closely examined all the coast by Barrow Strait, but they also were unsuccessful in their search.

THE SECRET OF MAKING CLEAR SOUPS.

IT is quite true that not one person in a score who could turn out a tureen of good thick soup would succeed in producing a passable bowl of the kind known as "clear," as, for one reason, it is seldom wanted at every-day tables, and the making of it is supposed by the uninitiated to be associated with the expenditure of much time, trouble, and money. As, however, it is very useful to know how to make clear soup (and when once the process is understood, a hundred varieties may be made from the same "stock"), I will endeavour to point out the simplest way; and those who read in the pages of this Magazine a recent paper on "The Art of Soup Making"* will do well to refresh their memory as to the details there recommended to be observed if good results were wished for. The same regard must be paid to cleanliness, clear fires, slow simmering, judicious seasoning, and the emptying of the stock-pot. But *one* exception must be made: viz., clear soup proper—that is, bright as sherry—cannot be made from scraps, such as *may* be used for the thick kinds. A *thin* soup can be produced from them: that is to say, an ordinary kind minus the thickening, though that is not clear soup in the strict sense of the word.

* 1884, page 593.

To commence, then, with the stock: once master that preliminary process, and it will be easy to vary the kinds of soup that may owe their foundation to the same source. For a very good stock a pound of meat to a pint of water must be allowed, or rather, I should say, a pound of meat and bones together—shin of beef for a brown soup and knuckle of veal for white. I may add that liquor in which a fowl or rabbit has been boiled will enrich the soup considerably if used instead of water. As much of the meat as possible should be cut off the bone and very finely minced—the finer the better—and the bone itself thoroughly chopped, then the cold water added; and as three pounds of meat will take four or five hours' simmering to bring out all the goodness, an extra pint of water at least must be allowed for wasting, though any liquid that really *does* simmer wastes very little in a long time; it is the "galloping" process that causes the loss. It is a matter of choice whether the vegetables and flavouring are boiled with the meat at first or reserved until next day, when the soup is clarified; in warm weather it is better to omit them the first day, but in cold they may be safely used. But only a portion must be put in—not sufficient to season the soup entirely, for unless some are reserved and boiled in the stock the second day it will not have a fresh taste.

I will presume, then, that your stock was made

yesterday, strained, and left in an uncovered vessel in your larder all night, and that the soup is required for dinner to-day. If so, treat it as follows; and remember, it must never be clarified until the day it is required, or it will turn "cloudy" again. First remove all the fat from the top; a spoon dipped in hot water will take off the greater part of it; for the remaining specks use the corner of a clean cloth, also wrung out of hot water. Take care, too, to wipe the inside of the basin as well as the surface of the soup, which ought to be a "jelly." All impurities must also be taken from the bottom, and the soup put into a perfectly clean saucepan on the range with whatever flavourings are necessary, and the meat required for clarification. Suppose two to three pounds were used in making the stock, half a pound will be needed to clarify the quantity of liquid obtained. The meat must be fresh, raw, *all lean*, and finely minced, beef or veal, according to the nature of the soup. It must be put into the saucepan at first, and the whole whisked until a strong froth is formed; then cease stirring, and wait until the froth rises to a height. The pan must then be withdrawn from the fire, and allowed to stand for a few minutes beside it, previous to the straining of the soup. For that purpose a jelly-bag *may* be used, though a piece of flannel, of the thickest kind, is much better; it should be wrung out of boiling water, and tied to the four legs of a chair turned upside down on a table, the vessel intended to receive the soup being placed upon the chair-seat under the flannel. Pour the soup as slowly as possible through the flannel, and a bright liquid ought to be the result. Care must be taken to stop whisking as soon as the scum forms on the surface, and to remove the saucepan from the fire directly its contents actually bubble, as if it remains too long the scum sinks, and so the soup is rendered cloudy again. Probably all the extra seasoning required will be a little more salt, and remember, a small piece of sugar is an improvement. Peppercorns boiled with the vegetables are preferable to pepper added afterwards; indeed, everything must be avoided which is likely to detract from the clearness of the liquor.

I should weary my readers (even if space permitted) were I to attempt to give in detail the varieties of soup they may now proceed to make, but I may instance a few of the most popular, such as sago, macaroni, vermicelli, and tapioca; and all need separate boiling before they are added to the soup: if cooked in it, it will be irremediably spoiled.

Spring Soup owes its name to young vegetables, which are cut small and put in clear stock. The same vegetables stewed in butter instead of being cooked in water will convert the soup into *Julienne*. *Soup Royal* is so called from the addition of savoury custard, cut into small fancy shapes, and put into the soup the instant before serving. Brussels sprouts finely shred give *Flemish Soup*, and so on indefinitely. *Ox-tail Soup* is often served thick, though it is very delicious when clear. To make it, substitute ox-tails for meat, or if you have not sufficient to make the soup as good as it should be, use a little meat with them, or add some extract. Joint the tails, and fry them with some mixed vegetables for a quarter of an hour, then proceed as before described. When the pieces are tender lift them out carefully, and add them to the soup after it has been strained and clarified; they should remain in it long enough to get hot through, and that is all; if "raggy" or broken, the appearance of the soup is spoiled.

I have spoken at length on the clarification of soup by means of raw meat, though there is another medium, the white of eggs. In each case the albumen is the purifier. I give the preference, however, to the meat, as that enriches soup, and white of egg, though it clears, to a certain extent impoverishes it.

I will also mention that a still simpler kind of clear soup may be served at very short notice without the trouble of straining, provided that a supply of good "extract of meat" is handy. Supposing you want a quart, the best way is to simmer a pint of water with some fresh herbs and vegetables, a couple of cloves, and a few peppercorns until pleasantly flavoured; then strain the liquid, and add it to another pint of boiling water into which has been stirred about a tea-spoonful of the extract (or rather more); salt to taste, and it is ready to serve. A glutinous taste may be easily given if a quarter of an ounce of gelatine is boiled with the vegetables: this will, of course, take the place of bones in the stock proper. When fresh herbs are not in season, a few drops of herb vinegar may be substituted for them; tarragon vinegar will impart a very agreeable flavour if cautiously used, and many other kinds are equally useful. I say cautiously used, as of course the soup must not have a sour taste.

I will conclude with a couple of recipes for clear soup for invalids; they are delicious and nourishing, and will be found a welcome change from the beef-tea and mutton-broth which are so often given, until the patient wearies of the name and sight of them. I take it for granted that if the patient is not allowed any flavourings the nurse will remember to withhold them, but these will be most acceptable when the invalid is convalescent, and something tasty is permitted.

Calves' Feet Soup.—Boil a couple of well-cleansed feet with three pints of water until reduced to half, then add a slice of onion or a leek, a tea-spoonful or so of minced carrot, and the same of turnip, a sprig of parsley, a grate of nutmeg, a clove, a *pinch* of celery-seed or bit of fresh celery, and salt and pepper to taste; simmer again until reduced to a pint, and strain through flannel as previously directed. When calves' feet are not to be had, double the quantity of sheep's feet may take their place.

Gravy Soup.—Boil slowly, until reduced to half, two pounds of meat with a pint and a half of water; beef, mutton, or veal may be used, or two kinds together to give variety, and a few vegetables and herbs to flavour; just before serving, add an ounce of vermicelli or macaroni, previously boiled. By way of a change, tiny sippets of fried or toasted bread can be put in the tureen, and the hot soup poured over.

Tapioca is very nourishing and easy of digestion, but it requires very careful washing and cooking to take away the earthy taste. It should be boiled separately until almost cooked, then finished in the soup after straining it.

The Italian pastes now largely used in this country, and sold under various names, such as "Genoese," "Cagliari," &c., are very useful. Being small, they require little cooking, but they, too, need a thorough washing and separate boiling, as a good deal of flour adheres to them. They may be had in all kinds of fancy shapes as well as letters. Grated cheese should always accompany soup in which these pastes are served; for family dinners Cheshire or Stilton *may* be used, but Parmesan and Gruyère are preferable. Parmesan is the most popular, as a small quantity will bring out to the full the flavour of the soup. One hint more—to any kind of stock a *sweet* ham bone or a slice of lean raw ham is a decided improvement; when for brown soup, whichever is used should be lightly fried with the rest of the meat for a few minutes before the water is added.

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

HOW REPOUSSÉ-WORK IS DONE.

DESIGN FOR A SCONCE

THERE is scarcely any limit to the work in the way of decoration that ladies impose upon themselves nowadays. That which they would have regarded as a laborious undertaking a few years ago, they now consider as a merely pleasurable occupation. Not content with painting the walls of their rooms with subjects of their own designing, with stencilling patterns on the cornices of the ceilings, with decorating the panels of doors and shutters, with executing stained glass windows, with painting tapestry for portières and chair and sofa coverings, they now fill up any leisure time they have at their disposal by making some useful or ornamental article in brass. The work is quite easy, but a little patience is needed, as the metal does not yield all at once to the blows of the hammer and tools, as may be readily understood. And it is certainly not suitable employment for any one who objects to a continuous tapping sound, for that is altogether unavoidable.

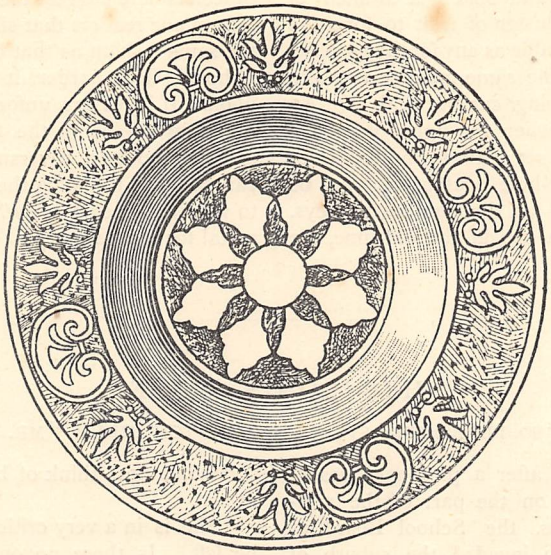
Allowance being made for this drawback, repoussé-work is not otherwise unpleasant, indeed it would seem that many amateurs thoroughly enjoy it. In our opinion it is especially adapted for boys, and is an amusement that will keep their brains employed and their hands out of mischief on rainy days and long winter evenings.

Amateurs should commence operations with the thinnest sheet-brass, for there is but slight difficulty in ornamenting that. Take a small square piece first, and hammer out a pattern on it for the sake of practice. It is done in this manner. The design is first drawn in ink on the brass; a block of lead must then be procured on which to lay the brass during the hammering process, or, in lieu of that, a smooth board will answer the purpose. The pattern on the brass is now gone over with a "tracer," which is somewhat like a chisel, quite lightly at first so as only to indicate the outline; this is repeated several times until it is sufficiently defined. It is a mistake to imagine that it might as well be marked out firmly enough the first time to bring the pattern into relief; if the attempt is made it will be found that the lines are bent into undesirable shapes. The tracer makes a number of short marks, and some practice is necessary before they can be joined imperceptibly so as to make a clear perfect line around the flowers and leaves of the pattern.

The outline being now finished, the background is hammered in; a punch having a broad end being used for the purpose. The longer the background is beaten the higher the design will stand out. Smaller punches are afterwards employed to give the ground a rough uneven appearance. Great care must be observed not to make holes in the brass, and it should not be forgotten that the longer it is beaten the more brittle it becomes. A good plan is to work from the edge of the brass up towards the pattern. Thin sheets of brass are apt to curl up during the hammering; to avoid this the edges should be turned over the block. Having become acquainted with the working of thin sheets, the worker can try his hand at the thicker kind. It is more difficult to manage, and the process is somewhat different to that already described. It is scarcely so suitable to lady amateurs, still it is done occasionally, as some are not satisfied unless they understand both styles.

DESIGN FOR A FINGER PLATE.

In thick brass the pattern is hammered out from the back, and for this a pitch-block is requisite. This is a block made of wood or iron, which is raised on a ring of straw or leather; the top of it is covered with prepared pitch, which needs to be warmed before the brass is imbedded in it. The article to be decorated is placed face downwards on the pitch, which when hard yields gradually as the punch is hammered on to the pattern. The pitch should be procured ready prepared, for it is not advisable for amateurs to give themselves the trouble of making it; but it may, nevertheless, interest them to know of what it is composed. Pitch or resin is mixed in equal parts with brick-dust, or plaster of Paris, or ashes, or fine sand, and to this is added a very little turpentine or tallow. The brass will work more easily if a very small quantity of oil be passed over the block, but too much will have the contrary effect, as the metal will not then adhere to the bed of pitch. A flat piece of brass can be hammered into a salver with a mallet with rounded ends; commence in the middle and hammer gradually until it assumes the desired form; it can be made of a saucer shape, or the centre only need be hammered and the margin left flat. It is then to be laid on the pitch and the pattern hammered out from the back. Clean it with spirits of wine and finish off the pattern on the face of the brass.

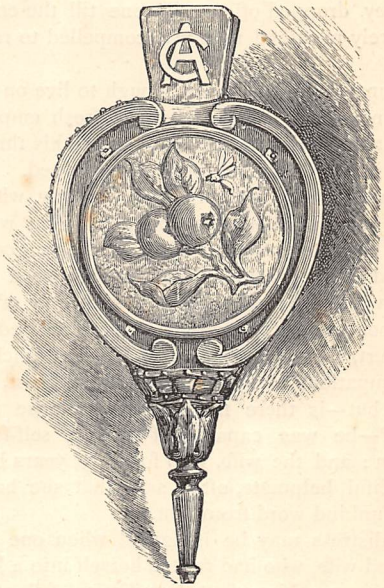


SALVER IN REPOUSSÉ-WORK.

Having now briefly described the method of working both thin and thick sheets of brass, we will mention a few articles that may be easily manufactured by amateurs. Small trays are made as follows:—With a pair of compasses mark out a circle; within this mark a second circle an inch or two less in diameter, but this will, of course, depend on the size of the tray. Draw a design with ink in the centre of the brass, fill in the background by punching it with dots, or rings, or cross-lines, for punches of various sizes and shapes can be easily procured, so that there is no necessity for monotony even in the background to the ornamentation. Now with a pair of shears, suitable for the purpose, cut the sheet of brass into a round tray, by following the outer circle neatly, and turn up the edge with a pair of round-nosed pliers into flutes or goffers.

A finger-plate for a door is readily made. Its size depends on the fancy of the worker. The edges can be strengthened, after the pattern is finished, by doubling them back, a plain margin having been left beyond the design for this purpose; the work looks better and less amateurish when this is done. Another plan is to get a workman to mount the plates in a brass frame in which there are holes for the screws that fasten it to the door.

Sconces, framed in plush, are fashionable; thin brass is used for these, whilst for unframed sconces a thicker brass should be selected; two or three candlesticks must be screwed, or soldered, on to them. Soldering can be done by amateurs, but it is best whenever practicable to give the piece to a workman to finish in this respect, as it is not worth the time or trouble to do it at home. Then there are letter-boxes, spill-cases, and mirror-frames, besides plaques that can be utilised as decorations for cabinet-doors and the doors of small hanging brackets. The mirror-frames are considered rather difficult to manage, as the brass has to be bent over a wooden frame. Spill-cases can be made in one piece, or two or three pieces may, if preferred, be used in their manufacture; the pattern is hammered out before the brass is bent to shape. Small bellows em-



DESIGN FOR A PAIR OF BELLOWS.

bellished with brass plaques look exceedingly well, indeed they are quite ornamental for hanging at the side of the fire-place, and are especially in keeping when the fire-irons and fenders are of brass. The pattern should be simple and bold; a branch of foliage with one flower or cluster of fruit to form the centre of the design is as suitable as any for the purpose.

Brass may be treated in the same manner as wood, with a fret-saw, patterns being cut out with it. An admirable effect is secured when the upper part of a finger-plate is cut out in a set pattern and the lower portion is left plain. Key-hole scutcheons can be made with the saw, as well as the handles of keys. Most elaborate keys were in use in the old time, the designs on the handles being composed of coats-of-arms, monograms, or crests.

From useful articles let us turn aside for a moment to consider those that are purely ornamental, and bracelets here suggest themselves at once. We should inform our readers that silver can be ornamented after the same fashion as that before noticed for brass, and, although it is harder, it is more agreeable to work upon. If holes are unfortunately made in it, as they probably will be in the first attempts, they must be soldered up by a silversmith. Brooches and earrings can be made to match the bracelet if the worker wishes to wear ornaments *en suite*. Copper is also a suitable metal for repoussé-work.

HIS SON'S WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SO BLUE: THE STORY OF A GIRTON GIRL," "MR. DALY'S SITTER," ETC.

WHEN, after a prolonged resistance on the part of the rate-payers, the School Board at length invaded the suburb of Abney, N.W., and erected schools superior in every respect to those already existing in the parish, there was no one whom the change affected more than it did old Reuben Sparrow, the master of the Free College for Boys. His pupils had never liked him much, and now they dropped off one by one till the embittered and sorely-mortified man was compelled to resign his post.

Fortunately he had saved enough to live on; and so, having no need to go in search of fresh employment, he was able to devote the best part of his time to the studies in which he had formerly delighted.

He was now a man of nearly seventy, with broad though rounded shoulders, and a face that would nowhere pass unnoticed. Deep furrows scored his forehead and bracketed his firmly-closed mouth; sparse white hair was brushed unevenly about his head; beneath heavy brows peered out the pedagogue's eyes, alert, shrewd, suspicious. He was quick to find fault, impatient of ignorance, slow to trust, hard to please, but—is there not a saving clause in every nature?—he was capable of strong, self-forgetting affection; and the wife, who for forty years had been his faithful helpmate, often said that she had never had an unkind word from him.

His distress may be imagined when one day this cherished wife, who had fretted herself into a low state of health over his recent humiliation, fell grievously ill. Reuben sent for the doctor, a young man in the first flush of his professional gravity and dignity, who, after examining the patient very carefully, seated himself to write a prescription in ominous silence. Reuben watched him at once anxiously and distrustfully.

"What dost think of her, young man?" he asked, at last.

"She is in a very critical state, and ought never to be left. Is there no one to share the nursing with you?"

Reuben threw up his head sharply. "There isn't a woman in the place but 'ud be proud to be called to the bedside of my Mary, but I won't trust any of 'em. She and I, we've always done for one another, and I can't have a meddlesome neighbour in now."

"Have you no daughter?"

"None but my son's wife, and she's naught but a tricked-out fool. Used to be a milliner's gal, and learnt to dress the outside of her head instead o' the inside. Got a fine long name like a lady's, but don't know who Julius Cæsar was, and calls the top of a pudding the bottom because it's turned out lowest—pooh!"

A sort of grim smile flickered across Reuben's face as he made this last singular charge against his daughter, but it only lasted a moment.

"The old woman's bad, then?" he said, his eyes fastened apprehensively on the doctor's face.

"I am afraid so," said Mr. Walters gravely. "I wouldn't refuse help in the nursing if I were you. You might regret it when it was too late."

"Let me alone, young man!" retorted Reuben fiercely. "D'ye think I'm no better than a silly woman? I've got a good head on my shoulders, and my wife's more to me than she is to any one else. Tell me what ought to be done, and I'll do it."

"Very well, Mr. Sparrow," said the doctor coldly; "but remember that you are human, and if sleep overtakes you just when you are most wanted, you will be responsible for the consequences."

He gave several minute directions, and left the house, vexed at Reuben's obstinacy. But the next morning, when he called, the son's wife was already installed by the patient's bedside, and Reuben, with an air of immense knowledge and superiority, was

passing on to her the instructions received by him the previous day.

"Now, girl, lift her a bit. Lor! can't ye do it without sticking a stack of hair into her eyes? Stand aside—now see!"

He put his arms under the old woman, whose breathing was quick and difficult, and cleverly raised her into an easier position.

The doctor came forward, a little curious to see the disparaged daughter-in-law. As far as exterior went, she answered pretty accurately to Reuben's description of her, having a figure obviously moulded by tight lacing, and a face shadowed by a quantity of black hair, brought down to her eyes. Her clothes were unsuitably dressy, and on the table lay a number of cheap silver bangles, apparently taken off at Reuben's direction. But she had a pleasant, intelligent smile, and bore her father-in-law's strictures with a modesty and good-temper which augured well for her readiness to submit to instruction and to pick up the little devices of nursing upon which a patient's comfort depends.

Old Mary Sparrow was much worse, and Reuben, who turned his penetrating eyes alternately upon her face and the doctor's, felt cheered by neither.

"You look worn, Mr. Sparrow. Go and lie down," urged Mr. Walters.

"Mind your own work, young man. I'm not your patient. How is *she?*"

Mr. Walters did all he could for the sick woman, and then, drawing Reuben out of the room, broke to him as gently as he could the certainty that his wife could not live many hours. Reuben would not believe it, and gave vent to expressions of savage contempt for the whole race of doctors.

But next day poor old Mary died, and the stricken husband shut himself up to be alone with his grief. Even at the funeral he would not exchange a word with the many kindly mourners who gathered round the grave.

The following morning, however, he sent for his son and daughter-in-law, and made arrangements to live with them and their little boy.

"Gwendoline," he said, more gently than usual, "you did your best for her. You're worth more than I thought. We'd better all live together."

"Of course, father," said his son heartily; "we'll make you comfortable, and Gwen 'll try to take mother's place."

"Keep a sensible tongue in your head, boy," said Reuben, with slow scorn. "Your wife's a well-meaning gal, maybe, but as ignorant as a baby. Mother's place, indeed! My Mary's place!"

He leant his heavy head on his hands, and would not speak again.

As Luke Sparrow walked away with his wife, he asked her seriously whether she was ready to bear with the old man's difficult temper.

"Nobody couldn't help puttin' up with an old man like that," replied Gwen, whose grammar was hardly so genteel as her name. "Never you fear, Luke; we'll git along all right."

But herein Gwen was too sanguine. From the time she and Reuben became the inmates of the same little house, her every action was harshly criticised, if not severely blamed; her management of the house unfavourably compared at every turn with that of her mother-in-law; her ignorance made the source of daily complaint; her occasionally flighty manner the theme of never-ending lectures.

Nothing but admirable patience and good-humour, and a real humility that accepted his judgment as better than her own, could have enabled the girl to persevere as she did in her determination to please the old man. In deference to his wishes she simplified her style of dress, put her thick hair tidily off her face, and discarded all jewellery save her wedding-ring and a little brooch given her by old Mary. Sarcastic and unkind as was Reuben's tone in speaking to her, she undoubtedly profited by his fault-finding, and after a time she discovered that Luke was right in saying his father's bark was worse than his bite. More than once, when some small domestic difficulty perplexed her, Reuben's watchful old eyes perceived it, and she found herself at the same time snarled at as a fool and helped out of her quandary.

Again, the old schoolmaster took very kindly to his grandson, and Gwen, who was keenly conscious of her own want of education, was ready to put up with much churlishness to herself for the sake of getting the boy taught by Reuben, whose learning inspired her with profound respect. Often when she dusted his bookshelves, where Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Thomas à Kempis, Shakespeare, one or two works on education, and a little old-fashioned volume of Bacon's Essays and Locke's "Conduct of the Understanding," leant side by side in friendly tolerance of one another's contents, she would scan their titles and read a page here and there, wishing she had had more schooling, and that Peter might grow up "book-wise."

One day Reuben caught her at it.

"Put the books back!" he exclaimed peremptorily. "All the years we lived together, the old woman never so much as opened a book o' mine, and here are you, a gal that can hardly spell her own outlandish name, poking into them, spoiling 'em, and wasting your time!"

"I wasn't hurtin' 'em, father," said Mary earnestly; but unluckily she had laid his favourite Shakespeare open, face downwards on the table, and the old man broke out afresh.

"What's the use of trying to make anything of you? Surely, any fool 'ud know it hurts a book to lay it so! Get along! I'll put the shelf right myself; never you touch it again."

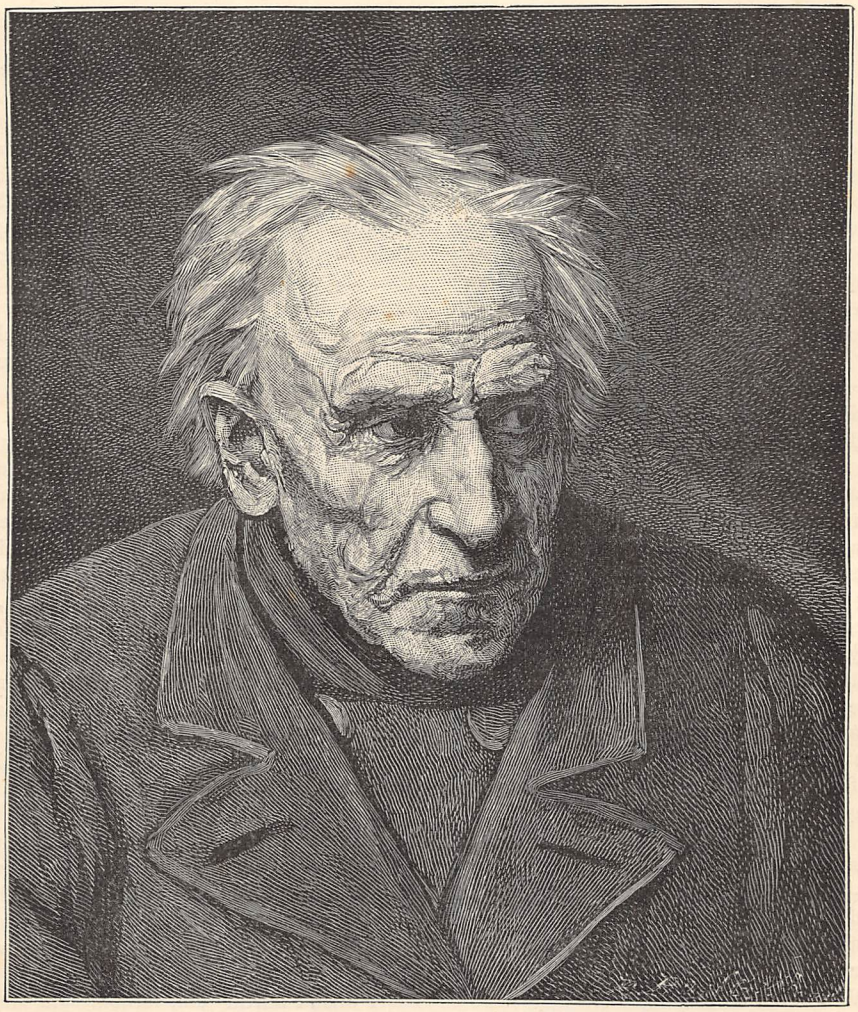
"Very well, father," said Gwen quietly; "but I was only thinkin' o' Peter, and wonderin' if p'r'aps some day you'd teach 'un what's in the books."

"Well, well!" said Reuben, somewhat mollified, "he's a good little chap, and sharp enough too. He puts me in mind of Luke when he was a little 'un, but he'll hardly come up to his father. Luke's got a first-class head, if only he'd stick to steady work, and not take up so with inventions that'll never come to any

good. He's a fine lad—he ought to have married a woman o' breeding."

Poor Gwen winced, for of all the shafts in Reuben's quiver of abuse, this was the one that wounded her most cruelly. The sting of the words lay in their partial truth, for she knew that her kind, clever young husband might have made a better match. And yet she loved him so dearly, and strove so hard to be worthy of him! It vexed her, too, to hear Reuben speak so slightingly of Luke's inventions, for, as a matter of fact, the young engineer had sold the patents of various small labour-saving contrivances for considerable sums. Only in one case had he failed, and it was hard that Reuben should seem to remember that so much better than the successes. Gwen delighted in her husband's work, and rather than let him be disturbed by domestic worries, played out all her woman's tact in the endeavour to make it appear to him that the fault-finding to which Reuben sometimes subjected her, even in his son's presence, was merely the froth on a calm sea of good understanding.

She little imagined, however, that this view of the matter was Reuben's own, till one day to her astonishment a neighbour remarked—



"REUBEN'S FACE ASSUMED ITS MOST SCEPTICAL EXPRESSION" (*p.* 85).

"Old Mr. Sparrow thinks a deal of you, Mrs. Sparrow, doesn't he? He drops in now and again, and tells us what a good manager you are, and how comfortable you make him. He says you are wonderful thoughtful for such a young woman."

Gwen could hardly answer for surprise, but the discovery that Reuben praised her behind her back encouraged her greatly, and she tried harder than ever to improve, not only in her management of the house, but in speech, style, and manner.

"You are becoming quite a lady, Gwen," said Luke one evening; whereat she flushed with pleasure, and

Reuben gave a grunt of dubious significance, which Gwen chose to interpret as an expression of assent.

"Some day, father, I'll speak quite correct—quite correctly, I mean."

"I hope so," said Luke, so eagerly that Gwen looked quickly up at him, and perceived the strange excitement in his eyes.

"I hope so," he repeated, drawing a deep breath, "for I believe I am going to make my fortune, and that would be a lift-up in the world for us all."

Reuben's face assumed its most sceptical expression.

"You ought to be shrewder than to believe in fortune-making, boy. Nothing but steady, straightforward work pays nowadays."

"And isn't it straightforward work to plod away at the elements of invention for years?" said Luke, warmly; "to get to know every discovered application of science to mechanics, so as to be familiar with one's tools, as it were, and then to effect original combinations? I don't want to boast, but my small inventions haven't failed, and I am justified in believing my big one won't. I have invented an electric tramcar which is bound to supersede all others."

"Ah, well, my lad, if the patent fetches you the money it has cost you, I'll congratulate you."

Luke was accustomed to his father's incredulity, but to-night it seemed to affect him painfully.

"You must try to have faith in me, father," he said, endeavouring to speak calmly, "for I have made up my mind not to sell the patent, but to work it myself, to do which I must throw up my present clerkship, and start an office on my own account. It may involve living on very little for awhile, but it must pay in the end."

Luke's face was full of the exaltation which proceeds from the sense of great achievement—the look of the man who originates, whether artist, poet, or inventor. Gwen, with worshipping eyes, knelt beside him, and drew his arm round her shoulder.

"You will trust me, little woman, and put up with being on short-commons for a bit?" said Luke, smiling down at her.

Reuben's thin lips were pressed together as he sat and grimly watched the pair. At last he stood up, pushed his chair back, and addressed them with deliberate, chilling contempt.

"Luke, you're a fool! Your wife's never been anything else, so I needn't say the same of her. But for a man who has one grain of sense to throw up a good place for the sake of pushing a rubbishy invention, that's what I call the act of a fool, and I'm ashamed to have such a fool for my son. If you think I'm going to spend my little savings to keep you out of the workhouse, while you're waiting for a fortune that's to be made out of a tramcar, you're a fool for that, too. As soon as ever you can't pay up, I wash my hands of you, and quit the house. I shan't miss you; there's nothing your silly wife does for me I can't do better for myself."

Luke was in far too excited a state to bear this quietly, and answered with a violence which Gwen sought in vain to soothe. There was a terrible scene, and at the end of a few minutes, the fair edifice of home peace, which she had laboured at so long and patiently, lay shattered before her.

The hardest time of her married life followed, for Luke, in a state of irritated determination to succeed, was sorely tried by the dilatoriness and procrastination of everybody whose approval and co-operation were necessary to the bringing out of his invention, and Reuben was more cross-grained than ever. It fell to Gwen's share to cheer and inspirit her husband, to bear the freshly-kindled fire of her father-in-law's vituperation, and to make her diminished allowance cover the most necessary expenses.

At last the tramcar was given public trial, and from that day the tide slowly turned. Nobody hurried to take up the invention, but still the capital to form a company was gradually subscribed, and Luke felt his way grow clear and easy before him. A steady demand sprang up for the Sparrow tramcars, and the dividends rapidly rose. Luke was made much of now, and on all sides manufacturers and speculators sent him orders for specified inventions, offering him large sums if he could meet their requirements. Some of the requests were absurd, but many presented problems possible of solution, and the demand for his productions preceding the supply, Luke's work was freed from the anxieties of the man who invents first and finds his market afterwards—if he can.

At home, it seemed at first as if his success would widen rather than heal the breach between his father and himself, for Reuben grew more silent and moody as his son went up in the world. During the days of anxious poverty, while assailing Gwen with ceaseless reproaches, he had exercised much ingenuity in secretly supplying the wants of the household; but now that the privations of the young couple were at an end, he chose to believe that they wished him dead or gone, and when Gwen told him one day that Luke intended to take a larger house, the old man broke out bitterly. They were getting too grand for him, he said. The furniture which he and his old woman had bought when they married, and which he had brought with him to his son's, wasn't good enough for a fine new house, and he'd better betake himself somewhere else with it.

"Don't say that, father," said Gwen; "wherever we go, your rooms shall have the old things in."

"Oh, of course! The old things are good enough for the old man!" retorted Reuben unreasonably. "You'll stow me away in the back rooms, and get new friends to suit your new furniture. No, no! I'll get a room somewhere, and have a woman in to look after me. I'm used to neglect."

"But, father," said Gwen, patiently passing over a charge she had heard over and over again, "I want you more than ever now. You see, Luke wants me to be fit to talk to the gentlemen who come to see him, and I thought perhaps you'd teach me out of the books, so as I may know something. Luke hasn't time, and I don't feel as I could get on without help. Besides, I can't bear to think of your living away from us now."

"You're talking nonsense," said Reuben, shortly and sharply. "I've not been so kind to you that you need set yourself against the parting."

"You are rare good to Peter, and when we were in a bad way, you stood by us, father. That's what I remember. I know well enough your savings are a deal smaller for what you did for us."

The old man uttered an impatient "Pooh-pooh!" and, rising from his chair, fidgeted about the room. Then he sat down again and silently watched Gwen's needle as it flew in and out of the work upon her knee.

"D'ye really mean you'd like to learn o' me?" he asked at last, doubtfully, "after all the hard things I've said to you?"

"I couldn't have gone on doing for you so long," said Gwen, encouraged by the gentleness of his tone, "if I hadn't known that you thought kinder—more kindly o' me than ever you said. You didn't mean it just now, when you said that you were used to neglect."

"No, lass," said Reuben, taking her hand. "I'd no call to mean such an untruth as that. You're a good gal; I'll teach you what you like."

After this, it was surprising how well Reuben got on with his daughter-in-law. Her intelligence delighted him, and he was never tired of boasting of the progress she made in history, arithmetic, grammar, and geography. Not but what he often spoke snappishly, but the old constant friction was at an end, and past resentment quietly forgotten.

"It seems to me Peter and Gwen are running one another close," said Luke, looking up from his papers with a smile one evening.

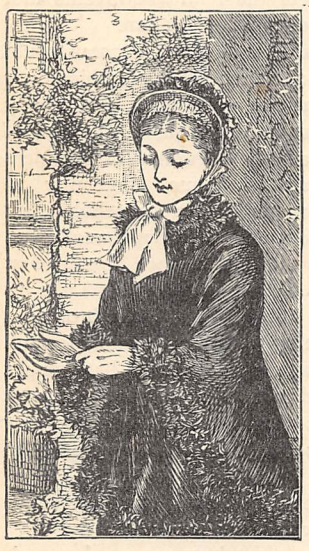
"Bless you, no!" declared Reuben. "Peter's a sharp little lad, but he's nowhere beside his mother. She's one in a thousand, I tell you—one in a thousand!"

H. L.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S WOMANKIND.

A PAIR OF PORTRAITS.

I.—ONE TYPE OF NEW ENGLAND WOMEN.



WE are all accustomed to hear great praise awarded to the persevering ambition of such men as Hugh Miller, Elihu Burritt, Robert Burns, and others, who have educated their faculties and developed their talents in the face of overwhelming obstacles. I propose to speak of a class who, in most cases without the incentive of genius—that restless and consuming fire—are daily pursuing self-culture under the most disheartening circumstances, and without the neglect of a single household duty. It has often occurred to me that the life of the average New England woman, such as I am about to describe, would be impossible to any other than she who is born in the bracing air of Yankee-land, and descended from a goodly stock of sternly resolute Puritan ancestors.

We must consider, to begin with, that although the wife of a farmer, our Priscilla is by no means to be compared with persons of that station in England, but rather with the wives or daughters of thrifty merchants, who have had opportunities both in school and in society to assist their development into sweet, refined, and cultured women. It is rarely, I believe, in England that one meets with education without a certain amount of material prosperity as a forerunner, so that an English woman who converses agreeably and intelligently may be pre-supposed to lead an easy life, comfortably pursuing her studies, whilst the drudgery of the house is performed for her by others.

Now contrast with this picture that of a Yankee farmer's wife, who was perhaps herself the daughter of a farmer. She has received a certain amount of instruction at a public school, then marries young, and begins her, to me, Herculean labours. It is her part to perform all the daily household tasks with but seldom any outside aid. She must make butter, milk the cows, feed the chickens, and attend to the kitchen-garden, as well as to her special pet flower-beds and vines. Then she harnesses her horse and drives to a neighbouring town to barter (as no one else can) with her butter, eggs, and garden produce. If anything is broken or out of order in the house or farm she mends it, and being a woman of infinite resources, she may even construct some of her own furniture or paint her fence. Her "parlor" is adorned with all the latest absurdities in the way of worsted-work or pressed bouquets, while her store-closet is well stocked with preserves, and her garret hung with dried fruits. It is probable that she has children, and none are more thoughtfully tended in all their needs, be they physical, moral, or mental. The clothing of the family, even to their stockings and mittens, is her handiwork, while occasionally a garment is made for one of the village poor.

But where is her self-culture? say you. Ah! there

is the mystery; how and when is it accomplished? And there is no denying the fact: a narrow provincial education it may be, but that is owing solely to her circumscribed life.

If you were to enter a small, common-place, white-washed farm-house in any of the straggling New England villages, which appears little else than a cluster of huts in a wilderness to English eyes—if you were so bold as to enter in, and so fortunate as to have an uninterrupted conversation with the mistress of the house, you would find her a plain, probably faded, woman, clad in neat calico, sharp-voiced, and sharp-visaged perhaps, but gentle in manners, and displaying as she talks a well-cultivated intelligence, and more or less familiarity with literature in all its branches of history, philosophy, science, and *belles-lettres*. You would find her a member of the nearest library, and a subscriber to all the leading periodicals. But in order to make this a strictly truthful account, I must add that she seldom reads the newspapers, and is utterly devoid of that knowledge of current affairs that distinguishes particularly the women of New York and Chicago. But then, consider how precious to her is each moment of time, and how far is she removed from the centres of life and civilisation! She has no amusements, no diversions, no trips away; nothing but the dull, everlasting grind. And yet is she patient, and never resting from her round of necessary duties, and that, to her, no less necessary one of self-culture. Some one has beautifully said that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world." The children of Priscilla—or, more correctly, "Sairey Ann"—will doubtless be rich, and some will call them *parvenus*, perhaps; but as for her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, what may they not become!

II.—A NEW YORK BUTTERFLY.

In contrast with the foregoing sketch, I append a pen-portrait of another type of American woman.

Many people have the idea that a New York woman is an epitome of fashion and frivolity, and this impression is indelibly imprinted on the hearts of her New England sisters. But there is a daily-increasing number of women in the Empire city to whom this is certainly an injustice, although they would still amiably deprecate any comparison with the staid and talented belles of Boston. As clearly as possible in a short outline sketch I would demonstrate to you what the New York woman really is, and does. Imagine, reader, that you are a sojourner and a stranger in America, passing through her proudest city. Owing to a letter of introduction, you are invited to dine at the home of a young couple, of whose hospitality, amiability, and gaiety you have heard much. The young wife, in particular, is an ornament to society, which she illumines with her beauty, wit, and fascination. On repairing to a quiet side street, and after treading its monotonous path for some distance, you arrive at a French apartment house, plain but spacious, and without much difficulty succeed in finding the suite occupied by your hostess. After being ushered into a small but beautifully furnished reception-room, you glance around, and note the pure artistic taste that has selected the chairs, the hangings, the *bric-à-brac*, as well as the few choice pictures, and many good books peeping out from low, uncovered book-cases. Now rising at the entrance of your host and hostess, and surveying the latter furtively but critically, you perceive that she is pretty, graceful, and exquisitely arrayed. You will notice her enchanting manners afterwards, but half-unconsciously, as you feel the warm glow of her hickory-wood fire. This is when you are comfortably seated in the small but cheerful dining-room, talking at ease with your new friends while a little course dinner is faultlessly served, and with the daintiest possible table appointments. You talk of anything and everything, but change about from topic to topic as you may, you will find your hostess well-informed about the subject in hand.

"Tell me," you say at last, "how you find time to keep abreast of current history and literature, while at the same time you go about so much in society?"

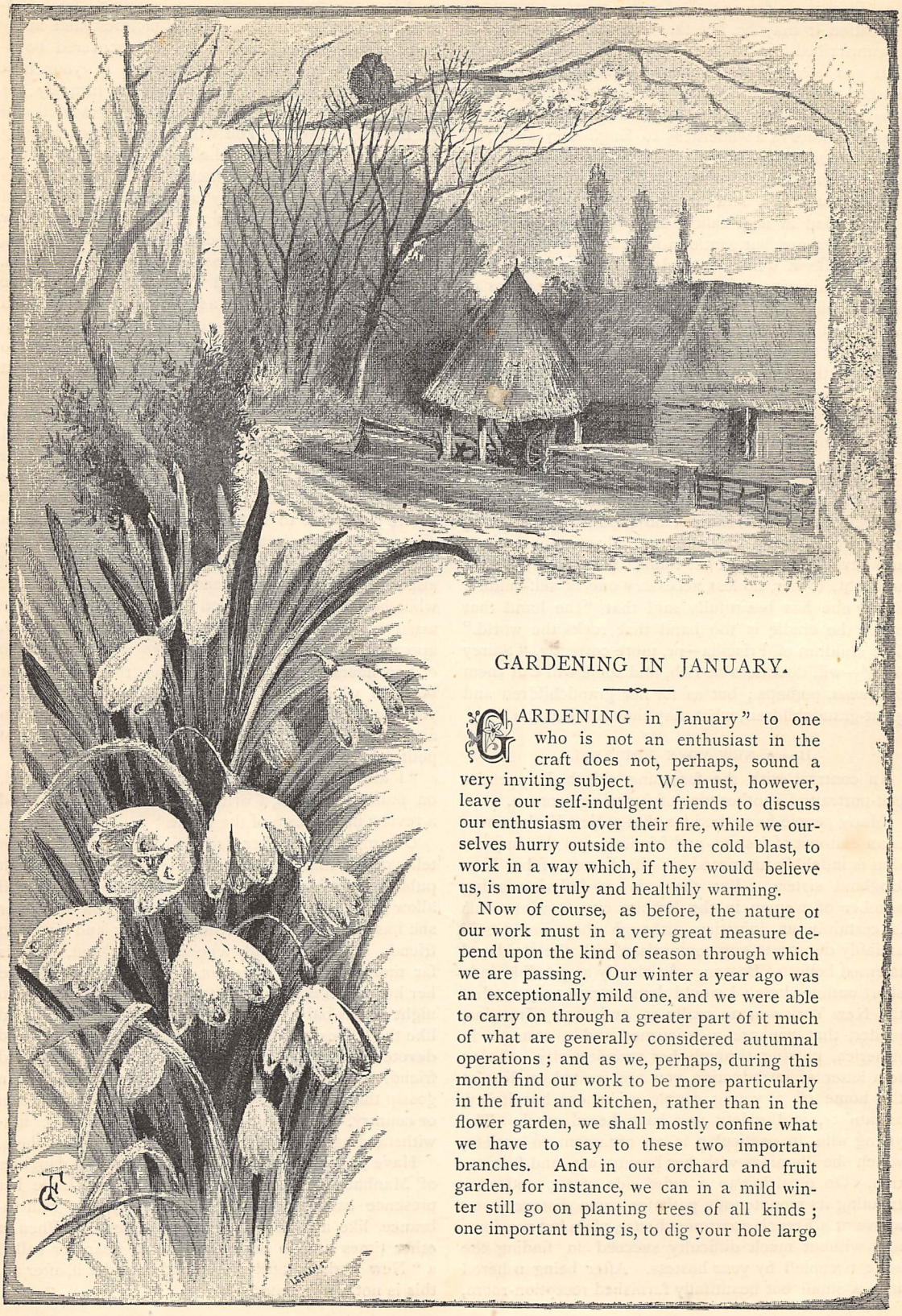
In reply she will smile, and relate to you her daily life. In the morning, after going to market, and perhaps taking a short walk, she returns home in time to give her baby a bath and put it to sleep; then stops a moment to rest and peruse the morning journals before going out to take a singing lesson, or meet a class of friends to read English or German literature. In the afternoon she makes ceremonious visits, and attends a reception, a concert rehearsal, or a lecture; while her evening is occupied during the season by the usual entertainments. That keeps her pretty busy, apparently, and yet she will always squeeze out one or two hours a day in the morning, the afternoon, or both, in which to read alone. What does she read? you ask. Oh! she has always a plan and system about her reading. Just now it may be a course of political economy or mental philosophy.

"I always take notes," she adds, "as I read; and, on finishing a book, I write a *résumé* of its ideas and a review in criticism of the whole."

One more item of her daily life, which she does not tell you, is that she is interested probably in both public and private charities, as far as her means will allow; and perhaps the night before you meet her she has sat up with, and read to, a sick and suffering friend. She is not only a good mother, but, what is far more rare, she does not sacrifice in any degree her husband's comforts to those of her child. When night comes baby must be asleep, while she is clothed like the "lilies of the field" to meet her husband, and devote to him her time and smiles. She is a good friend, an amiable member of society, and less of a gossip than any other of her American sisters in town or country. She is also a devout church-goer, notwithstanding that she reads the German philosophers.

Have you not met her, my friends, this fair daughter of Manhattan? And if so, did you not leave her presence carrying with you a subtle bright remembrance, like a faint but lingering perfume? When at other times and in other places you hear her called a "New York Butterfly," stop and consider if, after all, this is not a misnomer.

A. Z. S.



GARDENING IN JANUARY.

"GARDENING in January" to one who is not an enthusiast in the craft does not, perhaps, sound a very inviting subject. We must, however, leave our self-indulgent friends to discuss our enthusiasm over their fire, while we ourselves hurry outside into the cold blast, to work in a way which, if they would believe us, is more truly and healthily warming.

Now of course, as before, the nature of our work must in a very great measure depend upon the kind of season through which we are passing. Our winter a year ago was an exceptionally mild one, and we were able to carry on through a greater part of it much of what are generally considered autumnal operations; and as we, perhaps, during this month find our work to be more particularly in the fruit and kitchen, rather than in the flower garden, we shall mostly confine what we have to say to these two important branches. And in our orchard and fruit garden, for instance, we can in a mild winter still go on planting trees of all kinds; one important thing is, to dig your hole large

enough to allow the thorough spreading out of the roots of your new tree, and in addition to this, dig also all about the *bottom* of your hole, so as to have the soil loose and pulverised on the surface, rather than all hard and trodden down. A little manure may be useful, but where your soil is fairly good there will be no occasion for it. But avoid particularly planting too deep, as this—too common a mistake—is often fatal to the well-being of your plant, and at all events injures it. And next, when your tree is put in, spread the roots well about, and crumble the earth and soil slowly and thoroughly around and amongst them, but do not shovel it all in pell-mell, just as if you were shooting coals in against time. The roots should be high in the ground, and when the whole is covered in, let it be well and uniformly trodden down, while a good and strong stake will prevent the wind from disturbing the roots, for that constant oscillation to and fro is bad, and hinders the roots from commencing their firm grip of the soil.

And while on this subject of trees we may say something of our currant and gooseberry bushes. We should not prune them, perhaps, for another month. It is a good plan now, however, to put some lime round the stems, and then to carry away a portion of the surface soil which is immediately around them. By this means we may destroy that pest, the caterpillar, that is so wont to devour the leaves of our trees in the months of May and June, and about which so much has been said and written. This great enemy of our currant and gooseberry trees, the magpie moth (*Abraxas grossulariata*), lays her eggs on the leaves of our trees towards the end of summer—about August, perhaps—so that some fresh soil just round our trees at this time of the year is a good thing.

We think it was last month that we suggested that only thorns and briars ought ever to be burned, but that leaves make a good manure ; but perhaps we may add to our bonfire the carefully collected leaves of our gooseberry and currant trees, when the first frost has brought them all down ; and acting upon the principle that "prevention is better than cure," our October or November bonfire, and the lime and fresh soil in January, ought to enable us to dispense with the other remedy of "cure," by dusting our trees with white hellebore in the months of May and June, when the mischief has already begun.

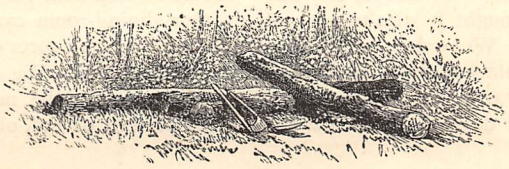
And then next there are our raspberry canes to be attended to if not already done, for these are often—and it does not hurt them much to do so—left for a considerable period to see after themselves when the fruiting is over. Coming, however, to look at them after this period of neglect we find the old canes, and round them a large number of weakly-looking young canes. So we, assuming still that it is good open weather, reduce the number of new canes to some three or four, cutting away the old ones and the rest, but naturally selecting for our new ones those only that are well-grown and developed, and that look stronger than the rest. But they must have a good stake, and January is a grand month for fresh staking, there being a good deal of boisterous and blustering weather in store for us. Then we should finally dig well and put in a little manure between the rows of the canes, and then for another long time our raspberries, as a rule, require no gardener.

And then our espalier fruit-trees—apples and pears, &c.—must be attended to, and in non-frosty weather pruned into their proper shape. When well-grown and cared for, they look very graceful in April in their white and roseate blossom, and very satisfactory in October when laden with their still more roseate burden of fruit. All the branches of these espalier fruit-trees—cherries, or what not—that show a disposition to grow away from the trellis-work and stick out from it, or the weaker of two branches that are evidently growing in one another's way, should be cut away, and, in fact, the whole tree carefully trained and pruned.

Now our wall-fruit trees ought to have been pruned and trained before this, but in any case do not delay a day longer, for we know that sometimes after a mild winter the trees show a disposition to bloom as early as the middle of February, and to pull wall-fruit trees about when they are in an advanced state is more or less risky. But there is one thing we can do for them, and, what is more, the harder the frost the better chance have we of success in our operation. What we generally find in the spring and summer is that our wall-trees are perpetually infested with insects and creeping things innumerable ; and, for the most part, the home of these little creatures is the wall itself. Carefully, then, with a fine rose, during intense frost, syringe your wall well over, until it is all covered with a coating of ice, and the creatures and small vermin that harbour in the crevices of the wall will be all speedily frozen up. This plan, we understand, has been found to be a success.

Of the all-important and heavy operation of trenching, which is essential this month, we have often spoken; only avoid doing any kind of work in the garden, such as heavy wheeling, when the ground is rotten and spongy, as after a thaw. Wheel manure on to your land in frosty weather only.

A good month is this too for lawn alterations, laying down new turf, or putting in small drain-pipes, &c. And the greenhouse—for we cannot speak of every quarter in the garden—will, doubtless, give us a few fresh flowers for table decoration to intersperse among the holly-berries.



HOW I FURNISHED FOR A HUNDRED POUNDS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE SECOND.—FURNISHING.

WE had now eighty-four pounds with which to furnish (for I had paid the excess on the bill for the oil-cloth out of my dress allowance). It was a small sum indeed to buy all the many things required. Since our decoration had been finished, we had had a present, which had taken a great load off my mind. I had greatly dreaded buying house-linen, and I was making out a list of it all one afternoon, when I saw a van drive up to the door. A large press was taken out and its key handed to me, and upon unlocking it I found it contained a large store of household linen. I need not tell you how delighted I was! It was quite an unexpected present, for the giver was a girl whom I had been at school with. When very young she had married a rich husband, and had furnished her house. She had all her experience to obtain, and she never forgot how surprised she was at the price of table-cloths and towels; so when she heard that we were beginning the world in a poor way, she sent me this welcome present.

We could now afford to spend more upon our furniture. We began with the kitchen and scullery. It would no doubt bore you to hear the price of each individual thing, but I will tell you what we put in them, and what the whole cost was.

We had a strong deal table with a flap, a small round tea-table, a sheet-horse, five chairs, a chest of drawers in which to keep dusters and cloths, a plate-rack, a towel-roller, and two fenders. Afterwards, when I had some more money, I added to this, and gave the servants some wooden arm-chairs and a square of oil-cloth, but I could not do this at present; and after spending six pounds, I had to turn to the bed-rooms.

You will perhaps think this is a great deal to have spent. In the furnishing estimates I see that one pound sixteen is the sum they allow for the kitchen of a six-roomed house, but they consider the kitchen furnished when it contains one table, a clothes-horse, and two chairs! I could not enjoy my comforts in the drawing-room if I thought my servants were so uncomfortable.

I brought this principle into practice in buying the beds. The estimate for a servant's bed was one pound thirteen, but I hoped to do better than that for any one who slept in my house. I thought it wise to try and get my bedsteads at a sale. We were near a large town with a changing population, and there was generally a sale every week. One was coming off in a large house, and I went the day before to view the goods. This is always necessary, especially with bedding, which must be quite sweet and clean. I was delighted with what I saw, and was fortunate on the day of the sale, for I got a double bedstead and bedding for the servants' room at five pounds, one for ourselves at eight pounds fifteeen, and for the spare room at seven pounds. You may wonder at us for having a spare room in our limited circumstances, but the owner of the estate was liable to arrive at any time, and always expected to be put up in his agent's house.

Including the bedstead, I was able to furnish the servants' room for seven pounds. For this they had a washing-stand, a chest of drawers, two chairs, a looking-glass, and a strip of Dutch carpet two yards long for the bedside. I bought all this at a large shop where the furniture was cheap and good. It was such a relief to have bought the beds, and I did not feel so afraid now of spending money.

One of my lady friends, the same who had found me my whitewasher, told me of a carpenter who could make plain deal furniture. I let him make me three dressing-tables, which cost eight shillings each. I stained them over with oak staining. I could not find a wardrobe under five pounds, so for thirty shillings he made me a large hanging cupboard, which he stained for me to match the dressing-tables, and it looked very nice, and has been a most useful cupboard. I bought three washing-stands, a very comfortable easy-chair, some chests of drawers, small cane-chairs, and looking-glasses.

We had stained the floors, and could not afford to carpet the bed-rooms, but we made them look very bright by getting some Indian matting. It is one-and-sixpence the yard, and is two yards wide; so two pounds bought quite sufficient to make a large square for my bed-room and spare room, and to completely cover the dressing-room floor. It is made in yellow and red, and scarlet and buff; ours was the scarlet and buff. For curtains to match I bought some yards of work-house sheeting, which is very wide and beautifully warm. I lined them with Turkey red, and sewed bands of the same on the outside. They were very inexpensive, and each washing that they got seemed to improve them. When the bed-rooms were finished, we liked them very much, though we could boast of no large mirrors nor marble-topped washing-stands. At the end of the winter, when I had a quilt and mantel-border and cushions for my chairs, all of my own work, I was very proud of them; but, as it was, we were very glad to have comfortably furnished our three rooms on that floor for twenty-eight pounds.

Our dining-room carpet was now a consideration. We looked at all sorts of patterns, and at last decided upon a Brussels. We obtained a very good one from a large shop in the neighbourhood. It has a small, quiet pattern of red, olive-green, and brown, relieved

by little patches of bright orange. It was only one-and-elevenpence the yard, and was readily made into a square for the middle of the room. With its travelling expenses it came to about three pounds, and wore wonderfully well. A side-board was the next consideration; they were all so expensive, and those within our means were so inartistic. At last we found one of light oak for five pounds. It was not very large, but we were a small party, and I much improved its appearance by buying some brass handles, which I screwed into the drawers. We got a nice second-hand brass fender, and an oak table, but had to give up all idea of buying proper dining-room chairs; fifteen shillings was the price of the cheapest!

I dare say you have often noticed the chairs in use in some churches, with high backs and rush seats. They can be bought without the flat top for books, and these we got. They were five shillings each. We blacked all the woodwork with ebonised black, giving them two or three coats, and had cushions made of American cloth to match our curtains, which were brown serge. They were delightful chairs, so very comfortable. I have often since introduced them to my friends, and have seen them stained oak or pine, or painted red like the American rocking-chairs. We sent to Beaconsfield for one of the black wood arm-chairs made in that village. You can get them there from five shillings, which is much cheaper than the shop price. My husband, having no study, had his writing-table in one of the windows, and made himself a set of bookshelves, staining the wood black to match the other furniture. We spent twenty pounds on everything in this room, including my husband's writing-table.

Our drawing-room and hall now remained. I had made an umbrella-stand for the hall out of a piece of pipe, such as is used for sanitary purposes. I got it from a builder for next to nothing, and painted it dark brown, with a little pattern running round the top. This stands upright in a tin saucer, and makes a pretty stand for umbrellas. We bought a set of brass hooks for coats and hats, and a light oak table and two chairs. All these came to four pounds, and we stopped, as our money was very much on the decrease; in fact we had only nineteen pounds remaining for the drawing-room.

You will remember that room was painted olive-green with pale yellow. I delighted in the walls, but found a carpet to go with them rather difficult to get. I gave up the idea of a Brussels or tapestry, and bought an olive-green felt. I had it lined and made up in a square, which was edged with a thick fringe to match. It cost two guineas. I had a pretty shelf made to go between the fireplace and window. It was covered with velvet and edged with a border at sixpence the yard. The material, when painted green, looked like stamped leather.

I made green serge curtains, relieved by horizontal bands of pale yellow at the top and bottom. I fastened these with brass rings to a brass pole, as I considered cornices a most unhealthy and hideous invention. I was very anxious to have plenty of comfortable chairs in my room, so after buying two good easy-chairs, which I covered with a yellow chintz of artistic design, I bought some white straw chairs at five and eight shillings each. I carried them out to the back yard, and painted them olive-green. They were troublesome to do, for it was very difficult to get the colour between the straws, and I had for this purpose to use a very fine brush. When they were dry, which they took a long time about, I made yellow cushions for them. I could not afford a drawing-room sofa, but I saw in a shop-window a nice bed-room couch for thirty shillings, and when covered like the other furniture it looked quite fit for our room, though it was not very grand.

We had so many books that we required a large book-case. We got a low one, only three shelves high, which ran round a portion of the room; the top shelf making a place for nic-nacs. Then I made myself a tea-table and corner cupboard, which were greatly admired, although they were made of plain deal. I traced upon them a conventional pattern of plums and blossom; then I stained all the background with oak staining, and painted the outline and shaded in the pattern with sepia. The effect when this was French-polished was of inlaid wood. I have seen beautiful tables done in this way; they sell for a good price, and are easy to make. I also painted in lustra painting a mantel-border, but this was not done just at first. We had a narrow looking-glass fixed in the space between our two windows, which improved the look of the room. This, with the addition of a few chairs, completed the room.

A pretty occasional-chair may be made out of the carpet-backed chairs which you buy for two-and-sixpence. You paint the woodwork black or gold, and cover the carpet with serge, upon which you have worked a pattern in crewels. They look pretty, but are not useful, as they are never safe, being apt to give way when least expected; for the heaviest person in your room is certain to take the one unsafe chair!

We had now spent all our money, and I think we had made our hundred pounds do a great deal. I dare say now, after long years' experience, I should be able to make it go much further. I forgot to buy many things which would have been useful; but as far as we knew how, we had fully furnished our little house, and though there were many cheap things in it, there was very little to offend the eye; for, if we only take a little trouble to look for them, pretty things are just as cheap as ugly ones; and to all who love beauty and art, such a hunt can only be a pleasant pastime.

The Forgotten Song.

Words by JOHN FRANCIS WALLER. *Music by* HUMPHREY J. STARK.

VOICE. PIANO.

Maestoso. *f* *mf*

At mid-night I woke from slum-ber, And I heard the min - ster chimes; They peal'd like the rhythmic num - ber Of long - for - got - ten rhymes—
Then the strain took its an - cient mea-sure, The rhymes fell in - to their place, And my pain grew in - to plea - sure, As sun-beams sha - dows chase; And

rit. *a tempo.*

Rhymes that I fashioned in childhood, When my heart pour'd out its song, As a wan-der-ing bird in the wild-wood For joy sings all day long.
fresh as the breath of morn-ing, And sweet as the scent of flow - ers, Like waves when the tide is turn - ing, Flow'd back the far - a - way hours.

1st time. *rit.* *2nd time.* *rit.*

a tempo. agitato.

Hours when the soul was spot - less, From taint of passion and sin, And life was happy and thought - less,

a tempo. agitato.

poco rit.

Sunshine without and with-in : Ma-ny a song have I writ-ten To call forth a smile or tear, When

poco rit.

rit. *a tempo.*

mirth-mov'd or sorrow - smit - ten, But none to my heart so dear. I sang that song till the wak - ing Of

rit. *a tempo.* *pp*

cres.

birds to the morning ray, Then writ it, as day was break-ing, In a book that near me

mf *cres.*

ff

lay : The lost I have found for ev - er, To cheer me in sor-row and pain ; That

ff

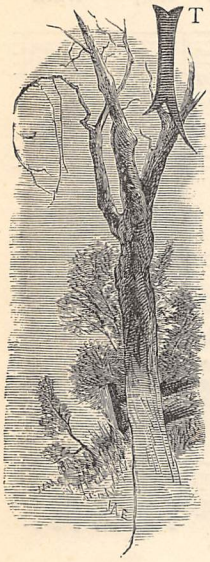
rit. *ad lib.*

song of my child - hood nev - er Shall leave me thro' life a - gain.

rit. *sf colla voce.*

THE FORTRESS OF LIFE.—I. THE BUGBEAR COLD.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



"IT seems to me," said a friend of mine the other evening, "that from all you say, and from all you write, we are so beset with dangers on every side, with dangers to the health of every kind, that if we were only just to settle down and think about them, we shouldn't any of us be alive for a week.

"It seems to me," he continued, for I had not replied. I was intent at that moment on a fishing exploit. I was endeavouring to fish a "stranger" out of my tea with the spoon, and appeared oblivious to everything else—"It seems to me that man's life might be likened to a kind of fortress, the fortress of life, and that all around it are enemies of every description, bent on its destruction, trying their best to batter it down, working their hardest to undermine it; that even the food supplied to this fortress is oftentimes poisoned, and that foes float in the air above it, and creep in even in the water which supplies it with the wherewithal to drink and cook. Are we going to fight all these enemies? Is our whole life to be made miserable in a vain attempt to preserve it? Better, surely, to live happy-go-lucky, and look upon our enemies not as enemies, but as bogies and bugbears."

"Bogies and bugbears?" I said, having at last succeeded in landing my "stranger." "Bogies and bugbears? Fortress of life? Oh! yes, I have been listening to all you said. At all events, I have caught the drift of your meaning. Well, then, No! to your questions. We are not to render ourselves wretched in our endeavours to fight the enemies assailing us. Our fighting need not fatigue us, as a sword in the hands of an unskilful soldier does, who but thrusts at the air and parries the sunbeams; but what we do must be done scientifically. We must defend ourselves from, not defy, our foes. We must strengthen the walls of the fortress, its interior must be swept and kept in order; then confidence will lead to contentment, and contentment means happiness.

"As for bugbears," I went on, "we often make them ourselves. We often see them when none exist. The bugbear system of warfare is hardly carried on nowadays, except by savages and the lower animals. The Indians of the far West of America render their faces hideous with paint before they go on the war-path; the savages of some portions of Africa dress in a horribly fantastic way before going to battle, and endeavour while charging, by wild grotesqueness of attitude, and wilder yells, to strike terror into the hearts of their enemies; in other words, to startle them into a kind of momentary paralysis. The roar of a lion or tiger has the same object in view, so has the hiss of a goose or snake, or the electrifying 'fuss' of a cat when she flies in the face of a dog. Wise men and old soldiers are not easily frightened by bugbears. Now one of the biggest bugbears your fortress of life has to fight against is the bugbear cold."

"I observe, sir, you yourself hardly ever come near a fire, and never sit by one."

"It is because I never feel cold when I am well. But men are differently constituted; there are warm-blooded men and cold-blooded men, but I question if the latter do much good to their constitutions by placing their feet so often on a cosy fender. Can you believe that more colds are caught at the fireside than in walking out of doors, even in the *night air?*—another bugbear, by the way."

"I can," replied my friend; "I can understand that it does not stand to reason to have one half of the body exposed to the heat and the other not."

"True; let old people sit calmly by the fireside as long as they please, *but* let them have high-backed chairs, and a pillow behind them to protect the loins as well. And when they go out, let them wrap up well, unless they can walk fast. Let them, and let every one else for the matter of that, learn to breathe only through the nostrils, and the air they inhale will never give them catarrh, be it the stormiest day in winter.

"Look upon cold, a certain degree of it, as a friend, and you can make it so; treat it as a bugbear, and it will become your constant enemy.

"Cold as a bugbear causes people to shut up every nook and cranny of their bed-rooms at night, so that long before morning they are breathing their own exhaled carbonic acid; no wonder they are heavy-headed, and tired of a morning, and dawdle long over a meagre breakfast, trying in vain to eat.

"Cold as a bugbear makes the healthy man (I'm not talking about invalids) put that unwholesome dash of hot water into his matutinal bath, from which in consequence he emerges enervated instead of braced."

"But would you advise a healthy man to take his bath cold even in winter?"

"Assuredly I would. Most emphatically I would. The temperature of your bath cannot sink below 32°; the air of the dressing-room, if a fireless chamber and the windows are frozen, will be degrees below; thus it is, comparatively speaking, a tepid bath."

"And yet it gives a dreadful shock."

"A shock electric in a great measure. Stop the shorter time in the tub; one or two dips in the plunge-bath, a spongeful or two over limbs and shoulders in the shallow, that is enough. Your rough towels are ready, the very exercise you get while rubbing down is worth half an hour's dumb-belling, and sends a glow through every part of the frame."

"And then a cup of tea?"

"No, don't. If you require to coddle yourself over a cup of tea before you are fit for breakfast, depend upon it you are far from well as regards digestion, or you have slept ill, or you have eaten too hearty a supper, or *something*.

"Cold as a bugbear causes people to over-crowd their beds with woollen stuffs, blankets, and such-like. The bed-clothing, even for old people, should be light though warm. There is nothing better than eider-down, when you can get it. The night-dresses of old people should be comfortable, and especially should they be warm between the shoulders; that is the place which cold likes, as a foe, to assail, just about three in the morning, when the morsel of fire has got low or gone out. Let them beware of it!

"Cold as a bugbear plays much mischief in the nursery. Thousands of children in this country are coddled to death, and many actually stifled in bed. They call it being overlaid; it is being smothered. That is the right name for it."

"But children must be kept warm?"

"Bless their innocence! yes. The bed as soft as down, the clothes as soft as soft can be, but smooth withal, without any tendency to rumple up, or cover mouth or face. This is warmth, this is comfort. The room too should be *moderately* warm; no more, I pray you; and the air ought to be as pure and sweet as the odour of roses. Is it so in most nurseries? Nay, for your bugbear cold steps in and seals doors and windows. No wonder that when baby wakes up it is peevish and fretful.

"Your bugbear cold is the best friend the tailor has, for even young men wear double the weight of clothes on a winter's day that they ought to. They sweat themselves in consequence, so cold the foe steps in and ends many a life. Top-coats, in my opinion, should never be worn, except while riding by rail, or driving, or when standing about in a draught; *then* they cannot be too thick and cosy. If worn at all when walking, they should be very thin. Very light waterproofs should be worn when walking in winter—worn over the arm, I mean, and never put on the back except when it is raining. But the warmer the socks the better, and the shoes ought to be moderately strong and thick, for many an ailment is caught from standing about on damp cold ground.

"Damp is much more to be dreaded than cold, but even this should not be made a bugbear of; I would rather have damp inner clothing than a damp coat; the under-clothing, indeed, of every one who perspires freely and easily is seldom, if ever, free from damp. When I was newly married, sir, the little woman who owns me, used to air my handkerchiefs, my newspaper, and my table-napkin. She knows better now. But preserve me and you and every one from sleeping in a damp bed!

"The bugbear cold does much harm to many a man on a winter's day, by frightening him to take refuge against it in various stimulants. It cannot be too widely known that these never did and never can keep up the animal heat. There may be times when, if judiciously administered, and in moderate quantity, a vinous stimulant does good."

"Example, sir?"

"If one is cold and wet even to the extent of a rigour, or if one has fallen into the water, or *after*, not *during*, great fatigue; but in ordinary cases the imbibition of a stimulant on a cold day causes but a momentary glow, and even that is a false one: some excitement of brain, to be followed soon by nervous reaction, by depression, and chilling of the blood.

"In defending the fortress of life, then, it is wise not to make a bugbear of cold, far better to treat it as a friend than a foe."

TO THE NEW YEAR.

NEW YEAR, what hast thou that is new—
What themes and schemes to mark thy reign;
What great event, what social bent;
What pleasures new, and what new pain?

What crazes new, what new resorts;
What whims to prove æsthetes *au fait;*
What book, what song to please the throng;
What crowning scandal of the day?

What new device for killing time;
And what for one another's killing;
What new surprise in cant, in crime;
What last new trick to turn a shilling?

And what new march on virtue's side—
Against the meanness, mockery sinning;
What rise in that slow, silent tide
Where hope and faith are surely winning?

What knowledge new to bless the race,
To solace suffering, stem decay;
What new good cheer which year by year
May gladder make each New Year's Day?

What beauty new, what grace evolved
From virtue's everlasting laws;
What purer thrills, what nobler wills;
What firmer bands with fairer cause?

What sign, New Year, of Love's new sway,
What farther step, what clearer view
To prove old things shall pass away,
That all things are becoming new?

WILFRED B. WOOLLAM, B.A.

A HISTORIC CORNER OF A HISTORIC COUNTY.

THE advice to "know thyself," as a stepping-stone to the acquisition of all other useful knowledge, is frequently in the mouths of our self-appointed modern teachers and philosophers, and is as valuable as it is hackneyed. A somewhat kindred recommendation, which is beginning to be echoed even by voices in fashionable circles, runs: "Know thy own country;" and this, too, is deserving of deliberate acceptance. Foreign travel must always be a factor of immense importance in the scheme of a liberal education, but at the same time it has no legitimate claim to supersede an admiring investigation of the beauties and wonders of our own land. Scores of summer tourists who, as a matter of etiquette have, year after year, and stage by stage, "done" the beaten tracks of the Continent, or perhaps have extended their flight to the prairies of the far West, are awakening, under the influence of a wiser culture, to the hitherto neglected charms of—the British Islands. In this respect the tricycle is helping materially to effect a revolution. It lures its owner, as not even the railway can, to "fresh fields and pastures new;" and in its latest development it seems, like the Duke of Wellington's army, capable of going anywhere and of doing anything.

UP WATLING STREET—STONY STRATFORD.
(From a Photograph by E. H. Speight, Rugby.)

It can certainly run in a day from London to Stony Stratford.

The title of Bucks to be called a "historic" county is unimpeachable. The memories of Hampden, Burke, and Lord Beaconsfield; of William Penn, Edmund Waller, and John Milton—amongst others—are inseparably linked with this southern inland shire. And the little, half-forgotten town we have just mentioned has played its part in famous national annals also.

It lies on the great Roman road known as Watling Street, which, starting from Dover, pierced through the very heart of England, and halted only at Holyhead, in the then truly "wild Wales." It is the course of this noble road—which is wonderfully straight and well-defined—by way of St. Albans, Dunstable, and Fenny Stratford, which our imaginary tricycle will take in its journey from the Metropolis.

But Stony Stratford may likewise be reached by the great railway line which has its terminus at Euston. The London and North-Western station at Wolverton (where are the carriage works of the company, employing some 3,000 hands) is two miles distant, and an omnibus supplies the missing link of vehicular communication.

With the exception of certain districts in the remote West, there is perhaps no section of England which has better preserved the aroma of antiquity, the quaint old-world air which is so delightful to the jaded student, weary of the bustle of great cities, than the northern half of agricultural Buckinghamshire. The long, double-worded names are old-fashioned, and as the names, so are the places and the people. The lover of sylvan quietude, of easy, placid social and material conservatism, of genial and original, if also somewhat ponderous and uncouth, rustic humour, may do far worse than spend a summer's holiday amongst the rolling beech-crowned hills and smiling meadowlands which lie on either side of the once robber-haunted Chilterns. Pure air, lovely scenery, novel sights and sounds, are here to be enjoyed at surely the minimum of expense, for, speaking of the county as a whole, Bucks has not yet been invaded by that troublesome and unsatisfactory being, the professional excursionist, and hence its inn-keepers are still unsophisticated, and the marvellously infectious complaint of the palm itching for *backsheesh* is all but unknown.

Stony Stratford, although on the extreme northern verge of the county, is a typical Bucks town, and the broad features upon which one lovingly dwells in attempting its description are equally those of the six-miles-distant Newport Pagnell (a great source of vexation to officials of the Post Office, by reason of its liability to be confounded with other "Newports"), of Buckingham, eight miles away; of its namesake, Fenny Stratford, and of more distant rivals.

The town is said to derive its name—and the hypothesis is a very reasonable one—from huge stepping-stones in the bed of the river Ouse, which anticipated the present handsome bridge of three

arches, and in that rude and primitive fashion linked Bucks with Northamptonshire, and the Stratford of our paper with its neighbour-village—given what seems the odd and scarcely defensible distinction of *Old* Stratford. In the opinion of no less an authority than Camden, the site of the Roman Lactodorum was at Stratford. Certain it is that a considerable number of Roman remains have been found in the vicinity. It is, however, worthy of note that in that invaluable register of Norman England, the "Doomsday Book," the place passes unmentioned.

But without any question the identification of Stony Stratford with royal personages, and with affairs of state of more or less importance, commenced at a very early date.

Queen Eleanor, consort of Edward I., and deservedly dear to her husband—if the familiar story of her sucking the poison from an otherwise fatal dagger-thrust received by the king in Palestine be true—died in 1291, in the North of England. The disconsolate monarch, after the removal of her remains to Westminster Abbey, honoured her memory by the erection of a cross on every spot where the bier had rested on its mournful pilgrimage to his chief city. As punning Tom Hood grotesquely said :—

> "A royal game of fox and geese,
> To play for such a loss;
> Wherever she put down her *orts*,
> There he—set up a *cross*."

And one of these places was Stony Stratford. This Bucks cross has shared the fate of the majority of its fellows, and has long since disappeared. Local chronicles say that it was demolished in 1646.

It was from this town that King Edward IV. went, in 1464, to wed Elizabeth Woodville, ancestress of our present reigning house — a marriage which, like many another romantic union of those stormy days, led to dynastic intrigues and fierce and bloody strife. The oak is still shown under which the lovers are supposed to have first met. Naturally it is known as "Queen's Oak."

Edward IV. died in 1470, and a dark and sinister page opened in English history. His eldest son, a lad of twelve, set out with his uncle, Earl Rivers, from Ludlow Castle to London, to be crowned as Edward V. He reached it a prisoner of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and, with his younger brother, was committed to the Tower, there to be foully murdered, a little later, by command of the treacherous usurper, who, with blood-stained hand, had already clutched at the crown.

It was at Stony Stratford that the hapless and doomed boy-king was intercepted. The immortal bard of another Stratford (on Avon) alludes to this in his lurid tragedy of *Richard III.*, act ii., scene 4 :—

> "*Archbishop:*
> Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony Stratford,
> And at Northampton they do rest to-night;
> To-morrow, or next day, they will be here."

Embalmed thus in the pages of William Shakespeare, the isolated little town, whatever its future fortunes, is assured of age-long remembrance and fame.

In the annals of the great struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament—a struggle which in its earliest phases robbed Bucks of its hero, John Hampden—Stony Stratford wins repeated mention. The Earl of Cleveland held a station here for the king, and more than one engagement was fought in the immediate vicinity. But enough has been written to justify the heading given to this paper, and to show how rich a mine of historic association and interest is open to exploration in this out-of-the-way corner of a fair and diversified county. Attention may be turned, for a paragraph or two, to records of purely local catastrophes, and to details of the wax and wane of the town's individual importance.

It is easy to see at a glance that things are not as they were at Stony Stratford. The town irresistibly reminds the observer of days before the introduction of the railroad and the telegraph.

In a word, Stony Stratford, in decades gone by, was a famous posting station, and to-day the shriek of the locomotive—in spite of spasmodic revivals—has everywhere effectually drowned that cheery blast of the coaching horn which was sweet music in the ears of gentlemen of the elder Mr. Weller's persuasion. Sixty coaches traversed this section of Watling Street daily within the memory of men and women still living. The inns which provided provender for their showy, steaming cattle, and accommodation and food for their

OLD AND NEW—THE MARKET SQUARE AND THE NEW POLICE STATION, STONY STRATFORD. (*From a Photograph by E. H. Speight, Rugby.*)

passengers, remain. The unwieldy and slow-paced vehicles have vanished. A couple of these hostelries, standing side by side, strike the stranger oddly, and, if the received tradition of the town is true, explain the origin of a puzzling popular saying. They are the "Cock" and the "Bull," and it is from their propinquity (say the Stony Stratfordites) that the taunt of "a cock and bull story," as applied to a startling and doubtful narrative, takes its rise. Scandal-mongering raged fast and furious around the portals of these twin inns in the "good old times," and with the growth of a wholesome incredulity in the minds of the gossip-hearers in towns to north and south came the contemptuous branding of the latest improbable rumour as "a tale from the 'Cock' and 'Bull.'" It is only right to add that the learned in such matters offer a choice of alternative derivations. But the good folks of Stony Stratford will stand to their guns, and point to the two companion signs as proof positive of their assertion.

At the latter of these two inns—the "Bull"—originated, on the 6th of May, 1742, a disastrous fire, which swept away no less than 146 houses and destroyed the church of St. Mary Magdalen. The ruined tower of this ancient edifice—built as far back as the reign of the first Edward—still stands, a pathetic and curious monument of the fierce force of these old-time conflagrations. Stony Stratford seems to have suffered in an exceptional manner from the ravages of fire, for some half-dozen years earlier fifty-three houses had been destroyed in a like manner.

The parish church of to-day is that of St. Giles—originally a chantry chapel, and founded about the year 1450. Here, again, the tower is the only part of the original structure which remains, the other sections of the building being comparatively new and uninteresting.

The Stony Stratford of the last decades of the nineteenth century cannot be said to be noteworthy for any large and growing manufactories. There are currying works here, and there is a firm engaged in the slightly incongruous enterprise—considering the inland situation of the town—of building steam-tugs, some of which, we believe, are exported as far as South America.

But the great interest of the town lies in the past, in the thronging memories which the sight of the quaint, picturesque houses, the grotesque signs, and roomy inn-yards conjures up.

For these things, and for the charm of its sylvan setting, Stony Stratford is well deserving of a visit; and on these grounds we beg, with a humble but assured confidence, to urge its claims upon the continually growing constituency of British tourists.

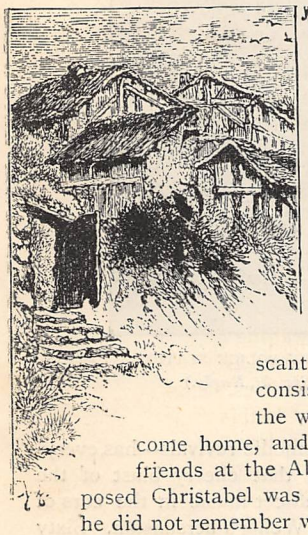
W. J. LACEY.

SWEET CHRISTABEL.

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned," "In a Minor Key," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

RETURNING HOME.



THE letter brought over from Cranmoor by a friend of Mr. Fagby's, which had so engrossed Miss Reynolds, was from no other than Mr. Vanstone, and was, moreover, written from the Abbey.

The explanation of this very astonishing fact was as short and scant as it well could be consistently with courtesy: the writer stated that he had come home, and was entertaining some friends at the Abbey, and that he supposed Christabel was now of an age—though he did not remember what her age was—to see a little society. He would therefore be much obliged if Miss Reynolds would bring her back to the Abbey the next day, when the carriage would meet them at the Kirby Hayes Station.

"Father has not seen me for three years," cried Christabel, after perusing this paternal letter. "I was not fourteen then; I wonder what he will think of me. Oh, Rennie! I am so glad he is come home at last."

Glad as she was, though, her heart began to misgive her when the next day she found herself seated in the train, and steaming back to Kirby Hayes. She loved her father enthusiastically: that is to say, the father of her imagination; but now that he was close at hand, she began to recall him as he really was, and not as during these three years she had idealised him. She dreaded the cold grey eye that would glide over her, making her feel shy and awkward, the satirical smile her blushes would evoke, the indifferent manner that made her feel she was nothing to him. It seemed such a long time too since she had last seen him, when he had come home only to bury her mother, and then go away again; in reality, it was but three years ago, but in those years she had shot up from the child into the girl, and her mind undergoing the same process made the time seem much longer.

It was not a long journey to Kirby Hayes, barely an hour, and already at the station stood the first evidence of the master's return, in the shape of a new brougham instead of the old vehicle which had been considered quite good enough to convey Miss Reynolds and her

pupil about the country. With a sensation almost of solemnity Christabel took her place on the dark blue cushions, feeling as though she were going to be a stranger in her own home.

Miss Reynolds too had opened her eyes wide on seeing the new carriage, yet had made no remark, but all the way to the Abbey—and it was fourteen miles—she maintained a sombre silence, relieved at intervals by suppressed sighs. As they rolled smoothly along over the desolate moorland, with no sun to light it up, toned down to its uniform tint of dull russet-brown, the great uneven waste, with its dreary suggestion of bog and quagmire, made Christabel shudder, she knew not why. Like Miss Reynolds, she kept silence, oppressed as she was by a vague fear, a childish longing that she might meet her father alone, unsurrounded by strangers.

But now they have rolled in under the great square archway, and her head is far out of the window, nodding to Mrs. Bigge at the lodge, as the sound of guns reaches their ears.

"They are shooting the north covert," she says to Miss Reynolds. "I suppose father will be out."

They have some way to drive still, another lodge to go through, but now at last they are in the shade of the beech avenue, and nearing the house. Suddenly the brougham stops, the footman jumps down, and a gentleman comes to the door: a powerfully-built man, his sallow complexion burnt to a yellow-brown, his black hair thickly sprinkled with grey, his finely-cut lips settled into lines of weariness and disappointment, his eyes cold and tired.

Christabel holds out her hands to him.

"Father!" she cries; and, before he can help her, has opened the carriage door and sprung out.

He smiles a little bored smile, but not an unkind one, and, stooping down, gives her a light kiss on her forehead.

"You are grown out of all knowledge," he says, and his weary eyes rest for a fleeting moment, with something like satisfaction, on the upright figure, the bright fair face before him. Then he turns to Miss Reynolds with a courteous greeting, and an inquiry as to whether she would prefer to drive on or walk up to the house. She chooses the former, and as the horses trot on, Christabel becomes aware that she and her father are no longer alone. From behind one of the beech-trees there emerges an apparition, the like of which she, poor ignorant child, has seldom seen: in other words, a young, pretty, and exquisitely well-dressed woman approaches her with a smile, and holding out both hands.

"I thought you would like to meet your father alone," she says, "so I made myself scarce. Now I am come to introduce myself. I am Mrs. Gore."

This announcement conveys nothing to Christabel, who suffers herself to be warmly embraced, whilst she looks with a puzzled, mystified expression at her father for an explanation. He laughs rather uneasily.

"I am afraid I have not told much about my proceedings to this little girl," he responds to the slight elevation of Mrs. Gore's eyebrows. "She knows I am come home, and that is all. Mrs. Loftus is here," he continues, turning to Christabel, "your Cousin Susan, whom probably you do not remember."

"You will have no difficulty in remembering her when once you have seen her," remarks Mrs. Gore, "particularly if she first breaks on your astonished gaze attired in the tartan dress—as I fancy she will, for she had it on at lunch. Mr. Vanstone, do you think we could bribe her to burn that dress? It absolutely spoils my digestion."

Mr. Vanstone smiles indulgently. "Susan is quite incorruptible," he says; "no amount of money would tempt her—as it would you," he adds in a lower voice, bending his head down to the pretty woman at his side. She smiles back at him, and together they continue their almost whispered conversation, quite oblivious of Christabel, who walks along, only half understanding the *badinage* going on, and feeling herself decidedly *de trop*. As they approach the house she sees Miss Reynolds standing in the porch parleying with a lady, whose skirts, alone visible, recall vividly Mrs. Gore's late remarks on the subject of the tartan. No sooner, however, does the owner of this brilliant medley of blue, green, red, and yellow catch sight of the trio coming up the drive than she advances rapidly to meet them, and almost before she is aware of it, Christabel finds herself enfolded in a warm embrace, whilst a somewhat trumpeting voice is exclaiming over her—

"So this is little Christabel. Don't you remember me, my dear? I am Cousin Susan."

The face that looks down on her is beaming with kindness; every feature is working, from the twinkling brown eyes to the tip of the pointed chin, and a multitude of little bows that surmount the erection on her head are all nodding and shaking from the mechanism set going below them. Nevertheless, Christabel takes to the kind, awkward-looking woman (for there is plenty of animation about her, as opposed to her father's jaded air of weariness), though she answers, truthfully enough, that she does not remember her.

"Well, no, I suppose not. Now I come to think of it, you must have been quite a baby when your father and mother brought you to see me in London—the year of the Exhibition. But, my dear, you must be very tired after your long drive. Shall we go in to tea, Myles?"—to Mr. Vanstone.

"Decidedly; we were but waiting for you."

Tea is set out in the hall; and as Christabel steps over the threshold she rubs her eyes, for she begins to think she must be dreaming. Is this the hall she left only a month ago, where the shadows seemed gloomier and her footsteps re-echoed more drearily than in any other part of the house? Surely not.

In the wide grate an enormous wood fire burns on the dogs, and goes roaring up the chimney; instead of slipping about on the oak boards, her feet sink into a carpet where no particular hue prevails, but all is rich and sombre. The armour and the pictures remain, but they are almost overlooked among sofas and arm-chairs, screens and writing-tables, newspapers,

flowers, books, and work, that have converted the grim old hall into the most charming of sitting-rooms, combining real antiquity with every luxury that this nineteenth century of ours can produce. In a prominent place hangs the portrait of Colonel Vanstone.

Mrs. Gore stands by, smiling at the look of bewilderment on the girl's face, and at Miss Reynolds' rigid attitude, pursed-up lips, and expression of unutterable things. "Well," she asks, "what do you think of it? Do you approve of my turning Sahara into an Eden?"

"I think it is lovely," Christabel answers, her eyes glistening with satisfaction. "How pretty those old chairs that used to be up in the lumber-room look!—don't they, Rennie?"

But even as she speaks she turns to her father, for she cannot make it all out. It was never so in her mother's day.

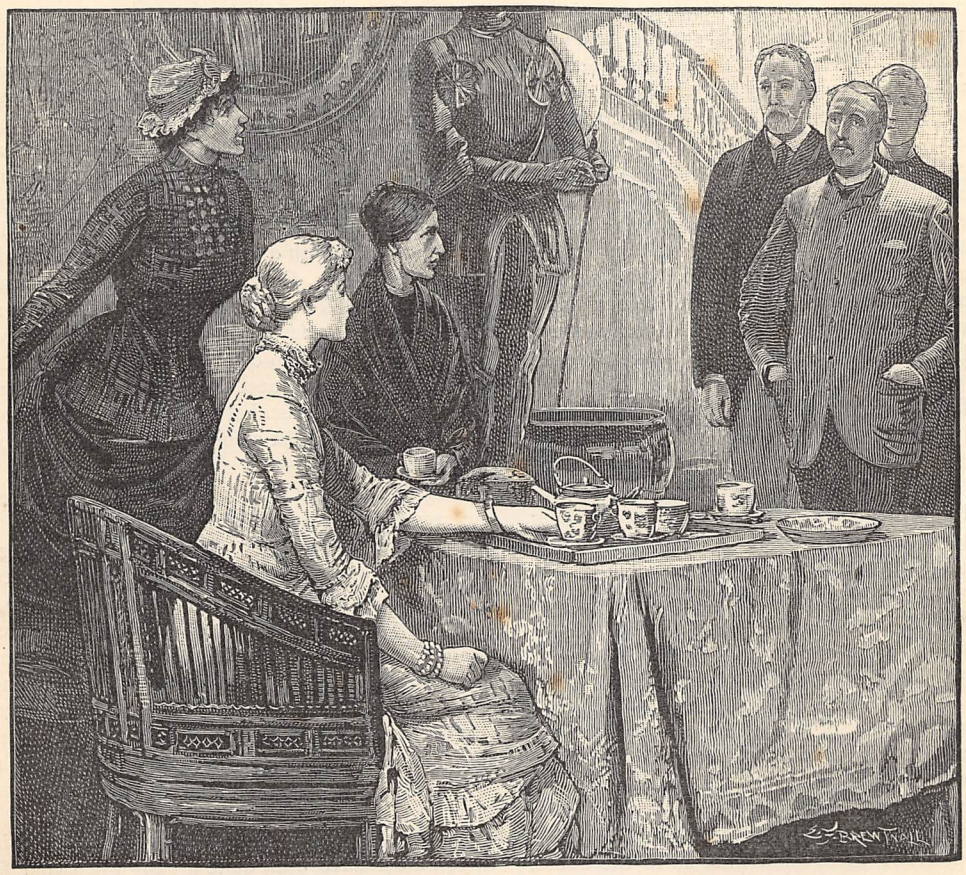
"Mrs. Loftus," continues Mrs. Gore, whilst Christabel, in obedience to a gesture from her father, seats herself at the tea-table, "how do you like my last innovation?" (pointing to Colonel Vanstone's portrait). "Do you see that I have got my way, and have had the dear, handsome, wicked colonel hung in a place where his attractions are seen?"

Mrs. Loftus puts up her eye-glass, and peers at the cynical countenance of her ancestor.

"I had not noticed it," she says. "I am sorry it is hung in here, for it is a bad face; and no wonder, for it belonged to a bad man."

"But a beautiful painting," pleads Mrs. Gore—"Look at those hands—the Vanstone hands that you are all so proud of—they are perfect; and as to his being a bad man, what does it matter?—he has been dead and buried a hundred years; and you cannot deny that he is ornamental. I always tell My—— Mr. Vanstone, he is like him."

"Oh! pray do not say so!" cries Mrs. Loftus. "I am thankful to say I see no resemblance at all. The person most like him is his own lineal descendant, Grenville Vanstone. That man, by-the-way, Myles, is in England again, actually living in Green Street. I met him at the station the other day, and he came up and spoke to me. 'Going down to the Abbey, I suppose, Susan?' he said (actually calling me Susan; you know his jaunty manner). 'I hear Myles is home



"'YOUR COUSIN JOHN, MY DEAR CHRISTABEL'" (p. 101).

again; time he should be—the place wants looking to, and the pretty bird in her cage is beginning to flutter her feathers.' I was so taken aback that I really did not know how to answer him, and I was just trying to think of something to say, when he smiled at me in that uncomfortable way he has. 'There's your train,' he said, 'and your husband making frantic signs to you. Myles would not forgive you if he sent the carriage fourteen miles, and you never turned up;' and with that he hurried me into my carriage, and handed me a worldly, profane paper, which I am grieved to say John read all the way down, and seemed to enjoy. Nevertheless, Myles, I cannot help hoping there may be some good in Grenville, for he seemed really desirous of making me comfortable; and when he gave me the paper, he said quite pleasantly, 'A little amusing literature for you, my dear madam.' I dare say it was kindly meant, for he could not know that I never look at such publications."

"Very kind!" sneers Mr. Vanstone, whilst Mrs. Gore turns away her face to conceal her laughter, and Christabel listens with wide-open eyes. "He was so extremely kind as to come down here during my absence and prowl about the place, and then kinder still in writing me a letter about some trumpery little tree or other I had had cut down, to remind me of his interest in the estate. Oh! there is no doubt a world of good in him!" and Mr. Vanstone smiles a dangerous smile that bodes no good to his heir-at-law. "Come, Sylvia," he continues, turning to Mrs. Gore; "if you have done your tea, we will go out together: I always require fresh air after any mention of Grenville Vanstone."

They wander off together, and Mrs. Loftus looks after them with a smile, then turns significantly to Christabel and Miss Reynolds.

The latter sits rigid and immovable, as though carved in wood; nor does she relax when the door opens, and three men come in, in shooting attire, fresh from the slaughter of the pheasants.

Mrs. Loftus greets them warmly, and introduces one of them—a little fair man, with a good-natured, rather comical face, and a dapper figure—to Christabel and Miss Reynolds as her husband.

"Your Cousin John, my dear Christabel."

"And very happy," responds Cousin John, "to make the acquaintance of so fair a relative. Allow me to extend the privilege to Mr. Gunning and Captain Carstairs—Miss Vanstone."

The two men bow, and Christabel gives her hand frankly to them both as they sit down by the table, and she proceeds to pour them out their tea.

"Well, little cousin," continues Mr. Loftus, as he helps himself to tea-cake, "and what do you think of the widow? You have seen her?"

"Mrs. Gore?—oh, yes. She is lovely."

"Alas! so we all think, but more especially your dear papa, and she reciprocates in that quarter. I suppose the young things are gone off together now," looking round the room. "Well, I am glad you are pleased with her, as it is to be your lot——"

A significant cough from his wife stops him, and he abruptly continues—

"By the way, Christabel, if it is not an impertinent question, are you come out yet?"

"I don't know; I don't think so."

"You don't know! What a very extraordinary thing! Miss Reynolds, is your charming pupil arrived at that mysterious phase in her existence called 'coming out'?"

"I should think not, Mr. Loftus," answers Miss Reynolds, whose countenance has been growing more and more sombre as Mr. Loftus rattles on. "Christabel is only sixteen."

"And the magic age is—?"

"Eighteen, I believe. Christabel, my dear, if you have finished making the tea we had better go upstairs; it is getting late." And, feeling unequal to any more of Mr. Loftus' nonsense, she moves majestically to the door.

She is upset, is the poor faithful soul who has loved Christabel with such unselfish love, and who sees before her the prospect of parting with her darling, and handing her over to the hands of Mrs. Gore, turned into Mrs. Vanstone. Not but what she has always expected this termination to her career at the Abbey, only Mrs. Gore is such a different person to Christabel's mother, so contrary to what she would fancy Mr. Vanstone's ideal, so unfit, she should say, judging by the little *je ne sais quoi* that betoken a woman of the world—easily converted, in her narrow-minded opinion, into a worldly woman—to bring out and introduce her sweet, innocent, beautiful Christabel. Her eyes are brimming with tears as she walks upstairs, followed by her unwilling pupil, loth to leave such pleasant society, and immersed in the problem of how Mr. Loftus, with his young face and manner, comes to be Cousin Susan's husband, who looks like his mother.

But on their arrival in their own domains, both her conjectures and Miss Reynolds' annoyance are swallowed up in the important question of what dresses they will wear that evening, unprepared as they are for a house full of company.

"There is nothing for it," says Christabel ruefully. "I must wear my red dress, and trust to my dear rose-garden for my adornments." And a smile glimmers in the corners of her lips as she opens her wardrobe and pulls out the dress in question. "I shall never see this or my old serge, Rennie," she says, "without thinking of the stranger who rescued us both from the waves. It seems such ages ago, and yet it only happened yesterday."

"Yes," answers Miss Reynolds absently. By-the-by, she must tell Mr. Vanstone about that.

"I wonder," continues Christabel, "if you see a likeness that I do between the stranger and some one here?"

"No," says Miss Reynolds, "I don't think I do, except—yes, I did notice when Mr. Vanstone came up to the carriage to-day that his figure reminded me of our rescuer, only that your father is thinner."

"But he is like him in face, too, Rennie"—eagerly

—"that is the funny part of it; and funnier still, they are both like Colonel Vanstone."

"I don't see that, dear. I thought the stranger had a good countenance."

"Yes, so did I; but there is a likeness, all the same. But I must stop talking, or I shall be late getting my roses." And, seizing a pair of scissors, Christabel flies down a narrow flight of steps cut in the thickness of the wall, and out at a massive wooden door into the garden.

How pretty it looks this evening, still aglow with the glories of the sunset, and the moorland, bathed in purple, standing out mistily above it! Hurried as she is, she stops for one minute to drink in its beauty, and then, remembering that her time is short, she scampers up the grass avenue—the Abbot's Walk it is called—to return very shortly, laden with crimson, pink, and cream spoils.

As she takes her homeward way—a very Flora, with her young flower-face—down the green alley at the same rapid pace she came up it, she suddenly comes face to face with her father, strolling along, cold and bored as usual.

"Ah!" he says, "so you have found some roses. Mrs. Gore was looking for some: you had better take her these. They are very fine ones."

Christabel looks a little crest-fallen; she had intended these roses for the adornment of Miss Reynolds and herself.

"I may keep some, father, may not I?" she asks.

"Oh! do as you like," he answers her, indifferently. "By-the-way, Christabel, as we are by ourselves—and if you have not been told already, you are sure to hear it from some one soon—I may as well inform you that I wish you to show Mrs. Gore every respect and attention, as I am shortly going to be married to her."

And with that he walks on quite unconcernedly, and Christabel gives up running, and betakes herself to the side-door like one in a dream.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

RETROSPECTION.

ON the same day, and in the same train, that Miss Reynolds and Christabel were steaming back to Kirby Hayes, the nameless stranger who had rescued them from the waves the previous afternoon was on his way from Cranmoor to London.

It would be many hours before he would set foot in the King's Cross Station, and he had ample time wherein to study the two or three newspapers he had collected around him, but somehow he did not seem to make much way with them.

There was a glimmer of firelight dancing over the page, look at it how he would—a girl's kneeling figure, a small golden head. Two star-like eyes gleamed from between the closely-printed rows of words; two red lips smiled at him through the statistics of pheasant-shooting, the last mystery, the autumnal speeches to constituents, till the only sentence he could see was, "I should like to do something for you some day."

He threw the paper down. It was useless fighting with the vision any longer; let him face it, and then, perhaps, it would melt away.

"Dear little girl!" he murmured, as he gave himself over to the recollection—"dear, sweet little girl! She little dreams who I am, and that it is a case of Capulets and Montagues. What a fool I am that I cannot get her out of my head! What business have I with such follies? A nice father she must have, poor neglected child! However, there are other neglected children worse off than she is, and other fathers beside whom hers is a saint."

He spoke aloud, for he had the carriage to himself, and with bitterness, as his face clouded over, and for a time the vision in the red dress was dispelled by others less pleasing, but more obtrusive.

They stretched back to long years ago, when he was quite a child in a tumble-down cottage in the country, with a sad-eyed mother who never smiled, but would look at him with a fixed, sorrowful gaze, that would choke the laughter in his throat, and turn his mirth to sadness. Years after, when she had long been at rest, he had learnt the miserable story of her married life, which had transformed her from a bright, beautiful girl to a sad, austere, joyless woman.

She had been the handsome daughter and only child of the colonel of a smart cavalry regiment, wherein Grenville Vanstone had been the handsomest subaltern, and, to her cost, the most fascinating. There was nothing he could not do. He danced, he sang, he rode, he shot, he played billiards, better than any one else; and—what she did not know—he gambled night after night, with a success that was more fatal to him than the loss of thousands. He was old in vice when the moustache was but young on his lip, but he had a winning smile, a ready tongue, and a heart that never gave him trouble.

Elinor Marston was handsome and an heiress—just the wife for him, encumbered as he was with debt. Her father was dotingly fond of her, and not likely to give her to a man whom he more than suspected to be unprincipled; so there was nothing for it but to run away with her. Once they were married, the old man would come round, Elinor would be restored to renewed favour, a handsome allowance made to her, and there would be no tiresome settlements to reveal the nakedness of the land on his side.

But all this was easier to conceive than to execute. Elinor was a high-principled girl, who naturally revolted from the course proposed to her, and it was months before he could sufficiently warp her mind by specious arguments to persuade her that wrong was right, and deceit and ingratitude virtues. He accomplished it at last, for she loved him blindly, madly; and then the rest was easy.

Colonel Marston, trusting as a child, feared nothing, and the blow fell none the less heavily for his too easy confidence. It found him a hale, hearty man; it turned him into a paralysed invalid, with but a few days of life left to him, yet still with sufficient clearness of mind and energy of purpose to accomplish a last act of retribution. He made his will for the second time in his life. He had made it once before, leaving

everything to his only child, Elinor; he made it again to will her £3,000, to be strictly settled on her and any children she might have, the rest of his large fortune to go absolutely to a cousin of his own name.

Within a week of this last act of his he died. His daughter came to him, but it was too late; he did not know her, and she could only sit by him, see the havoc she had wrought, and do nothing. But the iron had entered into her soul, and she could never forgive herself, and even less her husband, as with every hour that passed she learnt more truly the character of the man she had married. To her relief, he was forced to leave his regiment; and on the money obtained from the sale of his commission and the interest of her £3,000 they commenced their married life.

And what a life! Spent, as it was, in wandering from one gambling-place on the Continent to another, it was wretched from the beginning. Grenville, furious that all his plans had been frustrated, vented his fury on his wife; whilst she, heart-broken at her father's death, learnt all too late that she had sacrificed him to a *roué* and a gambler. She lost her beauty and her spirits, and before her boy was born—two years after her marriage—had turned into a stern, sad woman. For she was by no means meek—the "spaniel and the walnut-tree" adage was not one to be applied to her; and when she found that she could not with any self-respect continue to live with her husband, she left him, taking her boy with her.

Grenville was only too glad to be rid of her, her satirical speeches, and undisguised contempt for himself; and he saw her steam away from Monaco with a lighter heart than he had known for years. He never saw her again. She died quite suddenly, when her boy, Piers, was but seven years old; and it was on the occasion of her funeral that he first made the acquaintance of his father.

From henceforth his life was to be a very different one to that he had hitherto led at secluded little Sledgeford.

After Mrs. Vanstone's few simple affairs had been settled, Grenville carried off his son to Paris, to Homburg, to Spa, taking a fiendish delight in teaching him all that his mother had prayed he might not learn, forbearing to teach him anything that might be to his advantage.

During these years of enforced wandering the child was utterly neglected, left entirely to himself, and given no instruction or education whatever, whilst his father denied himself no pleasure or luxury that happened to take his jaded taste.

But Piers never forgot his mother's teaching, whilst he had inherited much of her uncompromising will; and though Grenville would assert with malicious glee that his son was a chip of the old block when he saw how true was his eye, how dexterously he handled a cue, how quickly he learnt any game of cards, still he was obliged to own that there was a good deal of his mother in him when he refused absolutely to play any more on learning that it was for money, and not even a severe caning could induce him to touch cue or card again.

Insatiable for knowledge, he would pore over any books he could lay hands on, quickly picking up the German, French, and Italian of the towns in which he sojourned—which was to stand him in good stead in the years to come. But in vain did he periodically demand of his father to be sent to school, to be brought up as a gentleman. To all such requests Grenville would return mocking answers or a severe punishment, according to the mood he happened to be in, and the child would writhe in impotent rage and clench his little fist to find himself thwarted at all points.

Thus it went on until he was ten years old, and shooting up into a tall, slim boy, with wide-open grey eyes, and a mouth too sad and resolute for a child of his age, when suddenly there came a change: Grenville Vanstone married again.

The second Mrs. Vanstone was very different to the first. She was a good-tempered, lymphatic woman, past her *première jeunesse*, the daughter of a manufacturer, with more money than she knew what to do with, and no knowledge of society.

Small wonder that she was quickly captivated by the handsome, agreeable widower, who played his part with such skill that within two months of making his acquaintance, plain, uninteresting Agatha Thornton had turned into Agatha Vanstone, without settlements or legal arrangements of any kind.

At first things promised very well. Grenville was for a time sincere in his wish to lead an altered life. Piers was sent to school in England, and Agatha was happy in establishing herself in a house in London. But the virtuous fit lasted, alas! but a short time. The possession of so much money was too great a temptation to a man of Grenville Vanstone's vicious temperament, and before a year had elapsed he had resumed all his old habits. It was easy enough to keep Agatha in the dark; hers was a good-tempered, stolid nature, that asked no questions so long as she was well dressed, had plenty of smart people on her visiting list, and could show herself about occasionally with her handsome husband.

So the years rolled on, Grenville sinking ever deeper into the mire, whilst with characteristic determination Piers had made up his mind to be a soldier. Grenville, however, began to be tired of paying for his son's schooling. It seemed to him that he had done enough for a boy who had deprived him, as he considered, of his lawful fortune, and seeing that he had now three other children, he thought it quite time that Piers' education should be discontinued. A great deal of Agatha's money had vanished altogether—she herself had to be kept in ignorance of this fact—why should, then, any of her fortune be spent on a boy who was none of hers?

On his side, Piers, having hitherto done extremely well, was fully resolved to continue his career at one of the great public schools. Forced in former days to shift for himself, he had contracted the habit of making his own plans, and then doggedly adhering to them. The result of this last determination was, as usual, a fuss with his father, timid support from Agatha, who had always stood his friend, and finally a compromise.

He should go to a public school if he got in by his own exertions on a foundation, promising at the same time to refund to his father, on his coming into his mother's money, every farthing that had been or should be spent on his education.

Without a moment's hesitation the boy gave the written promise, and putting his shoulder to the wheel, passed brilliantly into Eton, from thence equally easily into Woolwich, and two years afterwards saw him sent out to India in a battery of artillery.

From that day to this he had not seen his father's handwriting, except in acknowledgment of the money faithfully repaid for education, nor had he set foot in England until his present return, after an absence of twelve years. He knew that his stepmother was dead, leaving six children, that his father was alive and but little altered; and he strongly suspected that his half-brothers and sisters were as badly off and neglected as he had been in former days. He remembered his own unloved childhood, and determined that the first thing he would do on reaching England, after fulfilling a dead friend's commission at Cranmoor, should be to look up poor Agatha's children, and see if he might not in some way repay to them the many kindnesses their mother had shown him in his boyish days.

These reflections, so many and varied, occupied him until he reached King's Cross, and as the train drew up with a jerk he realised that he was in London, and that it was more than twelve years since he had last been there.

What changes would he not see in the very streets he was to pass through? and if such changes in bricks and mortar, what should he find in human beings? Would his father be changed? Would his grey hairs have brought him wisdom, if they could not give him principle? Would they have taught him the uncertainty of all things human, even if they could not teach him the cravings of young humanity? He would see.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

AGATHA.

IT was early the next morning when Piers Vanstone drove up to his father's house in Green Street. At first he thought he had come on a fool's errand when he saw the shutters up in the drawing-room windows, and remembered that it was September, till his eye fell on the dining-room. There were no shutters there—only a pair of dingy wire blinds, one of which was surmounted by a boy's face, crowned with red hair, staring with a pair of astonished eyes at the hansom drawn up at the door. It was poor Agatha's face over again.

Captain Vanstone at once jumped out of the cab and rang the door-bell, which was answered by a tidy-looking woman, whom he instantly recognised as having been the children's nurse in former days, and whom he was glad to see still with them.

"Foster, don't you remember me?" he asked.

"No, indeed, sir, though I seem to know your voice. Why"—as he smiled—"'tis never Master Piers?"

"It is, Foster—no other; and I am come to look after your children."

The woman's face lighted up, and she was about to speak, when she was cut short by the dining-room door opening, and five heads, in an ascending scale of height, threatening an immediate irruption into the hall.

They were led by a girl, whose features, of singular plainness, were somewhat redeemed by a pair of large mournful eyes, and who instantly retreated into the dining-room as she saw Piers advancing towards her. He followed her, however, into the room, where he was confronted by his brothers and sisters, standing at bay behind the large table; and it struck him that he had seldom seen five plainer faces.

"Agatha," he said, after a pause, addressing the eldest—no longer to be called a child, since he knew she was nineteen—"don't you know me?"

She looked at him with her large sad eyes that went straight to his heart, and then a smile broke over her plain features.

"I suppose you must be Piers," she said. "Mother said you would come home some day."

"Your mother was right. Let me see, you are Agatha, and this is Christabel," pointing to the next girl.

"No," she answered, half-sullenly, half-defiantly—"No; this is Clare. Chris died when mother did."

"I was not aware of that," he said, seating himself. "Poor children!—come and tell me all about yourselves."

"There is not much to tell," answered Agatha curtly. "I'm nineteen, and Grenville there is eleven, and we have been in London two whole years. That is a long time for us; we usually move about, because the tradespeople bother so. I think that is all."

"And don't any of you have any education?"

"Oh dear, no!" laughed Agatha, highly amused. "Do you think father would trouble himself about us? We are all as ignorant as we can be. I know the most, because we had a governess whilst mother lived; but the boys ought to go to school."

"I don't want to go to school," struck in Grenville, who was busily employed in dissecting a fly, whilst his brother whistled loudly and out of tune.

Piers looked at them meditatively. Here was no desire for learning, such as had made the torment of his young days; on all their faces was painted their mother's expression of stolid acquiescence, of indifferent contentment—on all save Agatha's. He turned to her again.

"Where is your father?" he asked abruptly.

"I think he is in Scotland, staying with Lord Fosbury for shooting and stalking, but I am not at all sure."

Piers' lip curled, and there came an expression into his countenance that made Agatha feel rather afraid of this newly-found brother.

"And don't you ever go with him?" he asked. "You are come out, I suppose?"

She laughed again, loudly and bitterly.

"Papa says he cannot afford to bring me out, and that I am so ugly I shall never marry; so I stay at home to keep house."

There was no tone of complaint in her words; she merely stated a fact, with a simplicity which touched him more than floods of tears. She was ugly—he was obliged to confess it—and he had all the Vanstone love of beauty; but what girl would not be ugly who was untidy, ill-dressed, and utterly wanting in those feminine graces that make up such a large sum of what is called beauty? His heart was swelling with indignation and compassion—the old feelings that had been dormant so long; but all he said was—

"Will you come for a walk with me this morning? I will provide your lunch, and bring you home before I go to the Horseguards—all of you, I mean. Shall you like that?"

"Awfully!" she answered; "but we are not fit to go out with *you*," looking the awe and admiration she felt for this new relative. "Papa would not take us for the world; the boys' clothes are so shabby."

Then ensued a Babel of discussion that Piers put down with a high hand, sending the culprits up to dress, and requesting that meanwhile Foster might come and speak to him.

From her he learnt more than Agatha could, or would, tell him.

Mrs. Vanstone and little Christabel—the prettiest of the whole family—had died of diphtheria some six years ago, and since then the five remaining children had been left pretty much to themselves and her. It was only a new version of the old story: French cooks, exquisite dinners, race-horses, every conceivable luxury and pleasure for Grenville—neglect and ignorance for his children.

"'SO YOU HAVE FOUND SOME ROSES'" (*p.* 102).

Piers listened to it all in silence; and by the time Foster had come to the end of her narrative there was a clatter outside, and then the entrance of the children, equipped for their walk.

That *was* a walk. Poor children!—they had never known such a one for years. First of all, to a restaurant, where they were treated to a lunch that made their eyes glisten; for they were children to whom the material things of this world were everything, and who would have bartered a good deal for a mess of pottage. Then to a celebrated confectioner's, where they were

allowed to eat as much as they liked, and fill their pockets besides. From thence down Bond Street, where the climax was reached when Piers stopped at a well-known milliner's, and the three girls were taken in and presented with new hats.

They walked about till they were tired, and then Piers, who had been intently observing them all the time, took them home, promising to come and see them the next day, kissing their plain faces all the way round, more moved than he would have cared to own when Agatha said, in her blunt way—

"No one has kissed me, except the children, since mother died. You see, I am so ugly."

"Don't say that again," he answered. "Make yourself as pretty and as tidy," with emphasis, "as you can, and see if you are ugly in your new hat."

"Don't you think me so?" she asked, in amazement.

He looked at her eyes (wide open with wonder), at her long, slender throat, upright figure, and small Vanstone hands.

"No, dear," he answered, "I don't. Good-bye."

From that moment Agatha would have died for him; instead of which, she was called upon to act as arbitrator in the quarrels already commencing, over chocolate creams and other delicacies, between her brothers and sisters.

"I say," said Grenville, when peace was restored, "what an awfully jolly chap he is, isn't he?—but rather green. He never saw that Myles pocketed a whole lot of those cream things, and then pretended he had had none, and took another lot. And you were very clever, too, Ag: you chose awfully dear hats, and he said nothing. He must have loads of money; though perhaps," he added, as an after-thought (a natural one to him), "he won't pay for all the things."

"You little wretch!" she cried. "How dare you speak of Piers like that? Can't you see how different he is to us? As to the hats, I never thought of the price: I chose them because they were pretty. I will change them to-morrow. Oh!" with a sob, "what must he think of us?"

"Why, that we are his dear brothers and sisters," said Myles, advancing to the table, and speaking so like his father that it made Agatha shiver involuntarily, "who have the good taste to be very fond of chocolate, and hats at three guineas a-piece."

"Three guineas!" cried Agatha, aghast; "three guineas! That makes nine for the three of us. How foolish, how wrong I was!"

"Good gracious, Ugly!"—her familiar name at home—"what a row about nothing! He has got lots of tin; let it be our business to get as much out of him as we can. He is our brother. I shall put on my oldest clothes to-morrow, and perhaps he will rig me out at his tailor's;" and Myles laughed till the tears ran down his face.

But Agatha was far more inclined to cry. For almost the first time she saw her brothers and sisters in their true colours, perceiving as in a mirror what kind of men and women they were likely to turn out if they went on as they had begun. She would speak to Piers about it to-morrow.

Meanwhile, her tea and bread-and-butter seemed to choke her, seasoned as they were with her brother's remarks. She pushed away her cup and plate, and abruptly leaving the room, retired upstairs to solitude and meditation.

It was late the next day—past five o'clock—when Piers found himself in Green Street, where the first sight that met his eyes was a hansom laden with luggage, and on the pavement Grenville Vanstone, haggling with the cabman for sixpence.

His son recognised him at once, for time had dealt lightly with him in spite of late hours and fast living, for there was one avenue closed to his ravages, and that was his heart.

He stared as he saw Piers walk up the steps, ring the bell, and inquire if Miss Vanstone were at home. He gave the man his sixpence at once, and ran up after him. Was it possible that Ugly could have a young man visitor?

The door closed behind the two men, and they stood in the passage confronting one another, Piers' keen eyes resting on his father's face as he said, in his unimpassioned manner—

"You don't know me—father?"

"Yes, I do," snarled Grenville, taken at a disadvantage; "and sorry I am to see you again. What are you doing here?"

"I came to see Agatha. For my part, I am very glad to meet you; for, after my long absence, I have a good deal to say to you."

"You always had a good deal to say to me," responded his father more amiably, recognising that his son was no longer a boy, but a man who possessed one great merit—he did not think he would ask him for money.

"Will you dine with me to-night at eight o'clock at L——'s Hotel, and we can discuss the last twelve years over our dinner?" pursued Piers.

Mr. Vanstone's countenance cleared. This was a good beginning. Far better that he should dine with Piers than Piers with him.

"With pleasure," he answered, with his most charming smile. "I am only in London to-night; I go down to Charlie Meyrick's to-morrow."

At this point in their conversation Agatha appeared, and they all three turned into the dining-room together, but the girl was so shy and silent that Piers, finding that nothing was to be got out of her, very shortly took his leave.

He returned to his hotel to order a specially good dinner. He had a task before him that he did not like, for he was determined, cost what it might, to make an effort to induce his father to show ordinary paternal care of poor Agatha's children.

Grenville little guessed what was in store for him. It did not come within the compass of his ideas that a young man like Piers should trouble himself about a parcel of neglected children, and he was quite taken aback as, towards the end of dinner, he perceived the drift of his son's conversation.

Education!—the old cry. Education for the boys! education for the girls! Did Piers want to ruin him,

that he talked of such things to him? Would this son of his be his *bête-noire* to the end of his days?

"If you will tell me where the money is to come from!" he burst out.

"Their mother's—she had plenty," was the cool reply.

A shrug of the shoulders told the story of that.

"I tell you what, Piers," he said, "if you like to educate the brats I will hand them over to you, body and soul, with pleasure."

"Thank you," said Piers, but there was a something in his countenance that made his father's restless eyes sink lower and lower on his plate. "Do you think that I have lived in India all these years, and never asked you for a farthing, that I have denied myself absolute necessities, in order to be able to return some day to England, for the purpose of assuming your responsibilities when I did return? I refunded you every penny you spent on my education, and now here I am with the pay of an adjutant and a hundred pounds a year from my mother's fortune. How much do you think I have left to educate other people's sons? Yet something must be done for those children, and you are the person to do it. Would you," he continued, with his mother's thrilling passionateness, "have it on your conscience to have sent five children to destruction, and those your own? They were with me for four hours yesterday—time enough for me to discover that the two boys are growing up utterly vicious, and the younger girls vulgar. The very children in the streets are better off in these days of compulsory education. Agatha is uncouth, untidy, awkward, but still a lady; and what is more, she is a good girl and does her best. Looking at it merely from an interested point of view, won't you do something for them?"

"You seem to have found out a precious deal about my family. I will send them all to a Board school if you like."

Piers was disgusted. He thought of the race-horses, the French cook, the shooting in the Highlands, and his countenance expressed pretty plainly what he felt. He knew well that his father was playing the same game as himself—that it had been no idle jest when he had offered his family to his son to educate. Were the poor children to fall to the ground between the two stools?

"As you will," he said. "They are your children, not mine—your responsibility, not mine. If they grow up vicious and unprincipled you will not be ashamed of them, for they will be your own handiwork. I have spoken as a son ought not to his father, but I shall never mention the subject again."

"Then why do you mention it at all?" cried Grenville, thoroughly roused now that he perceived that his generous offer was definitely rejected. "What is it to you?"

"Precisely. What is it to me? Nothing; it is entirely your affair."

Grenville drew his chair somewhat closer to his son's, motioning to him to resume his. The mollifying effects of a good dinner, the soothing influence of a first-rate cigar, were still on him and rendered him confidential. "Piers," he said in a lowered voice, "there is Vanstone Abbey."

"There is," responded Piers, "with Myles Vanstone in it."

"But only a daughter. Nothing between him and me."

"Except that he is about five-and-forty, and you—well, some years older; that he is a widower and may marry again—that is all."

"Not so fast, my wise son; that is not all. There is something else, which you either do not know—though you seem as surprisingly well up in his affairs as you are in mine—or ignore. He is very ill."

"Have you seen him?"

"No; but I have the fact from indisputable authority. He is very ill, but he does not believe it and takes no care of himself. It is a fine place to look at, not to live in—rich soil, magnificent timber, and so on. I was down there not so very long ago, and saw the child, and a very pretty child—or young lady I should say—it is, too. Some day, if Myles leaves her alone much more, the Prince will be breaking through the wood and carrying off the Beauty. Piers, why should you not be the Prince?"

Piers flushed crimson to his temples; he could not endure to hear his father speak with unctuous satisfaction of that sweet young face that had haunted him for the last three days.

"You forget," he said coldly, "that I am hardly in the position to act the part of the Prince."

"And why not? You are a good-looking fellow enough, who knows how to look at a pretty woman very differently to how you look at me; and, hang it! you have a will of your own that would break down a wall as high as the tower of Babel. As for the money, why, she would have that—Myles is a very rich man."

"And I should have so much on my side to offer her, should not I? No, father, when I marry, if ever I do, I hope not to be dependent on my wife."

Grenville shrugged his shoulders. "Your sentiments were always lofty," he said contemptuously, "but I think you would sing a different tune if you had seen the young Princess. Such a pair of eyes! and such red lips! I had almost introduced myself as her cousin, and taken a cousin's privilege—My word! if she had not run away so quickly, I should have done so."

Piers' eyes flashed dangerously. "I am glad you did not," he said quietly. "You might have had to reckon with—Myles Vanstone."

Grenville smiled his Carker-like smile. The vision of that fair face seemed to give him infinite satisfaction; or was it the prospect of those goodly acres, one day to be his?

Whatever it was, he continued to smile, as he proposed to Piers to come with him to his club; and by the time they had reached Pall Mall, the two men were outwardly the best of friends. Nevertheless, in spite of his indifferent words, Piers had not forgotten his brothers and sisters.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

SIR RICHARD OWEN AND HIS WORK.

BY WILLIAM DURHAM, F.R.S. EDIN.

IT has been said, "half in jest," that the study of science is favourable to longevity, and the names of Lyell, Murchison, Brewster, Faraday, and many others have been given as those of men who have passed the allotted span of three-score years and ten. To these names may be added that of Sir Richard Owen. Born in 1804, he has now attained the advanced age of four-score years, without experiencing that "labour and sorrow" which the Psalmist says is the usual lot of those who reach this outer limit of human life. If genius may be defined as an "infinite capacity of doing work," Sir Richard may fairly lay claim to this gift, as few men have done more or better work than he has during his long and honourable career. Being destined for the medical profession, he, after completing the necessary studies, practised for some time in Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The bent of his mind, however, was strongly scientific, and shortly after he had succeeded his father-in-law as Conservator of the Museum of the College of Surgeons he abandoned his profession altogether, and devoted his whole time and energy to scientific pursuits. About twenty years of his life were spent mainly in the study of comparative anatomy. His friend Baron Cuvier, in studying fossil bones and comparing them with those of living animals, had shown that each group of animals was formed on a distinct plan, and that the whole structure of each species was adapted to its living requirements. With this knowledge he was enabled, from a few fragments of bones, to re-construct the whole animal and give a complete picture of animals that had long been extinct. Owen extended and improved upon this method, showing that there was evidence of a greater conformity to type, especially in the bones of the head of vertebrate animals, than Cuvier supposed. In 1834 Owen was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was appointed the first Hunterian Professor at the Royal College of Surgeons, and filled this chair for over twenty years. During this period he gave to the world several remarkable works on comparative anatomy and paleontology, among which may be mentioned his "Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton," his work on the study of teeth, besides many memoirs on extinct reptiles and mammals. In addition to these he prepared catalogues, extending to seven quarto volumes, of the various departments of the Hunterian collection.

Richard Owen was not, however, a scientific recluse, poring over his catalogues and fossil bones, for amid all these labours he found time to devote part of his rare energy and ability to various social problems. In 1843 he was appointed one of the commissioners to inquire into the health of towns, and in 1848 he issued a special report on the sanitary state of his native town, Lancaster, which resulted in improved drainage and water supply for that town. He was also one of the commissioners on the health of the Metropolis, and took part in various commissions of a kindred nature, including that of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

In 1856 Owen was appointed Superintendent of the Department of Natural History in the British Museum, and was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the building of the South Kensington Museum, which has proved such a valuable addition to our means of utilising our vast scientific collections. Notwithstanding the many arduous duties connected with his office in the British Museum, Sir Richard did not relax his scientific labours, but continued giving to the public many valuable memoirs. Almost every class of the animal kingdom was noticed by him. Besides his larger works on Fossils, he wrote papers on the Andaman Islanders, the Anthropoid Apes, the Giraffe, and many other subjects too numerous to mention. These untiring labours in the cause of science have not passed without due recognition from the various learned bodies and from those in high station. The Royal Society has bestowed upon him the Royal and Copley medals. The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin have conferred on him honorary degrees, and most of the learned societies of Europe and America have placed his name on their lists of honorary members. In 1857 he was elected President of the British Association. The King of Prussia, the late Emperor of the French, the Emperor of Brazil, and Her Most Gracious Majesty have delighted to do him honour.

In the year 1840 the British Association requested Sir Richard Owen to investigate the evidences of the reptilian fossils, as revealed in the formations of the secondary period, in Great Britain; and since that time he has accumulated a vast amount of information on the subject, which he has given to the public in a work recently published, entitled "A History of British Fossil Reptiles" (4 vols. 4to).* This magnificent work forms a fitting crown to a long life spent in advancing human knowledge and happiness, and bears witness to the extraordinary vigour of his mind. With a short summary of its contents we will close this necessarily imperfect sketch of a career spent in incessant work, and of a life now full of years and full of honours.

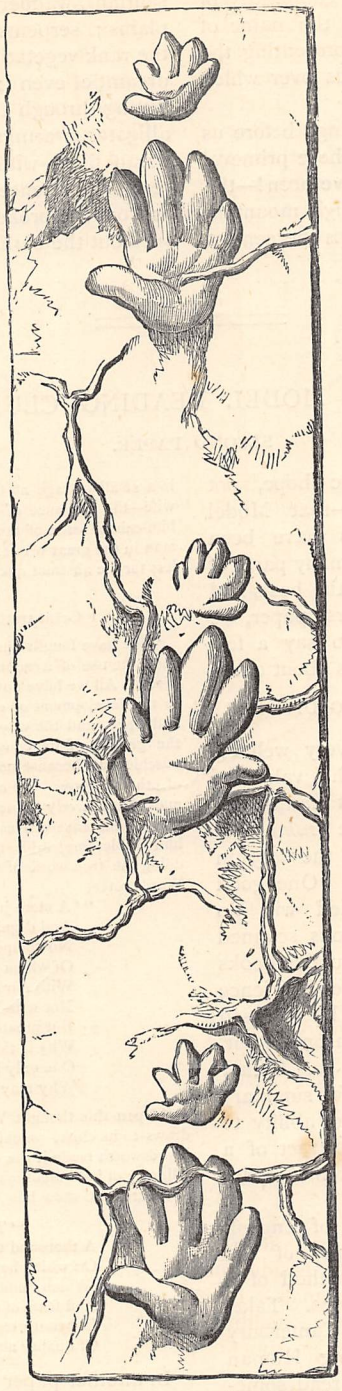
We are sometimes much impressed when old cities are dug out of the dust of centuries, and the works of a people, whose very name has been lost for ages, are brought once more to the light of day. We regard with something akin to awe the remains of ancient halls where the soldiers and statesmen of a bygone age acted their various parts on the stage of common life. We speculate on the many centuries that have

* Published by Cassell & Company, Limited, 1884.

passed, and the great changes that have occurred, on this earthly scene; but the researches of our author carry us back to a period so remote that the earliest works of man are but as yesterday when compared with them, and to changes so great that we can scarcely realise them. At that time man had not yet appeared on the world; this island of ours had not yet been formed, at least in its present shape, and the place that it now occupies was inhabited by strange and weird forms of animal life. In fact, the kingdoms he describes to us are not those of men but of reptiles, who, at that time, seemed to be the rulers of the earth. The earth, the air, the sea appear to have swarmed with unearthly-looking gigantic lizards, flying dragons, crocodiles, alligators, serpents, and other noxious and formidable animals. We can scarcely believe that these inhabitants of tropical and warm climates once dwelt where the island of Great Britain now stands.

The only representatives of this wealth of reptile life existing at the present day consist of about half a dozen species, comprising the lizard, the slowworm, the viper, and two kinds of harmless snakes, degenerate descendants of gigantic ancestors.

In the course of his researches Sir Richard has found fossil remains representing all the known genera of crocodiles, and most of the tortoises. Besides these he has discovered remains of many species of turtles. Curiously enough the remains of the crocodile species, now only found in the rivers of Asia, are associated with the remains of the alligator, now confined to the rivers of America, as if even in those remote ages Great Britain was a sort of central station, where the products of the East and West were gathered together. In addition to these monsters, remains of various species of serpent were discovered, some of them as formidable in their dimensions as the boas or pythons of tropical lands. Cuvier, in his researches, had investigated some petrified remains of a very uncertain nature, which some supposed belonged to a fish, others to a bat, and others again to a bird. He proved, however, that the remains were those of a strange reptile having powers of flight, which he named Pterodactylus, or finger-winged. Sir Richard Owen has found in Britain remains of as many as eighteen other kinds of these strange flying creatures, which he has divided into various groups of Pterosaurus, or flying lizard. Strange, uncouth-looking creatures these must have been, unlike anything we now have in heaven above or in the earth beneath, with great bat-like leather wings, stretching sometimes six feet from tip to tip, and jaws armed with formidable piercing and cutting teeth.



FOOTPRINTS OF LABYRINTHODON.

(From "A History of British Fossil Reptiles," by permission.)

If any reader of this sketch has the opportunity of visiting the Museum of Natural History in Cromwell Road, he should do so, and will be amply rewarded for his trouble. We are accustomed to think of lizards as very small animals, scarcely to be seen among the grass, but he will there see the restored remains of this species, gigantic in their dimensions, and of strange shapes, that once lived and roamed where the British Isles now stand. Of these predatory saurians or lizards Sir Richard found the remains of ten genera, besides what were already known, and he associated them under the order which he called Dinosauria. Besides these land animals there are well-restored skeletons of the sea-dragons, constituting various orders, such as Plesiosaurus, Ichthyosaurus, &c.—a strange collection of unearthly-looking monsters. The remains of these reptiles have been deposited on the sandy or muddy bottoms of the ocean in which they lived; these beds have since been raised by upheaval of the earth's crust, and now form cliffs on the south and east coasts of Britain.

We have seen that there were in Britain some lizards or saurians which inhabited the land, while others frequented the sea, but in an earlier geological period remains of a huge animal allied to the class of

Amphibia, or that which dwells both on land and in water, like the frog, were found. This great beast had strong limbs for moving by steps on land, and teeth of destructive shape and size, unique in complexity of structure, whence they are called by the name of "Labyrinthodontia." We give a cut representing the print of their hand-like feet in the sands over which they moved.

What a strange picture this work brings before us of the condition of our native land in those primeval ages! How different everything must have been!—the waters of ocean covering what are now high mountain cliffs; the sites of our great cities perhaps the centres of marshes or of forests; the climate modified, so that tropical animals could live and thrive there. Above all, not a man, savage or civilised, to be seen. Only huge saurians, wandering and splashing over the marshy plains; serpents hiding their dangerous folds amid the rank vegetation, and strange monstrous shapes, undreamt of even in the wildest vagaries of human fancy, flitting through the sultry air; the crocodile and the alligator swarming in the ancient rivers, and the very ocean filled with unimagined monsters. Truly the results of science are more wonderful than fairy tales, as from the broken and scattered rocks we laboriously spell out the earlier history of the world.

OUR MODEL READING CLUB.

SECOND PAPER.

PREMISING—we hope, not without cause—that Model Reading Clubs have been established in many parts of the country on the basis laid down in our first paper, we now proceed to say a few additional words about our

HOME READING DIVISION.

It has been very well remarked that the value of regular and consistent reading lies not so much in the *number* of books perused as in the *way* in which they are read. One good book carefully studied will do the reader more good than a hundred books scanned in a desultory way. For this reason instructive books—whether histories, biographies, travels, science treatises, or what not—should always be perused thoughtfully, difficulties should be reasoned out, important passages should be marked for further study, notes should be taken, and a careful summary of the entire work should be made. The ability to write a good condensed summary or abstract of a book affords, perhaps, the best proof that the reader has really mastered its contents.

Professor Morley, in his "First Sketch of English Literature," has given many good examples of the way in which the whole purpose and method of a book may be summed up in a very few lines. Take, for instance, his abstract of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," or of Locke's "Essay concerning Human Understanding." Or, to quote one case, read something of what he has to say of Wordsworth's poem—

"'THE PRELUDE, OR GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND.'

"Wordsworth's purpose was to review thoughtfully the course of his own mind through surrounding influences. . . . After tracing his life from childhood to the days of his enthusiastic sympathy with the French Revolution, he showed how, after settling down with his sister Dorothy in a small cottage at Grasmere—to which a little later he brought his wife—the influence of Dorothy, and communion with nature, brought him calmer sense of the great harmony of creation, and of the place of man in the great whole. His interest in man grew deeper as he cared less for the abstract questions about life, and more for the real man:

"'Studious more to see
Great truths, than touch and handle little ones.'

"We have fought our battle, and won freedom enough to work on and show the use of freedom—to what end the powers of civil polity were given. All we have now to do is to remove hindrances and furnish aids to the development of each individual. Let each unit become better and wiser, and the whole nation will grow in strength and wisdom by the growth of its constituent atoms. There are millions helpless or mischievous, because not born to conditions which have made the lives of others happy. We are not idly to lament 'what man has made of man,' but actively to mend the mischief. Whoever makes his own life and its influence wholesome, or in any way helps to make lives about him wholesome, adds thereby to the strength of his country, and is doing the true work of the nineteenth century. Having gained, said Wordsworth,

"'A more judicious knowledge of the worth
And dignity of individual man;
No composition of the brain, but man—
Of whom we read, the man whom we behold
With our own eyes—I could not but inquire,
Not with less interest than heretofore,
But greater, though in spirit more subdued,
Why is this glorious creature to be found
One only in ten thousand? What one is,
Why may not millions be?'

"Upon this thought Wordsworth rested. Here, also, his narrative draws to its close, touching the key-note of the days in which we live. Wordsworth made it the one work of his life as a poet to uphold the 'dignity of individual man,' strengthen the sense of all the harmonies of nature, and show how, among them all, when taking its true place,

"'The mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells, above this frame of things
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine.'"

In another paper we may possibly give some further hints as to the best method of producing an abstract of a book. For the present, however, we must pass on to give another short list of books which will well repay reading:—

Buckland's "Curiosities of Natural History," First Series.
Picton's "Life of Oliver Cromwell."

Smiles' "Self-Help."
Lady Brassey's "Voyage of the *Sunbeam*."
Professor Seeley's "Expansion of England."
Tyndall's "Sound."

In our Ensemble or Company Reading Division we propose this month to have

AN EVENING WITH LONGFELLOW.

Apart altogether from the beauty of his verse and the graces of his style, there is a great charm in the infinite variety of Longfellow's muse. In this respect the American poet resembles the English laureate, so that people of diverse tastes may spend a very delightful evening in the company of either of them.

In the case of Longfellow—so great is the wealth of available material—it is no easy matter to know what to reject in preparing a programme of readings to last from one and a half to two hours only. The following suggestions are therefore put forward with no little hesitation, although it is hoped that the selections are fairly representative of all that is best in the poet's work.

Short poems and ballads Longfellow has given us in abundance, and it is easy enough to select from them sufficient for three or four evenings; but it will be well, also, to have an extract from one or other of his longer works, prefacing it with a short summary of the story, so that the bearing of the reading or recitation may be comprehended by those hearers who are not familiar with the context. Thus many good passages may be selected from such poems as "Evangeline," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "The Golden Legend," and "The Song of Hiawatha." Take, for example, the scene from "The Courtship of Miles Standish," where John Alden pleads for the love of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, not for himself (although he dearly loves her), but on behalf of his friend, Miles Standish, the Puritan captain. The reading may be prefaced somewhat in this way:—

"In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims,"

Miles Standish was the brave captain of the little Puritan host, his chief care being to guard the colony against the attacks of hostile Indians. He was a widower, and it occurred to him one day that he would do well to wed Priscilla, a sweet Puritan maiden. He was, however, braver in war than in love; and although he often argued that

——"if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others,"

yet he did not feel inclined to carry out his own precept in his love affairs and risk a refusal. As he himself said—

"'I can march up to a fortress, and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman—
That, I confess, I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!'"

Therefore he begged his particular friend, John Alden, a young man, and a scribe rather than a fighter, to plead his suit for him. Now John Alden himself loved Priscilla, and Priscilla was in nowise averse to John; but their feelings had never been expressed. At this crisis, therefore, John was sorely tried—love urging him one way, friendship the other. When, however, Miles Standish appealed to him in the name of their friendship, John Alden made answer—

"'The name of friendship is sacred:
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!'
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler;
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand."

At this point the reading or recitation may well commence, beginning, say, with the line—

"So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand,"

showing his manly determination to stifle his own love and act honestly by his friend, recounting his earnest pleading on that friend's behalf, and ending with the well-known passage—

"But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

Longfellow's songs have been set to music many a time and oft, and it may add to the pleasure of the evening to preface and conclude the readings with a song or duet—"The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Arrow and the Song," "The Village Blacksmith," or "Excelsior," for example.

Amongst shorter poems and ballads which may be read or recited in their entirety may be mentioned the following:—"A Psalm of Life," "The Burial of the Minnisink," "King Christian," "The Happiest Land," "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*," "The Luck of Edenhall," "The Slave's Dream," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "The Ladder of St. Augustine," "The Phantom Ship," "Victor Galbraith," "Children," "The Belfry of Bruges," "Paul Revere's Ride," "King Robert of Sicily," "Torquemada," "The Children's Hour," "Killed at the Ford," and "The Ballad of Carmilhan."

To make a selection for one evening, a good specimen programme might be composed as follows:—

Song	"The Village Blacksmith."
Recitation	"The Wreck of the *Hesperus*."
Reading	"John Alden and Priscilla" (from "The Courtship of Miles Standish," with introductory explanation as previously suggested).
Recitation	"The Old Clock on the Stairs."
Reading	"King Robert of Sicily."
Recitation	"The Children's Hour."
Reading	"Paul Revere's Ride."
Recitation	"The Happiest Land."
Recitation	"Killed at the Ford."
Reading	"The Burial of the Minnisink."
Duet	"Excelsior."

HOW WE LIVE IN REGENT'S INN.

(THINGS THAT ARE GOING TO BE.—II.)

OUR readers will remember how, in a former number of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, we recorded the foundation of Regent's Inn, and the success which attended its development. Our friends Adderly, Tompkins, and Allen are delighted with the result of their efforts; and one afternoon they, as Members of the Inn, met in Adderly's "rooms"—a pleasant *suite* looking into the quad—to discuss some personal matters.

They had not been long engaged, however, when a "scout" came up-stairs, and informed Mr. Adderly that two gentlemen were below and wished particularly to see him on business connected with the Institution.

"Who are they? Did they give no names?" inquired Adderly.

The "scout" said something to the young man in a low voice, to which Adderly replied—

"All right. My friends will remain. Show the gentlemen up."

The "scout" retired, and Adderly continued—

DINING IN HALL.

"This is fortunate. Here is an influential deputation of two come to inquire concerning the interior economy and the working of our Inn. They are members of the Australian Legislature, whose attention has been directed to Regent's Inn, and they desire information concerning its working."

"Well, we can easily satisfy them," said Jack Allen. "The place speaks for itself."

"They will require something more definite, however," remarked Tompkins. "Now, Jack, no nonsense, mind. Recollect the dignity of the Inn—which I am proud to say we founded—is concerned in this interview."

"Hush," said Adderly. "Here are the gentlemen."

The door opened, and the two legislators entered cautiously.

"We are glad to welcome you, gentlemen," said Adderly, rising, and offering his hand to the foremost. "My friends here and myself were the original founders of Regent's Inn, and are quite ready to impart any information concerning it."

"We thank you, sir," replied the gentleman addressed, who introduced himself as Mr. Parton, and his companion as Mr. Walsh. "We thank you sincerely. Our object is to inquire about the interior arrangements and daily life in this Inn, which we trust to emulate in Victoria. We have already mastered the detail of the formation and foundation."

"But we want to see how your plans have been carried out," added Mr. Walsh. "We understand the Company's object, and have subscribed to it. We think of starting a similar enterprise in our own country. Melbourne will be our starting-point. We have already sent home particulars, and trust to your kindness to supplement them."

"If you will be seated, gentlemen, my friends and myself will answer all your questions, or give you a general detailed statement. We will then show you over the Inn and the grounds, if you please."

The Australians bowed acquiescence; and Adderly, as the senior Member, took up the conversation again, as follows:—

"The Residential Inn Company, gentlemen, was the means whereby we eventually attained our ends. We had an abundance of promises of support and money, but the formation of the Company put matters on a business footing, and secured a fair return for the capital invested. You will understand, when I tell you the Company has already paid an *interim* dividend of 3 per cent., and has taken up the formation of three more Residential Inns, that the idea is a most practical and successful one. But I will leave that subject and come to our interior arrangements.

"These rooms are a fair sample of the others, as you will presently see. I may have a few more pictures or pieces of china, perhaps, but in the main all are well and prettily furnished. A man may buy or hire his furniture as he pleases, or he can have them furnished by the Inn, as my friends did."

"What are your terms?" inquired Mr. Walsh, producing his note-book.

"Rooms vary of course, but you may state that for furnished chambers we pay forty-five pounds a year;

for the same unfurnished, thirty-five; if the Member only requires a bed-room, we charge him twenty; or twenty-five pounds for a furnished room. This includes the attendance of a 'scout,' of whom one is attached to each floor, in addition to the usual female attendants, who are under the direct superintendence of the matron and her responsible assistants."

"There is, I suppose, some qualification for admission?" said Mr. Parton. "You do not admit any one without a reference, I presume?"

"No; we insist upon a guarantee—or caution-money—to the amount of twenty pounds, from the parents or other relatives or connections of the proposed Member. This must be accompanied by other personal references, for it is very necessary to be strict in these particulars, as you will at once understand. But hitherto we have had no complaints. The Members dine out, or go to their friends' houses, as they please. If they remain out after one a.m. they pay a small fee for the gate. It is a very trifling tax to a steady man, and the man who is always out is not of the class of persons we wish to benefit. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. But about your meals, now. You have a tariff, of course?"

"My friend Allen arranged all that. He will tell you himself, I dare say."

"With pleasure," replied Jack. "Members can breakfast, dine, and have refreshments here as they please. For instance, they may or may not breakfast in their rooms—it is entirely optional. They can have that meal in hall just the same for sixpence, or with some meat or eggs for one shilling; tea or coffee. The time for 'hall' breakfast is from half-past seven to eight or so, and prayers at a quarter past eight; because some must be at business at a quarter to nine, or nine. We are early birds here, I can tell you, as a rule. Nearly all are out and about by half-past nine.

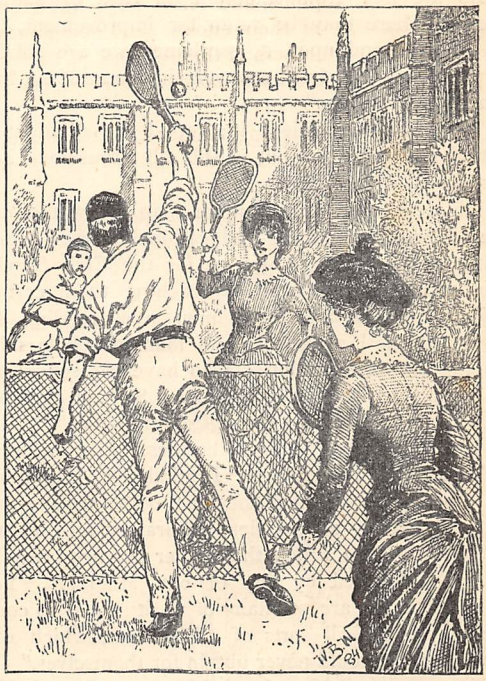
"Then dinner is at seven o'clock. If a Member wants to dine out, he must give notice in the morning, or else send the 'Buttery' a notification before noon. There is what we term 'high table' in hall, at which the Provost and House Fellows sit, and the dinner is on the *table-d'hôte* principle. We have small tables, too, for 'chums' and guests; so a man can dine *tête-à-tête* or *partie carrée* as he pleases. For the hall dinner we charge one-and-sixpence. Other refreshments are supplied by arrangement.

"After dinner the men separate, and go to their own rooms, where they can have dessert, and smoke, or retire to the reading or billiard rooms. There is no gaming permitted, and this is understood when the Member signs the articles of admission to the Inn."

"But do the Members generally conform readily to these restrictions?" asked Mr. Walsh.

"Yes, they do. But there are no real restrictions; no one is 'hampered' in any way. So long as a Member behaves like a gentleman, in the true sense of the term, he is as free as he would be anywhere. When he ceases to behave like a gentleman the remedy is plain. He has forfeited his guarantee and his pledged word. He must retire. There is no want of candidates for residence, for we have quite a hundred out-door Members besides—who live in lodgings—on much the same terms as the inmates of the Inn itself."

"I am sure I am—we are—deeply indebted to you, but there are other points I wished to elucidate. How do you all manage to amuse yourselves? Has the society of ladies no charm for you?"



TENNIS IN THE "QUAD."

"We are not quite Trappists or misogynists," replied Jack Allen, laughing. "We enjoy the society of our sisters and our cousins, and I may add our mothers and aunts. Sisters' friends are also admitted, the chaperon being, of course, present with the ladies, who play tennis with us in the summer, or watch our cricket matches. Our regatta, at Marlow, this year was a great success. Mr. Tompkins arranged it all; and next year we shall have it at Henley, we hope. The ladies of our families come in to have tea with us frequently, when they are in town. We have not many London friends. Then we reciprocate the hospitality of our acquaintance."

"May I inquire in what manner?" said Mr. Parton.

"By concerts and conversaziones. I assure you we have an excellent orchestral society. Then we have started a Local Parliament in our dining-hall. The 'Ladies' Nights' occur once or twice in a month. Then the ladies attend in force, have tea or coffee, and listen to the debate in our 'Commons' chamber."

"And," continued Tompkins, taking up the conver-

sation, "we have besides, our football club, cycling club, and chess club. Cricket and tennis have been mentioned; so there is plenty of amusement and society. Our Provost takes the greatest interest in all our sports, and his wife and daughters are ever ready to entertain our lady friends, and to see to our domestic comforts. We have a regular doctor and some trained nurses amongst our staff; a sick ward yonder in the grounds, where all is quiet and we others are free from infection, in case of sudden illness. There may be room for improvement, but you may depend upon it, gentlemen, we are solving the problem which has been worrying some of our best men for many years."

"We can quite believe it; yet—I am diffident at putting the question—but is this all amusement? is there no work done?"

"Oh, dear! yes. Much more than you would imagine. There are classes—educational classes I may term them—for coaching men for the Civil Service or other examinations, or for teaching them certain subjects. There are three men now reading for degrees at the Universities, and four for scholarships—young clerks, these latter, who have left school but are eligible for these scholarships. So you perceive, Mr. Parton, that we are not entirely frivolous."

"We shall have lectures besides," said Adderly. Such men as Huxley and Tyndall, Dr. Carpenter, and other scientists may meet us occasionally; and we have already an excellent laboratory and lecture room attached, in which the lighter sciences can be practically learned by any of our Members. You see, where there are so many of us, it is easy to combine to procure all sorts of advantages, which one or two persons could never obtain for themselves."

"There is one thing I would suggest," said Mr. Walsh, "though it seems rather invidious to mention it, and that is a workshop, a carpenter's bench, at which the young fellows can learn to handle tools and make themselves useful. I can make my own shoes, if necessary, and can knock up a shanty, too."

"Thank you for the suggestion, sir," replied Adderly. "We have taken up photography and drawing, even shorthand, but forgot the 'bench.' I will submit your kind suggestion to the Council. Now, shall we show you the Inn and the grounds?"

"With pleasure. What is that building at the end? The chapel?" he asked.

"Yes. We have prayers every evening at six o'clock and short morning prayer in the hall."

"I must say," remarked Mr. Walsh, "that your Institution seems almost perfect. The social benefits are also great, I fancy. Your Members are sons of gentlemen?"

"Mostly of poor and hard-working professional men: men who will rise in the walks of life they have chosen, no doubt—some specialists—but not rich when the claims upon them are considered. We think the society here will do good, and form for the young men themselves the friendships which are so valuable and pleasant in after-years."

"Besides the chances of matrimony with those charming young ladies," added Mr. Parton slily.

"Well," laughed Jack Allen, "that is not in the programme. But you will agree with me that a man is none the less fitted for domestic life because he is accustomed to ladies' society, and knows how to treat women with the old-fashioned deference and politeness, which is, I fear, sadly wanting in many young men nowadays."

"My dear Jack!" exclaimed his "chum"—"our friends do not want a lecture on manners."

"You are quite right, sir," replied the Australian. "Quite right. I've seen it myself. Your Inn aims at social and moral improvement; at forming gentlemen; at making friends for after-life; at inculcating manliness and self-respect; at teaching your Members to lead not only pleasant but useful and fruitful lives. Gentlemen, I and my friend here thank you sincerely, and take our leave of you with a full assurance that you are benefiting the community, and strengthening the backbone of the old country. Good-bye, gentlemen."

"Don't go yet," said Adderly. "After we have seen the grounds, you shall dine with us in hall, and meet some of our men there, so that you may judge for yourselves what stuff they are made of."

"Sir," replied the visitors, "we will, most heartily. Thank you."

So they did, and we joined with them that evening in most cordially wishing continued success to the Regent's Inn.

THOSE CHRISTMAS VOICES.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS. BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "THE ARTIST AND THE MAN," ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IT was the afternoon of the twenty-third of December—bright, genial, snowy, seasonable weather—the sun shining, the sky clear, the air delightfully crisp and invigorating. From the window of a handsomely furnished room in Piccadilly, a young man looked down into the snowy street, and wondered where he should spend Christmas Day. His family were on the Continent, or he would not have had any difficulty on the point. Now this pleasant change in the weather had come about, he began to wish he had given orders for Seaforth—his father's country home in the Shires—to be made ready for him. In such case he would have seen——

He paused, and smiled to himself softly. "I've half

a mind," he said, half aloud, "to send a telegram to Mrs. Jenkins, and run down to-morrow."

And here he stopped again. Might it not be better to keep out of the way a little longer? He had not committed himself; but he believed the state of his feelings had been guessed. She would not be likely to do anything precipitate. "If it were not for that stupid mystery," murmured the young man, "I shouldn't hesitate another moment."

The Honourable Francis Stapleton—this was his name and style—had a particular objection to mysteries. They were vulgar: they smacked of the melodrama and sensational literature. People ought to be open and above-board, use their own names, and let the world know their true position. He had always been so himself, and it was this very frankness of his—a characteristic which he regarded with some complacency—that rendered it incumbent on him not to ally his fate with that of any one who could not show an open record before the world.

There are many people who will admire Francis Stapleton for his cautious desire to look before he leaped, and his corresponding objection to have his eyes veiled by any secret or mystery whatsoever, when he was meditating that desperate measure.

I am bound, however, to confess that at the moment to which I am referring — the bright, snowy afternoon of the twenty-third of December—he could not argue with his usual logical acumen. There seemed to be some disturbing element in the air.

After many an effort to think prudently, he gave way to the soft influences that were stealing over him, leaned back in his luxuriously cushioned chair, and fell into the most delicious thought-wandering imaginable.

The scene about him grows confused. It vanishes. He is out in the open. Ah! what is that? A sweet and penetrating music that fills the air. Bells? no, surely! Never in his life has he heard bells ring so sweetly.

For a few moments he listens with delight; then, close at his elbow, he hears a low, clear voice. "You are surprised," it says. "You wonder what the music is. Foolish boy! Don't you know that those are the Christmas voices in the air? If you are wise you will listen to them."

"Who are you?" asks the young man.

"I am the spirit of the Christmas voices," says the unseen one.

"Then, perhaps, you can tell me what they mean?"

"Listen! listen!" says the voice impatiently. "If you begin to argue, all is lost."

With a curious tremor at his heart, the Honourable Francis sets himself to listen. After a few moments a strange softness steals over him, and his eyes fill with tears. "My sister!" he murmurs: "my poor little Jeannette!"

The unseen one gives a low laugh.

"Why do you do that?" says Francis.

"Because you are beginning to understand. But listen again."

"We were so happy together," he murmurs—"years, years ago; and I have never been so happy since."

"You were happy because you loved," says the voice. "When you and she were together, you never thought of yourself."

"Never! never! And she was the same. Always thinking of her brother: never of herself. If Jeannette had lived——"

"If Jeannette had lived and been obedient, she might have become what you are now."

"What I am now!" echoes Francis, feeling, through his dream, a sense of bewilderment—"What—I—am—now!" he repeats. The words seem to join themselves to the music, making a strange, monotonous song. "What—I——"

He started to his feet, wide awake.

"Beg pardon, sir," said his white-haired servant, who had just come in. "I am afraid I disturbed you."

"Disturbed me! Then it was you who were speaking, Jenkins. What did you say?"

"I made so bold as to ask what you were saying, sir," said the stately old man. "I came in to lay the table, and I thought you addressed an observation to me."

"I must have been asleep," said the Honourable Francis. "Jenkins!"

"Yes, sir."

"Put my things together; and send a telegram to your wife. I shall start for Seaforth to-morrow."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE morning of the twenty-fifth of December dawned fairly over the little village of Aveling. A ruddy sun came rolling up, late but magnificent, from his slumbers in the east, and tossing to right and left the white mists that had gathered during the night over the dark earth. The world was snowy-white and glittering, as if decked for a bridal festival. On such a morning it seemed impossible to imagine that trouble could be.

There was a home in the village—Aveling Park, the next property to Seaforth—where one might have thought that trouble could not come. But the dark-winged messenger had touched one who dwelt there; and, in touching one, it touched all.

The family at the Park consisted of three—Sir Andrew and Lady Merton, and their only and dearly-beloved child, Lettice. Sir Andrew was rich, and could enjoy to the full the pleasures and refinements of living to which gold gives the passport, while his wife sympathised with him in all his tastes.

It was said, by those who were intimate with Sir Andrew and his lady, that they had never been known to disagree. On one point, certainly, they were of the same mind: they had a love, bordering on adoration, for their pretty and charming young daughter.

Lettice was about nineteen years of age that winter—as good, as clever, and as winsome a girl as ever parents were proud of. She was always busy in some sort of work for those who dwelt about her home, and on the Christmas Eve to which we have referred—

the Christmas Eve when the Honourable Francis Stapleton was leaving town—she was in the church until a late hour, finishing off the decorations for the next day.

The church was only just outside her father's park, and she had begged that no one should wait for her. But when she found herself in the porch, she could not resist a little inward tremor; for the night was almost appallingly black. There was no help for it, however, and she ventured out. Scarcely had she done so before she heard the sound of footsteps, and, turning, saw a man carrying a lantern. Supposing that her father had sent for her, she stopped till the man came up. To her confusion, she saw that it was their neighbour, Francis Stapleton.

"Oh, Mr. Stapleton!" she said. "Do you mean to say that you——I beg your pardon. You were going on somewhere. I am detaining you."

"Quite the contrary, dear Miss Merton. I have been calling at Aveling, and I have come out here on purpose to look for you."

"It is a pity to have troubled you," said Miss Lettice. "I know every step of the way."

"Pardon me! You are making a false step now. Can I not persuade you to take my arm?"

She had only tripped through nervousness. If she had been alone, she would not have been so stupid. Lettice did not say this to her companion, for fear of seeming ungracious. She accepted his arm, and found the support pleasant, and they went on together through the little postern-gate which led from the churchyard into Aveling Park. When they reached the front door of the fine old mansion where Lettice lived, Francis stopped and put down his lantern.

"You will come in now you have come so far?" said Lettice. "Father will be vexed if you go away like this."

"I think he will excuse me. I am not sure, in fact, that he expects me. Good night, Miss Merton. We shall soon meet again, I hope."

"Good night, Mr. Stapleton. Thank you so many times for your help. I will tell you the truth now. I was afraid of the dark," and Lettice held out her pretty little ungloved hand. He lifted it to his lips, made a confused speech about meeting soon, and hurried away.

Lettice, whose heart was beating wildly, went to her her own room and sat down to think. Then, blushing and frowning, she got up and began to bustle about the room. A little bit of unnecessary gallantry! It was absurd of her to think so much of it. She would put it out of her head at once.

Presently there came a gentle tap at the door, and she ran to open it.

"Come in, darling mother," she said. "I have a splendid fire. Sit down and warm yourself. There; are you quite comfortable? Why don't you speak, mother? and what makes you look at me so seriously?"

"It is nothing, darling, nothing," said the gentle old lady; "that is—I am sure it ought to be nothing. I told Sir Andrew so. 'This does not change anything,' I said, and he quite agreed with me."

"Change! What do you mean, mother?" asked Lettice.

Wild ideas were floating through her brain. Had Francis Stapleton spoken, and had her parents some reason for thinking ill of him? But, if so, why did her mother look grieved?

Lady Merton spoke again. "Dearest," she said, "come to the library. Your father will tell you."

With downcast eyes, Lettice followed her mother to the pretty room where they always sat when they were alone together.

Sir Andrew looked no less agitated than his wife, and Lettice, as she sat down beside him, felt curiously nervous. To cover her confusion, she began to talk a little wildly about village matters. Then she thanked him for the lovely walking-dress which he had ordered for her, and which had arrived that day.

"I mean to dress up in it to-morrow, and I know you will say that I look bewitching," said Lettice, with her charming smile.

After a few moments of this pretty babble, he interrupted her.

"My child," he said, "do you know that I have something to tell you?"

"Oh! tell her gently! tell her gently, Andrew!" cried poor Lady Merton.

"My dear," said the baronet, "did you not ask me to tell her? I must do it in my own way, or not at all."

Lettice, who was past speaking, looked mutely from one of these dear faces to the other.

"You see," said Sir Andrew to his wife, "you are frightening her by your way of taking it. Lettice, my girl, I hope you will be brave. You are our child, you know, whatever happens. So far as we are concerned, nothing has changed, and if it had not been for those meddlesome Lestranges coming here and tattling, I don't think I could ever have made up my mind to tell you. But it is better, after all, that you should hear it from us than from any one else."

"The Lestranges?" said Lettice dreamily. "We knew them abroad, didn't we?"

"Yes, yes; when we were abroad; when you were little; when you first came to us," said Lady Merton.

"You mean when I was born, mother."

"No, no, my child," said Sir Andrew gently; "your mother has put it rightly. When you came to us—came to be our pride, and our delight, and the comfort of our declining days—all that you have been, and you will be still, even though you are no daughter of our house."

"No daughter? I? No daughter? Not your child?" cried Lettice wildly. "Father! Mother!"

"Darling, yes," said poor Lady Merton, in a broken voice. "Your father—your mother—so long as God spares us to you. Lettice, my darling, speak! Say you forgive us for not having told you before."

"Wife, be patient," said Sir Andrew. "She is confused. She does not understand it yet."

"I think I do understand," said Lettice, turning her sorrowful eyes towards him. "I am not your child.

All you have done for me, you have done out of the love and kindness of your hearts. But please tell me more. If I am not Lettice Merton, who am I?"

She was answered by a story into which it is not necessary to enter here minutely. Lettice's mother—a deserted wife—died at a hotel on the Continent shortly after her child's birth. Sir Andrew and Lady Merton happened to be staying at the hotel at the same time. They were childless, and they loved children. When the young mother died, refusing to the last to make her history known, they took the baby, and brought it up as their own.

* * * * *

It was with a sorrowful heart that pretty Lettice Merton went to her room that night. The blow would have been a terrible one at any time, but that it should come now! It was too hard. It was more than she could bear.

Listen! poor, troubled child. There are voices in the air. Soft and low, at first, as if heard from a great distance; but coming, with each moment, nearer and nearer, they sing their sweet song around you.

There are no words to the song, or no such words as earthly speech can render; but Lettice seems to have understood it, for when her eyelids unclose, her lips are moving, and what she says is—

"I will! I will!"

Long after, she would tell of how, on one strange night, the Christmas voices that were travelling through the air came down to her, and of how they brought with them a new joy, a new hope, a new force for love and service.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

EARLY on that Christmas morning Lettice was up and out of doors. She had put on the pretty and costly walking-dress, all trimmed with soft furs, which was Sir Andrew's present to his darling; her basket was on her arm; and a little branch of mistletoe, which she had promised to a sick child in the village, was fastened to her girdle. She made a pretty picture as, leaving the park gates behind her, she stepped out upon the snowy road.

There, for a few moments, she paused, and looked before her dreamily. She was facing the world in a new character, and it was a little strange to her. Yesterday all these things were hers. To-day she feels like a pretender.

But the echo of the Christmas voices came to her, and she sped on swiftly, with a smile on her lips. If it is beautiful to give, is it not beautiful also to take—so only that we take with a pure heart, and a spirit steeped in love?

To reach the village, Lettice had to pass the gates of Seaforth. Scarcely were they in sight before she saw Francis Stapleton coming out to meet her.

"You will not pass me by like this on Christmas Day?" he said, as she smiled and bowed, and would have gone on.

Poor little Lettice! If she could only have been dignified! But she could not. The Honourable Francis Stapleton took the basket from her arm, and walked on with her to the village.

It was in the silent deserted avenue that he told his story. He loved her. He had loved her long. Once he had been foolish enough to think that a man might live without love, but he had found out his mistake. Would she have pity upon him? Did she think she could ever love him in return?

Oh! how hard it was—how hard for our poor little Lettice! Yesterday she could have answered with such a light heart. Could she not love him? It was easy enough—too easy; she loved him already. To-day, what was she to say?

Timidly she lifted her eyes to his face. "Mr. Stapleton," she said, "you have asked me—Lettice Merton—to be your wife."

"I have, Lettice. Is there any reason why I should not?"

"There is—there is—a reason! I am not Lettice Merton. I am a poor deserted girl, whom my dear parents brought up out of charity. I have no right to anything here."

She stopped, for the effort was almost too great for her strength. Her cheeks were pale, and her eyes were so dim with tears that she could scarcely see anything. But she knew that her lover had drawn close to her, and that her hand was clasped in his.

"Is this all you have to tell me, Lettice?" he asked.

"Is it not enough?" she said falteringly.

"What if I tell you that I suspected this long ago, and that yesterday I knew it?"

"You knew it?"

"Yes: Sir Andrew told me himself."

"And yet——"

"And yet—I love you. Can anything change that? Love me a little in return, Lettice, and I don't care who you are, or how you came to be what you are, the loveliest——"

"Francis!"

That naughty little piece of mistletoe was still in her girdle. In her excitement she had forgotten to give it away. Her lover caught it and held it high up over her head. "Lettice!" he cried threateningly. She laughed, broke away from him, ran, as fast as her feet could carry her, up the avenue, and never stopped till she was in Lady Merton's arms and pouring out her story.

There were plenty of voices in the air the following Christmas—voices grand and joyous, and lovely, and pure; and Lettice and her husband heard them together. But none sounded to them so sweet and strange as those which they had heard on the Christmas before—one in snowy Piccadilly, the other in silent Aveling—the voices which revealed to them the mystery of life; which told them that while love is all, and self is nought, we need not fear even though we should be plunged into the deepest depths of sorrow. Through love we shall conquer—yea, even conquer ourselves, which is the hardest conquest of all.

LAST Christmas we made our decorations on a much more elaborate scale than formerly. All the members of our family were to be united, including our sailor-boy; two uncles, an aunt, and some cousins were also to make an addition. We therefore determined that we would spare no pains to make their visit enjoyable, and made arrangements—subject to circumstances—for the season to be one of consecutive "felicities." Hence, our home decorations were to be superfine. In the hope that my account will prove practically helpful and suggestive to others, I will explain how we very successfully transformed the appearance of the interior of our "modest mansion."

First, however, I must own that during the autumn time our eyes and hands had industriously exerted themselves in fields, lanes, and woods, for materials. I commend this plan to those who love to see their homes wear a Christmas-like aspect; and, besides, it is very pleasant to be ever on the look-out for nature's wealth.

Having collected a goodly store of material, one person — the elder sister — was in our case elected superintendent, and by her directions we pursued our work orderly and well, no incongruities ensuing. Many leaders spoil effect. I advise that when any decorative project is intended, the leader be elected a reasonable time in advance, so that she may make her plans and allow them to mature. It is advisable for a leader to write out a list of purposed schemes beforehand; having a programme for reference, all may glide smoothly. Five of us, besides Enid, our superintendent, helped to decorate last year. A special task (say a motto, or bordering) was assigned to the responsibility of each; and then, with concentrated thoughts, we strove to emulate each other. Our work was apportioned out more than a week before Christmas, a spare room was devoted to our accumulated paraphernalia, and there in leisure moments we pursued our "labour of love." On difficulties arising, we always referred to Enid. We had dining-room and sitting-room—both comparatively large places—to specially decorate. We expended the more care on the latter.

Round the top of the room, close under the ceiling, ran the words—

> "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
> Old Time is still a-flying;
> And this same flower that smiles to-day,
> To-morrow will be dying."

The first line occupied the wall over the window; the second was over the fireplace, and so on, the final line being over the door. We used crimson paper—twelve inches deep—for the background, and white jeweller's cotton for the letters, which were first cut out in stout paper, then covered with the cotton. Our letters were plainly and clearly designed, and were not "fancy" ones. This is a first essential in mottoes. In cutting out letters, a rule and measure should be well used, for it quite ruins effect if they are not uniform in height. For bordering, we made on broad black tape long wreaths of mixed material—box, bay, tiny bits of holly, oats, grasses, everlasting flowers, cotton grass, &c. These were comparatively slight wreaths, as thick and heavy ones might have hidden our beautiful words in some degree not desired. Our work, being light, was fastened on the walls at each edge of the crimson paper, with pins—which are less injurious to paper than tacks. A few tacks only as mainstays were used. Enid the tasty undertook the mantel-piece. She made a charming hanging for it, of stiff calico, covered luxuriously on the outer side with white wadding. The sentence it bore was "A HUNDRED THOUSAND WELCOMES." The letters were sweetly pretty, being made on cardboard by layers of tapioca, dyed red (using Judson's dye) to resemble coral. The letters needed three layers, and were each

time left till the gum had quite dried. The border was carefully made with mixed mosses and lichens, arranged somewhat unevenly. Along the lower border, a few fern-fronds, dried grasses and flowers, and silver leaves — from Table Mountain — were arranged as though growing up from behind the lichen boundary. All had previously been pressed and dried, after the manner of preserving for a herbarium, and were kept upright by means of a few stitches. As our mantel-piece was rather high, the heat of the fire was quite harmless. A scattering of cotton grass was finally distributed about the afore-mentioned edging. Above the mantel-piece hung a pier-glass, at either side of which some long sprays of trailing ivy were placed. Some truant pieces reflected in the mirror enhanced the beauty. From the summit of the glass a fox's head (stuffed) snarled down, and the expedient of sticking a spray of holly and mistletoe with a few suspicious barn-yard feathers in Reynard's mouth was hit upon. At the top of the glass, bulrushes, teasel-heads, oats, thorn-apple capsules, and pampas grass were also arranged, together with a little holly. The mantel-piece held some busts and statuettes, upon which we tied jeweller's cotton where snow might be supposed to rest. The entire shelf was treated in this way, and we pulled our artificial snow into natural likeness, some pieces drooping over our lambrequin. The cotton grass in the valence-border was a very good imitation of snow-flakes, and looked well in conjunction with the work above it.

For several large pictures we made wreaths from our autumn gatherings, using wire (which, owing to its bending properties, is so useful for pictures and such-like articles) to work upon. Our wreathing rested on the top ledges of pictures without further adjustment. We bordered two pictures with bright-berried holly, after frosting it with Epsom salts (fearing crushed glass, on account of children's feet); we intermingled cotton grass with the holly. The crystallisation was lovely, and the snow-flakes—cotton grass—against the dark holly perfect in effect. We composed six little bannerettes to hang in the too neglected places. One bearing our father's monogram was placed on the wall on one side of the pier-glass, and another bearing mother's on the other side. They quite matched. In making them, we cut cardboard the desired shape and size (some good hints may be gained by procuring a printed sheet of the banners and flags extant), and covered it with crimson cloth. *All* our bannerettes were covered alike. The monograms were fastened in the centre, after we had made the letters separately in different colours, gold and white. We gleaned some good straws from a stack-yard for the frame, lengthy ones to edge the entire sides first, and then made little straw stars on the top of these, at equal distances apart. The two remaining bannerettes bore unique Christmas cards, which were framed prettily with cotton grass before fixing. These banners were edged with frosted holly.

We inlaid our window-ledge—an old-fashioned thing—with moss, and afterwards partially embedded a few tiny pots of cut flowers with pleasing effect. Our Christmas roses were much admired.

We decorated the dining-room but slightly. "A HAPPY CHRISTMAS" was the motto we made for the mantel-piece, using tiny pink everlasting flowers for the letters, white wadding for the background, and mixed evergreens for the border. On the mantel-piece we arranged berried holly, &c., in lustres and vases. For the picture-framing we wove on wire some slight greenery of mixed evergreens crystallised with crushed glass. The wreathing was arranged to only border each picture at the top, and part way down each side, but we made some to wind round the hanging cards. In each corner of the room, about half-way up, we fixed a picture, each being completely environed with holly and cotton grass. The subjects were entitled, "The Mistletoe Bough," from Sir Roger de Coverley; "Arrival of Santa Claus;" "Christmas in the Fifteenth Century," boar's head predominating; and "Christmas in the Nineteenth Century," chief fare, plum-pudding. Over the room-door rested a scroll, on which one of us had illuminated, "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN." This was enclosed within a border of holly-leaves, one leaf-point laid over the base of another, and two rows of leaves placed side by side, as a single row looks too scanty. (*Three* rows of leaves even might be an improvement.) The scroll and bordering were tacked on laths, the corners crossing like an Oxford frame.

We did little more; all the cut flowers we could muster were fitted into suitable places, as well as pot plants, as we needed them. Enid made a motto to surmount the sitting-room door in the hall; it was another Shakspearian scrap, "PRAY YOU, WALK IN," made of tinfoil letters on a dark fawn-coloured paper ground, and edged with dried green moss, in which at equal distances a small sprig of berried holly was secured. Enid's thoughts were ever capital ones, and a more appropriate prelude to her "Hundred thousand welcomes" than the hall invitation, "Pray you, walk in," it would be difficult to suggest. Around the socket inside our hall-lamp, lichens and holly-berries were placed, making it pretty when lighted.

Nothing further remains for me to tell, except that when *we* had folded our arms, judging our work to be completed, Enid was exercising a pirouette in the kitchenery regions, distributing evergreens in likely places; "for," said she, "such an important part of the house shall *not* be slighted." Let it not be thought that our work was executed in a day. We commenced many little things fully a fortnight before Christmas, leaving, of necessity, the more perishable materials until last. I strongly advocate "taking Time by the forelock" in decorations for Yuletide, for nothing is so annoying as to have the prospect of much work at the last moment, say on Christmas Eve, when a hundred and one little duties are sure to require attention. If our tasks master us, do we not feel provoked? Then let us order our affairs well, so that we may wear smooth and happy faces when ushering in that glad festival, our Christmas Day.

E. E. A.

VELVET AND FURS.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

JANUARY is not seldom the coldest month of the year, and we cling, consequently, to furs with very natural persistency. The fashion now lies with natural fur, which is all the more curious since many manufactured kinds, if we may so call them, prevail. Rabbits, cats, hares, and other small fry in the animal kingdom, furnish furs which, dyed and variously treated, appear under many fine names; and not long since

a discovery was made that the clippings and waste from fur could be utilised so as to adhere to a fresh foundation and present a respectable appearance. If prophets speak truly, we are to have some very severe weather, when warm clothing will be more or less acceptable; and there is nothing warmer than the skins of beasts, properly rendered available. If you are thinking of purchasing fur, a little information upon the subject will be valuable. If your purse be long enough, buy sable—nothing lasts or looks better. The dark kind is now in fashion, and sable-tails, though not exclusively in favour, are always preferred. Seal-skin trimmed with sable is well worn. This year seal is made up either as long mantles caped, with the semblance of sleeves, and as long Dolmans, or as small, very short, perfectly-fitting jackets. Dyed and undyed seal are mixed together, or rather light and dark, for but little undyed seal ever appears in the market.

Skunk is generally dyed; but now you see a great deal of it with white and brown hairs intermixed. If long-haired, it is of good quality; short, it should be cheaper. What a variety there is in fox-furs! The "snow fox" is an imitation of chinchilla, and after all is really the white Russian hare, dyed in a peculiar way, with oil put on before dyeing, so that the colour only adheres to part of the fur, leaving a mixture of brown, grey, and white tinges. Blue fox is fashionable now, but is grey rather than blue. It shows to perfection on browns, blues, and greens. It has a long, fine, delicate fleece of clear grey, tipped silver, or "silver points" (the technical term), but is frail, and does not wear well.

Monkey is a fur which, even under any other name, is not shown in the market. At one time, the grey and black African monkeys' skins were in immense demand, and so also the Abyssinian monkey. It has shared the fate (fortunately for the animal) of the ermine, whose skins are almost entirely confined now to the use of royalty and peers and legal dignitaries. In Siberia he is known as the stoat. Mink, however, has come to the fore again, and beaver, which is perhaps the most fashionable trimming on dresses, not even excepting Astrakhan. The beaver-skin in its natural state is coarsish, with sharp, stiff hairs; but before using it is subjected to the treatment of a curious machine, which pulls out these long hairs, leaving only the soft brown fur; and seal-skin undergoes much the same treatment.

I wonder how so many people tolerate skunk, which has, without doubt, a most unbearable smell. It disappears in time, and until then it is best to sprinkle it with essence of lemon or violets.

Black bear is worn a little, but it is best suited to rugs, being harsh and coarse, and rarely setting to the figure.

Astrakhan is the fashion—the real skin and the woollen imitation. The real is mostly Persian lamb and Caucasian, Assyrian, and Siberian sheep. In

its natural state it is of a whitish-grey colour, and in both conditions is applied as deep flouncings on dresses and jackets, and whole capes and jackets are made of it. When Astrakhan is dyed, it is dipped all over; but many other furs are only tinted at the tips, and the skins left untouched, which makes an inferior fur look like a superior one; but all dyed furs fade in time. It makes a vast difference at what season the fur is taken from the animal, for at some times of the year the coat is twice as good as at others. They are mostly taken in winter.

Marten, fisher-tail, and otter, Siberian squirrel, nutria, and chinchilla are all more or less in favour. Kolinsky is not often heard of. It comes from a fur-bearing animal in North America, and is sold tipped—that is, dyed at the tips. It is more costly than opossum and raccoon, the latter being far the more durable. Astrakhan, lynx, and black fox are best suited for mourning, but sealskin also is often considered the right thing.

It is not only women of fashion who know the value of fur. The Indian appreciates sable and buffalo-skins; the natives of the North Pacific affect the otter, as do Chinese mandarins; the American native likes the ermine, for the wearing of skins is the mark of both primitive and civilised human nature.

Boas round and flat are worn, and fur muffs, and the rolled fur collar appears on most of the winter cloaks, but dresses this year are not so much trimmed with it.

Remember that dark furs, like dark materials, decrease the apparent size; a long thick fur suits slight figures. A full bust and high shoulders require flat fur. Dark furs are being used on cream dresses for evening wear.

We lend ourselves not too readily to stripes in England, though in France they are really the fashion; still shot stripes, to be combined with shot poult de soie, are made into some of the best dresses. There is a great fancy for lining one kind or pattern of stuff with another, and in tunics to turn up one end quite across the front, so that the lining shows. Velvet collars, cuffs, revers, and waistcoats are much worn, often of a distinctive tone to the dress, plain and shot; for shot velvet is a great feature in millinery and dressmaking. Fur waistcoats and woollen Astrakhan waistcoats are worn; and we are given also to indulging in huge gold or steel buckles and clasps, both at the waist and to hold up the draperies on the skirt. Astrakhan fur is costly, but not its woollen imitations; and mantelets, jackets, muffs, and caps are all made of it, especially in grey, for country wear more particularly. Very dark tints are the best style. Zouave jackets of velvet plush and fur form sometimes a part of the dress, and they are a good deal worn over ordinary dress bodices, in order to give additional warmth. They cling to the figure at the back, but have loose unfastened straight fronts. Bodices different from the skirts are much worn, and many very pretty little sleeveless jackets

of other kinds are put on in the house. For morning dresses, panels and front trimmings on the skirt match the bodice, and the waistcoats sometimes are continued on to the skirt. In skirts a favourite effect is to cut up one side, so as to show a petticoat beneath. The back basque of many bodices forms a fan-like plaiting, standing out firmly over the tournure. Cloth dresses have pinked-out flounces, and ruches of pinked-out cloth border the edge.

Velvet is a most serviceable and fashionable trimming, and forms indeed an important part of some of the best gowns. Plain velvet skirts show off cloth drapery with fur and chenille trimmings; in default of velvet, choose good velveteen. Tunics arranged to show a lining matching the petticoats have a stylish effect, and I notice that a very attractive style is one so arranged that at the side there appear to be two tunics of quite different colours or materials, but it is

a mere detail of draping; for drapery now is one of the most important arts in dress.

Shawls are to come in again; veritable shawls worn shawl-wise; and therefore the wise folk say it is on this account tournures are so pronounced; shawls demand them. But if you have any really valuable ones laid by, let me recommend you to have them arranged as mantles, which can be done now without cutting a thread, so that when you are tired of the arrangement, you have only to undo the stitches and return your shawl to the wardrobe. They are treated in various ways according to the size or shape, but square, scarf, and oblong, all answer. They are of the Dolman order, fitting in the back, with sleeves. Sometimes a velvet collar and cuffs are added. I have seen a most comfortable travelling-cloak made out of a green and black Scotch scarf-shawl without a thread being cut.

Pink, cream, maize, and mauve are very favourite colours for evening dresses, and they are made in silk or satin, with lace trimmings and flouncings; but for good wear and good appearance let me suggest plush. Some of the most useful evening dresses and tea-gowns I have seen of late have been made in plush, which must be good, and then is to be had in beautiful colourings. Princess dresses with square trains opening over flounced silk front breadths blended with lace are quite new and charming. Be careful to choose a good contrast to the plush in colour.

High-necked chemises are in vogue, and for winter wear they have much to commend them, especially as many people have given up the cleanly habit of wearing petticoat bodices; otherwise I do not think there is much new in under-linen. Doctors continue to recommend wash-leather skirts and under-garments, and perforated wash-leather is a really good lining to satin petticoats and silk under-bodices; or if you require warmth, have recourse to Shetland jackets, the warmest possible addition without making the dress bodice set badly.

Our engravings will suggest some fresh ideas, either for making new costumes or altering old ones, for current modes lend themselves well to the remodelling of dresses that have lain by for a time and become old-fashioned.

Let us turn our attention first to the youthful matron who is attired for a home dinner party, or an evening concert. The material of her dress is violet plush—but velvet, or even velveteen, might be substituted—the trimming is silver braid, and the plastron, fichu, armlets, and under-skirt are of cream satin, tufted with spots of violet chenille. The foundation skirt, or lining, may be either alpaca or Silesia; a narrow kilting of the satin edges it; above is a wide cross-band of plush, with oblique lines of silver braid at regular intervals, then follow straight breadths of the satin as far as the knees. The rest is simple, and can be easily copied from the illustration; the full satin plastron terminates with a folded waistband, the fichu is fastened on the chest with a silver brooch, and there are silver arrows in the hair.

This is essentially a young married woman's gown; short evening dresses for girls are made in Paris in a much more picturesque style. Many are copied from French portraits of the last century, and short Josephine bodices, Récamier bodices, and Marie Antoinette polonaises bunched up over lace-trimmed skirts are now often to be seen. Striped white and yellow silk is not unfrequently used for the Trianon over-dress; the sleeves, which are composed of a succession of lace puffs, being tied with yellow ribbon; indeed, the skilful way ribbons are used on these youthful dresses contributes much to their girlish effect. Sometimes the ribbon is gros-grain, two inches wide, tied with two loops, each half a yard long, and two ends that hang nearly to the edge of the skirt. This bow is fastened on the left of the bodice, while other bows are on the skirt and drapery. Thin gauze ribbons take the place of gros-grain on China crêpe and soft Bengaline silk dresses. The Récamier costumes, when carried out in pink faille, blue satin, and white lace, with gauze ribbon bows, prove eminently picturesque on some girlish figures.

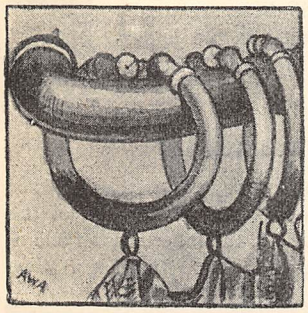
The two mantles illustrated in our second engraving are truly warm winter coverings. The full-length figure wears a long redingote with plain front, and full back below the waist. It may be in frisé velvet, in uncut velvet, in heavy Ottoman silk, or in plush, for all are worn; but our model is dark green velvet and chinchilla fur, a combination more in favour in Paris than in London. The buttons are imitation of old silver, a row of them ornamenting the right side, and forming a pendant to the band of fur on the left side, the fastening being in the centre with invisible hooks and eyes. The hat matches the fur, it is grey felt with a dark green velvet bow in front, and shaded grey feathers at the back. The crown is high and tapering, the brim narrow and stiff, and it is so set on the head that the coil of basket-plaits at the back is visible. Care should be taken to curl the fringe of hair encircling the nape of the neck.

The three-quarter figure is more matronly, and the long French jacket with full back accords with its style. The material is dark brown ribbed cloth, trimmed with a deep fur bordering, and an appliqué of braiding in a slightly lighter shade of brown. The jacket fits the figure to the waist, the full back below being added, and consisting of seven organ-plaits, stuffed so as to give a full tournure. The fur may be beaver, lynx, fisher-tail, or Alaska sable, according to individual taste and length of purse. The lining is dark orange satin, for plush linings are now discarded for satin ones. The bonnet combines the colours of both mantle and dress, the latter being olive-green, consequently the crown, brim, and feathers are brown, and the strings and trimmings are green terry and velvet. The full crown is scooped out at the back, so that the hair is visible; a slight fringe crosses the forehead. The bonnet is kept in place with tortoise-shell hair-pins. The light cresson-green is newer than olive-green, but then it does not prove generally becoming.

THE GATHERER.

An Easy-going Curtain-Ring.

A curtain-ring which catches and does not slide along easily is at least troublesome, and hence the ring of Mr. Rees, which we illustrate, may find some favour. It can be drawn round curves and angles as well as along a straight pole. The engraving shows the rings round a fore-shortened piece of the pole. The ring is cut away at that part which touches the pole, and between the two cut ends are inserted two little boxwood wheels mounted on a brass axle, and so constructed as to keep their positions on the pole. When the curtain is drawn the wheels roll on the pole, and the ring travels easily along.



Molten Lead in the Eye.

A jet of melted lead recently lodged in the eye of a French workman, without doing any injury to the organ ; and the case was investigated by Dr. Perrier, who ascertained that the immunity was due to the lead entering into the "spheroidal state" in presence of the moisture on the surface of the eyeball. The temperature of the lead was found to be higher than 171° Centigrade, which is the point at which the "spheroidal state" takes place, and hence the moisture was vapourised and formed a cushion round the lead, keeping the latter out of contact with the flesh. The phenomenon is a case similar to that of a person plunging his moist arm into melted lead with impunity.

A Straw-burning Engine.

In countries, or parts of a country, where coal or wood is scarce, it is sometimes necessary to burn straw or other vegetable trash ; and formerly the only way of doing so with the ordinary portable engine was to remove the grate and ash-pan, and place the fire-box over a bricked pit dug in the ground. In this pit the straw was burned, while the flames ascended into the fire-box above. This plan is, however, wasteful and inconvenient at the best, and portable engines for burning straw have been specially designed. The lower part of the fire-box is prolonged so as to form the furnace in which the straw is consumed. Instead of the ordinary fire-box, however, there is, in this new engine, a capacious chamber into which the flames from the grate enter and directly heat the boiler.

Fire-Fly Light.

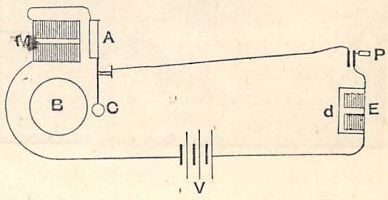
Two French experimenters have recently investigated the light emitted by the "pyrophore," or fire-fly, by means of the spectroscope. They find it to consist of red, yellow, green, and a little blue light. Green is the first colour to appear when the fly begins to emit light, and it is seen in the centre of the light-bearing organ. Only when the light is at its brightest does the rim or periphery of the organ emit light, and then the red light is noticed in the spectrum. With ordinary incandescence, on the contrary, the red rays are the first to appear as a body gets luminous. The fire-fly light is capable of rendering sulphide of calcium self-luminous, and it has very active photographic properties, as was proved by the experimenters taking photographs with it on five minutes' exposure, using gelatino-bromide plates.

A Rowing Machine.

There are, we believe, appliances of different kinds already in existence for enabling people to enjoy the exercise of rowing without either boat or water ; but such apparatus have usually been objected to because of their being stationary. But a rowing machine has now been devised by an ingenious American, on which the exercise is considered to be more agreeable. The apparatus provides for a continuous or endless track, with a boat or boat-shaped car on wheels, and supplied with oars. The act of rowing gives a forward movement to the "vessel," impelling it along with a certain degree of exhilarating impetus, which it is obviously impossible to obtain from the fixed machines above alluded to.

An Electric Bell Tell-Tale.

Sometimes an electric bell, or such-like indicator, gets out of order and fails to ring, no matter how well the button is pushed home. The person is not always able to hear whether the bell rings or not, especially it it be at some distance from him. To get over this inconvenience, Mr. K. Douglas Mackenzie has devised the plan we illustrate. In the figure, V is the battery working the bell M B, which consists of the electro-magnet M, and the bell or gong B, together with a soft iron armature A, and clapper C attached. In circuit with the bell, the battery, and the press-button P, is



another electro-magnet E, having a thin diaphragm of soft iron, *d*, over its poles. Now this electro-magnet acts like a telephone when the bell is ringing properly, for the intermittent currents, causing the bell to ring, make the electro-magnet E attract the diaphragm *d*,

and cause it to emit a musical note. As this sounding electro-magnet is placed near the press-button P, the person ringing the bell can hearken if the magnet sounds, and thus tell if the intermittent currents are flowing, that is, if the bell is acting. In order to make sure that the bell is ringing, the telephone, or sounding magnet, ought to be so constructed that it only emits a distinct sound when the current is strong enough to ring the bell; otherwise the latter might be interrupting a current which was too feeble to actually ring the bell, owing to a weakness of the battery power.

A Grenade Fire Extinctor.

A very quick and efficacious remedy for burning chimneys, or house fires that have not gained too general a hold, is furnished by the Harden "hand-grenade," which we illustrate herewith. It consists of a corrugated bottle of bluish glass containing a clear liquid, well corked up. The bottle is only a few inches in diameter, and is easily taken in the hand by grasping its neck. Thus held, it is simply dashed into the heart of the fire with a force sufficient to break the bottle and liberate the contents. These immediately give off large volumes of carbonic acid gas, which suffocate the fire in a remarkably short time—in fact, almost instantly. The writer saw one of these grenades extinguish, in a second or two, a mass of flaming tar and petroleum, which would have been a most alarming fire in a household. The gas is fatal to flames, and speedily extinguishes these; but flames

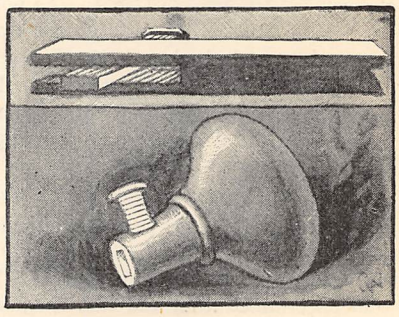
FIG. 1.

are the most dangerous part of an ordinary fire, and when these are put out the fire can generally be got under. Moreover, it is the flames which frighten people in a fire, since they are unruly and apt to catch the clothes or furniture. A few hand-grenades would therefore be useful articles to have about a house, provided the inhabitants, including servants, were taught where to find them and how to use them. Fortunately, their use is as simple as throwing a stone or smashing a bottle, and there is nothing that can be called poisonous in their nature. It is best, however, to break them in the thickest of the flames, and continue firing them at the flames until these are totally extinguished. The grenade is, we understand, extensively used in New York and Chicago.

FIG. 2.

Useful Door-Knob.

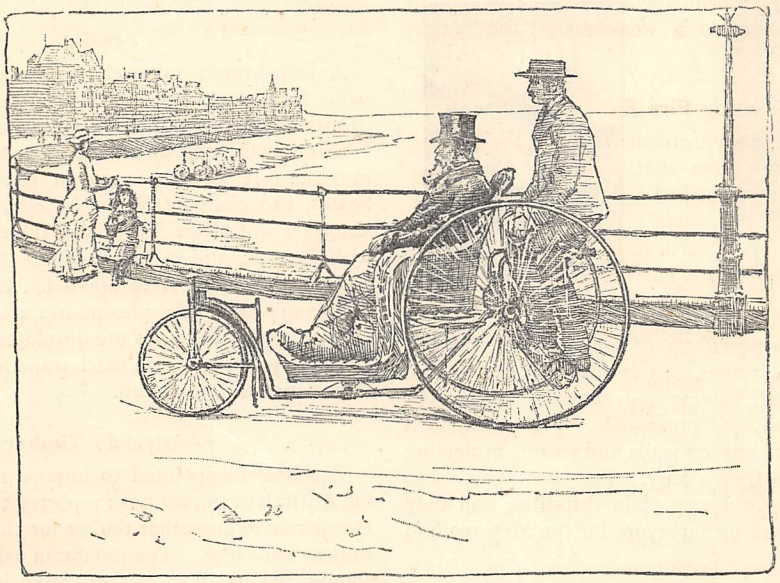
The accompanying woodcut represents the details of an improved form of door-knob. One end of the spindle has a longitudinal slit, the inner side of one of the prongs of which is furnished with serrations. The knob has the ordinary neck for receiving the end of the spindle, and also a vertical hole through which a flat key is inserted between the prongs. Upon one surface of the key there are serrations corresponding exactly with those on the prong, in order to compress the spindle and neck tightly together, so that all rattling shall be prevented. The end of the spindle can be pushed into the neck a greater or less distance according to the thickness of the door, and the knob can be firmly locked in its position by inserting the key as already explained. The lower figure represents the knob and key, and the upper the spindle and key, showing the mode of insertion of the latter. So many householders have been made acquainted by the "jerry builder" with the nuisance of door-knobs which will not bear the slightest wear-and-tear, that they will perhaps be glad to have this ingenious invention brought under their notice, though we cannot vouch for its satisfactorily working from actual experiment.



An Electric Piano-Lamp.

At the Health Exhibition there were several interesting examples of how the electric light can be adapted to domestic purposes. For instance, there was a piano-lamp for lighting music, which either projects from the front of the piano or leans over from above. The incandescent electric lamp has this advantage—it will burn in any position, even upside down, and it lends itself to the most delicate treatment. Over the lamp-bulb is a shade, mounted on trunnions in such a way that, whatever the position of the bracket, the eyes of the performer are shaded from the light, which,

however, streams over the music. An eye in the foot of the lamp-stand enables it to be hung from a hook in the wall over the music-stand when other instruments besides the piano are being used. A bed-room lamp on a telescopic stand, which can be drawn out and in, and used for reading in bed, was also shown. This telescopic form of holder lends itself to searching in drawers or cabinets for unseen articles. A ceiling-lamp, also shown, is provided with a spring drum, by which it can be readily raised or lowered at will. While upon this subject, we may mention that the practice of silvering the glass bulbs on one part is coming in more and more. A bulb silvered on one side is its own reflector, and may be placed against the wall without losing light, which otherwise would simply shine on the wall. Again, a bulb with its top silvered will throw down the light upon the space below. It may also be mentioned that bakers are adopting the incandescent light for lighting the interior of their ovens—a glass pane in the oven-door enabling them to ascertain how the bread is baking.



A TRICYCLE CHAIR.

A Tricycle Chair.

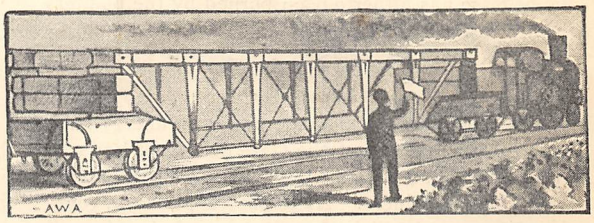
The ordinary Bath chair for invalids is a very "slow coach," and some invalids would enjoy a swifter transit. With a view of providing it, the chair tricycle which we illustrate has been introduced. It can be driven easily at the rate of five miles an hour. The wheels have india-rubber tyres, and the chair is mounted upon tricycle springs; hence the motion is easy and pleasant. The invalid sits in a wicker chair before and a little below the driver, who works the pedals and steers the machine behind him. In a recent trial at Coventry, an untrained workman propelled the new vehicle, with a sitter weighing nearly twelve stone, from Coventry to Birmingham and back, a distance of thirty-five miles, at the rate of eight to nine miles per hour.

An Illuminated Train.

The use of powerful electric arc lights upon the engines of railway trains as head-lights is more common in America than in Great Britain, and it is now proposed there to utilise these lamps in another way—namely, as back-lights, illuminating the train behind, and so arranged that a beam can be shed along the side of the train at which passengers alight on arriving at a station. This improvement, if successfully carried out, will tend to prevent passengers missing their foothold in stepping out at night.

Portable Railway Bridges.

In America are many adepts at transporting large constructions, and even railway bridges are now built and transported bodily to their intended site. Our illustration represents the mode of moving bridges on trucks which is adopted by Mr. C. Graham, engineer of the Boomsburg division of the Delaware,



Luckawana, and Western Railroad. Bridges can be moved on the railway any distance by it, at a rate of fifteen miles an hour. As will be seen, the ends of the

span rest on trucks which are drawn by locomotives. The bridge is lifted into position by cranes; and thus much time is saved which would have been lost in building the bridge on the spot.

New Drip-Tiles.

Figs. 1 and 2 represent the use of new drip-tiles, which are designed to protect walls and parapets

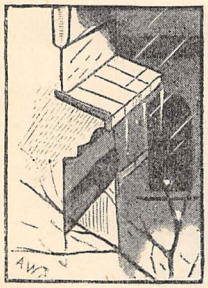


FIG. 1.

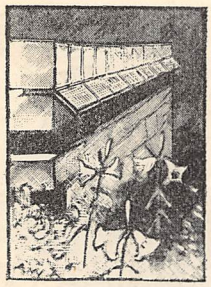


FIG. 2.

from the weathering effects of rain. Fig. 1 shows a tile adapted for cornices, and is made of terra-cotta. The rain runs off, leaving the moulding under the cornice clean and well preserved. Fig. 2 shows a commoner tile for garden walls and so on, protecting the mortar joints from decay. The tiles are said to cost less than the ordinary plain drip-tiles, and they have been approved by surveyors for the Metropolitan Board of Works.

The Heliograph in Mauritius.

An optical telegraph between the islands of Mauritius and Reunion, in the Indian Ocean, is in a fair way of being established permanently. Heliographic signals will be exchanged between the Pic Vert mountain in Reunion, and the Pouce mountain in Mauritius, so well known to readers of St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia." Local telegraphs will carry the messages to Lacroix in the former island, and Port Louis in the latter. The communication is expected to be very useful to the trade and comfort of the islands, by announcing cyclones on their way; and it was found that a submarine telegraph would cost too much to be adopted at present.

Paper from Sugar-Cane Refuse.

Paper is now made from bagesse, the refuse of the sugar-cane after the juice has been squeezed out. This bagesse has hitherto been burned by the planters as worthless.

Electric Power for Paris.

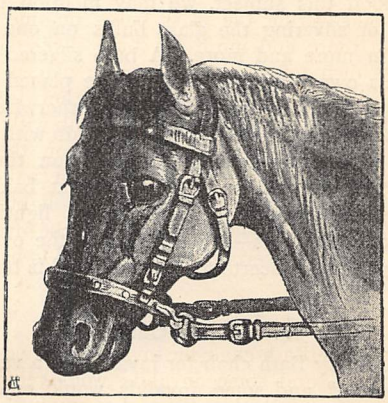
M. Marcel Deprez has lately been arranging to transmit from 100 to 150 horse-power of energy from Creil to the workshops of the Gare du Nord, Paris, to be utilised either for producing electric light, pumping, or working machinery. As about 50 per cent. (one-half) of the power will be lost in transmission, he will require from 200 to 300 horse-power at Creil; but this is provided gratis by water-power there, so that the power utilised only costs the interest on the prime cost of the appliances and the annual cost of maintenance. The apparatus will consist of two powerful dynamos, connected by the conductor from Creil to Paris. The latter will be 5 millimetres in diameter, and consist of copper wire. Turbines at Creil will transform the water-power into mechanical rotation, and drive the generating dynamo, which will transmit the energy in the form of an electric current to the other dynamo at Paris, which in turn will reproduce it as mechanical power.

Apatite.

A little-known mineral of considerable economic value formed the subject of a paper read before the Montreal meeting of the British Association. Apatite is found in Canada, and 22,000 tons of it were exported in 1882. It is also found in some of the United States, especially in Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Crown Point, New York, but there it is associated with iron-ore and is found useless as a fertiliser, the purpose to which it is applied. Its fertilising properties are due to the phosphoric acid and phosphate of lime it contains; but the development of the South Carolina phosphate and marl trade has diminished its importance in this regard.

Australian Timber.

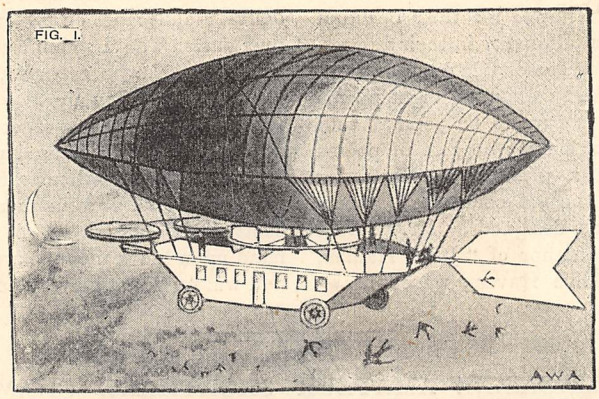
The Board appointed to inquire into the best uses for Australian timber have reported that "blackwood" is superior to any other timber for the construction of railway carriages. The mountain ash comes next. It should be felled in winter, after it has attained a diameter of from four to five feet. Blue-gum should, the Board think, be treated in the same manner. It is expected that a large trade in Australian timber will yet spring up between England and the colony.

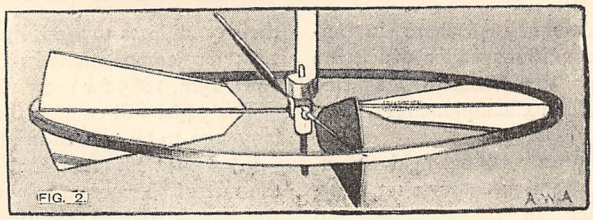


A Steel Nose-Band for Horses.

The iron "bit" for horses is so old-established that it seems one of those terminal forms of invention which cannot be improved upon. Nevertheless, there has been brought out a substitute, which we illustrate herewith. This is called the "Carrago" nose-band, and is designed to control the most unmanageable horse by pressure of the band on the nose and cheek-bones, which form a very sensitive

part of the head. The band is of steel, and is attached to the bottom of the bridle, as shown, so that it presses on the nose at a point about two inches below the place where the nose-bone separates from the skull proper, and passes just above the mouth. Pressure is exerted by both reins, but only when the animal is not going quietly. The band can be used to guide him in a gentle manner, and a pad protects the nose from chafing. Its weight is only some eight ounces, which is carried by the nose-bone; hence it is no burden whatever to the animal.





An Aerial Propeller.

The recent essays in ballooning have given a special interest to apparatus designed for propelling these aërial vessels, and our figures illustrate a device patented in America by Mr. M. H. Dupue. Fig. 1 shows the cigar-shaped balloon with car and propeller attached in the act of atmospheric flight. Fig. 2 shows the general appearance of the propeller, which has a rim and hub in which radial blades are fixed, very similar to the spokes of a wheel. The main rudder for steering the balloon is shaped like the feather of an arrow or wind-vane, as shown in Fig. 1, and projects behind the vessel, whereas the propeller is mounted in front of it; but there is another rudder fixed to the side of the car, which is used to raise and lower the balloon at will. On descending to earth, the car rests on wheels, which are meant to avoid any scraping on the ground.

Heliographic Paper.

Heliographic paper has been designed for the purpose of enabling draughtsmen and others to make copies of drawings without tracing them, and by the action of sunlight on chemicals in the paper. To make the copy, cut off a piece of heliographic paper rather larger than the drawing to be copied. The latter should be in the form of a tracing on translucent paper or cloth. It should be placed face downwards on a glass plate, or what is known as a copying frame, and lay the prepared paper over it, taking care to have the surfaces of the two papers in contact throughout, and no crease or fold anywhere. A piece of thick cloth or felt covering on the back of both, helps to equalise the pressure and bring this condition about. The frame and paper must then be exposed to direct sunlight from ten to twenty minutes in fair weather, in dull weather from thirty minutes to an hour. The light passes through the tracing paper except at those places where the black lines of the drawing run, and acts on the chemicals in the prepared paper behind, producing blue lines opposite the black lines of the original. When the *fine* lines of the original appear blue on the copy, the exposure has been long enough; if they appear yellow, the exposure must be continued. The copy is then taken out of the frame and forthwith immersed in cold or tepid water until the lines become white, which will take place in about ten mintues' time. The copy then shows as white lines upon a blue ground.

Some Novel Christmas and New Year's Cards.

A new mode of frosting Christmas cards by machinery has recently been introduced by Messrs. Wirths Brothers and Owen, of New York, who now appear for the first time in the English market. This machine process not only preserves the health of the workers, which was frequently injured by the old method of frosting by hand, but also secures greater durability of the frosting. The designs issued by this firm are all of a seasonable character, and with their glistening imitations of frosted snow are very tasteful in appearance. Some satin sachets, and satin-covered books of designs, are also very beautiful. It would be impossible to do anything like justice to Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons' magnificent assortment of cards in the small space at our command. They have managed to produce a variety from which every conceivable taste may select with ease. Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. send us some very pretty portfolios of sketches —on the water and in the hunting-field—by Mr. H. C. S. Wright and Miss Georgiana S. Bowers. A happy idea, too, was that which led to the printing of Miss F. R. Havergal's "Bells across the Snow," with a view of Linton Church, Herefordshire, the sound of whose bells suggested the lines. A quaint effect is produced by some cards folded so as to represent envelopes, which, when opened, display beautiful bunches of flowers, apparently thrust haphazard into the envelope, for stray petals and leaves peep out

at the edges in a very natural manner. But one of the cleverest designs issued by this firm represents some half-dozen donkeys, whose long-drawn shadows, cast by the setting sun, trace on the grass the motto, "A merry Xmas." Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkener's cards are remarkable for their beautiful colour-printing, and for the originality in their designs. Two beautiful cards, bearing seasonable mottoes, form the covers of a little booklet containing eight poems by Robert Burns, which is sure to be popular with our Scotch friends; and a similar booklet of poems upon "Home" will form a pleasant memento for any friend who has left the old country for a new land. A series of four cards, designed by Mr. F. Noel Paton, have verses by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" and Miss Alice Havers, whose drawings in our own pages have been a great attraction to our readers, contributes some beautiful designs. But perhaps the most charming cards issued by Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkener are the screens, some of which, with their rich dark colours on the one side, and delicate landscapes on the other, are most artistic productions. The London Stereoscopic Co.'s novelties are, as might be expected, mostly photographic in character, but they are also remarkable for the originality of their mottoes, especially one inscribed, "Who sent it?" Some coloured photographs of wreaths of flowers—one in particular, encircling the picture of a laughing child, and another with a "Sea-scape" for centre-piece—and a set of floral designs painted by hand upon black mounts, are very beautifully finished. and will no doubt be very popular.

CASSELL'S MAGAZINE AMATEUR SHORTHAND CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE Editor has much pleasure in announcing the conditions under which the competition for the Cassell's Magazine Amateur Shorthand Championship will be conducted.

The Competition will be held simultaneously in all centres on June 1st, 1885, at eight o'clock in the evening, and attached to the Championship will be a Prize of Five Guineas (if won by a competitor in the United States, 25 Dollars). The Competition will be conducted by means of printed papers to be supplied by the Editor, and read aloud in the presence of the competitors, who will be required to write them from dictation in the system of shorthand known as Pitman's Phonography.

In order to bring the Competition within reach of all readers of the Magazine, intending competitors may form local centres in their own neighbourhood, the only condition being that at least three householders, one of whom must be a magistrate or minister of religion, signify to the Editor, in writing, their willingness to act as Honorary Local Managers. The form in which they should do this is as follows.*

To THE EDITOR OF CASSELL'S MAGAZINE.

We, the undersigned, wishing to bring the opportunity of competing for the Amateur Shorthand Championship within the reach of the residents in our neighbourhood, hereby signify our readiness to act as Local Managers of the Competition, to give our services gratuitously, and to be responsible for any expenses incurred in connection with the holding of the Competition in this centre. We also undertake that at least two of us shall be present during the whole of the time appointed for the Competition, and that one of us will read the passages at the specified rates, and also that we will see that all the regulations of the Competition are strictly adhered to. We request that all communications in reference to this matter be addressed to Mr. , who will act as our Honorary Secretary.

(*Signed*)

The above form, signed by not less than three householders, must be sent to the Editor not later than April 30th, 1885 for centres in the United Kingdom, and not later than March 31st, 1885 for centres abroad. The Local Managers will be required to send the names of their candidates to the Editor not later than May 15th, 1885 for competitions in the United Kingdom, and April 15th, 1885 for competitions abroad.

The paper will contain three passages in the English language, to be written in phonography on ruled paper —(i.) A business letter of about 200 words, to be read at the rate of 50 words a minute; (ii.) a passage of about 500 words from a scientific work, to be read at the rate of 75 words a minute; (iii.) a passage of about 750 words from a newspaper, to be read at the rate of 130 words a minute. Competitors will also be required to transcribe and punctuate one of the two last passages. One hour will be allowed in which to work the whole paper. The following are the detailed regulations:—

1. The Competition is open to all readers of the Magazine who are not professional reporters or shorthand teachers.

2. The Local Managers are to be responsible for all expenses incurred in their centre, and for the fair conduct of the Competition in accordance with the regulations. The competitors may be required by the Local Managers to contribute to the local expenses (if any) by paying a small local fee to the Local Managers for such purpose only. No fee is required at headquarters from any candidate.

3. The passages to be read will be sent to the Secretaries of the Local Managers, under cover, one week before the date fixed for the Competition, and the envelope shall be opened in the presence of the competitors at the appointed time.

4. No communication shall be allowed between the competitors in the examination room, and they shall be seated at least three feet apart, shall observe strict silence, write in black ink, and shall make no corrections in the shorthand after one minute has elapsed from the conclusion of the dictation of the passage. Each competitor shall attach his name and full postal address to his paper, and shall also make a declaration upon it that he is not a professional reporter or shorthand teacher, and this declaration shall be attested by one of the Local Managers.

5. The papers shall be collected by the Local Managers at the expiration of the appointed time, and enclosed in an envelope for transmission to the Editor. This envelope shall also contain a declaration signed by at least two of the Local Managers that the Competition has been conducted in accordance with the regulations.

6. The decision of the judge appointed by the Editor must be regarded as absolutely final. The prize may be withheld in the event of the judge not considering any paper worthy of the distinction. Honourable mention may be awarded to such other competitors as shall have distinguished themselves in the Competition.

7. All communications must be addressed to the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.; and if an answer is required, a stamped and addressed envelope must be enclosed. In the case of an application from the Secretary of a local centre for the printed papers, a stamped envelope should also be enclosed.

* Printed copies may be obtained for this purpose on application to the Editor.

"THY HEART MAY LEARN THE MEANING
OF TRUSTFUL WOMANHOOD."

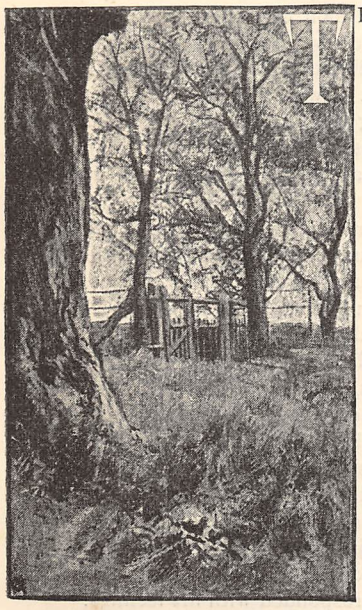
"*FAST AND SURE*" (*p.* 154).

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

By ALICE O'HANLON, Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," "No Proof," &c.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

VICTOR'S EYES ARE OPENED.



THE slow strokes of a tolling bell vibrated through the clear atmosphere as Victor McNicoll approached the ancient little church of Upton parish. He had walked thither across the meadows by a footpath, into which he had struck from the road that ran past the mill. This short cut, as he was well aware, had brought him out close by Monkswood Hall. Without turning a bend of the highway into which he had emerged Victor could not see the house; but he determined to pay it a visit when the funeral was over. During the life of its late owner, the Hall had been familiar enough to him, outside and in; but possessed now by a new kind of interest in it, he wanted to go and look at it again with a new kind of observation. He wanted to try and realise Idalia's presence in connection with it. It was so difficult to believe that she was really coming there—and coming so soon! The young man longed for some visible sign of the delightful and wonderful fact; and it was possible he thought, that he might at least detect some evidence of preparation for the expected arrival of the new proprietors.

In the meantime, however, he directed his steps to the church. The funeral cortége, as he expected, had not yet arrived; but scattered about the grave-yard appeared a goodly number of people. As their bucolic appearance indicated, the majority of the company were farmers or agricultural labourers, and nearly all were tenants of the great man to whose remains they had come to do honour. As a matter of course, Sir Jonathan's sudden demise had created considerable excitement in the quiet district, where events of any kind were rare. There was a sense of holiday-making mingling with the sympathy felt by those who had put on their best clothes to render this last tribute of respect to the dead baronet by their presence at his funeral. Also few of them had objected to add a spice of horror to their emotions by prying into the dread mysteries of the tomb. In parties of threes or fours, they had nearly all descended by turns into the open vault of the Ledsom family, and had stood bare-headed and open-mouthed spelling out the inscriptions on the brass plates that marked each bricked-up niche where the sacred dead reposed in tiers. The sexton however, had now forbidden that any one else should go down, and that important functionary was guarding the head of the portable ladder when Victor McNicoll approached.

Several men, young and old, were gathered around the grave, and, with one exception, they all touched their hats to him in respectful recognition. The personage who omitted that mark of deference—customarily paid to the gentry of the locality—was a short, sturdy-looking fellow, with a florid complexion, shiny bald pate, and a placid physiognomy. And that he had a perfect right to keep both hands in his pockets, and merely nod good-humouredly at young McNicoll, would have been admitted by all his neighbours; for Farmer Basset could base that right on the fact of his possessing the only freehold property in the neighbourhood. With the exception of his farm, "Redfold," or, as it was usually called, "The Fold Farm," all the land for miles around belonged either to the proprietors of Feldhurst Court or Monkswood Hall. His family, moreover, was as old and, in its way, as respectable as that of the Ledsoms. So long as there had been a Ledsom of Feldhurst Court (and even, it was thought, longer), there had been a Basset of Redfold Farm. With money in High Radstow Bank, and well-stocked barns and shippons, the present owner of the Fold Farm was in the habit of holding his head pretty high, and was quite sensible of the dignity derived from that long line of yeoman ancestry.

"Mornin', sir," he observed, about a minute after he had executed his nod. (Although a great talker when fairly started, the farmer was habitually slow in opening a conversation.) "I hannot seed 'ee down our way, Mester Victor, not ov a long toime."

"No," rejoined the young man. "I have been from home, Mr. Basset, for several weeks—taking a holiday. I only returned last evening, and I had not heard before then of Sir Jonathan's death."

"Dear-a-me! Hadn't ee? Well, well, 'tis a world o' change and trouble, this be. I never seed like to un!" Mr. Basset shook his head, as if making a disparaging contrast with other worlds of which he had had experience.

"Ay, ay; 'a mon's born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards,'" quoted the sexton. "There's Scriptur for it—so 'tis like to be."

"And as I was saying a while since, he weren't but a few years older nor me, poor chap!" resumed the worthy farmer. "It do seem out o' natur as he should ha' bin took so soon. Look 'ee now at my father—a man ov eighty-nine—and as spry on his pins as any

young fellow. Lauk-a-massy! what *be* that drattled fool o' mine a-thinkin' ov?"

This question was asked *apropos* of a voice which had risen close by from some invisible singer. The voice was a high-pitched tenor, and it was trolling forth a verse of a decidedly vulgar local song:—

"Says I, 'My stars and garters!
This here's a pretty go,
For a vine young mayd as never vos
To sar all mankind zo.'"

"Luke! Luke!" shouted the farmer wrathfully. But the voice, regardless of this expostulation, continued—

"But t'other young maiden looked sly at me,
And from her seat she risn,
Says she, 'Let thee and I go our way,
And we'll let she go this'n.'"

"Well, father, what do 'ee want?"

Round now from the back of the Ledsom monument, which represented two weeping angels with arms entwined around a broken pillar, there appeared a countenance shaped like an obtuse angle whereof the nose was the vertex. The receding chin and forehead, the half-open mouth, the vacant expression in the wandering grey eyes, told their own tale.

"Want? What do I want?" exclaimed his father. "I want 'ee to keep that fool's tongue o' thine quiet, and not be crackin' folks' ears wi' that rubbish in a grave-yeard. Eh, sowls! but 'tis a hard matter that I should have a son like he, beant it? They foolish words be the only thing he ever could get into 's memorandum, and he's at it for everlastin', tryin' to sing 'em."

"Yes, 'tis hard on 'ee, sure," assented one of the bystanders; "but 't might be worse. He's an innocent, an' main short o' sense, but no-ways dangerous."

"No, he be no-ways dangerous, 'tis true," rejoined Mr. Basset, looking with knit brows after the object of the conversation, who had sauntered off with a slouching gait towards another part of the yard; "but he's a sore cross to me. There never was an idiot in the Basset family afore—never; and 'tis a bad shame as I should have he for a son!" he concluded, thrusting his hands deeper into his breeches pockets, "and no other son."

"But you have a daughter, Mr. Basset, and a very good and pretty one," put in Victor consolingly; "and Luke is useful to you sometimes, is he not? I saw him digging once, I remember, when I called at the farm."

"Oh, ay; he can delve, and delve, and delve all day long, and make no account o' it neither. He be strong as a hoss wi' his hands and his legs; but you couldn't set un to a bit o' work, sir, as wanted a head-piece, no mor'n 'ee could set a cat to't."

"Well, well, Farmer Basset, a man didn't ought to grumble against the Almighty's will, you know," remarked the sexton didactically; "and, poor chap, 'twarn't his own fault as he wur borned so."

"Who said 'twas?" snapped Mr. Basset. "No, friends; ye all know how—— Lor! there they be coming at last. We had better form into lines for they to pass betwixt to the church. Look'ee!—there be parson comin' out in his white gown."

Leading the way, Mr. Basset, followed by his companions, walked off to where the rest of the watchers in the grave-yard were already ranging themselves on either side of the gravelled walk conducting to the church-porch.

Making his way towards the latter, Victor took his stand there; and when the funeral procession had passed into the church, he followed closely behind. Again, at the conclusion of a short service, he joined the mourners on their way to the grave, and presently found himself standing opposite to Sir Arthur Ledsom, with the open vault between.

As yet the young baronet had not noticed him, and Victor looked across at him with that frank admiration which his friend's appearance always inspired within him.

A broad-shouldered and clear-complexioned young Englishman, Arthur Ledsom looked as though he could floor an adversary with one well-delivered blow from his muscular right arm: as if, even well handicapped, there would be a good chance of his winning in a race. Nevertheless, his hands were white, with shapely filbert nails, carefully pared, and his features were high-bred and refined. He was the type, in short, of a thoroughly gentlemanly, as well as manly, young fellow—the sort of young fellow whom, meeting abroad, one would be proud to point out as a fair representative of the nation's best blood.

His expression just now was grave and sad—not because such an expression befitted the occasion, but because it truly corresponded with his feelings.

Absorbed in attention to the solemn ceremonial, he stood with his head bowed and his fair locks uncovered; and it was only when the rites were at an end that, lifting his hazel eyes, glistening with unshed tears, he perceived Victor McNicoll.

The next instant the friends were grasping hands, and respectively giving and receiving appropriate condolences in reference to Sir Jonathan's sudden demise.

"No, don't, Victor! Don't speak of that," begged Sir Arthur, when by-and-by the other had ventured upon some allusion to the consequent change in his own position. "I assure you I would willingly give five years of my life to have poor uncle back at the Court, or to be able to make some arrangement by which my aunt might be induced to remain there. Do you know, Victor, she is actually leaving to-morrow—the day after the funeral."

"But, my dear fellow, it is her own choice to do so. You cannot blame yourself for the way in which Lady Ledsom chooses to behave."

"No; but think how hard it is for her to turn out of such a place as the Court—which has been her home for thirty years—and to go to a small cottage-house like Trenchfield; to come down also to an income of £800, after having had command of £12,000. However, as you say, it is not my fault. I have even offered to give the place up to her altogether."

"Rather a Quixotic piece of generosity," commented Victor, smiling. "The property is legitimately yours."

"All the same, I feel like a robber and an interloper," protested Arthur; "and I'd sacrifice anything rather than that the poor old lady should suffer. She was very kind to me once, although she detests me so heartily now."

"I don't know how anybody *can* detest you, Arthur," declared Victor, with warmth; "and you are a right good fellow to take it so well, and to show yourself so forgiving."

"Ah, well! I hope things may work themselves right in time," said Arthur, more cheerfully. "At any rate, it takes two to quarrel, and I shan't be one of the two in this case. Good-bye, old fellow—they are waiting for me, you see. I'll be down at your place to-morrow some time. By the way," he added, turning back when he had taken a step or two after the dozen or so of gentlemen who were slowly walking off towards the carriages, "you understand why I don't ask you to go back with us to luncheon: the invitations are all Lady Ledsom's, and I should not like to presume in any way on my position as master there to-day."

Glad that his friend's delicacy had prevented his pressing the invitation in question, which he would have been loth to accept, Victor was soon posting along the road in a direction contrary to that taken by the retiring carriages.

Five minutes' quick walking brought him to the gates of Monkswood Hall. A semi-circular carriage-drive, bordered by fine elm and chestnut-trees, led to the house; but striking into a foot-path close by the untenanted lodge, Victor gained the front of it by a shorter way.

As we have said, the young man had hoped to see some signs of preparation for the home-coming of the new proprietors, and in this hope he was not disappointed.

Nearly every window of the mansion stood open, and it was plain that a great bustle of cleaning and re-arrangement was in progress.

Drawing further back behind some tall rhododendron bushes, which, planted in a symmetrical curve, closed in the lawn, Victor, himself unseen, stood for a long time gazing at the house. The date of its erection was but little later than that of Feldhurst Court. Unlike the latter estate, however, Monkswood had not remained as the family seat of its original founder. It had passed several times into new hands, and had finally been purchased by an elder brother of the late General Curtis. It occurred to Victor to wonder, with a smile, what either of the latter gentlemen would have thought of Abner Bretherton, could they have seen him as their successor. Of Idalia there could be no question what any one would think! *She* was fit to succeed to a crown and to inhabit a palace.

As compared with "The Court," Monkswood was only a small building; but it was, if not so impressive, even more picturesque.

The characteristic gables of the Elizabethan style, absent from the architecture of the former, were well represented here. The house, in fact, was one gloriously confused mass of angles and gables of various shapes and sizes. Small domed turrets, curiously assorted chimney-shafts, ornamental balconies of fretted stone-work, further added to the general effect of the outline.

Behind the house, but allowing space between, as Victor was aware, for a range of outbuildings and two large kitchen-gardens, rose a gentle acclivity, covered with the wood from which the Hall was said to have derived its name. It had been Victor's intention to walk round the house, and to get into that wood by a way he knew of. Seeing so many people about, however—servants bustling in and out of the house, and gardeners at work in different parts of the grounds—the young man relinquished this design.

Some day, he thought—yes, perhaps, some day—he might be allowed to wander in that wood, not dreaming of her, as now, but in Idalia's actual company! This idea, as it flashed through his brain, communicated such a delicious thrill of delight to every nerve and fibre of his frame, that Victor could no longer shut his eyes to the truth. All at once that secret which he had half-consciously been hiding in his heart, sprang forth to confront him in no doubtful guise. The absorbing interest which he felt in the beautiful American was not, as he had tried to fancy, merely admiration or friendship. It was love—true, undying love!

Victor staggered backwards, faint for a moment with the emotion entailed by this discovery. "Oh," he murmured, "how blind I have been not to have understood myself before!"

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

HESTER COURTENEY.

LINGERING for some minutes longer, Victor strove to regain his composure. Then, casting a last glance around, he turned away, and quitting the Monkswood grounds, set off to walk homewards.

Swift on the heels of that self-acknowledgment, other thoughts had come crowding tumultuously into the young man's mind. Was there any chance that his passion might find a return? Could Idalia ever learn to love him? Eagerly once more he reviewed her behaviour towards him during those days of their brief intercourse, searching for evidence of favourable feeling.

Yes, truly she had been very friendly with him. But then she had been still more friendly with Charlie Nunnerley. And after he had left them together, might not that friendliness have even increased? Stronger than ever, now that he understood his own sentiments, waxed his uneasiness on this score. Yet it was not to be wondered at, he told himself, that she should, on first acquaintance, prefer Charlie. His appearance was so much more attractive, his manners so much more pleasing, than his own. Still, on reflection, he would not, if he could, have changed places with him; for Charlie would not, like himself, have the privilege of living in Idalia's neighbourhood, and Charlie, he believed, was not honourably free to seek her affections. It has already been insinuated

that there had been something in the way of love-making upon young Nunnerley's part in a different direction, of which Victor was cognisant. The circumstances were these.

Early in May of that year the young artist had been invited to Upton Lodge for a fortnight's visit. That term, however, he had out-stayed to the extent of nearly two months; the excuse which he had offered for this lengthened encroachment being that he wished to take certain sketches in the neighbourhood. But, although he had unquestionably spent much of his time out-of-doors, Charlie had had very few sketches to show as a result, and Victor —not without reason—had presently come to the conclusion that there was more of pretext than reality about his work.

As a matter of fact, he, Victor, had on three several occasions during those pleasant summer weeks surprised his cousin walking alone in the company of Miss Hester Courteney, the only child and presumable heiress of his father's partner. Each of these times he had come upon the two in a different, but always a retired, locality, and each time he had become more convinced that they had met each other there not by accident, but by appointment. The third and last of these unintentional surprises had settled this question in his mind beyond a doubt, and had also convinced him that Charlie was making unequivocal love to the girl. The attitude in which he had caught them, at all events, was unequivocal enough—for Charlie had had his arm round Hester's waist and his lips pressed against her cheek.

Glad on this occasion to have been able to slip away without attracting the observation of either, Victor had afterwards told his cousin what he had seen, and had taxed him severely in reference to his conduct. Why, Victor wanted to know, was he thus carrying on a surreptitious courtship in holes and corners, instead of doing it boldly under the eye of Hester's father? That Mr. Courteney was not very partial to Charlie, Victor (although he did not know the cause of his disfavour) was, he acknowledged, aware. But, on the other hand, that gentleman was passionately attached to his daughter; and if Charlie had gained her love, it would be his best wisdom, Victor urged, as well as his duty, to confess the fact openly and honestly.

This remonstrance, however, had been met by young Nunnerley with an angry denial of the assumption on which it was based. No engagement or understanding of any sort, he had protested, existed between himself and Miss Courteney, and there had been nothing on his part that could be properly called love-making. As a matter of course, Victor, after this declaration, could make no further allusion to what he had seen, out of respect to Miss Courteney. But he had been by no means convinced by his cousin's asseveration. Charlie had denied too much, and had denied it too vehemently. Besides, had he not had the testimony of his own eyes in respect to the love-making? Victor did not believe, from what he knew of her, that Miss Courteney was the kind of girl to let herself be kissed unless by an avowed and accepted lover. Moreover, on Charlie's part there existed every inducement that interested motives could afford towards marriage with the young lady. She was pretty and accomplished, and she was the only child of a man whose wealth was a matter beyond question. As for Charlie, his sole income, in addition to what he could make by his profession, was £200 a year, inherited from his parents, both of whom had been dead some years.

Putting one thing with another, therefore, Victor had arrived at the conclusion in his own mind that, notwithstanding his cousin's positive assertion to the contrary, the two had become secretly engaged, but that, for reasons of their own, they desired to defer acknowledging the fact to Mr. Courteney.

Still, in face of Charlie's stubborn denial of any serious intention, and because he had discovered it by accident, Victor had not felt at liberty to let the secret out of his own keeping. Indeed, until he had observed his cousin's admiring glances and marked attentions to Miss Bretherton, he had not thought fit even to allude to the subject again in Charlie's private hearing.

During the last ten days, however, his reflections had been much exercised in the matter; and this morning, as he walked homewards from Monkswood Hall, Victor felt as though he would give anything almost to "get to the bottom of that affair"—to find out "exactly how things stood between those two."

In these very words he had just formulated his desire (for, as we all know, it is impossible to think without putting our thoughts into language), when, with a slight start of surprise, he recognised one of the two in question at a distance of not very many yards in front of him.

This was, of course, Miss Hester Courteney. Turning an angle of the road, Victor perceived her emerging from a little country shop, which formed the only habitation for nearly a mile along the highway.

This shop was also a post-office, and it was kept by a young woman who had formerly been a servant in Mr. Courteney's house, but who was now married to one of the employés at the mill.

A suspicion, which amounted almost to a conviction, suddenly took possession of Victor's mind as he saw the young lady draw a letter from her pocket and proceed to open it.

Impelled by an irresistible curiosity, he hastened his steps, and, unheard by Hester (by reason of the fact that a cart was approaching from the opposite direction), he drew near enough to peep for a moment over her shoulder.

That moment sufficed for the information he wanted, and until he was thus in possession of it, Victor had no time to consider that he had scarcely gained it in a strictly honourable fashion.

The letter he had seen was from his cousin! Hester had come in search of it to this country post-office, not waiting for, or not allowing, it to be delivered at her home.

The data were enough, in the young man's idea, to establish the presumption of a surreptitious corre-

spondence, and so to confirm his suspicion. Yet, as he had noticed, the letter was very short—a mere note, in fact, of a few lines. Victor had taken that in at a glance. Further, he had caught the way in which the letter commenced: he had read "Dear Hetty," in his cousin's clear, bold hand—a sufficiently familiar, if not a particularly lover-like, style of address.

"VICTOR HAD TAKEN THAT IN AT A GLANCE."

Falling back a little way, Victor called out her name; and hastily concealing her letter, Miss Courteney turned. As yet he had not seen her face, but he was shocked now to observe that she looked unusually pale, and was evidently in distress. Before she had shaken hands with him, however, Hester had mastered her emotion, whatever its nature or cause, and her countenance had resumed its customary impassibility. For, as a rule, Hester's countenance was impassible—not given, like Idalia Bretherton's, to express every mood and tense of her mind. Victor had often wondered within himself whether or not the girl was capable of any strong feeling or passion; and a better judge of physiognomy than he might well have doubted the question.

A fair, statuesque young woman, with a Juno-like kind of beauty, Hester was now in her twentieth year. She had a well-formed figure, which she made the most of through the adventitious assistance of dress. (Miss Hester's clothes must have cost her father annually a small fortune.) In colour her hair was golden, and she wore it in a soft wavy fringe about her low forehead.

Her large almond-shaped blue eyes were somewhat sleepy-looking; yet a close observer might have noticed them waking up now and then into a keen watchfulness. Her mouth, which was Hester's least mobile and least attractive feature, was small and thin-lipped, and she had a habit of pursing it, when silent, in a demure determined-looking style, as though she were buttoning up her thoughts.

Greeting young McNicoll now with a smile (very manifestly forced), she observed—

"How do you do, Mr. Victor? I am glad to see you back. Papa told us you were expected yesterday."

"Thank you. Yes, I reached home late last night," he returned.

"And we are to have the pleasure of your company for dinner this evening, I suppose?" resumed Hester. "Papa says, however, that you are coming chiefly for business reasons."

Victor bowed a little stiffly. "Yes, I believe so," he answered. "Your aunt, Mrs. Perriam, is well, I hope?"

"Perfectly, thanks. Did you enjoy your holiday?"

"Very much indeed. Charlie Nunnerley was with me, you know."

Victor emphasised the name slightly, glancing at his companion as he uttered it. But Miss Courteney betrayed no confusion.

"So I understood," she said; "and I have heard a good deal about your travels from Dora and Jessie. You have done a considerable amount of climbing, have you not? They told me you had been up the Bel Alp, and the Aletschorn, and the Eggischorn, and I don't know how many other 'horns.'"

"Well, on the whole, I think we did exert ourselves pretty fairly," he admitted. "Charlie proved more ambitious than I expected him to do, I must confess. From the lazy way in which he dawdled about here in the early summer, I hadn't looked for so much energy."

"He is fond of Switzerland, I fancy," remarked Hester, with an unmoved countenance. "Did you return together?"

Victor hesitated for an instant, and looked hard at the girl. With that letter from Charlie in her pocket, could she possibly be asking this question in ignorance?

"No, Miss Courteney; I left him behind," he answered.

"Oh! Perhaps he remained to do some sketching?"

She put the inquiry as though feeling little interest in the reply.

"I believe not. On the contrary, he had, I know, an engagement in London to take a gentleman's portrait, which he ought to have commenced a week ago. However, I expect he will be in England by this time—unless——" He paused for a second; then, with an involuntary contraction of the brow, added—"unless he finds it too hard to tear himself away from Miss—from the Brethertons."

"The Brethertons?" repeated Hester. (Her tone was no longer without animation.) "Who are the Brethertons, may I ask?"

"You have not heard? Mr. Bretherton is the brother of Mrs. Curtis—the brother to whom she left Monkswood, you know, and the rest of her property. He will be here next Tuesday, I expect, to take possession of the place. Charlie and I met them on the Mürren—Miss Bretherton and her father."

"Ha!" The pupils of Hester's eyes suddenly enlarged, like those of a cat in the dark. "That is where you were kept by the snow-storm?"

"Yes. It is where I left my cousin also."

"And are they agreeable people? Is Miss Bretherton attractive?"

"If every grace and charm that could possibly be united in a woman can render her attractive, she is so."

"Oh! she is pretty then?"

"She is beautiful as a dream!" responded Victor, with intentional enthusiasm.

A bright flush spread suddenly over Hester's colourless face, and her lips quivered.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "That accounts, then, for—I mean—Really, I don't quite know what I was going to say." She laughed confusedly for an instant; then, buttoning up her mouth, collected herself with marvellous celerity, and changed the subject.

"What lovely weather we are having, are we not? But those changing tints, alas! show that autumn is upon us. How I wish it could be always summer! Don't you?"

Victor bowed. He had been watching his companion's face closely, and none of those singular and unaccustomed indications of disturbance on her part had escaped his notice. Her nature, he began to think, was not quite so cold and insensible as he had sometimes imagined. She could feel a prick, though she might be stoical enough to hide the pain it gave her. Strange to say, however, although self-command was a quality which he strenuously cultivated in himself, and always admired in others, the present exhibition of it in Miss Courteney's case moved him to irritation and dislike rather than approval. He had never, in point of fact, liked Hester Courteney; and the sentiment was mutual, for Hester did not like him. Their dispositions were instinctively antipathetical—albeit that neither of them could have explained clearly on what precise grounds that antipathy was founded.

Her remark on the weather having fallen so flat, Hester now introduced another topic—Sir Jonathan Ledsom's funeral; and, talking for talking's sake, the two walked on, discussing the baronet's sudden death, Sir Arthur's accession to the estate, and other relative matters. It was only when they were drawing very near to Upton Lodge (Mr. Courteney's house stood on the same road, scarcely a hundred yards beyond, so that the young people's way had been the same) that Hester recurred carelessly to the subject of their new neighbours, and asked Victor a few seemingly indifferent, but decidedly pertinent, questions concerning them. To Charlie Nunnerley, however, no further allusion was made, either in this or any other connection.

At the appointed hour in the evening Mr. McNicoll

and his son presented themselves at Mr. Courteney's house. The latter was neither quite so large nor quite so luxuriously furnished an establishment as that of Victor's father. Nevertheless Mr. Courteney was generally known to be the warmer man of the two —since, in addition to possessing an equal share in that flourishing business, he had, about five years since, come into a large private fortune. Why he did not now retire from commercial labours was a mystery to most of his acquaintances. But after thirty years of active business life (he was just fifty) Mr. Courteney felt that he could not enjoy an idle existence. Moreover, he loved money, and wanted to make more; and he loved his daughter, and wanted to make it for her. In assenting, or rather urging upon his father, that Victor should be taken into partnership, Mr. Courteney did not intend to lose anything.

It had been arranged that Mr. McNicoll was to pay a fair sum into the concern, and that a new branch of business—the manufacture of sail-cloth—was to be commenced on certain premises which had already been secured in another outskirt of High Radstow.

"We'll die millionnaires yet, McNicoll," observed Mr. Courteney this evening, when the deeds which had turned the firm into "Courteney, McNicoll and Son," had been duly signed and sealed, and the junior partner had left the room to show out the lawyer who had been entrusted with the execution of that business. "And I'll tell you what: if we could make a match of it between your boy and my girl, I should be thoroughly well pleased. I've always liked Victor, and if Hetty marries him she shall have every penny of my fortune. I could not wish her a better husband, and I've set my heart on her having him."

"Then she *shall* have him if I've any say in the matter!" exclaimed Mr. McNicoll. "The scheme has my full approbation, and I'll give him a hint to that effect as we go home."

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

MR. "PERCIVAL" BRETHERTON.

THE moment had come at last: he was going to see her again! Like a school-boy impatient for the holidays, Victor had been counting the days and the hours up to this time. The family, he knew, had arrived, as expected, on Tuesday evening. Victor had forced himself to wait over Wednesday—giving them opportunity to rest and get settled in their new abode; and now, on the Thursday afternoon, he stood once more before the gates of Monkswood Hall.

The day was bright and fine, but the wind a little chilly. Victor, however, did not feel cold. On a close calculation, it took twenty minutes' quick walking to cover the ground between here and Upton Lodge; to-day he had done it in fifteen.

Taking off his hat, he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and proceeded at a slow, almost laggard pace up the avenue.

Curiously enough (at least, it might appear curious to one unacquainted with the workings of that strange, contradictory-seeming passion which swayed him), the young fellow, now that he was so near the house, found the eagerness that had driven him here at railway speed overtaken by a singular shyness.

"How," he wondered, "would she receive him? Would she——"

All at once his heart stood still, then went pit-a-pat with violence. The tones of her well-remembered voice had struck upon his ear.

Turning hastily in the direction whence they had sounded, Victor peered through the low-growing interlaced branches of the trees. Yes, she—Idalia—was there upon the lawn. Her tall supple figure was wrapped about by a white shawl, soft and downy-looking, but she wore no covering upon her head.

Her face was turned away from him, and towards the back of a young man who was looking in an opposite direction. The form reminded him of Charlie Nunnerley's. For an instant Victor believed that it was his cousin, but the next moment undeceived him. The young man wheeled round, and, to his intense relief, disclosed the features of a stranger.

"It is her brother—the fellow with the queer name," said Victor to himself. "And how alike they are!"

Until he had thus seen them together, he had scarcely given a thought to the fact that Idalia had a brother.

But now, should he make his way straight to them, or should he go round in a more formal fashion by the house?

After a brief hesitation, Victor settled the question by stooping under the trees, squeezing himself between some azalea bushes, and appearing before Miss Bretherton with outstretched hand and a glowing cheek.

"*You*, Mr. McNicoll? Why, how glad I am to see you!" she exclaimed, with that slight American twang in her voice which he had learned to love as he loved all else about her. "Do you know, I was just thinking of you. I have been hoping that you might call to-day."

"Have you really? Oh, thank you!" he managed to stammer in delight, pressing the hand she had given him. "Then you had not forgotten me?"

"Well, no; I haven't quite such a short memory as that," she laughed. "This is my brother Pele—— Percival, I mean. Mr. McNicoll is Mr. Nunnerley's cousin, you know, Percival," she subjoined to her brother.

"Ah, yes! I recollect. How do you do? Very pleased to make your acquaintance."

Mr. Percival Bretherton executed, as he spoke, a faultless bow, and Victor observed that his utterance was entirely free from accent. No one could have told whether he had been brought up in New York or in London.

The exchange of a few commonplaces ensued, and it was some moments before Victor bethought himself to inquire after Mr. Bretherton.

"He is well, I hope, and recovered from the effects of his journey?"

"Father? Oh, yes. He is in the house; let us go to him. He'll be real pleased to meet you again."

She began to move forward as she spoke, but, laying a detaining touch on her arm, her brother interposed.

"Stay, Idalia; he is asleep just now. There's no hurry."

Idalia stopped obediently. "No," she assented; "if he is resting we won't disturb him. It is delightful out here, is it not?" Turning to Victor: "I call this garden just delicious."

Victor felt disposed to call it delicious too—the most delicious spot on the face of the earth. But he contented himself with simply acquiescing—

"It is indeed—charming!"

"And the house, too, is charming," resumed Idalia. "I consider it the loveliest old house imaginable. Yet you said it was not grand."

"Did I say so?" he rejoined. "I don't remember. I must have meant, I suppose, that it was not very large—not so large, for instance, as Feldhurst Court." The young man was conscious that this observation was somewhat stupid. But Idalia had been looking straight at him, with her bewitching face upturned, her magnificent eyes aglow with animation, and the effect was decidedly discomposing. He felt so shy and so happy that he hardly knew what he was saying. "I am delighted," he finished, with fervour, "that you like your new home."

"Indeed, yes; who could help liking it?"

"Is Feldhurst Court that big place on the hill?" put in Mr. Percival.

"Yes," returned Victor.

"And who lives there?"

Victor gave the desired information, and as he did so he bestowed a more careful notice upon Mr. Percival Bretherton's appearance.

On the whole, Peleus was rather a striking-looking person, and unquestionably handsome. Victor's first impression had been that he was remarkably like his sister. Upon further inspection, however, this impression vanished, and he now began to perceive that there were more points of contrast than of resemblance. The eyes of both were dark, but they were not the same colour—Idalia's being of a deep soft blue, whilst those of her brother were brown, and much smaller in size. In complexion, Peleus was pale, with just a suspicion of blotchiness about his face. Idalia's skin, on the contrary, was smooth as satin, and of a clear dark cream-colour, showing through the transparent cheeks the warm glow of a healthful crimson—like the bloom of a peach, rich, yet at the same time delicate in its soft beauty. Again, whilst the cut of their features was somewhat similar, the expression was totally unlike. For a young fellow of twenty, Victor thought that there was something singularly hard and cold about the eyes of his new acquaintance. The mouth, on the other hand, struck him as somewhat coarse and sensual.

"They are a good family, then, these Ledsoms?" he remarked, when his interlocutor paused. "Not that we Americans profess to think much of aristocratic birth, though, you know," he added, laughing.

"I fancy I have heard, however, that as a nation you don't undervalue titles," rejoined Victor, with a smile.

"Well, perhaps not, as a *nation*," admitted Peleus; "but for myself, I wouldn't toady to a man if he had fifty handles to his name. My notion is that, with plenty of money and a good education, any fellow may be as much a gentleman as the son of an earl."

"Certainly; I agree with you that a title does not make the gentleman," returned Victor. "But neither, I am sure, does *money*."

"No, no—not in itself, of course. But it goes a good way towards it, you'll admit? And blue blood is not worth much, in my opinion, without a little gilding. Bother these gnats!"

Percival paused, and made a snatch among the little crowd of insects buzzing overhead, but without entrapping any.

"I should like," he resumed, "to be introduced to this Sir Arthur Ledsom. It will be pretty dull here if one can't get into some society. Do you happen to know him?"

"I know him extremely well, and shall be happy to bring him to call upon you," said Victor.

"Oh, will you? Thanks; that's good. How old did you say he was?"

"He is twenty-three."

"Only twenty-three? And he has all that splendid place to himself, with a large income, no doubt, and no one to dictate to or interfere with him in any way? My word! what a fortunate young fellow! I only wish I stood in his shoes!"

Victor began to think that, notwithstanding the fact that he spoke correct English, and had been educated at Harvard, Mr. Percival Bretherton was a somewhat vulgar-minded young man.

"My friend's great regret," he returned coldly, "is that he *has* the place all to himself. He feels his uncle's death much, and selfish, lonely grandeur is not at all the kind of thing he cares for."

"Oh! I did not mean exactly that he was to be envied for living alone," explained the other hastily, "but for his independence, and all that. By-the-by," he went on, changing the subject, "your Cousin Nunnerley has kindly offered to show me about London a bit. I am going up in a week or so to stay with him for a few days, and afterwards he is coming back with me here."

"Coming here?" echoed Victor. "Do you mean to Monkswood?"

"Yes; it is arranged that he shall take my sister's portrait."

"Father, you see, is quite bent upon having my likeness," put in Idalia, looking at the visitor with a frank smile, and failing to perceive (for the sun was in

her eyes) that he had grown very pale. "I feel glad now that I did not consent to be taken in Italy. It will be so much pleasanter sitting to a friend; and, really, Mr. Nunnerley does seem almost an old friend now. Travelling together, I think, helps one to get intimate sooner than anything else."

Victor replied only by an inaudible murmur.

"Ah, yes! he is a jolly kind of fellow, Nunnerley is, and easy to get on with," affirmed the brother, flicking now at the gnats with a scented cambric handkerchief. (Mr. Peleus Bretherton affected scents and kindred effeminacies.) "Having him with us at Brussels certainly made it much pleasanter."

"Was my cousin with you in Brussels?" demanded Victor. His voice, as he asked the question, sounded to himself unnaturally constrained. "I did not know that he had thought of going there."

"I don't suppose he *had* thought of it when you left," Idalia returned. "He only made up his mind, I believe, when we were at Interlaken that he would take that route home, through Belgium."

"Oh? And—then, when did you part with him?"

"Only on Tuesday morning. We had his company, you see, all the way to London."

Idalia spoke as though it had all been the most natural thing in the world. No consciousness in her manner appeared to indicate that she looked upon the young artist's change of plan as bearing any special significance in her own regard. To Victor, however, who knew that his cousin had had a pressing engagement at home, the fact that he had lingered for a full week longer than he had hitherto supposed in Miss Bretherton's company did seem very significant. He turned sick and cold with the shock which this information had given him. The day seemed all at once to have lost its brightness. The bliss of this happy re-union was for the time being effectually clouded. He felt sure now—surer than ever—that Charlie was his rival. By-and-by, however, he began to take comfort. However great his love or admiration of Idalia, Charlie, it was plain, had made as yet no verbal acknowledgment of his sentiments; otherwise, Idalia's lack of embarrassment in referring to him could scarcely have been so complete. But would he, Victor wondered, have the grace to refrain altogether? Would he have the manliness to continue faithful, at least in word and deed, to the girl whose affections he had secretly entangled? Victor hoped he might. At any rate, he resolved he would give him the benefit of the doubt. He would not condemn him before he had proved himself guilty.

Shaking himself free of these disquieting reflections, Victor turned again to Idalia.

"Did you not stay in London at all, Miss Bretherton? or visit any of the lions?" he asked. "It seems to me that you must have come straight through without stopping."

"So we did. We crossed from Ostend to Dover on Monday, slept there that night, and came direct here on Tuesday. It was my doing. I thought that father was tired of travelling and sight-seeing, and that it would be better to put off seeing anything of England, and especially of London, until he had had a little rest."

"It was a wise plan," commented Victor; "and for yourself, I think, as well. You will be all the more likely to do our country justice after an interval of quiet life; and I hope that you may do it justice—or, at least, that you may come to like it so much that you will never wish to leave it."

"Well, I am pretty well satisfied with it already," she returned. "If this lovely country place is to be taken as a sample—— But, look! there is father at the window. He sees you, Mr. McNicoll. Do come right on and speak to him, won't you?"

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

NEIGHBOURLY ATTENTIONS.

VICTOR, of course, followed. What man—especially what young man—would have refused to follow, at her lightest word, wheresoever she chose to bid him? Such a question Idalia had certainly never put into form, even in her own mind. Had it occurred to her, however, she would have felt quite satisfied as to the answer. From her earliest girlhood she had been accustomed to find herself a centre of attraction to the other sex. Her experience in those American hotels and boarding-houses whither her grandmother had carried her in search of society and "polish," had long ago taught her the truth which her subsequent travels had only served to confirm.

Idalia, in short, knew that she was irresistible. She could not help knowing it; and the knowledge was one of the things that made her so charming.

Her easy grace of manner and quiet self-possession arose in a great measure from this assured consciousness of her power to please; yet for any one to have remained more utterly unspoiled by the flattering homage everywhere rendered to her would have been impossible. The fact of her own attractiveness she seemed to take as a matter of course, without dwelling on it, and her simple naturalness was untarnished by even the shadow of conceit.

In his untutored native politeness, Mr. Bretherton had left the window and come to meet his visitor at the hall-door.

"Now, this is friendly of you, an' it's neighbourly, a-droppin' in like this so soon!" he exclaimed, extending his horny palm, whilst a smile of hearty welcome beamed all over his lined and wrinkled countenance. "I take it real kind. But come in an' set ye down, do."

"Indeed, Mr. Bretherton," affirmed Victor, laughing, "I am only afraid that my inclination may lead me perhaps to drop in oftener than you may wish."

"Now, thet's foolishness. You can't come oftener 'n we'd like. That's jest foolishness!" protested Abner, standing aside to let the young man precede him into the apartment he had before been occupying.

It was one which Victor recognised as having been used by Mrs. Curtis as a morning-room. He made a remark to that effect.

"I dessay—yes, I dessay."

Mr. Bretherton looked around him reflectively, and, as it seemed to Victor, rather sadly.

"You see, it ain't such a gorgeous room, this ain't, as the others," he added presently, "an' someways I feel more comfortable a-settin' in it."

"But you are not disappointed, I hope, in Monkswood? Miss Bretherton, I am glad to say, appears delighted with the house."

The father's face suddenly brightened. "That's so. Yes, Idaly, she is powerful pleased with it," he returned; "an' so's Peleus—Percival, I'd orter said."

He turned an apologetic glance towards his son, who, having leisurely followed the others in, at this moment entered the room.

"But yourself?" persisted Victor. "I hope you too are pleased?"

"Yes. Lor, yes! to be sure I am!"

The admission was a relief to young McNicoll. "That's right!" he interjected. "I trust, then, that you will be likely to make this your permanent home?"

"We shall not go back to North Carolina, at all events," broke in Mr. Percival. "We shall *never* go back there. So it would be just as well to learn to be contented elsewhere."

The last sentences were spoken in a lower key, and were evidently addressed by the young man to his father's private ear.

Victor observed poor Mr. Bretherton wince, as though from a physical blow. Leaning forward, however, the next instant to rub his knees, he answered meekly—

"Yes, Percival, thet's true. It's well to be contented. Thet thar's true."

"Father," said Idalia, advancing from the farther end of the room, where she had stopped to throw off her white shawl and to caress a tiny spaniel, which she now carried in her arms—"Father, have you asked Mr. McNicoll to stay and take dinner with us?"

"Not yet, I haven't. But you may be sure I will, honey! Do, mister, ef you please"—with eager warmth—"do, if it ain't onconvenient. We dine at six; though I'm useder myself to eatin' in the middle of the day," he subjoined. "At Prospect Farm, now, we mealed at twelve. But things is altered all ways. The folks at home, they wouldn't believe how aristocratic we've grown: would they, Idalia?"

Mr. Percival's face had reddened with manifest shame and anger. "The immediate point, sir, is," he interposed hastily, "whether your friend will give us his company for dinner. Your interesting reminiscences——"

He stopped short, glanced at his sister, who had suddenly lifted her eyes to his, and walked away towards the window.

"Thank you most heartily, Mr. Bretherton," rejoined Victor, with marked *empressement*. "Unfortunately, I am engaged for this evening, or I should have been delighted to remain." (There was not much doubt of that.) "I have promised, however, to dine with my friend, Sir Arthur Ledsom. By-the-by, I was almost forgetting, Miss Bretherton: my mother and sisters wished me to say that they would do themselves the pleasure of calling upon you very shortly. They would have accompanied me to-day, indeed, if they had felt sure that it was not too soon to intrude."

Idalia was in the act of making some appropriate reply, to which Victor was listening with all his eyes and ears, when Percival observed from his window—

"There's a carriage coming up the drive now, with two ladies in it. Can they be your mother and sister?"

Victor sprang to his feet and looked forth. "Oh, no!" he ejaculated, recognising with surprise the occupants of the elegant landau that was approaching. "No; that is Miss Courteney: Mrs. Perriam and Miss Courteney."

"Oh?" rejoined Percival, drawing back from observation. "And who may they be, if you please? The girl looks uncommonly pretty."

Victor hastened to supply the intelligence required; and he had scarcely finished speaking before the new visitors were ushered into the room. Perceiving him immediately upon her entrance, the elder lady claimed his good offices in introducing herself and her niece.

"Though, of course, Miss Bretherton," she continued nervously, addressing that young lady, "we came with the intention of introducing ourselves. Our call, I fear, is unceremoniously early, but Hester was so anxious to make your acquaintance that I could not persuade her to defer it."

"Well, now, I call that right friendly of the young lady!" exclaimed Mr. Bretherton, stepping forward, and beginning cordially to shake Mrs. Perriam's hand up and down in the pump-handle fashion. "I'm obliged to her, ma'am, an' I'm obliged to you. You see, havin' come so far from where she was reared, it would be sorter lonesome fur Idalia ef——"

He paused suddenly, becoming conscious that his visitor was tugging violently to release her hand. Then, after a moment's surprised scrutiny of her face, he motioned the lady to a chair, and sat down himself with a crestfallen countenance, over which a brick-red flush was slowly stealing.

The fact was that Mrs. Perriam—unprepared to find in a brother of Mrs. Curtis a man who spoke and looked like poor Abner—had betrayed by her expression that she was unutterably shocked by this first view of him. Unlike her niece, the worthy lady possessed no power of dissembling her sentiments. On the contrary, she was a weak little woman, singularly deficient in self-control. Like most weak people, also, she was narrow in her ideas and prejudiced in her opinions. Mr. Bretherton, of course, did not accord with her notions of a gentleman. His appearance shocked her taste; his speech bewildered her; the heartiness of his welcome frightened her. Sinking into the chair he had indicated, she sat for several seconds lost in her own sensations, and re-

garded the new owner of Monkswood as though he were some curious wild animal of a species she had never before seen.

Standing near, Victor had observed this little *contretemps*; but he was glad to hope that no one else had, since, at the moment, both Idalia and her brother were engaged in exchanging courtesies with Miss Hester Courteney.

Blaming himself for not having prepared Mrs. Perriam by some previous description of simple, kindly Mr. Bretherton, and so prevented her from wounding his honest feelings by her stupidly undisguised amazement, he proceeded to administer a mental shake to the lady by addressing her in a trenchant and significant tone. Then, turning to Mr. Bretherton, he strove to efface, by redoubled politeness on his own part, the painful impression which this involuntary rudeness had so evidently left upon him.

As for Mrs. Perriam, she remained silent, covered presently with confused blushes, but quite unable, apparently, to rally from her condition of mental obfuscation.

A clergyman's widow, and Mr. Courteney's only sister, Mrs. Perriam was a permanent resident in that gentleman's house.

She was a spare, weak-eyed, loose-mouthed, timid little woman of fifty. On the death of his wife (which had occurred when Hester was a baby), Mr. Courteney had invited her to take the head of his establishment and the care of his child. There she had remained ever since, managing household matters, in which Miss Hester took little interest, but certainly not managing Miss Hester herself.

Very soon, indeed, by virtue of her stronger will, the little girl had learned to control her aunt instead of being controlled by her. And now that she was no longer a little girl, Mrs. Perriam would as soon have dreamt of exerting authority over her niece as of offering herself as a candidate for a seat in Parliament.

After the check that had been given to his unsophisticated friendliness, poor Mr. Bretherton, greatly to his son's satisfaction, sat in silence, rubbing his knees with a perturbed air.

Between the rest of the party the conversation dragged. Mr. Percival, it is true, made most valiant efforts to keep up the ball between himself and Miss Courteney. Highly susceptible to the influence of good looks, he was somewhat struck by the young lady's fair, pale prettiness, and probably the effect of her attractions was heightened for him by the fact that she appeared rather bored than otherwise by his attempts to entertain her.

So far as Victor McNicoll—who was taking attentive stock of her demeanour—could judge, Hester had come here this afternoon with the sole object of studying Miss Bretherton's appearance. At any rate, her gaze seldom wandered from that young lady's person.

Her own mouth buttoned up with an aspect of even more determined self-repression than usual, and only unclosed to emit an occasional observation, she looked Idalia over from head to foot, taking in all the minutiæ of her attire, as well as every perfection of her face and figure. A slight embarrassment in her mien testified, at length, that Idalia was becoming conscious of this too flattering attention. Stooping to lift to her lap the silky-haired little dog which lay curled up at her feet, she began to play with it, and to call Miss Courteney's attention to its long ears and other canine beauties.

Hester rendered the meed of admiration invited from her.

"I suppose you brought him with you from America?" she then inquired, in an indifferent tone.

"Oh, no! I have only had him a very short time," Idalia answered. "But we have grown tremendously fond of each other already: haven't we, Pippin?"

The dog responded to the question by a leisurely wag of his tail and an affectionate lick from his smooth little tongue.

"His proper name is Pepin," resumed his mistress. "He is a French doggy, and only understands that language. But we have Anglicised his name, and I am trying to teach him English."

"He is a Blenheim, is he not?" asked Victor, whose knowledge on the subject of dogs was not very discriminative, venturing to put out his hand to caress the spaniel as he lay on Idalia's knee.

"No: he is a King Charlie, I believe," she returned. "Your cousin, Mr. Nunnerley, gave him to me. Why! did he snap at you?"

Victor had drawn his fingers back suddenly, as though he had been bitten.

"Oh, no!" he stammered, colouring. "No, certainly not. He did not touch me. And so Charlie gave him to you?" he appended airily.

"Yes; he bought him in Brussels from a man we met in the street, because I happened to admire him. It was very kind, wasn't it? Do you know Mr. Nunnerley, Miss Courteney?"

Hester smoothed out an imaginary crease in her dress before replying.

"Yes—oh, yes! I know him pretty well. You are fond of dogs, I suppose?"

"I am fond of *large* dogs—very—of Newfoundlands and retrievers especially. But I don't believe I ever cared for a lap-dog before. I *do* like Pippin, though, immensely. He is such a spry, knowing little fellow. He can sit up too, and beg. Come, Pippin: sit up, sir!"

Hester looked on for a few moments in silence whilst the dog exhibited his accomplishments. Then, when Idalia had released him, she casually inquired—

"Did you see much of Mr. Nunnerley abroad? Mr. Victor McNicoll mentioned to me that you had met him there."

"Yes, indeed, we had a very good time together: hadn't we, father?" she appealed, in happy unconsciousness of her interlocutor's deep interest in the topic. "He travelled around with us all the time after we made his acquaintance until we parted in London."

"Oh, indeed!" was the only immediate comment which Miss Courteney offered upon this intelligence;

and, breaking in with some irrelevant remark, Mr. Percival again strove to engross her attention.

By-and-by, however, just before rising to take her leave, Hester again contrived to introduce Charlie Nunnerley's name; and in a roundabout fashion, by arguments, persuasions, and threats! Victor was perfectly satisfied that if he were to make any advances to Hester his suit would not be acceptable; but he felt that in any case he would sooner die than make them.

"'THEY ARE A GOOD FAMILY, THEN, THESE LEDSOMS?'" (*p.* 136).

dint of suggestions rather than direct queries, she seemed to be trying to arrive at the exact extent of Miss Bretherton's intimacy with him.

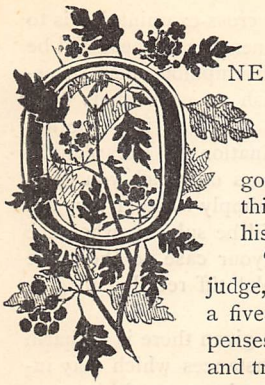
To all her hints, so far as she understood them, Idalia replied with the most straightforward simplicity; and, looking on in silent comprehension of the one-sided game, Victor drew mental comparisons between these two girls. Yet his father had proposed that he should think of Hester Courteney as a wife! —had not only proposed, but insisted upon it with

The call did not last long—not longer, certainly, than fifteen minutes. For the last ten of those minutes, however, Mrs. Perriam had been impatiently watching for her niece to make the initiatory move towards departure. When Hester did at length rise, she followed her example with alacrity; and Victor, feeling it incumbent upon him to take his leave at the same time, accompanied the ladies to their carriage.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

WHAT TO DO IN THE COUNTY COURT.

BY A BARRISTER.



ONE of Her Majesty's judges, it is said, was once asked by a friend whether, if he had a clear case, supported by good evidence, he would not think it wise to seek to enforce his right in a court of law.

"My dear sir," answered the judge, "I would send the defendant a five-pound note to cover any expenses *he* might have been put to, and try to forget the whole thing as soon as possible."

And we may be pretty sure that Mr. Justice —— would not have excepted county courts from his sweeping opinion. The fact is that for people who are not of a combative disposition, the trouble, the annoyance, the uncomfortable sense of uncertainty and fear of publicity, not to speak of the haunting dread of a miscarriage of justice, and of being forced to pay costs to the other side, are quite enough to make it very seldom worth while to appear in a county court, either as plaintiff or defendant. Nevertheless, there are times when a feeling that is something less, perhaps, than pure love of justice, and something more than pique, compels one to have recourse to a small law-suit; and there are, no doubt, times when it is plainly one's duty to resist an unjust claim.

Assuming that an action is necessary, the first thing to do (unless the matter is very trifling) is to go to a good solicitor. Too great care can hardly be exercised on this point. A solicitor and his client are always more or less identified.

When your case is once entrusted to a solicitor, of course, you are entirely in his hands, and the only thing you can do is to tell him your whole case, and follow his advice. For those, however, who prefer to fight their own battles, or whose battles may not be sufficiently important to warrant the employment of legal assistance, a few hints as to the practice of the county court may not be out of place.

In the first place, I shall suppose that my reader is the plaintiff. In that case it is always well to write to the defendant, in civil but clear language, beforehand, referring shortly to your claim, and adding that if it is not satisfied legal proceedings will be taken. This may elicit a reply containing a useful admission; if your letter is not answered, it will be a point in your favour.

The first step in the action is, of course, to take out a summons. This is a matter of no difficulty. If both you and the defendant live in London, within the districts of the Metropolitan County Courts, you may sue in any Metropolitan County Court; but if either you or he live in the country, you must go to the office of the county court of the district in which the defendant lives, or in which he carries on business. The clerk at the county court office will show you how to fill up the "particulars" of your demand, which are simply: "The plaintiff demands of the defendant payment of the following account" (giving a copy of it), or, "damages for injury caused to his carriage in —— Street by the negligent driving of yourself, or your servant," as the case may be. The officials of the court will see to the serving of the summons, for which you must pay 1s., and 1s. more for every pound you sue for. Thus, a summons for £10 will cost 11s. Besides this, if the action goes on to trial, you must pay 2s. for every pound you sue for, for hearing-fee. These costs you will recover from the defendant if you succeed in the action.

If your claim is for a debt above £5, and if you think it unlikely that your claim will be disputed, you may, upon swearing an affidavit of your debt, obtain a *default summons*, instead of an ordinary one. The advantage of this method of proceeding is that, unless the defendant gives notice that he means to defend the action (of which the registrar will give you proper warning by post), you may have judgment entered up against him any time after sixteen days, and within two months after he was served with the default summons.

Very few of the cases entered on the books of a county court come to trial at all: that is to say, the court is chiefly used to compel the payment of small debts which are not disputed. This being the case, the roll is generally called twice before the arrival of the judge. The names of the litigants are called over in a stentorian voice by the registrar or his deputy; those who answer are marked as present, and thus the list is cleared of those against whom judgment is given in their absence. Should you be unfortunate enough to be absent when your case is called for the first time, mention the matter as soon as possible to the registrar. If your opponent is still about the building, the matter will be set right at once. If he has gone home, you may have to pay his costs for the day before your case is reinstated in the list. As soon as the judge arrives, and has disposed of any cases which may have been adjourned from last court-day and the "judgment summonses" (a term which I will explain presently), he begins at the top of the revised list, which, meantime, has been further winnowed by the registrar calling it a second time, and dealing on the spot with those numerous cases in which there is no defence, and the defendant merely wants time to pay. If the list of cases which require to be heard is a long one, you may have to hang about the room with your witnesses all day, waiting for your case to come on. For this reason it is well to inquire, when you take out your summons, whether your case will be near the top of the list; and if it is a long way down, and there are no special reasons for immediate action, it is better to take out your summons

for the court-day after the next, and thus you will have your case heard early in the day.

When your case is finally called for hearing, you will take your place, if you are plaintiff, in a small raised box at one end of the registrar's desk, while your adversary, the defendant, occupies a similar position on the other side. After taking the oath—and it is well to pull off your glove beforehand, to save time—you, being plaintiff, begin by stating your case as shortly and clearly as you can, saying nothing, however true it may be, which you cannot prove, either from your own knowledge, or by witnesses, or by the admissions of your adversary.

The great point is to keep cool. If the judge speaks roughly to you (and he has much to try his temper), answer mildly and sensibly, and you will disarm him at once. It is often well to mention indisputable facts which tell against yourself, giving your own explanation or answer to them at the same time, thus taking the wind out of your enemy's sails, and preparing the judge against the effect of them. When you are cross-examined, never allow yourself to say a word against the defendant or his character generally, or to refer to transactions which have nothing to do with the matter in hand, unless you wish to show that he was in the habit of allowing a claim, or something of that kind.

As for the nervousness and embarrassment which you may naturally feel, every judge knows very well how to make allowance for that. Do not try to make too many points, but take care that the chief facts on which you rely are brought forward clearly. After you have been cross-examined, you call your witnesses, and then the defendant has his turn.

I will now suppose that you occupy the position of defendant in a county court action. If you make up your mind to defend the case, and to do without a lawyer's help, you must first of all read your summons carefully, and follow the directions which are contained in it as to giving notice of certain special defences, such as set-off, payment, bankruptcy, infancy, tender, and the Statute of Limitations. If you give notice that your defence is a set-off, you must give the particulars of it; if your defence is to be infancy or bankruptcy, you must state in your notice the date and place of your birth or bankruptcy.

When the case in which you are defendant comes on for hearing, you must, of course, preserve perfect silence while the plaintiff is stating his case, no matter how false or misleading his statements may be. When the judge invites you to cross-examine him, begin by asking whether such and such persons were present on the occasions he has spoken of. If he says that they were, and you have secured them as witnesses, you have immensely strengthened your case, for the evidence of an independent witness is clutched at by a county court judge as a drowning man clutches at a straw. If those who were present are not in court, you may afterwards comment on the fact. If your adversary untruthfully denies the presence of witnesses who are not present, and who could contradict him on a material point, ask to have the case adjourned, even if you have to pay the costs of the day, and have them subpœnaed.

Of course, the object of your cross-examination is to get admissions from your opponent; and these will be most readily gained from an unscrupulous man by assuming that the point you wish to establish is true, and asking a question which involves it. Another point is, that in cross-examination of the plaintiff you must put to him all the facts on which you yourself intend to rely, asking him simply whether they are true or not: otherwise, you will be subject, when the time comes for you to prove your case, to the grave inconvenience of having the plaintiff recalled to give his version of your story.

After the judgment has been given there is no harm in your mentioning any circumstances which may induce the judge to deprive the adversary of his costs, if you have been defeated. As for appeals, it would be so foolish for a layman to conduct a case of such importance that an appeal could be contemplated, that that subject may be left out of consideration. It is always safe, however, if an appeal is possible, to ask the judge in the course of the trial, when any important and disputable fact is proved, that he would take a note of it.

If you are a successful plaintiff, and the defendant makes default in payment, you may proceed either by levying execution or by "judgment summons." This is a summons calling upon the defendant to show cause why he should not be sent to prison for not paying the amount for which judgment has been given. It is taken out at the office of the county court, and it is generally effectual in compelling payment, unless the defendant absconds. The point you have to prove on the hearing of a judgment summons is that the defendant has the means to satisfy the judgment, or, at any rate, has been able to pay since the judgment was given. Any evidence as to the defendant's employment, mode of living, &c., will suffice for this purpose. Unless the judge is satisfied that the defendant can pay the whole amount at once, he will make an order that the defendant make payment by certain instalments, or go to prison for some period, usually forty days. All payments by the defendant are made through the county court office.

The high rate of costs in the English county court amounts almost to a scandal. In Scotland, the summons for any sum not exceeding £12 costs only 2s. 1d.; and there is really no reason why county court fees should not be largely reduced, except the plea that it would be unfair to the registrars, who were appointed on the understanding that the fees were to be what they are now. As a matter of fact, however, the fees have generally produced much larger sums than was anticipated, and the registrars are in many cases greatly overpaid—in some towns they actually receive more than the county court judges themselves. Attempts have been made in Parliament to remedy this state of matters; but of all reforms, legal reform moves most slowly, and is most difficult.

LIFE AT AN AMERICAN COLLEGE.

IT will perhaps be interesting to many of our readers to hear something about an American college. First let us say that an American college is entirely different from anything you have in England. Indeed, it is quite unlike any educational institution of the same grade in any part of the world. In this article we shall not treat further of its inner character than to remark that the nearest approach in Europe to an American college, in its curriculum, the age of its students, their attainments upon leaving, and its relation to the University—or in the States, to the professional schools—is the German gymnasium. In England, the great public schools bear some sort of resemblance to American colleges, chiefly in the curriculum, but it would be hard to find an American college man who would admit even so much. He is ever comparing Yale and Harvard with Oxford and Cambridge, and his dignity is wounded if you but suggest any other foreign "rival." It was said to be amusing to note the expression on the faces of the students in Yale College Chapel one day last autumn, when Lord Coleridge, in his address, informed them that the college and its students, the general air of the place, reminded him of Eton. Eton, forsooth! To compare an American college "man" with an English schoolboy!

An American youth enters college at about the age of eighteen. He has prepared himself in Virgil and Cicero, in Homer, Xenophon, and Euclid, perhaps at a private school in the city, or perchance from lack of means has been obliged to be his own tutor. He passes a somewhat rigid examination in the studies he has pursued and at once begins his four years' course at college. I will not speak at this time of the instruction he receives, but shall confine myself to a brief description of a typical college town and of a few peculiar characteristics of American college life.

The two great Universities of the New World are Harvard and Yale. They are easily first in the work already accomplished, in the efficiency of their instructors, the achievements of their alumni, and the prestige which attaches to acknowledged merit. If there is anything old in America it is these two seats of learning. Yale, as being the more familiar to the writer of this sketch, has been chosen as the representative American college. It is situated in New Haven, a city of about fifty thousand souls, on the northern shore of Long Island Sound, in the State of Connecticut, about seventy-five miles east of New York. The City of Elms is one of the most beautiful in America. Its long avenues, lined on either side with the stately trees from which it takes its name, its splendid dwellings, surrounded by well-kept lawns, the air of age and dignity and repose about the place, all render it peculiarly attractive to the scholar, and a fitting home for a great University. It has its factories, to be sure—what New England town has not?—but they are nearly all to be found at one end of the city, and do not disturb at all the quiet of the academic quarter. In the centre of the city is an immense square, called "the Green," on which stands the old State House, three churches, and a great number of magnificent elm-trees. Upon the adjoining square, and facing the Green, is the long line of college buildings, the "Old Brick Row," dating from the year 1750, and resembling more a collection of rude barracks or poorer class of New England factories than the buildings of a great college. In front of the old "row" stretches the "campus," a fine lawn some 150 by 700 ft., shaded by the ever-present ancient elms. At one end of the "row," and forming three sides of a quadrangle facing as many streets, stand the more recently erected college buildings, the two dormitories, Farnam and Durfee Halls, the Battell Chapel, Alumni Hall, and the Library, with the Art School building at the opposite end, behind South College on Chapel Street. To outward appearances the elms alone give a scholastic air to Yale. The really fine buildings are too new, the old buildings suggest too strongly the machinery, smoke, and bustle of a great factory, to impress the mind with any idea of academic or cloistered seclusion. But such as it is, it is Yale College, the alma-mater of thousands of distinguished and successful men who have gone from her halls well equipped for the struggles of life, and have, by great and solid achievement, shed lustre and renown upon her ancient name.

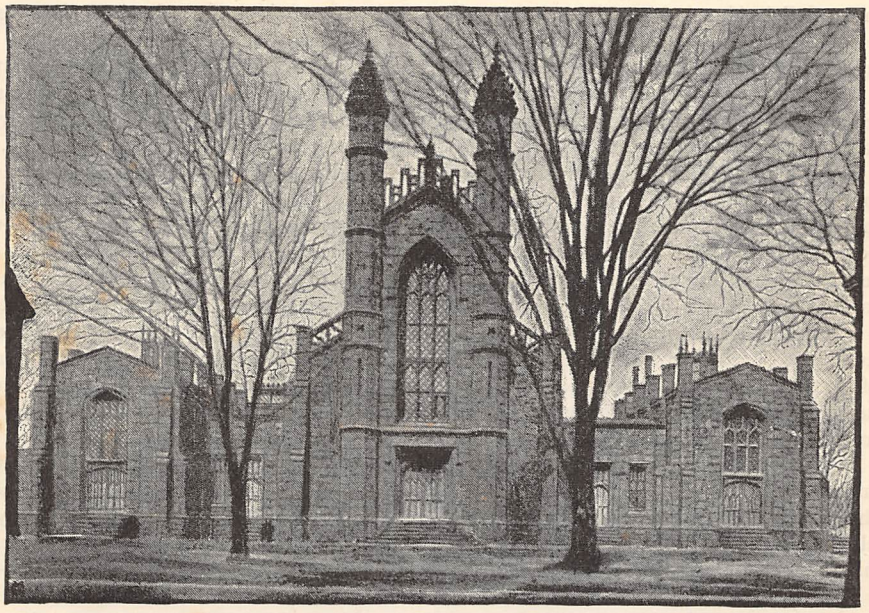
The youth of eighteen, upon entrance into the Freshman class, finds himself in a veritable little world by itself, a world of a thousand souls, wrapped up in their own affairs and those of the college, oblivious to all that is passing without, and busy with the cares and anxieties, the ambitions and disappointments, the rivalries and bitternesses of the little world within. The Freshman class usually numbers about one hundred and seventy-five, and is known by the year of its graduation. For example, the class which entered college last autumn is called the class of '88. The freshmen are the traditional enemies of the sophomores, or second-year men. The "sophs" never permit "freshie" to wear a tall hat, carry a cane, or sit upon the fence which surrounds the campus, until he has reached the year of discretion—that is, has become a sophomore—when the honour is conferred upon him with much ceremony and witty speech-making. To sit on the fence is a great privilege, which the three upper classes alone enjoy. The "fence" is the daily meeting-place, the rendezvous after lectures, the delight of the lazy, the place *par excellence* for a chat with one's fellows and a social cigar. On fine summer evenings the throng of students is great, the songs really fine; and with the big elms overhead, through which twinkle the lights from the old "row" mingled with the pale light of the moon, the effect is

simply unique and one long to be cherished in the memory.

The freshman has a hard time of it the first few months of his career. At night he is likely to be disturbed by a call from half a dozen sophomores, and be ignominiously put to bed, or compelled to sing a theorem of Euclid to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." If he refuses it goes still worse with him. His only revenge is to do the same things next year, not to his present tormentors, but to the poor freshmen who come after him. This is "hazing," a childish custom very prevalent years ago, and by no means dead in American colleges to-day, though I am glad to say it is surely, if slowly, disappearing. The great event of the first term was the "rush," recently abolished, I believe, by the authorities, like many another good old college custom. The rush was a trial of strength between the two under classes, aided and abetted by the two upper, the juniors attaching themselves to the freshmen, the seniors advising the sophomores as their historic allies. The rush took place in a large park, some distance from the college, and was witnessed by immense crowds, the number of carriages and fair faces reminding one of an impending polo match rather than a brutal college sport. To those who do not know what a rush is, let me say that the *modus operandi* is simply this:—The two classes, mustering perhaps a hundred and twenty each, are drawn up facing each other about fifty yards apart in solid phalanx, eight men abreast and fifteen deep. At a given signal they advance, and with slow and measured tread approach each other until the opposing armies meet. Then there is a terrible and a mighty pushing. No blows are struck. The front ranks with fists drawn back to the armpits, and with one long inhalation, bear the brunt of the attack. The class that can push the other back, can "rush" it off the field, is the victor of the day. The sport is rough, and though nominally a friendly trial of strength, it of necessity often excited bitter feelings, and frequently led to something more violent and dangerous than pushing. But it was a curious sight to witness, and the breathless hush that fell upon the multitude before the little armies met was such as you might fancy preceded the gladiatorial combats in the days of ancient Rome.

At Yale the class feeling, as it is called, is very strong. By that I mean the *esprit de corps* of each body of men who enter college at the same time. It is intensified by the "hazing," and fostered throughout the course by all the traditions and prejudice of a century and a half. A man seldom knows, intimately, any one not of his own class. In it alone he finds his companions, his "chum" with whom he "rooms," and forms those friendships that often last a lifetime.

The societies, which play so important a part in student-life at Yale, deserve a word of passing mention. I do not refer to the open debating clubs, but to the secret societies of junior and senior years. There are two of the former—Delta Kappa Epsilon, and Psi Upsilon; and two of the latter—the Skull and Bones, and the Scroll and Key. To receive an "election" to either of the senior societies is regarded as the highest honour by the students. There are fifteen members of each society who are chosen from the incoming



THE LIBRARY, YALE.

senior class by the fifteen members about to graduate or complete their course. Each society is incorporated under the laws of the State ; each owns a fine hall for meetings ; and each is invested with much secrecy and mystery which quite overawe the undergraduate mind.

The daily life of a student may be briefly stated. The great bell of the college arouses him from his slumbers at seven o'clock. He makes a hasty toilet and repairs to his "club" for breakfast. By "club" is meant simply the dining-room in any boarding-house in the vicinity of the college where six or a dozen men take their meals. Conning his lesson and making his breakfast at the same time, he neither masters the one nor enjoys the other. At eight the bell summons him to chapel, where the whole college assembles to profit by the reading of Scripture and prayer by the venerable President and the singing of the student choir. At 8.30 he attends his first lecture or recitation, which lasts an hour. He is then free to do as he pleases until noon, when the bell rings for attendance on the second recitation. At one he dines, and the afternoon is his own until five o'clock, when another lecture or recitation is held. He is absolute master of all the rest of his time. The dormitories are never locked. He can stay out of college all night, if he please, and no one is the wiser. There is no surveillance, no stringent rules. The authorities expect all to act like gentlemen, and, as a rule, the liberty and privileges are not abused. For sports there are boating and football, tennis and base-ball, and many others. The event of the junior year is the promenade concert or reception given in the Opera House in town by the class to their friends. It occurs in February and makes a pleasant break in the long winter term.

"THE OLD BRICK ROW."

The dormitory life is pretty much the same as in the English Universities, with this exception, meals are never served in the students' rooms. The graduation of every class is attended by numerous and impressive ceremonies, as if the old College would lay her hand in solemn and affectionate benediction on each alumnus as he leaves her halls for ever. Parents and guardians, sisters and sweethearts, all are present to witness the final triumph of their own particular hero. The exercises take place in the month of June, and last nearly a week. What with the prize-speaking, the Baccalaureate Sermon by the President on the Sunday before Commencement, the reading of the class histories on the "campus," when the foibles and weaknesses of each man are wittily exposed by the ruthless historian, the concert by the glee club, the game of base-ball with Yale's ancient rival, Harvard, and a host of minor festivities, the gaiety is fast and furious until Commencement Day, the last of the college course. Then the great procession of the alumni is formed, with the President at its head in his academic robes, and proceeds to the sound of music to the church upon the Green, in which the final ceremonies are performed. After the Salutatory Address in Latin is delivered by the scholar second on the roll of honour, follow a number of minor orations, interspersed with music, ending with the Valedictory Address by the student standing first in his class. The degrees are then conferred, and the alumni adjourn to the banquet given them by the President and Fellows. Thus ends the happiest time in an American boy's career. He carries with him a profound sense of his own littleness, which is perhaps the very best evidence that his schooling has not been altogether in vain.

WALTER SQUIRES.

OUR MODEL READING CLUB.

THIRD PAPER.

DOGBERRY.
(*From "The Leopold Shakespeare."*)

IT is scarcely likely that the members of our "Home Reading Division" will as yet have found time to read exhaustively one-half, or even one-third, of the books given in our previous lists. Still, for the sake of those who seek variety, or who may not have been able to readily obtain copies of the works already mentioned, a third list is given, as follows :—

Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic."
Macaulay's "Essays."
Tennyson's "In Memoriam."
Bunyan's "Holy War."
Carlyle's "Life of Schiller."

Of the second of these, it would of course be scarcely possible to make an abstract, while the first work on the list covers too much ground to be very suitable for the purpose. Both books, however, afford good reading and admirable examples of sound English. Of the three remaining books, abstracts may with advantage be made, and, with this object in view, we would especially commend Bunyan's "Holy War" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam" to the notice of our readers.

In connection with our "Company Reading Society," we propose to give some particulars this month of

A SHAKESPEARE READING.

On the wealth of material for readings in the works of the prince of dramatists it is, of course, quite unnecessary to enlarge. Very many programmes for separate evenings could readily be compiled, the only difficulty being to select such gems as may be to some extent perfect although torn from their settings—extracts which are more or less complete in themselves, and easy of comprehension apart from their context. The following programme is perhaps fairly representative of Shakespeare's many-sided genius, although it will probably be found too long for any single evening. However, two or three of the selections can be sacrificed, according to individual taste.

Song . .	"Sigh no more, Ladies"	*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II., Scene 3.
Reading or Recitation	Shylock and Antonio .	*The Merchant of Venice*, Act I., Scene 3.
Reading . .	Romeo and Juliet . .	*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., Scene 2.
Reading . .	Dogberry and the Watch	*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III., Scene 3, and Act IV., Scene 2.
Recitation .	Macbeth's Soliloquy .	*Macbeth*, Act II., Scene 1.
Recitation .	Marc Antony's Oration	*Julius Cæsar*, Act III., Scene 2.
Reading . .	Falstaff and the Robbers	*King Henry IV., Part I.*, Act II., Scene 4.
Reading . .	Hubert and Arthur . .	*King John*, Act IV., Scene 1.
Recitation .	"All the World's a Stage"	*As You Like It*, Act II., Scene 7.
Song . . .	"It was a Lover and his Lass"	*As You Like It*, Act V., Scene 3.

The scene from *The Merchant of Venice* may either be read by one person, or (preferably) by three readers, representing the different characters—Shylock, Bassanio, and Antonio.

The extract from *Romeo and Juliet* is the celebrated love-scene in Capulet's orchard—Romeo standing beneath Juliet's window — commencing with Romeo's

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound,"

and ending with Juliet's farewell :—

"Good-night! good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow."

"Dogberry and the Watch" affords a capital comic reading, and may well commence where Verges says, "Give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry," ending with Dogberry's "Adieu—be vigitant, I beseech you," in Scene 3. Then, with two or three words of explanation as to the arrest of Borachio and Conrade by the Watch, the whole of Scene 2, Act IV., may be read.

"Macbeth's Soliloquy" consists of the short speech commencing

"Is this a dagger which I see before me?"

and ending with the scene.

Marc Antony's oration over the dead body of the murdered Cæsar is a splendid extract for recitation. It will be wise to omit all the exclamations of the citizens, and to give these four long passages of Marc Antony's speech, with a short pause between each—

(1) "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears."

to

"My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me."

(2) "But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world;"

to

"Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue."

(3) "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

to

"Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors."

(4) "Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny."

to

"Were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

The reading from *King Henry IV.* should begin with Falstaff's exclamation, "A plague of all cowards, still say I," followed by the Prince's question, "What's the matter?" and it should end with Falstaff's entreaty, "Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!"

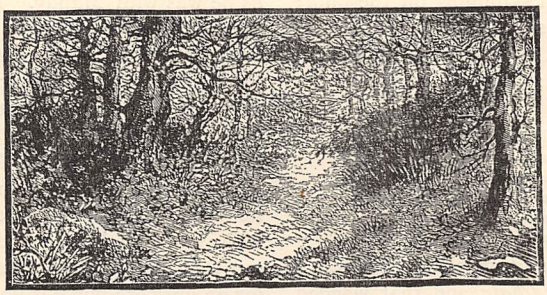
The extract from *King John* should commence with Prince Arthur's "Good morrow, Hubert," and should continue to the close of the scene, wherein Hubert, persuaded out of his ill-intent, cries—

> "Pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
> That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
> Will not offend thee."

Jaques' description of human life from *As You Like It* forms a good short recitation with which to conclude an evening's entertainment.

In one or two of the selected readings a few words may be found which are scarcely suitable for mixed audiences; but there need be no fear on this score if Mr. H. Courthope Bowen's "Shakspere Reading Book" be used, since it contains all the plays mentioned, and many others, specially abridged for the use of schools and for public readings. Those who seek a full and trustworthy text of the great dramatist's complete works should, however, procure "The Leopold Shakespeare," edited by Professor Delius and Mr. F. J. Furnivall.

If preferred, one complete play may be given on each Shakespeare evening, instead of selections from a number of plays. In this case it will generally be found necessary to omit some of the less important scenes—those which bear least on the main story—as, indeed, is almost always done when Shakespeare's plays are acted. The following are some of the most suitable plays for reading in their entirety, or as abridged by Mr. Bowen:—*The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Romeo and Juliet*.



GRANDMAMMA'S VALENTINE.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL WINTER.

A MERRY lot of girls we were—nearly a dozen of us—and we were shouting with laughter, the greater number of us; while an occasional quiet one was enjoying a keener, though more subdued pleasure, as we passed round our valentines among each other, and admired, or laughed at, or ridiculed each one, according as it deserved.

Cousins and friends we were; and we were congregated in grandma's great front room, where we were always welcome, and where we dearly loved to gather and listen to stories of nearly half a century ago. There the dear old lady sat now, in her favourite corner, knitting stockings for her youngest grandson, while the "click, click, click" of her busy needles made a pleasant music in the pauses of our laughter. Now and then she would look at us over her spectacles and smile, and then we would smile too, and turn towards her some outrageous caricature as an explanation of a more than usually explosive burst of laughter.

"Grandma is laughing at us. I'm sure she thinks we're a silly lot of geese," said Cousin Fanny.

"Nothing of the sort!" I protested in defence of myself, for I was behaving in a very uproarious manner. "I'm sure grandma was just as wild over her valentines as any of us."

Grandma beamed assent.

"Tell us, grandma; we would feel encouraged," said Fanny.

"To carry on worse than you are doing now?" laughed grandma. "Not that I think you need the encouragement, Fanny; but it's true I was just as glad of my valentines as the gayest of you; and, to be quite frank, I can even enjoy that pleasure yet. I got a valentine to-day."

"Oh, grandma! You dear, giddy, young thing!" cried Hetty (she was grandmother's pet, and privileged to do and say what she pleased). "I must be looking after you," and she slid down on the ottoman at grandma's feet, and flung her arms about her. "Now, dearest granny, tell us all about it. I know it must be quite a story. Be good, now, and I'll promise not to be a very strict duenna, though I did catch you and Mr. Allison looking at each other last Sunday in church."

Grandma laughed merrily, and it was pretty to see the pink colour flush up in her dear, faded cheek.

After protesting that the story was a very old one, and that it could not interest any one save the actors in it, and that it wasn't much of a story any way, and

other such weak and futile excuses, grandma, clicking her shining needles more than ever, began :—

"Once upon a time there were three people, two girls and a handsome young man. One of the girls was a black-eyed, black-haired, dark-browed creature, with skin almost as dark as an Indian's ; but, as all the young fellows in that part of the country thought, powerful good-looking. And so she was. Mandy was a handsome girl, and hadn't she a temper ! But when it was up it only helped to set off her good looks. I tell you it used to make those black eyes of hers flash like diamonds, and the colour would stream up in those sallow amber-coloured cheeks of hers till they glowed like the brightest hollyhocks.

"Well, the other girl was Alicia, and her friends used to call her Alice, and Ally, for short. There were a few of the boys who reckoned she was kind o' pretty-looking too. She had blue eyes, and the straightest, tallest, slimmest figure in the village ; and as to her complexion, she had a beau who used to say her skin was whiter than the first fresh skimming off the milk ; and for her cheeks and lips, he used to be always singing an old Irish song that he pretended was written on purpose to describe them ; it was all nonsense, of course, but it went this way :

" 'In the town o' Kilkenny
There lives a swate dame ;
Her cheeks are like roses,
Her lips much the same ;
Like a dish o' fresh strawberries
Smothered in crame.' "

"Well, well ! I often thought, myself, Alicia was a pretty girl, though she had *red hair*, and that worried her—oh ! you can't think ! You may look surprised, Hetty, dear—it was just like yours, but it's nigh on to fifty years ago now, and red hair wasn't the fashion then. You've heard yours praised for outshining the sun, and likened to melted gold, and all that sort of thing, Hetty, haven't you ? I know it, dear, and you wouldn't exchange it for the fairest flaxen, or the glossiest black or brown in this room, and you're right. It's as beautiful as a halo round your head this minute, and Ally's was just the same, all shining and curly, and when she combed it out it would reach in glittering shiny waves half-way to her feet. But many a time I've known her cry herself to sleep because some one had called her that 'pretty red-headed gal,' and she'd have given the red hair, and her blue eyes, and her complexion of 'strawberries and crame,' for the black eyes, and smooth, shiny black braids of Mandy, all because she once heard John say there was nothing so handsome as a dark, beautiful woman, with black hair and soft dark brown eyes.

"John was the young man—you wonder I've been so long coming to him, I suppose ? Well, it's because I kind of dread it, now I've started—you see these two girls, Alicia and Mandy, were both in love with John ; and as a matter of course he couldn't be in love with both, and somebody had to be miserable, however things went. And as they *did* go, all *three* were miserable. Oh, my heart ! how miserable, at least I can speak for one, and, as I know now, the other two suffered just as much, and it may be even more.

"Alicia was the daughter of the richest man in the village, and being an only child she was a match for any one, however grand, in that part of the country—in fact, she was reckoned the best match for a hundred miles around, and she had many lovers, and might pick and choose till she suited herself. But the choice was made already. She loved John, and she tried, as well as she could without being forward, to let him know it ; for he was very much below her in worldly position, being only a poor young carpenter. Sometimes she felt almost sure he loved her, but, if he did, he lacked courage to tell her so, or perhaps he feared she might think it was her fortune he was after ; and if she was too proud to be won because she had a fortune, he was a great deal too proud to have any one think him mean enough to marry for money.

"Oh ! many a time poor Ally wished her father might fail, and that she could earn her living knitting socks and mittens for the village boys, if it would only bring John nearer to her, and make him as easy and sociable as he was with Mandy. Poor little simpleton ! if she could only have known it, the very embarrassment and confusion he showed in her presence, compared with his easy good-nature when he was with Mandy, ought to have told her the state of his feelings. But she didn't know much on the subject, though she was in love herself ; and then there were times, as I said, when she felt quite sure that John really loved her ; if he would only pluck up courage to say so ! It was leap-year, and she had wild ideas of telling him straight out that he might speak, and not be afraid to get 'no' for an answer ; but if it had been twenty leap-years all rolled into one, she was far too modest a girl to do anything so bold and unmaidenly. But chance helped her, at least she thought so at the time.

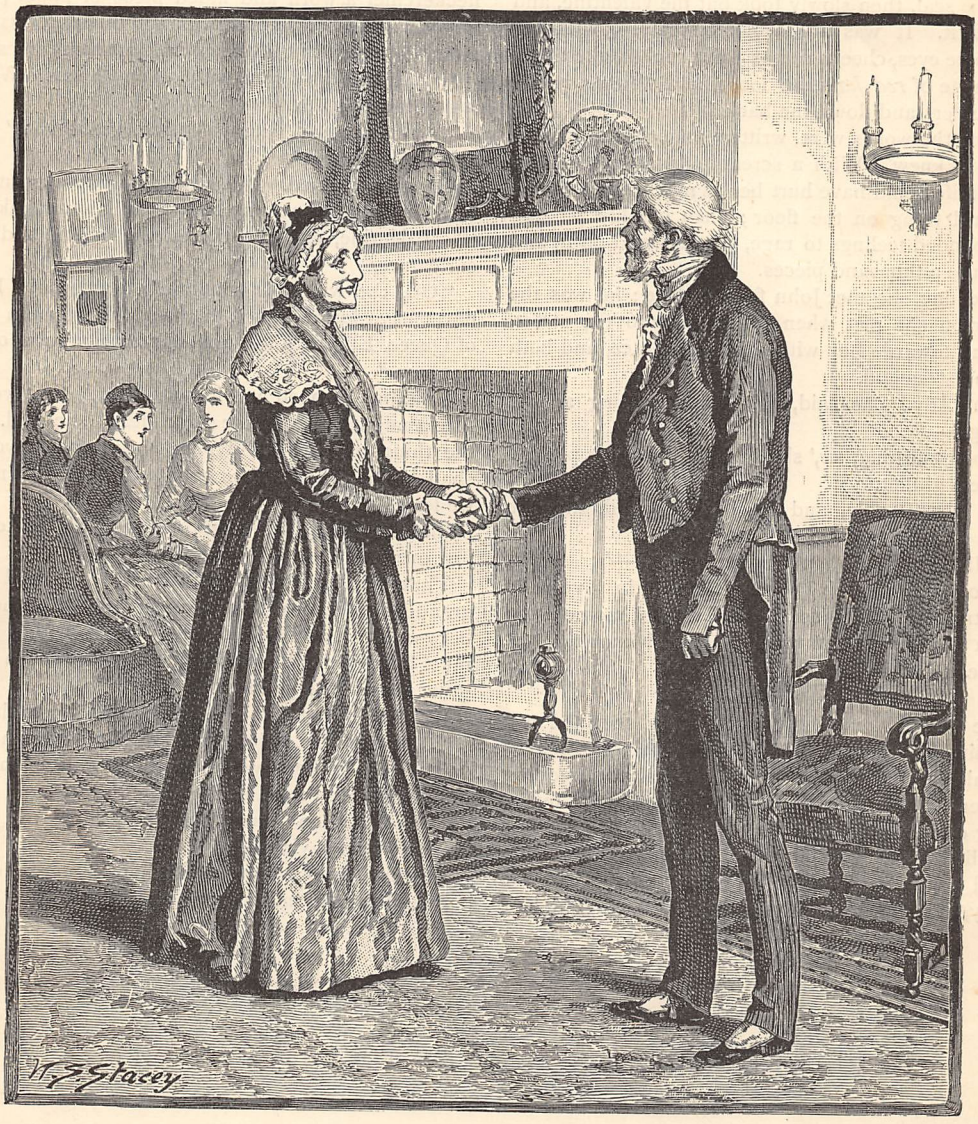
"It had been a hard winter, and there was considerable suffering among the poor of the village ; and about the middle of February a sale had been organised, and all the proceeds were to go to the poor. It was a great success ; and, after it was all over, every one who had helped was invited to finish off the day by taking supper at Alicia's home. It was a splendid supper, set out in the great, long dining-room ; and everybody, gentle and simple, humble or grand, met there as equals.

"Of course John and Mandy were among the guests ; and it really seemed to Alicia as if John tried to get away from Mandy that night, and get as near to herself as he could. You may be sure she did what was modest and ladylike to help him ; and once or twice their glances met, and they couldn't help seeing that each other's eyes said just as plain as they could speak, 'I love you—I love you !'

"All sorts of things were spoken of, and all manner of subjects discussed. And just as if it had been done on purpose, somebody started a discussion on unequal marriages. Some were in favour and some were against them. One young man said any man was good enough for any girl if he loved her and she loved him ; another declared that he wouldn't ask a girl richer than himself to marry him, not if he was dying for her, and knew that she would say

'yes.' A third answered he would be a great goose in that case, for hearts were worth more than money any day. A fourth asked how a bashful lover, who was too much in love to dare to say so, could be helped out, and at this there was a great deal of laughing, and in the first pause of silence Alicia suddenly said, 'He might send her a valentine!' Her cheeks coloured up scarlet as soon as the words passed her lips, for her gaze met that of John, and there was something in his eyes just then that she thought she could not mistake, and her heart beat and throbbed till she thought everybody all around must know it.

"Then there was more laughing and talking, but she didn't hear much of it, or seem to care what it was about; yet when the supper-party brought itself, somehow, to a close, and there was a general leave-taking, she was quite sure that John held her hand a long, long time in saying 'good-bye,' and let it go at last with such a lingering pressure that her very finger-tips tingled with joy. She didn't shake hands with any one else that night after John said 'good-bye.'



"MY GRANDMOTHER HELD HIS HAND SOFTLY BETWEEN HERS" (*p.* 150).

"Well, the next day but one was Saint Valentine's Day, and about noon, for she couldn't stand it any longer, she sent a messenger over to the post-office. It was at the far end of the village, in a grocery store, and Mandy's father was the post-master. Alicia got a regular arm-full of valentines, all sorts: pretty ones, homely ones, gay ones, sad ones, witty and stupid,

sentimental and droll; but the one that made her fingers tremble so that she could scarcely take it out of the envelope, that was all covered over with hearts and arrows, and doves and flowers, was directed in John's beautiful clear copper-plate handwriting that she knew as well as she knew her own. It was sealed with wax, and she got a scissors and cut carefully round the seal, then slowly took out the valentine, and unfolded it. It was a hideous caricature, with big goggle blue eyes, cheeks red as paint could make them, and a mane of *red hair*, all loose, and flowing round the shoulders and down the back!

"What the words were, written underneath it, poor Ally never knew. With a scream of pain, for no stab from a knife could have hurt her as much, she dropped the horrid thing on the floor; then quickly passing from wounded feelings to rage, she stamped on it, and tore it into a thousand pieces.

"Next day she met John face to face; he was the first person she met when she went into the street. He came towards her with a beaming face, and both hands outstretched.

"'Oh, Ally!' he said, 'I've been waiting all the morning——"

"'Good morning, sir,' she said, and her eyes pierced him like a gimlet.

"He turned pale, and his lips quivered, then he seemed to make a great effort, and said—

"'Miss Alicia, you got my valentine——'

"'How dare you, sir?' she exclaimed, in a voice of concentrated rage and scorn; and at that moment she heard a familiar air hummed, in a well-known, sweet baritone, close behind her—

"'In the town of Kilkenny——'

"She turned like a lightning-flash, and took the arm of the singer; and the next Sunday their two names were called in church. John waited till the wedding was over. Alicia supposed he was waiting to marry Mandy on the same day. But he didn't. On the day after Alicia married the husband whom she afterwards learned to love very dearly, John left that part of the country, and they did not meet again till her red hair was like the snow, and he had very little left, of any kind, and what there was matched hers in colour."

"Oh, grandma! and what became of Mandy?"

"She lived and died an old maid. When she sent for me yesterday it was to beg forgiveness, and to give me this valentine."

Grandma took from under the snowy folds of her neckerchief a worn and faded piece of paper; it had a border all flowers and doves, and other old-fashioned valentine signs, but in the centre just these lines:—

"'Alicia, I love you with all my heart. Will you marry me?—JOHN.'"

"And that was your valentine, grandma?" Hetty asked, awestruck.

Grandma smiled. "It was Alicia's valentine," she said. "Mandy had unsealed John's letter, taken out this valentine, and substituted the horrid red-haired caricature."

"Oh, the wretch! But she's dead, only I could never have forgiven her. It would have been a case of Queen Elizabeth and the wicked Countess of Nottingham."

Grandma stooped and kissed Hetty. "At your age Alicia might have felt the same, dear," she said. "But the things of this world pass away, and beyond we shall lose sight of all the wrongs and disappointments we leave here."

She folded up her valentine and laid it, tenderly, just over her heart.

That evening, when old Mr. Allison called for his granddaughter, my grandmother held his hand softly between hers, and looked into his eyes with a look he must have remembered, for he seemed to flush up and grow younger as he met it.

"John," she said, "I got your valentine to-day."

"My valentine, Alicia! What do you mean?"

Then he led her away to the other side of the room, and they talked together for a long time.

Sophy Allison was standing beside me, and I couldn't help saying—

"Why, Sophy, your grandfather's name is John."

"And your grandmother's must be Alicia."

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

I DARE SAY that this paper will appear to be somewhat disjointed and scrappy, for it will mainly consist of a gathering together of odds and ends, so to speak: it will chiefly be a survey of what is taking place in some of the departments of work which have been described before in these pages. It is necessary to review the ground now and again, for the demand for some products of brain or hand dies away, and the demand for others increases.

With regard to the profession of nursing, there seems as yet to be no difficulty for certified nurses to obtain appointments. At the "Nightingale Training School," details of which were given some months ago, twenty-four nurses have lately completed satisfactorily their year of training, and have been entered on the register as certified nurses. Twenty-two of this number received public appointments at once—these were posts at hospitals in London, the provinces, and on the Continent, in infirmaries and nursing associations. The failure of those candidates who did not gain certificates was mainly due to deficient physical strength: this is a fact to be considered by those who think of taking up work of this kind.

The various employments which come under the name of decorative art suggest that attention be turned in that direction ; for the decoration of houses, as at present followed out, gives employment, directly and indirectly, to very many workers—new designs for wall-papers, for dados, for friezes, for tiles, and for painted glass, together with the colouring of the two last-named. There is also mural mosaic-work, which may be classed in the same list.

All these are being brought largely into use in the new houses which still continue to spring up on all sides, and the owners and occupiers of old houses are in a great degree infected with the same desire to re-embellish their dwellings. Some gentlewomen are therefore turning their attention to this class of work. I learn from reliable authority that the technical knowledge of this art is best acquired in the studio of a decorative artist, and that one or two years should be spent there.

I have heard of a work-room which has been started for dressmaking purposes since I suggested that branch of needlework a few months ago. It has been set on foot by gentlewomen, and is conducted and superintended by such. So far—that is to say, during these few months—the result has been satisfactory; a considerable amount of work has been undertaken and executed.

I have beforetime mentioned the making of artificial flies for anglers. I have lately been again told that this is a work which yields good remuneration to those who have the aptitude for handling finely-spun silk and tiny feathers, and who can wed delicate and minute atoms together in a skilful fashion. As much as three shillings is paid for an artificial fly when it is of a special kind. Another suggestion heretofore made is the cultivation of flowers as a source of profit. There is no diminution in the demand for flowers in our large towns. During the last two years I have observed this from my window. I see a man bring a basket of flowers for sale—a single flower for a penny. Very near to him a woman places herself with a basket of nuts, oranges, or other fruit. To my surprise, I notice that boys and girls, children of all ages, quite as often as adults, stop and buy a flower. I have repeatedly seen ragged children spend their coppers at the flower-basket, and not on the fruit-basket close by. I record this observation to show that the liking and fashion for natural flowers is widespread, and pervades every class and people of all ages.

To-day I am going to add another suggestion relative to the cultivation of flowers.

The luxury of having freshly-gathered flowers during the winter season is an expensive one. An immense quantity come from sunny lands across the water, but yet the majority of people cannot afford to pay the sums asked for these ; and when they do stretch a point and buy the tempting bunch, the pleasure of possession is very transient, for they die in a day in town houses.

Of late years, dried natural flowers and dried natural grasses have been used for winter decorations, and it is these I would now bring before the reader's notice as a class of plants whose cultivation would be remunerative. One shilling is given for a hundred Rodanthe flowers, and four shillings for the same number of Marguerite asters. There are many kinds of what are commonly known as "everlasting flowers" (I do not allude to those known as "immortelles") besides those named, and their bright hues among grasses and leaves have a pretty and cheerful effect. The price charged for bouquets composed of these is from three-and-sixpence to five shillings.

Whilst speaking of the pleasures for which town-folk seem willing to pay, I may mention pet birds—the demand for such, whether birds of plumage or birds of song, is on the increase. The rearing of these might be made a source of profit ; personal attention must be regularly given to cleanliness, proper food, and the like, or the venture will yield loss instead of profit. The value of birds is greatly enhanced if they are trained to eat out of the hand, to take a seed from the lips, and show other little signs of friendliness.

A few words on another subject before I lay down my pen.

It is difficult oftentimes for widows with families to find remunerative employment. Many instances of this have come under my notice, and roused sincere sympathy. If they take posts in public institutions they must needs be separated from their children ; and if they try to keep a home together, the care and attention required by the little ones debars the mother from undertaking any regular employment, or one that would oblige her to leave her home for hours at a time.

There are two or three plans which can be adopted, of which I will speak briefly. For one who possesses the talent for teaching, day-pupils could be taken. Many parents like their children to have individual attention in their early years. The outlay for a venture of this kind would be small.

There are various sea-side resorts to which children are sent for their health, where in some cases children have to stay for months. Parents are often glad to know of a gentlewoman in whose care they could place their child. In order to make the fact known, the doctors in the place should be told, and also doctors practising in any large town near should be informed, for they are often asked to recommend a home of this kind when they order their little patient to the sea.

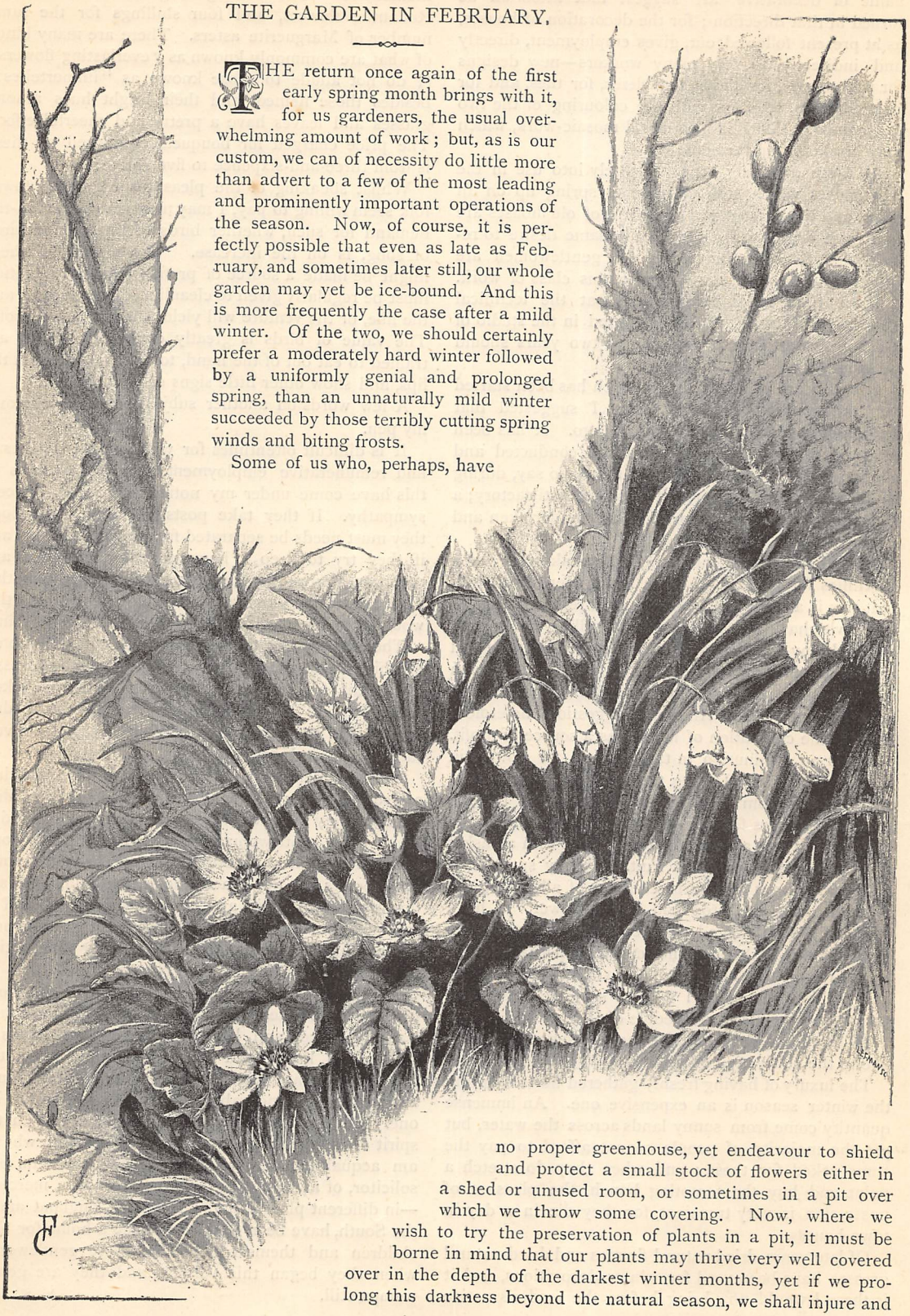
Another plan for enabling a mother to keep a home for her little ones is that of taking a house in a watering-place, and letting some of her rooms to visitors. I know, and I can quite understand, that the pride of many will rise up and bar the way ; but it must be more honourable to earn a living than to beg one. Children must be fed and clothed, and in this spirit of independence four gentlewomen with whom I am acquainted—the widow of a medical man, of a solicitor, of a captain in the army, and of a merchant —in different places, in the North of England and in the South, have been enabled to keep a home for their children and themselves. They were gentlewomen when they began this venture, and they are gentlewomen still.

A. S. P.

THE GARDEN IN FEBRUARY.

THE return once again of the first early spring month brings with it, for us gardeners, the usual overwhelming amount of work; but, as is our custom, we can of necessity do little more than advert to a few of the most leading and prominently important operations of the season. Now, of course, it is perfectly possible that even as late as February, and sometimes later still, our whole garden may yet be ice-bound. And this is more frequently the case after a mild winter. Of the two, we should certainly prefer a moderately hard winter followed by a uniformly genial and prolonged spring, than an unnaturally mild winter succeeded by those terribly cutting spring winds and biting frosts.

Some of us who, perhaps, have no proper greenhouse, yet endeavour to shield and protect a small stock of flowers either in a shed or unused room, or sometimes in a pit over which we throw some covering. Now, where we wish to try the preservation of plants in a pit, it must be borne in mind that our plants may thrive very well covered over in the depth of the darkest winter months, yet if we prolong this darkness beyond the natural season, we shall injure and



simply bleach our whole stock, just as sea-kale or celery is when covered up. Hence transparent waterproof cloth used to be recommended as protection for our pits in the very early spring months.

And now that we are on this subject of spring protection, we must speak of our open flower-beds as well. All our choice beds of such things as pansies and pinks, and all those bulbs of hyacinths, &c., that we planted last autumn must certainly, in a keen spring that has followed upon a mild winter, be most carefully protected. A few fine warm and bright days will cause them to make a start, and then a sharp night will terribly injure their small green tops, and you will notice that where it has been unsheltered and entirely unprotected, the whole will look brown or blackened up as if by fire. A little light litter in the shape of fragments of worn-out sacks, or a little straw, thrown over them will well answer the purpose.

Again, where we have the protection of a small greenhouse, it is about this time that we begin to find ourselves perhaps excessively crowded, and this overcrowding is a great inducement to the green fly and other such pests. You will notice that your cinerarias will probably be the first attacked, and if you look underneath the leaves you will spy little shoals of the enemy, and not only there, but all along the main stem and stalks. The best thing to do is: first close your doors and lights, get a little charcoal and have it on your brick floors, or in the large saucer of a flower-pot, pretty nearly heated red-hot; over this put half a pound or so of tobacco; do not let it be too dry so as all to burn away quickly in a flame. What you want is a good thick, choking smoke, as thick as one of our best and first-prize London fogs. Then if you go into your house an hour afterwards you will find your enemy all lying dead on the surface of the mould of your pots. This should be followed by a syringing with water of the temperature of the house.

But *the* February operation in the greenhouse is repotting. Now, all those pots that have been in use before should first of all be washed and thoroughly dried; this again might be a winter operation, done at a time when you thought you were a little slack of work in the garden. The most vigorous growers, and those plants in the most forward state, should first be attended to. And in doing this be particular about the drainage of your pots: cover the little pieces of tile and crocks with a little moss or turf, so as to prevent the soil mixing up with them. And when you find the roots matted as you take out the ball of earth from the pot, very carefully loosen them a little, and pierce the ball of earth so as to allow it to admit water more readily. But the greatest care is necessary to have your new soil filled into every crevice around the ball of earth, which should be placed so deep in the pot as to admit of being just covered over, when you are shifting. And speaking of soils reminds us that all our different kinds of composts should be kept protected from rain. It is of no good to have them perpetually washed and soaked through, but they should be kept in a dry potting-shed, well turned over, and in a good friable condition for use when required.

A few annuals may be sown now in pots, such for example as phlox or lobelia, or any other showy flowers; they will want a slight bottom heat, and should be transplanted into small pots as soon as they are fairly grown, and then put them near your glass and where they may get plenty of air in mild weather.

It is of course a good thing then to have a small stock of annuals forced on, as when a more genial season comes, these annuals can be turned out to bloom or plunged just as they are, so as to form the very first of a good series of bright successional blooms in your garden, and these interspersed with your good old-fashioned perennials will, in a very great degree, enable you to do away with the formality—or, at all events, with a good deal of it—of the modern bedding-out system.

If you are bringing on any cinerarias in your greenhouse, give them plenty of room where they are large specimens, and keep fairly cool; but those that you want to flower early should be confined in small pots, and watered with liquid manure when you see that they are orming their flower-buds; and use water almost tepid when you have occasion to use it at all. If you have any camellias whose bloom is over, they had better be shifted, when you should use a soil made up of equal parts of loam and peat. They should then, however, go into a warm place—for instance, the pit of a vinery, if you have anything so luxurious. And, going on with the round of some of our greenhouse favourites, put your mignonette-pots in a light and dry part of your greenhouse, and water carefully. Should you see that all of them will come on into bloom at once, and if you are anxious for a successional bloom, stop a few of your present ones by pinching them off.

As for your bulbs, such as ixias, gladiolus, &c., if you want them early, you can forward them by placing them in gentle heat; but your general stock of bulbs in pots will do very well in a cold frame, so long as frost does not reach them; or you can put them on shelves in your greenhouse, but let them be near to the glass. Then there are our fuchsias. The early-started ones should be shifted into good-sized pots, and in doing so use equal parts of loam, leaf-mould, and some decomposed manure, with a little sand; all irregular and over-crowded shoots should be thinned out, and where branches are scanty, stop the young shoots. And in a little bottom heat you can now strike cuttings very easily. Here then we have treated of a goodly assortment of flowers which, in a little time, ought amply to repay our labour.

FAST AND SURE.

STRONG in the faith of woman
I lift mine eyes to thine,
And feel thou art a true man
To love as fond as mine,
Fond as the flower that turneth
To where the sunbeams shine.

What need of words revealing
All thou dost know full well?
True love hath no concealing,
And eyes will secrets tell,
Love firm as rocks still braving
Unmoved the ocean's swell.

Within thy hand now laying
My hand I place secure,
Nor fear nor doubt betraying;
My faith is fast and sure—
Fast as the twining ivy,
As oaks that storms endure.

Nay, if my pulses flutter,
'Tis not the throb of fear;
My lips no word could utter
Of doubt while thou art near;
So let my stay be ever
Thine arm so strong and dear.

Yes—draw me to thee nearer,
And whispering sweet and low,
In accents that are dearer
Than chiming water's flow,
Tell me the love thou feelest
No change can ever know.

Oh! thus upon thee leaning,
As woman ever should,
Thy heart may learn the meaning
Of trustful womanhood,
Leaning on man her weakness,
With strength to be endued.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

THE ISLAND SUBURB OF FOOCHOW.

NOWHERE in all the East have I found a pleasanter and more genial community than on this green isle—the "foreign settlement" of Foochow—where English and Scotch, German and American residents combine to form such a kindly, cheery society. France, too, was pleasantly represented at the Consulate and at the Arsenal, but the duties of the consul cannot be very onerous, as French interests at Foochow are even smaller than at other Chinese ports. At Shanghai, France owns five mercantile houses, at Canton two, at Hong Kong one, but in Foochow not one; indeed, her footing in this country is wellnigh as slight as that of Russia, which only owns seven mercantile houses in all China, whereas Germany has fifty, and England no less than 289! In fact, the Frenchman is a variety of the foreign barbarian which the average Chinaman can hardly distinguish as a separate nationality, only 224 specimens of the race having established themselves among the 450,000,000 owners of the soil.

Of course, therefore, it is quite impossible for the people in general to discriminate between Frenchmen and any other foreigners, and herein lies a source of danger which may only too probably be turned to account by the *literati* and small gentry—a class notoriously unprincipled in the display of their abhorrence of foreigners, and who, having small deference to the will of their own rulers, and moreover possessing a wonderful power of appealing to the grossly superstitious fears of the mob, are quite capable of stirring them up to an indiscriminate crusade against the whole lot of Europeans, without any regard for nationality, leaving their rulers to settle the subsequent difficulties at their leisure. So the foreigners—at Foochow in particular—have very good reason for anxiety at the present time.

My own impressions of the district were happily stored ere the thunder of French guns had disturbed the peaceful atmosphere, and when life on the green isle was peculiarly unruffled. Picnics by land and by water were the favourite form of social gathering in this beautiful district, but the usual routine of evening amusements was by no means neglected, and dinner parties and evening assemblies were kept up briskly. Occasionally a company of gentlemen favoured their friends with a Christy Minstrel concert; but the crowning entertainment of the Foochow season was a very amusing entertainment at the French Consulate. Many and wonderful were the costumes which electrified the astonished Chinese coolies, accustomed to see their employers in such very sedate apparel, but now required to carry such very remark-

able transformations. Imagine their astonishment at seeing their grave master appear disguised as Punch, as large as life, and admirably got up, or to know that he was concealed within a gigantic black bottle, or within a tall, six-storeyed pagoda made of cardboard! There were Italian peasants, charity school-girls in mob-caps, and mediæval Britons, French exquisites and Tunisian nobles; but I think that the most amusing characters were the "Twin Baby Brothers," acted by two fair, rather fat, young men, with smooth faces and fresh complexions. They were dressed exactly alike as French babies, in blue turban hats, blue shoes, silver Chinese necklaces, frilled muslin dresses, and pinafores with pockets, one containing a little Punchinello and the other a feeding bottle, which was occasionally replenished from the pail of a pretty milk-maid. These two toddled about, each dragging a ridiculous little cart, and chattering French baby-talk, greatly to the edification of the company.

On the following day the colony reminded itself of home customs by getting up a most orthodox flower-show for the encouragement of all the gardeners, to say nothing of amateur competition, and very beautiful flowers and vegetables were thus collected. I confess that to me the most interesting event of the afternoon was one which was not in the official programme, namely, meeting an immense procession of the townsfolk, who had gone some distance to welcome a successful student on his return from one of the great annual examinations in Chinese classics and Confucian fossils, a knowledge of which is deemed so important that the same men return to Canton or Pekin year after year, till they are grey-headed, in the hope of attaining the literary honours which are a necessary passport to official employment. So the town which sends a successful candidate glories in its distinguished citizen, and the multitude go forth to meet him with cymbals and gongs, and all manner of ear-tortures and many gaudy banners, and carry him home in a chair adorned with boughs of feathery bamboo and scarlet flags. I saw a great Examination Hall in Foochow itself, but I believe this man had won his laurels at head-quarters.

I think that, in times of peace, life here gains greatly in interest from the fact that there is no line of demarcation between foreigners and natives, as is the case in ports where there is a "Foreign Concession." Here the "barbarians" have been allowed to build their comfortable two-storeyed houses on the crest of the grassy hills, round whose base cluster the busy native streets. Consequently, we obtain many glimpses of native customs without even leaving the cool shade of the wide verandahs. Certainly most of these processions and ceremonies are such as have reference to the dead, for in this land, where ancestral worship permeates all things, and where every action of the living must be subservient to the supposed will of the dead, the ancestral graves are naturally centres of interest; and though these are scattered in every direction all over the land, in every pleasant sunny spot, they are especially numerous on this green isle, and the hills are dotted in every direction with large stone graves, built in the form of a great horse-shoe—a shape which seems to convey some idea of good luck. Many of these are overshadowed by noble groups of old fir-trees, and some are really picturesque objects. One on the steep hill-side is shaped like a gigantic trefoil—three horse-shoes combined; another lying on the plain below is the tomb of a great mandarin, and is guarded by a regiment of strange beasts and human figures carved in stone. In some places the bank has been broken, cut away to allow for better paths, and thus exposes to view large jars, containing the bones of men who have died at a distance, and whose remains have thus been brought home to be laid near kindred dust, that the spirits may know where to come to receive their share of the offerings duly made by their descendants.

In the valley, just at the foot of the grassy hills, there is a very curious place known as the City of the Dead. I have seen a larger one at Canton, but this is on the same principle, only that one great roof covers the whole of this establishment, whereas the other is really like a City of the Living, laid out in a labyrinth of streets of small houses. Here, too, there are innumerable small houses, in each of which rest from one to three large coffins, waiting for the day which the soothsayers shall declare to be lucky for the burial—a day which is deferred just so long as money can be extracted from the survivors. Each coffin is sheltered from the outer door (and, consequently, from the ingress of spirits!) by a large screen, in front of which stands an altar, with the usual altar vessels for flowers, lights, and incense. Those for the dead are chiefly of the very coarsest green pottery. Large, gaily-dressed figures, all of paper, guard the four corners of the room, silk or paper lanterns hang from the roof, and some have very showy state umbrellas, all made of paper, gilt and coloured. Some have horses, others a complete apparatus for opium-smoking, but all are of paper or pasteboard, so there is no fear of thieves breaking into this silent city, to molest the fine old Buddhist priest who remains here in charge of the place. This City of the Dead has what I may call suburbs of wretched outhouses, where poor neglected coffins are placed. Relatives, weary of paying house-rent for many successive years, have at last stopped payment, and the coffins have been removed to these sheds, there to await permission from the authorities for their burial at some spot on the surrounding hills.

From my post of observation on the verandah I have watched some very curious funeral ceremonies, especially during a festival answering to All Souls' Day, when the whole population turn out, and go forth all over the country to visit their ancestral graves, which are scattered about in the most promiscuous fashion, on such spots as the soothsayers have declared to be especially pleasing to the dead. Each family carries offerings of food on many trays: roast ducks, a pig roasted whole, rich cakes, and all manner of sweetmeats and sweet rice wine. These are the realities of which, happily for their descendants, the dead cannot partake, so after they have been

duly laid out upon the grave, and a religious service has been read by one of the party from the ritual for the dead, these good things are replaced on the trays, and carried home again for the family festival. But the dead are supposed to need many things in the far country—clothes, horses, furniture, houses, writing materials: whatever is conducive to comfort here, must be transmitted from earth to the spirit-world by the simple process of burning. Fortunately, it is not necessary to burn real articles—paper or pasteboard imitations will do as well, so thousands of persons are employed solely in the manufacture of these objects, while thousands more devote their whole lives to coating paper with tinfoil, to be made into shoe-shaped ingots of silver, and imitation dollars, and the semblance of other coins, especially strings of countless cash, all of which are destined for burnt-offerings to propitiate the dead. For it need not follow that affection prompts all this immense annual expenditure in honouring the dead. It is generally the result of most slavish fear—the grossest bondage of superstition—for every Chinaman believes in the power of the dead to avenge neglect by causing all manner of evil to the living; so trouble of every description, disease, failure in business, loss of sons, and all other conceivable afflictions, are due to the curse of the malevolent dead, to whom he may not be even distantly related. The avenging spirit is very probably some neglected beggar, who has been allowed to live and die unpitied, but who, after death, becomes a power of evil, whom no sane man dares to neglect!

Once in ten years a great festival is held in the city of Foochow for the consolation of the dead. The principal temples are fitted up with rows of booths for the sale of every sort of thing which the dead can be supposed to require—hats and garments, boots and shoes, spectacles and fans, horses and houses, sugar-plums, furniture, gold and silver money, but above all opium, with pipes all ready for smoking—these and many more, all made of paper and cardboard, are devoutly offered to the dead. In the temple court-yard is placed a terrible image of the Lord of Hell, and groups of his victims are represented in the act of receiving gifts from their pitying relations still on earth. The festival continues for seven consecutive days, during which all manner of religious processions parade the streets, and the tall pagodas are illuminated every night. The Buddhists and Taouists unite their forces to make a more showy procession, and the image of Buddha and of Laou-tsze, the founders of the two faiths, are carried in highly decorated chairs, escorted by their respective priests—the Buddhists in their yellow robes, scarlet mantles, and shaven heads; the Taouists in robes of gold-brocaded green satin, with their hair plaited and rolled up, and fastened by a peculiarly-shaped tortoiseshell comb.

At the close of the festival all the pasteboard shops and their miscellaneous contents are heaped together to form a vast bonfire, the smoke of which finds its way through the "gates of hell" (or rather, "purgatory)," and there, I suppose, all the acceptable gifts of the pious donors assume a spiritual form suited to the spirit-world.

Like everything else in this strange country, the funeral processions are quaint in the extreme. One day I watched a very grand one. The chief mourners were women, who wore white dresses; the men wore a rough sort of blouse of sackcloth, with a white sash round the waist. Every one present wore some piece of white, in lieu of our crape. First came the bearers of large white paper lanterns, which are always picturesque objects; then a band of musicians dressed in white, and making a horribly discordant noise with drums and gongs, to drive away evil spirits; then came men carrying trays of cakes and other good things for the funeral feast. These were followed by more musicians, apparently trying to drown the noise of the first lot. These wore common blue clothes. After them came coolies carrying pigs roasted whole, kids, and various other savoury meats, set out on trays. Then followed a highly decorated sedan-chair, in which was carried the tablet of the deceased, with tapers burning before it. Behind the tablet came a group of men dressed in red, carrying a large red flag, with inscription in golden characters. Next came the coffin, very handsome and solid, formed of four large boards, rounded on the upper side, and about four inches thick. These are called "longevity boards." Their value is a matter of great interest and importance. I am told that the price of a coffin ranges from £5 to £500, and that dutiful sons will stint themselves for years in order to present their parents with really handsome coffins—cheerful birthday presents, which thenceforward form part of the household furniture. When the procession reached the lucky spot which had been selected for the grave, the coffin was deposited on the ground, on which the mourners beat their heads, wailing most bitterly, while two yellow-robed priests performed some religious ceremony; then incense was burnt, and a multitude of crackers were fired, to terrify the demons who might be present. The coffin was then laid in its place, while wailing and cries of lamentation rent the air. When the grave had been filled in, more crackers were fired by a multitude of delighted small boys, with shaven scalps and long pig-tails; incense-sticks were lighted and stuck in bamboos, and so planted round the grave. The feast was spread, and left for awhile, that the hungry dead might regale themselves on its essence.

Far more pathetic than this rich noisy funeral was one which followed soon after. It was that of a very poor woman; her coffin was carried only by four coolies, and the sole mourner was a tiny child, with a white covering (in token of mourning) over its usual blue dress. The child was accompanied by a man, who taught it how to burn the joss-papers and incense-sticks, and to light the lanterns, and to lay out the offerings of food. It was a long ceremony, for the grave had been dug in the wrong place, and some men came up and remonstrated, so the poor little child was left sitting alone beside the coffin while a new grave was prepared.

TWO MODERN AMERICAN FABLES.

A FASHIONABLE MOUSE.

"We do live in the meanest little hole in the world, mamma," said a young lady mouse. "I really am ashamed of asking my fashionable friends to call." "Well, my dear, I was born in this hole, and it has been the homestead of our family since our remote ancestor came over in a big cheese in the *May Flower*. But times change, and we must change with them." So to please her daughter the good-natured matron had the hole enlarged, and the furniture renovated, and by the addition of a few articles of vertu and bric-à-brac it assumed quite a genteel appearance.

One day, returning from a ramble, they found an old rat had taken possession. They asked him very civilly to leave their hole. "*Your* hole," he exclaimed, "don't tell me this is a mouse-hole. It is a rat-hole. Look at its size. A cousin of mine died in this neighbourhood lately, and this must be his house, and I will keep it."

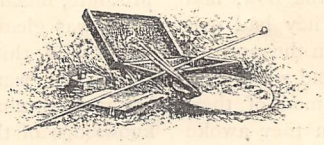
Moral.—Some people go on enlarging their houses, their ideas, and their expenses, till at last too much enlarging bursts up everything. We look for them in vain, and find their luxurious dwellings have passed into other hands.

THE DISGRACED FOX.

A fox, who had dined on a fat goose, preserved the skin and feathers, and put them on for a sly visit to a poultry-yard. He, however, acted his part so badly, running on four legs when he ought to have waddled on two, that he was hissed off the barn-floor by two venerable ganders.

Moral.—Never attempt a *rôle* for which you have no talent. Whatever you do, don't make a goose of yourself.

(*Note.*—The foregoing advice is particularly suited to stage-struck young ladies and gentlemen.)



OUR AUTOGRAPH BOOKS.

VOICES FROM THE ICE. IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

IN the year 1850 no fewer than twelve ships set sail for the Arctic regions, all with the one aim in view, to discover and, if possible, to bring aid to Sir John Franklin's party.

The *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, this time commanded by Captain McClure and Captain Collinson, set forth again in the same good cause. We cannot do better than transcribe in this place a letter of Sir John Richardson's written at this time to a friend, in which he gives the particulars of this most interesting expedition.

"DEAR SIR,

"As Mrs. G——, your aunt and a friend of my wife's, desires that I should give you some account of the expeditions now about to set out to the Arctic Sea, I have to inform you that the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, fitted at Woolwich, are to leave that place to-morrow, and to go down the river to have their compasses adjusted and take in their gunpowder. They will then proceed to the Straits of Magelhaens and the Sandwich Islands, and, having refreshed at the latter place and recruited their stock of provisions, will go on to Behring's Straits.

"Captain Collinson, the commanding officer, hopes to reach Behring's Straits by the 1st of August, and will endea-

vour to pass through the barrier of drift-ice between the straits and push on to the eastward. The result must be left to the despatches, which it is expected will reach this country in 1852. In the meantime, the crews of the two vessels have the best wishes and prayers of their countrymen.

I am Dear Sir
Your Most Obedt. Servt.
John Richardson

But wishes or prayers were alike unavailing to restore those great and good men to their country and their friends. Their suffering bodies were at rest for ever; their haggard eyes had long ceased to watch with a fearful anxiety for the sight of a friendly face, and ears to listen for a footfall, and one can scarcely imagine that some ghastly thrill did not stir the poor whitened bones of the skeletons which lay here and there on the ridges and on the sands, at the first sight and sound of those who had come at last, if it were still possible, to deliver them. But no; not one rose up to say, "Here we perished miserably—our leader dead, our hopes perished, our provisions gone!" Not one lifted his hand to draw aside the curtain of mystery and to tell, "It was thus he died; this was his last message to her who waited for him at home!"

The graves of three men were found, who dying at the beginning of troubles, the survivors had had the strength to give them a decent burial and a name, but the other dead lay here and there in the wood or the ice, and in the caves by the frost-bound river, and there was no one to give them a name.

In one boat were found the portions of two human skeletons. By their side stood loaded guns. One was wrapped in furs; the other, lying in the bow, had already been a portion for wolves. They had evidently intended to pursue their journey on the morrow, but the edict had gone forth: Thus far, and no further. And probably as they slept and dreamed of their far-off home, God took them, and when they awoke they were at rest in the haven where they would be. In this boat were found many religious books, "The Vicar of Wakefield," and many other relics of the past; silver spoons and forks; but who the guardians of these treasures were, must for ever remain unknown.

For years that boat had stood in the silence of the ice-world with its cargo of food, and clothes, and valuables, and the two ghastly figures with their guns loaded keeping a deathly watch, silent and motionless, alike through the sunless winter and under the short summer sun. No Indian had during all this time penetrated to this gloomy spot, nor Esquimaux with greedy hands approached this sinister resting-place to rifle it of its contents.

So thus it came at last to be known that all the brave men who formed the crews of the two vessels had perished miserably.

On June 2nd, 1858, all doubts as to the fate of Sir John Franklin were set at rest. A written paper, or record, was found in a large cairn at Point Victory, mentioning in a few laconic words the fact that the gallant explorer had died on board his ship on June 11th, 1847. For one year more the crews and officers of the two ships remained in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, where already they had been ice-bound since September 12th, 1846; and the record went on to state how the entire party, 104 in number, had landed under the command of Captain Crozier, with the intention of starting for the Great Fish River.

After this all is silence. But it is known that this gallant band never did reach the Great Fish River; not by any written record, but by the testimony of the dead themselves, many of whose bodies were found—some upon islands, some upon the mainland, some in tents, and some under boats; and a few had even come within a day's journey of the river they were seeking to gain.

So the searching party returned home with their disastrous news, and the whole nation mourned to a man for the brave and gallant crews, who would never sail back to their native shores again, and for the noble-hearted leader of the expedition, whose face they now knew they should see no more.

But the money which had been so generously poured out by the English Government, by the English public, and by private individuals to fit out ships to go to the relief of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* had not been thrown away. McClure had discovered the North-west Passage—the goal of all Arctic expeditions; the prize for which Sir John Franklin had so earnestly contended, and which, as a matter of fact, it may be said he had virtually won, as the passage had been actually sighted by one of his officers, but had never been sailed through by himself or any of his crew.

In addition to this great discovery made by Sir J. McClure, much additional information of the greatest value was gleaned by the various ships which sailed hither and thither in search of their lost comrade Continents were discovered, islands named, river-banks and coast-lines explored, and the scientific knowledge of the ice-world was greatly increased by the opportunities afforded for studying geology, botany and other things on land, and in the sky the magnificent Aurora Borealis and the northern lights.

Of the gallant ships the *Erebus* and *Terror*, which had weathered so many storms and accomplished almost miraculous journeys through icebergs, and blinding snow, and chilling fogs, not a vestige was left. A few planks in the possession of some Esquimaux were believed to have belonged to one of the ships, but they could not possibly be identified.

These ships had not only done duty in their time in the Arctic regions, but they had also visited the Antarctic regions in search of the South Pole—one under the command of Sir James Ross, and the other under the command of Francis Crozier, who subsequently perished with Sir John Franklin in the Arctic seas. Never was any expedition fraught with greater danger

than this one. The icebergs of the Antarctic Sea appear to have been perfectly stupendous, while the barriers of glittering ice which guarded the coasts rose in such high and massive walls that no attempt could be made to break through them; and no harbourage could ever be found for the ships, as each bay and indentation was filled with the snow and ice which drifted from cliff and glacier into the sea itself, choking up all the narrow bays and natural harbours which might otherwise have been available.

Sir James Ross, however, and his companion, under the most incredible difficulties and against dangers that the stoutest heart might have dreaded to encounter, pushed on until they reached a chain of mountains which had never been seen by human eye before, and which Ross called after his friend and companion in former expeditions, Sir J. Parry. Here he and Captain Crozier witnessed a spectacle which sends a thrill even now through the hearts of those who read of it.

Out of this chain of desolate snow-bound mountains, upon whose glittering heights no eye but the eye of God had hitherto looked, rose up a monster volcano, spouting forth fire and smoke and lava, and sending forth volumes of flame into the air two thousand feet high above the mouth of the crater.

One cannot imagine a more appalling spectacle. This monster, spouting forth from its mouth flames and fire amongst the silence of the everlasting snows: this sight alone must have rewarded them in a great measure for their courage in pushing forward on so desperate an undertaking; but beyond this range of snow-clad mountains they could not force their way. The winter was approaching, and reluctantly they were obliged to return to more favourable quarters.

The following year Sir James Ross again undertook this perilous journey, but this time with less success, as the most fearful storms overtook him. The brave ships were "lifted up to the heavens and carried down to the depths," and it became impossible to steer them. They were dashed hither and thither; their rigging even became entangled, and on several occasions they gave themselves up for lost; but a special providence seems to have watched over them, for they appear to have been miraculously helped out of dangers from which no human outlet seemed possible.

The autographs of Sir James Ross and of Sir James Parry, which we append below, are not interesting in themselves, and were written many years subsequent to their brilliant undertakings; still, they are valuable to a collector, as having been penned by the very hand of the man who first planted our standard on the magnetic Pole, and of the great Parry, whose almost audacious courage grasped at and gained the highest laurels that have been won by any of his fellow explorers. It was he who conceived the stupendous idea of reaching the North Pole by land, and who by this means reached a higher latitude than any one had ever approached before, and it is curious that he gave to this northernmost point of land the name of Ross. Thus did these gallant men seek to associate the names of their companions, rather than their own, with the most brilliant feats of their eventful lives.

The letter of Sir John Ross, the uncle of Sir James Ross, who may almost be looked upon as the pioneer of this century's Arctic voyages, is not only interesting in its contents, but amusing also. One can well imagine how these great men must have wearied in after-life of the constant letters and questions addressed to them, both in season and out of season, on the subject of the North Pole, and how, in the quiet of their homes, they must have sometimes almost wished to forget that in days gone by they had been the greatest heroes of their time.

"*A Paris*, 11 *March*, 1836.

"MY DEAR B——,

"As I did not give you a note of the price of the charts I gave you last, I have annexed one in case you should require it. I have requested Lord Palmerston by letter to give you the former memo, when approved by his Lordship, and when you get the cash, pray pay it in on my acct. to Coutts & Co. Pray give my most respectful compliments and best regards to your sisters, who are, of all the ladies I have been introduced to since my return, the most amiable. During the whole time I had the pleasure of being in their company they never *even mentioned* the *confounded Pole*, about which I have been bothered by every other lady!! My wife joins me in every kind wish, and I am ever yours faithfully,

John Ross

"Pray remember to write on Tuesday week."

"MY DEAR LADY R——,

"Mr. Tanner has just been here to tell me he shall soon want a curate, but, as you know, he *must* hold Evangelical Doctrines, or he will not do for St. Matthew's.

"I thought of your friend whom you named to us yesterday. Would St. Matthew's suit *him*, and *he* St. Matthew's?

"Yours sincerely,

"MY DEAR M——,

"I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to make me acquainted with Lord Ripon. I have much pleasure in accepting his Lordship's Invitation, and will leave it to you to make him acquainted with my intentions.

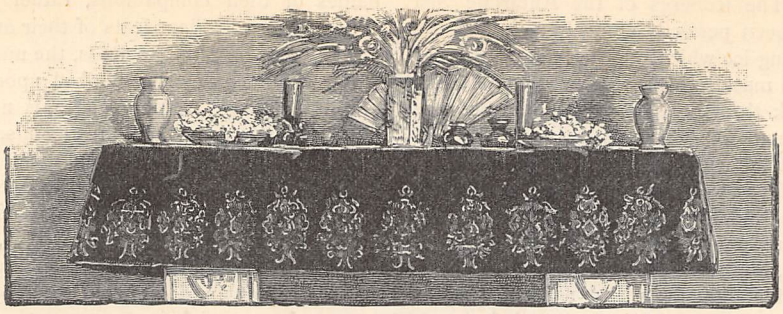
"I will see my Uncle about our going down together. I think it will be very desirable.

"I will let you know in the course of to-morrow what he says to it.

"Yours very sincerely,

"*Wed. morning*,

"13, *Prince's St., Cavendish Square*."

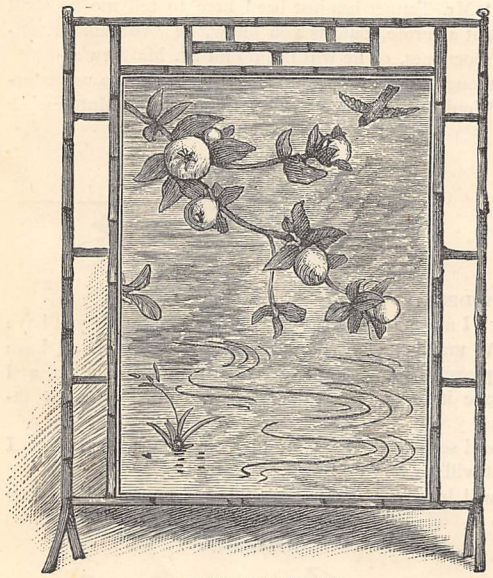


DESIGN FOR MANTEL-BOARD IN INDIAN EMBROIDERY.

ON MAKING HOME BEAUTIFUL.

FANCY ARTICLES.

THERE are so many ways in which a home can be made beautiful, that we wonder sometimes how it is that we ever see an ugly one. Especially where there are young girls about, the house should always look fresh and neat and bright. And it is so easy to make it so if we have some leisure time each day, some brains to use our time and materials advantageously, and deft fingers to carry out our ideas. Dainty knick-knacks, which to a great extent constitute the difference between a bare-looking bachelor's den, and a cosy home with a young mistress at the head of affairs, are within the reach of most of us—not at the ruination prices at which we can purchase



DESIGN FOR SCREEN.

fancy articles at their weight in gold, but as the result of a few hours' work, added to a small outlay, and, above all, artistic taste and feeling. But we cannot do much in this way unless we are natty with our fingers, and can ply our needles quickly and well—unless we have an eye for colour, and some original ideas, or in lieu of that can pick up the ideas of others readily. In fact, it is intelligence that is requisite—as requisite, in fair degree, in making home beautiful as it is for writing a novel or painting a picture.

Between overcrowding and bareness of aspect there is a happy medium. Space is necessary to our comfort. What comfort is there in having to move about in continual fear of knocking down ornaments, in having to everlastingly wend our way through a labyrinth of chairs, and kickshaw tables loaded with trumpery gewgaws?

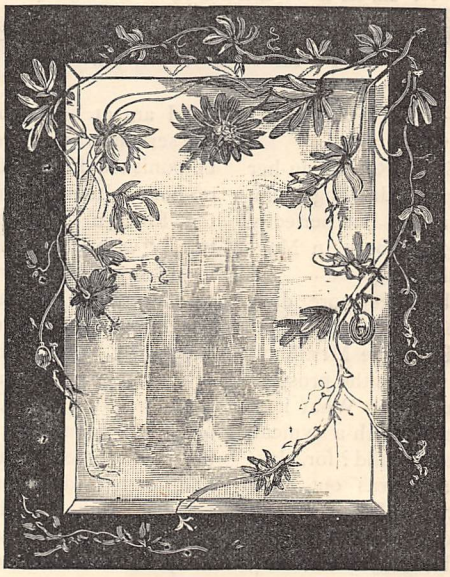
Ornaments are to the house what bon-bons are to the children, they are good in moderation but it is possible to have too many of them. One house we remember where the drawing-room was a great deal more fit to form part of a museum, than to be a sitting-room in which the occupants could move about at their ease. On the other hand, a bare, cold-looking room, with never a hint of luxury to add enjoyment to the daily grind of life, is almost worse, we think, of the two. In the home that contains such a room we can fancy that the children will grow up hard, matter-of-fact; sensible, perhaps, but wanting in some of the refinements of chivalrous manhood, and in the charming graces of sweet womanhood. But to our work. Articles have already appeared in these pages on tapestry, china and glass painting, also on crystoleum and lustra painting, which are all pre-eminently suitable for house decoration; so of them we will have nothing to say here, but confine ourselves to describing some fancy articles that can be easily manufactured at home.

In houses where pictures are scarce the walls often look bald, especially if covered with a light-coloured paper. Brackets are a great help to the housewife in getting rid of this suggestion of baldness. Any carpenter will make deal brackets to a given shape, and it is easy work to cover the board and make a vallance for it. The consideration of what material is best to use, and what should be the colour, and in what style the ornamentation should be carried out, are the main points on which success depends. Virginia creeper leaves look well on white, grey, and black grounds, and they are well adapted for the val-

lance either of mantel-boards or of brackets; they can be massed together in bunches, or applied as a bordering, and are equally effective in both styles.

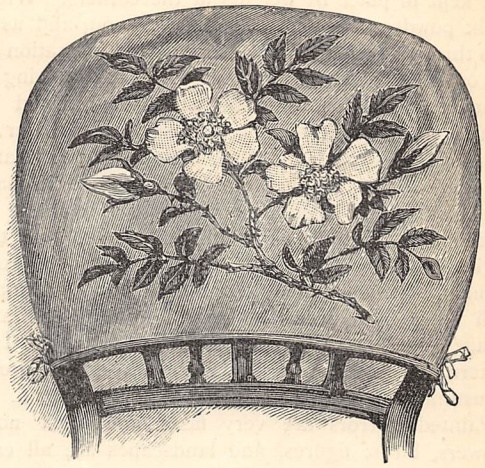
A charming screen can be made as follows:—A length of satin, of a delicate grey tint, is worked with shaded chenille. The design may be formed of flowers alone, or birds may be introduced. In one we have seen the design consists of water-plants; exquisitely-tinted flags, tall bulrushes of a red-brown hue, and various grasses are lightly arranged so as to leave much of the satin ground visible; a king-fisher, with its brilliant blue plumage, settles on some of the lower foliage, whilst his mate hovers above. The lovely blue feathers of the birds give the colour that is requisite to throw up the rest of the piece; while darting across the top of the panel is a dragon-fly. Various pieces of work could be carried out in shaded chenille, and the soft tints are suited to articles to be placed in a drawing-room. Banner-screens, hand-screens, work-bags, tea-cosies, may all be ornamented successfully in this manner. A tea-cosy may have a spray of wild roses branching across one side, on the other a few leaves rich in autumnal tints of gold, red, and brown. The cosies are made smaller than they used to be, which is certainly an improvement. If large, they take up too much room on the occasional tables used for five o'clock tea, and look rather clumsy; but when tastily made and well worked, or painted, they add to, rather than detract from, the pretty appearance of this fashionable and sociable repast.

An embroidered tea-cloth is a *sine quâ non*, as many folks think. It may be either embroidered all over in a set pattern or merely bordered with crewel-work. Yellow jasmine or pink convolvulus is suitable for the latter purpose; they give sufficient colour without contrasting too strongly with the white ground. Vivid colours are objectionable, as the china generally affords all that is necessary; and we must study to have our cloth decoration harmonise with our cups and saucers, so that we may secure a good tone of colour throughout. On entering a room the tea-table, although it does not as formerly occupy the centre of the floor, is yet an object that invites attention, and we shall not be throwing away our time if we make it as attractive as we possibly can.



A PAINTED MIRROR.

A somewhat novel fashion of utilising the Japanese fans for decoration is to trim them up to serve as pockets or bags to hang against a wall, and they are really ornamental if well done. The leaf of the fan is first covered over smoothly with a plain piece of the material selected for the pocket, then a larger piece is cut to allow of the necessary fulness of the front of



NOVEL DESIGN FOR A CHAIR-BACK.

the pocket; in this a cord is run, or three gathering threads, a heading being left both at the top and bottom, the threads being lastly drawn up, and the piece sewn on to the front of the fan. The material may be embroidered, or painted, if the worker likes, but if this is done it should be afterwards stiffened over cardboard that the pattern may be seen; in this case there will be no fulness, but it will be cut out to shape. Yet another plan is to box-plait the material, leaving headings at the top and bottom as before. Soft balls of silk are fastened at intervals round the bottom edge, and are much prettier than a ball-fringe.

To hear of a new style of chair-back is always interesting to ladies. Here is one appropriate for a bedroom. Grey or buff satin sheeting is cut to the required size, and is ornamented with a pattern in red Turkey twill, which is carried out after the following fashion:—Draw upon paper a design of some large simple flowers. The pattern should measure about a quarter of a yard or more across, and should terminate with whole flowers or leaves at either end. It does not look well to cut through a flower, for if this is done it gives the idea that the pattern is bought by the yard and laid on, whereas it should be specially designed for the chair-back. Prick holes through the

paper pattern at short distances apart along all the outlines. A strip of Turkey twill rather wider than the pattern is next tacked on the sheeting a few inches from the end; on this again the paper pattern is laid and kept in place by weights at the corners. White chalk powdered is pounced thoroughly on, and as it sifts through the holes it leaves a faint indication of the outlines, which is apparent when the drawing is removed. The chalk guide would be effaced by friction, consequently it is necessary to go over it with Chinese white so that the pattern may be clearly defined. All the outlines are now worked with chain stitch, or button-holed over with brown crewels, or indeed in any stitch and with any thread that the worker pleases; it is only indispensable that the work should be strong enough, so that when the Turkey twill which intervenes between the blossoms and foliage is cut away the edges may not fray. The pattern may be enriched in various ways, as any one accustomed to fancy work will at once understand.

Painted mirrors are very fashionable just now. Flowers, birds, figures, and landscapes are all executed on the clear surface, but we are inclined to think it is as well to keep to the two first subjects. One example we may mention as being the prettiest we have seen. The mirror was, as they all are, bevelled at the edge, and it was mounted in unpolished black wood. No carving or pattern of any kind ornamented the frame, consequently the artist had the opportunity of carrying his flower design over it—an opportunity that he had improved with a charming result. The design was composed of passion-flowers. The sprays commenced at the right-hand top corner of the frame and trailed over the glass most gracefully, the lovely tints of the blossoms contrasting with the golden fruit and dark green leaves.

Before closing we wish to describe a mantel-board, vallance, and curtains, that we feel sure our readers would admire could they see them. The material is velvet of a rich dark green, but it is the ornamentation that is so pretty and novel. From pieces of Turkish embroidery the flower-sprigs are cut out, and these are appliqué'd on the velvet here and there to form a border, but not in a continuous pattern, regular spaces being left between each sprig. They are outlined with gold thread, which shows well on the dark ground. The vallance is plain at the edge, not scalloped. On the curtains there is a small running pattern arranged from flowers also cut from the Turkish embroidered squares.

Our space is filled, but we trust these few words will induce some of our readers to look to their home decorations, that this year they may be prettier and more tasteful than ever.

SWEET CHRISTABEL.

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned," "In a Minor Key," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

MATRIMONY.

MRS. GORE sat in her pretty drawing-room, in her tiny but perfectly arranged house in Mayfair, thinking.

Only three more days of liberty, and then she would become Mrs. Vanstone! Was the prospect enchanting? What if it meant life with a cynical, irritable invalid? for, alas! the truth was out, only yesterday Myles had admitted to her that he had not good health. It had weighed on her ever since, so much so that she had not the heart to have any one with her, having given orders to the servant to admit no one but Mr. Vanstone. For he had promised to come and lunch with her, and it was now four o'clock. What did he mean by keeping her waiting like this, without note or word of explanation? She rang the bell.

"I am at home to any one who calls," she said to the servant who answered her summons. Myles should be punished for his faithlessness. He detested most of her visitors: subalterns in the Guards; clerks in the Foreign Office or Treasury; smart men about town, "without an idea in their empty brains," as he would say when he had sat out one of the retinue that worshipped at her shrine. To-day there were several come for a last adieu of Sylvia, before her wings were clipped by "that surly fellow Myles Vanstone."

The tea came up and went down again, and still there was no Myles. Sylvia began to be seriously alarmed; something must have occurred, she had been so depressed all day; in one minute the talk and laughter languished, then fell altogether, and she was left alone. She looked at the clock; it was nearly seven. Just as she was leaving the room to dress for dinner the door-bell was violently rung.

"It must be Myles," she said, and ran out on the landing. But it was not Myles. John Loftus it was who was coming up the stairs, with a face so unusually grave that she knew something must have happened.

"Mrs. Gore," he said, going straight to the point, "Myles is ill, and therefore he could not come to you this afternoon. I went to see him, and found him

insensible in his chair. I brought him round, but of course he was not fit to come out, and I sent off at once for Sir Thomas Wood."

Mrs. Gore heaved a sigh of relief; when she had seen Mr. Loftus's face, she had expected him to say that Mr. Vanstone was dead.

"And what was Sir Thomas's opinion?"

"Myles will tell you all about it to-morrow," he answered kindly; "meanwhile, do not make yourself uneasy; he is quite himself again, and sitting up. He does not wish to see any visitors this evening, nor will he hear of any one waiting on him but that outlandish Chinese valet of his, who is an admirable servant."

"My poor dear old man!" exclaimed Sylvia; "I *am* sorry. To-morrow I will go and see him. Thanks so much, dear Mr. Loftus, for relieving my anxiety. I was on the verge of going off to Jermyn Street to find out what was the matter."

"You know I am always at your service, and so will Susan be to-morrow if you want her—as a chaperon, I mean. I"—with his eyes dancing with fun—"am a great stickler for the proprieties."

"So I perceive. I shall be delighted to see Mrs. Loftus if she will come with me to Jermyn Street."

"All right; I will send her," and so saying, the little man bade her adieu, and returned to his hansom, whilst Sylvia ascended the staircase to her bed-room.

What was she to think of her poor Myles? What indeed, but that the wedding would have to be put off—she would not say broken off—the few guests written to, the breakfast counter-ordered. It was very provoking, very tiresome, and she was a much-tried woman. Nevertheless, when she laid her *blond* head that night on her pillow, sleep fell almost instantly on her eyelids, and she slept like an infant till the dark dawn of a November day in London. It was past twelve o'clock the next morning when she and Mrs. Loftus found themselves in Jermyn Street to visit the invalid, Mrs. Gore exquisitely dressed, and looking her very best; Mrs. Loftus armed, as she always was, whatever her purpose, with a very shabby bag, containing her knitting, sundry tracts and pamphlets, and a much-creased newspaper, from which she would draw draughts of information at all kinds of ill-advised moments.

They were both surprised to find Myles up and about, and looking so much as usual that Sylvia irreverently called him "Mother Hubbard's dog," and said she believed he had been shamming the day before to avoid coming to see her. He took no notice of these pretty little witticisms, but turned to Mrs. Loftus, who had already mounted guard as chaperon, her kindly face troubled and perplexed as she turned over and over in her mind by what means she could warn Myles of his danger.

"Should you mind, Susan," he asked, without preamble, "leaving Sylvia and myself alone for half an hour? I have something important to say to her that only concerns our two selves."

"Not at all, not at all," nervously gazing with tactless compassion at his pale face and sunken eyes; "only, Myles, I hope—I do hope—that you will—you will"—here she looked helplessly at Mr. Vanstone, encountering a countenance ostentatiously expressive of attention—"I mean—I think you ought to know and see—no, I do not exactly mean that"—here she broke down altogether.

"In half an hour, then, Susan. Thank you; you see I treat you with no ceremony. I dare say I am not wrong in imagining you are sure to find something to do in this part of the town to occupy your time."

"Yes, I have plenty to do. There is a French family in Poland Street in whom I am much interested. Another time, Myles, I will give you their history. I half suspect they are Communists: the children are always singing the Marseillaise. And, Myles"—drawing closer, with benevolent anxiety written on every feature—"you will think, will you not, of what I have said?"

"I will, in so far as it lies in my power."

A minute afterwards she was gone, and Mrs. Gore and Mr. Vanstone were left to themselves.

"What a dear, good, stupid soul she is!" said Sylvia wearily, "and what a bore! What an escape we had of the family history of the French family who sing the Marseillaise! We have a good hour to ourselves, Myles, for she takes no count of time. What is it, dear, that you have to tell me so privately?"

He lay back in his chair, tired out with the effort of receiving her and Mrs. Loftus, and looking at her fixedly for a minute or two.

"You know all about yesterday?" he said at last.

"Not quite all. I know that John found you insensible, and sent for Sir Thomas Wood to you. I have not heard more than that."

"Those are the main facts. Well, Wood came, and what verdict do you think he pronounced on me?"

"I can't imagine, dear"—blanching visibly.

"Can't you? Well, as you are naturally reluctant to put the ugly truth into words, I will do it for you. He told me that I have not long to live: there is something wrong about my heart; I may go on for months, even years, but I must live by rule and measure, without any excitement. You are young, lively, fond of society; I am middle-aged, wearied out, and—a dying man. We were to have been married next Thursday, and, as far as I am concerned, I am only too willing to go through the ceremony still; it is for you to say whether it shall take place or not. Don't answer me now, but go home and think it over quietly. Whatever you decide, I shall abide by faithfully, and the world will only know that I have broken off our engagement on account of my precarious health. I have said my say, and now we will enjoy probably our last conversation together."

"Let me think," she answered, putting her hand before her bewildered eyes; "let me think, dear."

"Not now, nor here," he answered: "not until you are at home, and out of my sight. It is not fair to yourself that you should decide in my presence. Remember," with his satirical smile, "how many pros and cons there are to be ranged on either side, both in the present and future, and reflect on them fairly and alone."

"No," she answered; "now be it. In a quarter of an hour you shall have my decision."

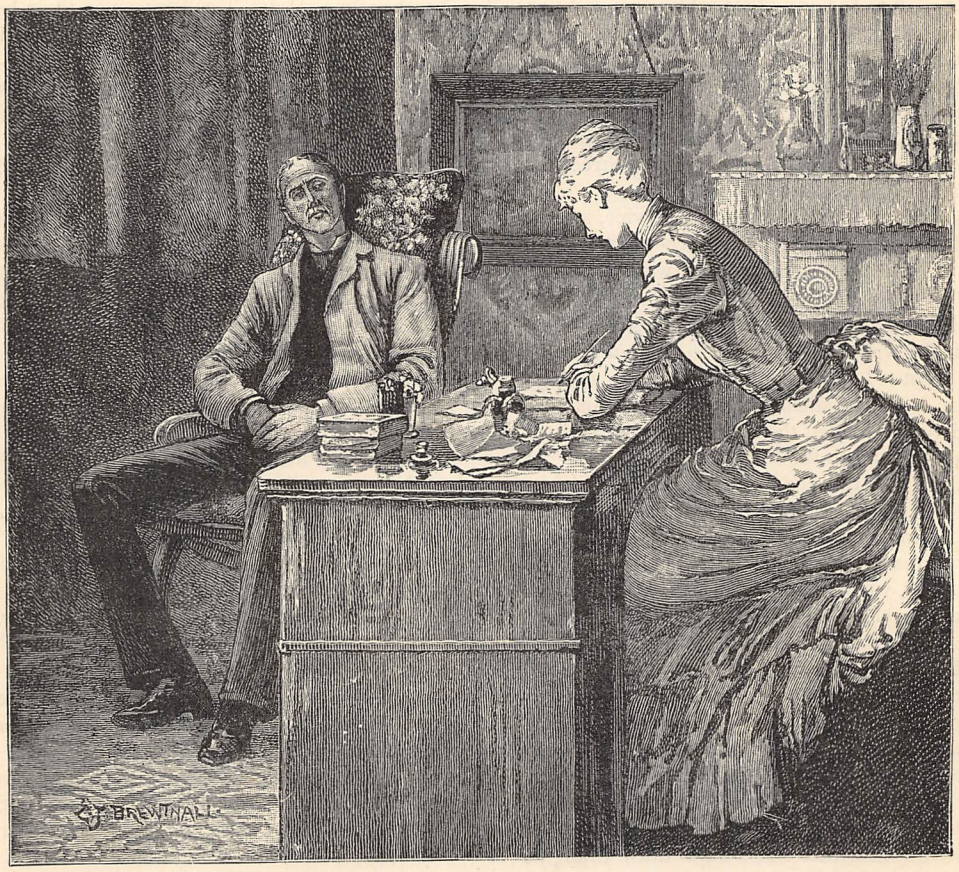
He smiled. He could not but be amused at her cold-bloodedness, but he was anxious too. He took up a newspaper, and began reading, while Sylvia ensconced herself in an arm-chair at the other end of the room, her blue eyes closed, her fair head supported on her hand—for there was indeed much to be considered, both now and hereafter: on the one hand, her present wretched poverty, as she termed her income of £1,000 a year, and liberty; on the other, position, wealth, a husband, and slavery. More than once she glanced at the thin handsome profile turned towards her, and sighed. She liked this man; he had fascinated her from the first moment that she caught sight of his tired-of-life face; she liked his money even better than himself, and yet what a life he offered her! Always, always to be tied to his side, or, if leave of absence were granted, the chance of finding him dead upon her return. It made her shudder. She loved sunshine and warmth; instinctively she shrank from cold, sick-rooms, and—death. To be twice called to be a widow! What a fate for her, of all people in the world!

Suddenly she remembered that Christabel would live with them: that she would be there to share the watching, whilst her stepmother might take advantage of her presence to go out from time to time, knowing that she was leaving her husband in good hands.

"*Apropos*," broke in Mr. Vanstone's voice on her meditations, "the diamonds have come home. If you will lift the lid of that secrétaire you will find them."

"Why did you not tell me before?" she cried; all expression of meditation fled from her countenance, to be replaced by a certain eager greed that was not so winning. The secrétaire was open by this time, and the purple velvet cases lay before her. Her breath came quick and short as she placed them on the table, opening case after case, till the glittering mass lay spread out before her—the famous Vanstone diamonds. She sat down to survey them at her leisure, a red spot of excitement on either cheek. In her fancy she arranged them round her throat, in her hair and ears, on her arms, her dress—never two days alike—those sweet sparkling gems, and as she looked her mind was made up. Would they look half as well on any one else?—surely not.

To do her justice, they blew her in the direction she was fain to go, for she liked—she called it loved—



"SEATING HERSELF AT THE WRITING-TABLE, PROCEEDED TO WRITE FROM HIS DICTATION" (*p.* 168).

Myles Vanstone ; and now she rose, with the prettiest half-shy air in the world, and approached his chair.

"Myles," she whispered, putting her hand on his arm.

He threw down the paper. "Well?"

"I have decided: which way do you think?"

"Children like glittering baubles," he said, glancing at the pretty baby face it pleased her to put on, and then at the diamonds; "and although my light is nearly snuffed out, still I leave a trail behind me."

"Oh, Myles, how satirical you are! Will you always be like that with me? I shall grow afraid of you, dear, unless you regulate your tongue, and learn not to discharge those barbed arrows."

"Never fear, my dear; you are quite able to take care of yourself. Well, then, it's all settled, and we go on as we began, and on Thursday you will become Mrs. Vanstone, and—the diamonds will be yours."

"Here is Susan," responded Mrs. Gore, conscious that none of her vacillations had escaped her future husband. "How punctual you are, my dear! Sit down and rest, and afterwards we will go to Valérie's, for Myles feels so much better that we are to be married on Thursday, after all."

"Married on Thursday!" gasped Susan; "then, Myles, I must tell you the truth, though it may be distasteful to you. You are very, very ill, and yet you are thinking of marriage!"

"How could I not think of marriage, seeing that my charming Sylvia is content to turn nurse to an invalid? My dear cousin, I know all you are longing to tell me; and as I am tired, and am expecting my doctor——"

"We will go," said Sylvia promptly, "and leave this poor thing alone. Come, Susan; I have oceans of business to do, and must be off. Good-bye, my dear one."

"Good-bye, sweet Sylvia; you will find, after all, that you have not made a bad bargain"—this *sotto voce*. "Good-bye, Susan, and many thanks for your kindness;" then as the door closed behind them, throwing himself back in his chair, "Ah, Sybil!" he exclaimed, "what a nurse *you* would have been!"

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

IT is the end of March in London. The east winds blow cuttingly cold round the corners of the streets; the dust rises and swirls in white blinding eddies, in spite of unusual activity on the part of the water-carts; women sit shivering with their baskets of golden daffodils; and in park and square the tiny green leaves rustle in the blast, repenting them of their temerity in so early showing their heads in so unkind a world.

In Mrs. Vanstone's drawing-room in Mayfair, Christabel sits warming her hands by the fire, thinking of the Abbey, of its wealth of primroses, and sighs.

She has been in London four months now, and has not as yet grown accustomed to it. After the space, the fresh air at Vanstone, the doll's house in Mayfair —as Mrs. Vanstone calls her abode—is to her poky to a degree, and she longs for that hour to come when they return to Vanstone, for her father to enjoy the summer evenings in his own beautiful garden.

The very day they were married he and his wife had retired to her house, and there they had stayed ever since. Christabel has been with them from the first, and has been told the truth in a guarded form as to her father's health. To her young and undimmed eyes it seems as clear as daylight that he must never be left—that he must be watched and tended by herself and her stepmother with unceasing vigilance. They have all fallen into their places without trouble, Myles the central object, Mrs. Vanstone and Christabel his satellites. He plays the part with the grace that has made him, from his birth, adored by his womankind, learning by degrees that there is a good deal of his poor Sybil in the daughter she has left behind: something of the same self-abnegation, of the same honesty of thought and purpose, together with a joyous love of fun that Sybil had never possessed.

This afternoon he has been out driving with his wife, and Christabel has been revelling in a talk with her dear Miss Reynolds, who, on leaving the Abbey, had obtained a situation in London. She has been gone half an hour now, and the girl has been dawdling about her bed-room, a little bit of a square space at the top of the house, looking out on an agreeable vista of the back rooms of the houses of the next street—a great contrast to her large apartment at Vanstone. Here, instead of on the view over the valley, her eyes rest inquisitively on the room opposite—like hers, occupied by a girl. She has grown to know that girl's face well, with its frame of tangled hair, its large mournful eyes, and thick sallow complexion, and has settled in her own mind that she is the governess to the ugly red-headed childen whom she sees sometimes looking out of the window, and pea-shooting the sparrows.

Down in the drawing-room now, she is awaiting her father's return from his drive, and as the door-bell rings she hurries down-stairs to be ready for him in his own sitting-room on the ground-floor. As he comes into the room, she sees at once that something has disturbed him. His eyes are bright and angry, his mouth is tightened, as he silently sits down to read some letters he has found in the hall. She makes and hands him his tea, and whilst sipping his favourite beverage, his eyes rest on her.

How very pretty she is! London has already taken off the haze of rusticity he noticed at Vanstone, has stripped off all effects of tan and weather, and left her a tall slim girl, with a wealth of golden hair, a clear creamy skin, and a pair of sweet starry eyes. And with all this beauty she will have a large fortune, marking her as a prey to sharks, of whom the chiefest are Grenville Vanstone and his tribe.

These reflections had all been caused by a sight which had been near to bringing about a fatal result, so violently had it excited him.

Driving along Bond Street, his attention had been arrested by the sight of two men walking together on the pavement, the one grey-haired, the other in the prime of life. Well he knew the older face, with its

false smile, but his younger companion he could not remember to have seen before, only he recognised him as Grenville Vanstone's son from the unmistakable figure and gait. But what astonished him was not the fact of seeing them, but that whilst he was looking in front of him, and cutting his kinsman dead, the younger man's hat was raised, and Sylvia was returning the bow. Myles faced round to his wife, and for the first time she saw what his wrath could be.

"How dare you bow to that fellow!" he exclaimed. "Do you know who he is?"

"Perfectly," she answered. "He is Captain Vanstone, your cousin and my friend."

"You have the boldness to tell me that that scoundrel is your friend!"

"I have," she responded, smiling; "and I do not know why you call him a scoundrel."

"Because he and all his race are scoundrels. Now listen to me, Sylvia"—trying to calm himself—"I do not know how you became accquainted with that man, but one thing I forbid, and that is that you should continue to know him. If he has the impertinence to bow to you again, cut him as dead as I cut his father to-day."

"But, Myles, I knew him well at Simla. He came up there to recover an attack of fever, and poor Charlie was very fond of him. How can I cut him?"

"In the same way as any other objectionable acquaintance. I will have no dealings with the Grenville Vanstones; they are one and all bad."

"But he is not bad; on the contrary, he is very nice: rather strict and particular, and all that kind of thing. I am confident he is not bad."

"Be that as it may, I do not choose that any member of my family should know any member of Grenville Vanstone's. All I can tell you is that if I had a son, and he were to disobey me in this matter, I would cut him off with a shilling." Mrs. Vanstone understood the covert threat conveyed in these words, and began to think that prudence would be the better part of valour. She put her hand lightly on her husband's arm; he was quivering with excitement.

"Dear Myles," she said, "please do not excite yourself so unnecessarily."

"Will you give me your promise, Sylvia?"

"Yes, dear, if you will only calm yourself—you frighten me."

"I am afraid I have been too violent; pardon me, my dear, if I spoke roughly to you"—sinking back white and nerveless into the cushions—"but I feel so strongly on this subject, it always excites me. You will give me your word, and then I shall be satisfied."

"I promise, Myles," she answered. "I would promise a great deal more for you, dear."

He smiled faintly. "Tell the coachman to drive home," he said; "Grenville Vanstone has done for me to-day. Some time, Sylvia, when I am equal to it, I will tell you a few anecdotes of that family, and then you will not wonder there is war to the knife between us."

In silence they drove home, and Myles descended from the carriage, whilst Mrs. Vanstone proceeded on her way to a series of visits.

He was very thoughtful all the time he was drinking his tea, whilst Christabel sat opposite him, nervously anxious at his ashy pallor.

"Won't you lie down, father?" she asked.

"Lie down?" he answered absently; "yes, I will;" and then he relapsed into silence again, whilst Christabel arranged his sofa-cushions. After that he lay so still and motionless that she grew frightened; the silence oppressed her, and she longed that Mrs. Vanstone should come home. Suddenly he spoke again.

"Have you ever heard of Grenville Vanstone, Christabel?" he asked; and she started at the question, so foreign to what she fancied he was about to say.

"Yes; he came down to the Abbey once, and asked me for your address; and then I heard you and Cousin Susan talking about him the day I came home."

"You know him by sight, then?"

"Yes, I am sure I should recognise him again, particularly if he smiled."

"Ay, that is the man. If ever you meet him, and he bows to you, take no more notice of him than you would of a stranger. He is a—a—blackguard."

"Yes, father. I did not like his face: he looked so hungry."

"Greedy you mean. He has a son—ah! never mind about him—only remember, always remember, Christabel, that I wish you never to have any dealings with any member, male or female, of Grenville Vanstone's family. They are all bad—to the core—not fit acquaintances for any woman, much less for a young girl like yourself. When I am dead you will have a great deal of money; pretty, rich, and very young, do you know what your fate will be? You will be married for your money, if you don't take care."

"Then I won't marry at all."

"Don't say that, for you will; and it is a pity to break good resolutions. But be careful whom you marry, and give a wide berth to adventurers."

"All men are not bad, are they, father?"

"No, I did not say that."

"Then might there not be some—some one—who might like me myself? I mean if I did marry."

"Then you have already changed your mind as to celibacy. You are a true woman."

"What I mean, father, is that I would not be married for my money, but—you see the difference, don't you, dear?"

"I see the difference very plainly, but I very much doubt if you will when it comes to the time. However, so it will be, and you must look after yourself, remembering that I have warned you, and I cannot do more. By the way, what was that story that worthy Miss Reynolds poured into my inattentive ears one day at Vanstone: something about rocks, high tide, and a young man?"

"I will tell you," responded Christabel, settling down to a confidential narrative, and only too thankful to get away from the subject of her eventual riches and the dread contingency involved in it. "It was the day before we came home, the very day we received your letter, and it was very hot, intensely hot——"

"Never mind details; go straight to the point."

"But this is a very important detail, for the heat

sent both Miss Reynolds and myself fast asleep on the rocks, and——"

"Don't trouble yourself; I understand all the rest: a very old story—tide comes up, and with it a gallant rescuer. Am I not right?"

"Quite right; but seriously, father, we might have been drowned."

"Of course you might, but you were not. And who was the young man? A grocer's boy from Cranmoor, or a fisherman native?"

"Neither; he was a gentleman."

"You are positive of that?"

"Quite positive; but"—rather crestfallen—"we never found out his name, although he had tea with us."

"Had tea with you?"

"Yes; he was wet through, so we asked him to have some tea; and, oh! father, I forgot that he said he had been in India, and had seen you there."

"And you don't know his name? I could never have believed that two women would have shown such an extraordinary lack of curiosity."

"It was very stupid of us, but we did not like to say, 'What is your name?' and he never offered to tell it to us. It was too bad of him, for we told him ours."

"Rather a clever fellow"—wearily. "I'll lay a wager he took you first off the rocks."

"No," cried Christabel triumphantly, "he did not; he took Rennie—and came back for me so quickly!" she added musingly.

But her father did not heed her; he was already tired of the subject, and his thoughts had reverted to Grenville Vanstone and the will that had yet to be made, whereby that gentleman was to be routed as far as it lay in his power to rout him.

By this time the dressing-bell had rung, and Mrs. Vanstone had just come home. She came into the room, all smiles.

"Well, dear"—going up to Myles—"what have you and Chris been doing?"

"Nothing," he answered curtly.

"Well, Chris," turning to the girl, "now we must go and dress; the bell has rung;" and Mrs. Vanstone tripped up-stairs as lightly as if she had not had a care in the world.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE OTHER BRANCH OF THE FAMILY.

If any one had been asked the question as to who would survive the other of the two distant cousins, Myles and Grenville Vanstone, and seen the two men standing before them, no one would have hesitated to say that Grenville Vanstone would live many years after Myles had been laid in the family vault.

Yet the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; for Myles, with the waxen complexion and the unnaturally light grey eyes, was still sitting in his arm-chair at the Abbey when his arch-enemy had been dead and buried some weeks.

The news had reached him in a formal communication from the dead man's lawyers, notifying the fact as briefly as possible, and mentioning that he left three sons, the eldest of whom was an adjutant in the Artillery. How the hale, vigorous man, who but a short time before had been hunting in Leicestershire, had come by his death they did not say; but Mrs. Loftus supplied the missing information, and wrote four illegible sheets full of the details of her distant kinsman's last moments.

He had been knocked down by a cab one night when walking home from his club, the fog being so dense that it was unsafe to drive, and had been conveyed insensible to Green Street, to poor Agatha, whose one idea had been to telegraph to Piers.

But even before Piers could arrive Mrs. Loftus was at the house—having heard the news through her housemaid, who was Foster's niece—and, putting aside all recollection of the feud that raged between the two branches of the family, had proffered her assistance, which had been most gratefully accepted. For although in all practical matters she was but rather a broken reed to lean upon, none the less was her ready sympathy welcome to poor bewildered Agatha, ignorant of even the best doctor to send for, or where to procure a nurse. So when Piers, arriving in London as soon as he could after receipt of the telegram, reached Green Street, he found good Cousin Susan installed there as had she been their intimate relation all her life, the doctor in the house, and the father, whose mocking tongue had made them all tremble, silent and death-like. There was no hope from the first, said the surgeon who had been summoned, the internal injuries were too severe; he might linger some weeks, but there was very little that could be done.

It was no small relief to Piers when Mrs. Loftus proposed to take away the children to her own house, and he and Agatha were left to watch the invalid in the silence that settled down on the house when the four noisy tongues had departed.

How those long silent days drew the brother and sister ever nearer together, deepening the absolute adoration Agatha felt for Piers, whilst drawing out all her own best qualities, till he in his turn began to look to her as she had hitherto done to him! It was an anxious time to them both, for, all unknown to each other, the same terrible thought was oppressing them: the awfulness of death to such a man as Grenville Vanstone; and through the long watching the seriousness of life was borne in on Agatha as it had been many years ago on her brother.

The end came very gently and peacefully, and the two could rejoice to know that there had been signs of real penitence for the long-misspent years and talents; but their father could not talk much, and it was more by signs and indications that they could tell that at the end of his life his conscience had awakened, and that he felt something like a father towards them.

Every day Mrs. Loftus would come, and, as it happened, it was usually Piers whom she saw. She was not a clever woman, but she was a good one, and she recognised in him a very different man to his father. The daily interviews established a link between the cousins never to be broken, and when the last had come, and Grenville was buried, it was Mrs. Loftus who solved Piers' difficulties for him, and took Agatha,

in addition to the four children, to stay with her until something should be decided about them.

Good-natured, easy-going Mr. Loftus made no objection. When he had married Miss Vanstone, almost old enough to be his mother, he had made up his mind that, as she brought him freedom from debt, affluence, and affection, so, as far as it was within the limits of common sense, she should do as she liked with her own. So when one day she returned to Queen's Gate, accompanied by four children, he merely shrugged his shoulders, and said nothing beyond that they were as plain a set as ever he wished to see, thankful they were at any rate of gentle birth, and not little street Arabs, who might have had an eye to his forks and spoons. With Grenville's death came Agatha to join the party, whilst Piers looked into his father's affairs, and learnt how these children's lawful inheritance had been gambled away. Out of the large fortune Agatha Thornton had brought her husband there were left but a few thousands, the interest of which would be barely sufficient to pay for their education; yet even for this crumb from the loaf Piers was thankful, and without any delay Myles and Grenville were sent to school, as also Clare and Helen, whilst Agatha, at Mrs. Loftus' request, stayed with her.

Before Grenville Vanstone had been dead six weeks all was said and done, and Agatha found herself an inmate of Mrs. Loftus' house, separated from her brothers and sisters, but with Piers' care cropping up in long letters, and in the provision of masters and mistresses, so that she, too, should have her share in the polishing and educating that was to take the place of indifference and neglect. From henceforth she had one ruling passion: for her the world began and ended with Piers; and reserved, mistrustful of herself as she was, she became eloquent, almost pretty, when he was her theme.

But Mrs. Loftus was not to take this step without incurring some obloquy, although that not from her husband. And first there was a letter from Myles, written from his invalid-chair, wherein, after expressing his horror of interference, he begged her to re-consider her decision, and before she introduced any member of such a "brood" into her household, to pause and reflect. "Remember," he added, "that for three generations we know no good of that family."

As an answer to this emphatic epistle, she sat down to write one of those letters which were a terror to her relations, in that her penmanship more nearly resembled a fly crawling over the paper than anything else. A fly which crawls over five sheets is no joke, and so thought Christabel as she sat by her father's side, and puckered her eyebrows over the impossible task of deciphering her cousin's hieroglyphics.

Myles had grown quite into the invalid, seldom stirring from his arm-chair, except now and then for a very short drive. During these long silent months he had learnt—what, by the way, he surely must have known—that his wife was a pretty butterfly, made to wear gorgeous apparel, to revel in warmth, beauty, and sunshine, and as long as all this lasted, to be lovely and charming; but that his daughter was a different creature altogether: bright, with a brightness that defied circumstances, she could face a north wind as well as a south, and was not to be nipped by a touch of frost—till her father learnt to love her presence, keeping her ever at his side, whilst Mrs. Vanstone, shivering in this "dismal country," as she called the Abbey, was free to come and go as she pleased.

On this morning in question she had her work cut out for her in the deciphering of Mrs. Loftus' letter, whilst Mrs. Vanstone dawdled away in her bed-room, trying one toilette after another for the benefit of the Kirby Hayes lawyer, who was coming to lunch.

"Suppose you read the letter to yourself, child, and give me a digest of it," said Myles, in his low voice, from whence all the tune had departed.

"That would be difficult, father; it is nothing but excuses for having Agatha there. Don't you think it is very kind and dear of Cousin Susan?"

"Don't ask questions, but go on with the letter."

Christabel took up the document once more, prepared to grapple with its contents, and this time she was more successful. She began to be accustomed to its burden, "John says," and when she came to the part about Piers she became quite fluent.

"'I cannot tell you how much I am interested in the young man," wrote Mrs. Loftus. "He is a Vanstone, with eyes like yours, altogether reminding me of you, although at the same time unlike. John says he is very good-looking, but I never pretend to understand that kind of thing; I look to the heart, and his, I am positive"—three times underlined—"is a good one."

"Don't go on, Christabel; there is no doubt that our good Susan has been thoroughly taken in by a good-looking young man, in spite of her not understanding that kind of thing. Women are all alike: let a man have a moderate amount of good looks and an immoderate amount of impudence, and they will believe anything he tells them. It was always the case with Grenville Vanstone, of whom his son appears to be an able representative. Nevertheless, my young gentleman shall not have a chance of trying his hand on my credulity, for if I can help it I will not set eyes on him, although"—with a sneer—"he is my heir here."

"Shan't I finish the letter, father? there is a very little bit more."

"Not another word. It is the same thing over and over again. I know Susan of old. Now then, fetch the blotting-book, and write as I dictate to you."

Christabel did as she was bid, and seating herself at the writing-table, proceeded to write from his dictation.

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I am sorry to tell you that not one word of your long letter to me this morning can I read. Christabel has kindly taken the task of deciphering it on herself, but even her young eyes are hardly up to the work; yet I take it the epistle is intended to convey that Grenville Vanstone's family possess all those graces of mind and body for which he was so famous. With all my heart, provided I am not called upon to prove them. Meanwhile, may I remind you of the old fable about warming a snake in your bosom? The sequel is well known to you. I am glad Miss Vanstone is so helpful to you; can you not use her, as I do Christabel, as your amanuensis? Remember me to John, and take care of him. Such a husband is not to be had every day.

"Your nearly worn-out Cousin,

"MYLES VANSTONE."

The postscript he insisted on inserting in his own handwriting:—

"P.S.—My hour-glass is very nearly run out, and then the good-looking young man with the excellent heart will succeed to my inheritance. May he find it a satisfaction to him!"

"Father, is this not very, very severe—particularly the part about the amanuensis?" asked Christabel, smiling nevertheless.

Now you must go; I hear Mr. Fox's wheels. I have business with him, and must not be disturbed."

Christabel rose at once, and left the room. Involuntarily she turned her steps to the yew avenue, a spot dedicated by her to meditation. One of the world's problems was puzzling her just now: the Grenville Vanstones and their hereditary badness. The subject interested her in a manner for which she could not

"ALL THE FEATHERED DARLINGS CAME CIRCLING ABOUT HER" (*p.* 170).

"Do as you are bid, child," he responded; then suddenly, as she was folding the letter—

"Do you remember what I told you in London about the Grenville Vanstones?" he asked.

"Yes, quite well."

"That you were never to have anything to do with them. Now, Susan, by her folly, has rendered this almost impossible. I cannot ask you to quarrel with her, and yet if, in days to come, you see anything of her, there also will be the Vanstone brood. But remember what I tell you: give them a wide berth; do not believe in one of them; they are all bad!"

"All of them, father?"

"Yes; it is in their blood; they have been so for generations; and sooner or later Susan will find it out.

account; instead of repelling her, this curse—for so it seemed to her—won her utmost pity. To be born bad, generation after generation, without any hope of, or striving after, goodness—it seemed impossible—God could not be so cruel, so unjust. Her reason rebelled against such an idea, which made goodness or badness almost involuntary, a mere accident of birth; and yet father had said so. All these Vanstones had had mothers, who could not all also have been bad—were their virtues all submerged in the Vanstone vices? Surely not. Her heart went out to kind Cousin Susan for her large-hearted charity. She knew these Vanstones, and had written in their favour. Yet father, who must know, had said that she had been deceived, and that they were indeed all worse than bad—wicked.

She would summon up her courage some day when the topic cropped up again, and put her problem fairly before him. For the present, she would go home again now, for somehow she did not like to be long out of the house to-day.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THE SETTING SUN.

MR. FOX had finished his business with Mr. Vanstone, and was eating his luncheon with Mrs. Vanstone, Christabel, and Mr. Oakes, the agent for the estate, in the octagon room used as a dining-room when the party was small. Myles was not there; he was very tired after his interview with the lawyer, and was languidly eating his lunch in his own sitting-room, reflecting the while on the will he had only finally made last week, and which to-day he had entrusted, all duly signed and sealed, to Mr. Fox's safe keeping. Alone he had made it, confidently trusting in his own legal powers—of which he possessed but a very moderate share—to frame a document which should prove a very miracle of ingenuity; and now, in a few hours, come what might, it would be lodged in Mr. Fox's office.

"It is really done with at last," he murmured to himself, with a weary sigh of relief, "and I flatter myself I have provided against all contingencies. In so far as I have reckoned on woman's love of money, I think I have done well; yet all women are not rapacious—my poor Sybil, for instance; but"—and his eye gleamed brightly for a second—"all the Grenville Vanstones are; so I have made it safe on their side, at all events; and that is pretty well all that I care about: at any rate, they will not get the money."

Through the door came the faint echo of his wife's laugh, the clear silvery laugh of a child.

"She is happy to-day," he thought; "she has two fresh faces there."

Yes, Mrs. Vanstone was in good spirits to-day; she had, as her husband justly reflected, two men to admire her, and for their benefit she had put on a costume lately arrived from Paris, which threw out the *mignon* figure to perfection, and had smoothed the discontented wrinkles from her narrow forehead, and softened the fretful tones to their old sweetness. Mr. Fox and Mr. Oakes both thought her charming, little guessing that she was in a suppressed fever of excitement, which she had some difficulty in concealing. She was convinced that something—to her a very great something—had happened to-day; that Mr. Fox bore about him a portentous document which would colour her whole after-life: in short, that to-day Myles had signed his final will. Every word the lawyer uttered she tried to dissect, if she might but find in it the faintest reflection of what the future would bring forth for her, but there was absolutely nothing to be made of him; so at length she rose from the luncheon-table, and whilst Mr. Oakes and Christabel went to her husband, she took Mr. Fox into the garden to show him her pigeons and chrysanthemums.

But hardly had they reached the grass plot, with its background of old, grey, ivy-covered wall, where on occasions she was wont to feed her favourites, than Christabel came running along the path, and all the feathered darlings came circling about her, alighting on shoulder, arm, and even head. Mrs. Vanstone frowned; how tiresome of Christabel to arrive at this moment, when she had Mr. Fox all to herself, and might by luck discover—What? Nothing. But her stepdaughter was too pre-occupied to notice the frown.

"Mamma," she said, "I do not think father ought to see Mr. Oakes to-day; he seems so tired. I am sure he is not up to business."

Mrs. Vanstone turned to Mr. Fox. "Ah!" she cried, "you are the culprit; it is you who have tired my poor husband with your deeds and parchments. Seriously, though, I do trust he did not excite or exert himself unduly this morning;" and she looked at him as though to compel him to give her the morning's performance. But Mr. Fox showed no signs of embarrassment or confusion.

"Not at all," he answered, "not at all. Mr. Vanstone was perfectly calm; there was no excitement, none whatever. And now I must really be going; remember, I have fourteen miles before me. I had no idea it was so late: time passes quickly in your company."

Mrs. Vanstone smiled and held out her hand, then, as soon as his back was turned—

"Tiresome man!" she murmured, "how thankful I am he is gone! Now, Chris, to get rid of Mr. Oakes."

That was not difficult as far as Mr. Oakes was concerned. At the very first word from Sylvia to her husband he rose to take his departure. Myles held out his thin transparent hand to him.

"Good-bye," he said feebly; "next week I will talk over this matter with you. To-day I feel I must give in; I am not up to it."

As the door closed behind him, Mrs. Vanstone came up to her husband and kissed him.

"My love," she said, "how thankful I am that those men are gone! They have been a great deal too much for you. You should not have let that dismal old Fox come and worry you with your affairs. I am quite certain you could have put off your business this morning till you were feeling better; could not you?"

He smiled faintly, and let his keen though sunken grey eyes rest on her countenance, where the eager light of curiosity was but thinly veiled under an expression of wifely concern.

"True," he answered, "I could have done so."

"Then it was as I thought, of no consequence: eh, dear?"

"You are sure to be right, Sylvia. So you found old Fox very uninteresting, did you?"

"Dreadfully uninteresting! He was just beginning to wake up over my pigeons when——"

"So the pigeon-feeding went on to-day, did it? I should have thought that Fox was hardly worth the trouble."

Mrs. Vanstone either did not or would not see the irony of the words.

"I was going to say, only you interrupted me, that the feeding did not take place, as I was called away.

And now Chris, child, you go out; I am going to devote myself to my hubby this afternoon, for he must have no crabbed, unintelligible books in English, German, or any other language, read to him, but must be contented with his poor little wife, who is not clever or educated up to the modern standard, but who can, I dare say, manage to wile away the afternoon for him: eh, Myles?"

There was no answer. With his head leaning on his hand, Myles sat buried in thought. It seemed as though Sylvia's words, the disguised eagerness of her interrogations, had awakened some fresh train of reflections in his mind, for as Christabel gently kissed him on the forehead previous to going out, he looked up at her with a new anxiety depicted in his face, although his words were studiedly careless.

"Bring me my writing materials before you go," he said. "I must write a short note myself, which you had better post in the village; and if you are going to the vicarage, ask Forbes to come down and have a game of chess this evening, will you? He has not been here for three days."

Christabel promised, and went up-stairs to dress. When she came down, she found the note she was to post lying on the slab outside the sitting-room. It was addressed to F. Fox, Esq., and without giving it a moment's thought, she slipped it into her pocket, and in another five minutes was busily gathering flowers for the old vicar, Mr. Forbes. It was her prerogative of many years' standing to keep his bachelor rooms supplied with the best the Abbey could yield, arranged by her own pretty hands. She made her way to the vicarage, with her basket full of hothouse flowers and grapes, and finding Mr. Forbes in his garden, gave him her father's message.

"I will come back with you now, my dear," he said, "and encounter Mr. Vanstone at chess during the dark hour. Meanwhile, tell me all you have been doing these two days that I have actually not seen your dear little face."

"I have been very busy with father nearly the whole time, writing a good deal for him. I am afraid he has rather overdone himself; he looks so terribly ill today. I hope the chess will do him good."

They were walking towards the Abbey now—Christabel had dropped her father's note into the post-box; the sun had gone in, and the sky was full of black lowering clouds; a cold breeze had sprung up, the last red and gold leaves from the trees were swirling about in the fading light, and Christabel shivered as she pursued her way in silence. Mr. Forbes, too, was silent; a chill seemed to have fallen on both of them: on the girl a nameless fear of she knew not what.

She entered the house, walking upon tiptoe, Mr. Forbes following her equally gently, till they reached the door of Mr. Vanstone's sitting-room. Here she knocked, but there was no answering "Come in," and she turned to her companion with wide-dilated eyes of terror.

"Mamma was with him when I went out," she whispered, as though afraid of the sound of her own voice; "she cannot have left him alone."

"Let us go in," answered Mr. Forbes, at a loss to account for her dread look, as he gently turned the handle of the door and entered.

The small oak-panelled room, with its deep window-seats, was at all times dark; the short November afternoon was drawing to a close, and the black clouds that swept the sky had obscured the fast-fading light. The fire that burnt in the grate was throwing up little flickering tongues of flame, that gleamed fitfully on the faces of the two occupants of the room: on Sylvia's golden hair and blue-veined eyelids, closed in a deep sleep, as she lay nestled in a lounging-chair, with a smile parting her red lips, and her breath coming and going calmly as an infant's—on Myles' dead white face, thrown backwards; the tired grey eyes, open and fixed, sunk deep into his head, the chiselled satirical lips just parted; the marble-white hand resting on his knee.

Mr. Forbes took it all in as he stood beside the screen that shaded the door, whilst he barred the passage to Christabel's further ingress. Myles Vanstone had died this afternoon in his arm-chair, whilst his wife, not two yards from him, slept on, all unconscious that she was a second time a widow.

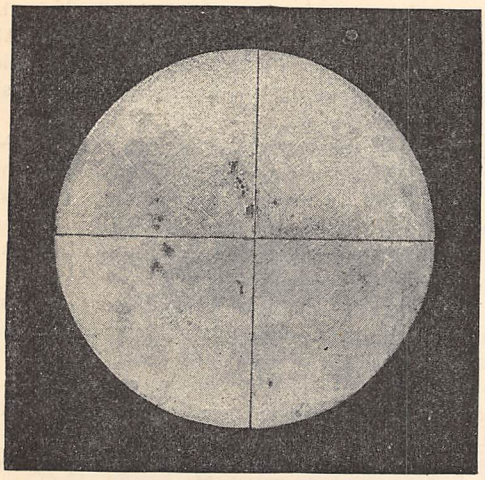
END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THE HUMOURS OF THE SUN.

OUR knowledge of the sun at the present time may be conveniently divided into three sections. First, we have the general condition of the main body of the sun itself, and more particularly its surface—that part which is ordinarily visible to us, and emits the heat and light that render the earth a fit abode for organic beings. Secondly, we have a layer of cooler gases lying above the visible surface, the existence of which has been revealed by the spectroscope. Lastly, there is the Solar Corona that has been observed during total eclipses, extending for a considerable distance away from the sun's surface, and which, in the present state of scientific knowledge, we are probably justified in regarding as the sun's outer atmosphere.

Our knowledge of the sun's visible surface begins with the discovery of the telescope, and the day when Galileo commenced to make systematic observations of certain dark spots on the surface of what was in his day regarded as the type and quintessence of purity. Yet Galileo was not the first, after all, to see these spots. The early records of the Chinese bear testimony that men had noticed them in much earlier

times than the beginning of the seventeenth century; and it is highly probable, therefore, that other peoples had seen them as well; for in our own days, and in London, when fog partially obscures the sun, spots,



THE SUN, SHOWING THE COMPARATIVE SIZE OF SPOTS.
(*From a Photograph taken by the Greenwich Photoheliograph.*)

if they happen to be moderately large, may be seen by the naked eye.

Very small spots on the sun may be seen through instruments of the most modest pretensions. It is only necessary to place a piece of dark or smoked glass in front of the eye-pieces of a small opera-glass, when the spots are readily seen; and for the expenditure of a few guineas telescopes may nowadays be obtained superior to that with which Galileo made his observations—observations which modern discovery has been able to extend, but not to falsify. In small astronomical instruments of the best class, the appearance of the sun's disc, and more particularly the dark spots on it, affords a sight well worthy of prolonged and careful contemplation. The sun no longer appears as a disc of even brightness: its whole surface seems broken up into a series of mottlings, which observers have attempted to describe by the name of willow-leaves, granules, &c.; the outer portions of the dark spots seem to share in this mottling, and tongues of brilliant white are sometimes to be seen extending right over the black centre of a spot; and, in contrast to the dark spots, and most frequently near them, bright patches or spots appear.

First of all, let us see what this granulation is like. Is it a fixed and permanent phenomenon, or does it undergo any change?

One observer not only likened the mottled appearance to that of willow-leaves overlaying and interlapping with one another, but even went so far as to assert that the granular appearance of the sun must be due to huge flakes or scales of that shape, and having some sort of solidity. Another observer considered them due to bodies shaped more like bits of straw, and resembling a rough thatching when they were drawn out in the neighbourhood of a spot. Another astronomer likened them to clouds, having no definite shape. Permanent solid matter, with a fibrous texture that enabled it to gather together in flocks, was the opinion of another. Similar to this was the opinion that it was due to a flocculent precipitate of solid particles. From the foregoing descriptions it will be seen that even the appearance was not at all easy to describe, apart from the difficulty of attempting to account for it. The accompanying illustration, reproduced from an actual photograph, will show what it is like. Eye-observers all agreed, however, that the granularity of the sun's surface was always changing, and photography confirmed them in their observations. To M. Janssen, of the Meudon Observatory, is due the honour of first accomplishing the difficult task of photographing this phenomenon, and successive photographs, with but a very short interval elapsing between the times when they were taken, showed that most rapid and complete changes were continually taking place.

Now let us look at a dark spot. It is seen that the spot has a fairly well-defined outline, and that its blackness increases towards the centre. This increase in blackness is not by any means gradual; the spot is divided into three distinct portions. The outside portion, only moderately dark, is called the *penumbra*, or partial shadow; then comes the darker *umbra*, or shadow; and lastly, the innermost and darkest portion of all, which is called the *nucleus*. The penumbra possesses a large amount of "structure." The bright granules are long, and radiate roughly towards the centre, and most frequently have a curved appearance,

A SUN-SPOT. (*From a Drawing by Secchi.*)

which suggests that the material of which they are composed is under the influence of some rotary mo-

tion ; that they are being whirled round by a cyclone. Very often, again, these bright elongated granules project into the umbra and nucleus, and are sometimes seen stretching across from one side of a spot to the other, like a bridge spanning a chasm. Continued observation will demonstrate that the cyclonic motion is real, and not imaginary, and that some force is at work changing the shape of the granules, or "straws," breaking up a bright bridge, or forming a new one.

Some spots appear to be less active than others, but some hours spent in watching one of the more active ones is sufficient to convince us of the movement going on, and to impart a suspicion that the spot must be hollow. A glance at a photograph of the sun's surface, as in the illustration already referred to, tells us, moreover, that motion is going on in other parts of the sun as well as in the neighbourhood of spots. Some of the granules come up sharp and distinct in the photograph ; others are blurred as if they were moving too quickly for the camera to depict them in their flight. Moreover, in some parts, the cyclonic or rotary motion is plainly discernible.

It has been mentioned that the observation of a sun-spot conveys the impression that it is a hollow. Such is actually the case. Watch a sun-spot for several days as it passes along the sun's disc, and finally disappears round the edge as the sun revolves. Assuming that the spot is a circular one, it will be noticed that, when in the centre of the sun, it appears as a black spot surrounded by a circle of half-tone. As the sun revolves, and instead of a front view, we get an oblique one of the spot, it becomes more and more elliptical ; but instead of the different parts of the spot being apparently narrowed equally, it is found that one side of the penumbra narrows more quickly than the other, and goes out of sight first.

The effect can be very well illustrated by placing a tea-cup or flat-bottomed basin on the table, and looking vertically down upon it ; in this position the sides of the basin or tea-cup, representing the penumbra, will appear as a flat ring round the bottom of the cup representing the umbra. If the cup be pushed away from the observer, that side of the interior nearest the eye will disappear first, then the bottom, and lastly the side that is farthest from and opposite the eye. This is exactly what takes place in reference to a spot, and was first pointed out by Dr. Wilson in 1774. Dr. Wilson, however, regarded a sun-spot as the dark body (as he believed it) of the sun appearing through the hollow, a view which we now know to be incorrect; but the significant fact that the spot is a hollow or chasm remains. Many of these great chasms are large enough in area to take in the earth we live on ; what their depth may be we have no means of ascertaining. Dark as they may appear in contrast with the bright body of the sun, it must not be forgotten, as Galileo so long ago pointed out, that they are in reality brighter than the moon.

To obtain an idea of their probable nature and function, it is necessary to consider in what state the sun, as a whole, exists. It is only natural to expect that a body which emits light and warmth should itself be

THE SURFACE OF THE SUN, SHOWING THE MOTTLING.

intensely hot. This was the idea that prevailed in the time of the ancients, and has prevailed through most ages. We need not go back so much as a hundred years, however, to find an idea prevailing amongst scientific men that the main body of the sun was comparatively cool, and possibly even habitable. That this notion was wrong, and the older ideas were right, so far as great heat was concerned, modern research has established beyond a doubt, chiefly by the aid of the spectroscope. So hot, indeed, is the sun that it is generally considered to be in a gaseous state ; in spite of the immense pressure to which the mass of vapour is subjected by its own attraction of gravitation, the heat is probably too great to permit of its assuming a liquid or solid form. This heat we know it is continually radiating through space in all directions ; why, then, should not its surface become appreciably cooler —by what means is the radiation of light and heat kept up? There is every reason to believe that the answer to this question is intimately associated with the question as to the nature of sun-spots.

Our telescopes, aided by photography, have told us that motion is taking place all over the sun's sur-

face; but another instrument—the spectroscope—is able to speak more decisively on the subject, revealing, moreover, motion in a direction to or from us, which the telescope could not detect. A familiar illustration will perhaps explain how this takes place.

Two persons are standing on the platform of a railway station, waiting to see the express train dash through. As the train approaches, the driver sounds his whistle. One of the watchers hears but a wild piercing screech; the other, who has an ear for music, notices that just as the engine passes him the sound of the whistle is slightly lowered in tone; and yet, had he been on the engine, the tone of the whistle would have remained the same throughout. The explanation is this: the whistle sets the particles of the atmosphere vibrating at a certain rate, but, the source of sound being itself in motion, the vibrations strike the ear a little more rapidly than they otherwise would as the train approaches; as it recedes, the vibrations fall upon the ear a little more slowly, and hence the change in the tone.

In like manner, different substances, when vapourised by heat, give rise to different sensations of colour; but the eye cannot detect very small differences. When light is passed through a prism, as in the spectroscope, it is bent out of its course, the amount of bending depending upon the rapidity of its vibrations. But if the source of light is travelling to or from us with great rapidity, the light will appear a little more or a little less bent out of its course by the prism than it would were the source of light at rest.

When an image of the sun is allowed to enter the spectroscope, certain lines whose position we are thoroughly well acquainted with appear distorted and bent on one side where the image of a spot falls on the spectroscope, indicating that volumes of gas are pouring down into the chasm. If we examine the intensely bright patches that generally appear in the neighbourhood of a spot, we find that they are due to volumes of intensely heated gases rushing up from below. Turning the spectroscope to different parts of the sun, it is found that similar up-rushings and down-rushings are everywhere taking place. A sun-spot only shows on a large scale what is taking place all over the sun's surface; there is a continual circulation being kept up, volumes of intensely heated vapour rushing up from below, and corresponding volumes of comparatively cool vapour pouring down; the supply of heat and light sent through space from the surface of the sun being continually kept up from the store of energy in the interior.

Reference has been made to the revolution of the sun upon its axis. It must not be forgotten that we owe the discovery of this revolution to observations on spots. Galileo was the first to tell us that the sun revolved on its axis in about one lunar month. Carrington made the more accurate determination that the revolution of the sun's visible surface, or photosphere, varies in different latitudes of the sun. One very remarkable circumstance connected with the spots is that they are almost confined to certain limited zones of the sun, a satisfactory explanation of which has yet to be brought forward.

From observations extending back into the seventeenth century, it has been ascertained beyond all doubt that the number of spots on the sun is subject to a comparatively regular variation, and that at periods of a little more than eleven years apart the sun's surface boasts a larger number of spots than at any other time. Intermediate between these eleven-yearly periods there are times of sun-spot minimum when very few are to be seen. What this periodical variation is due to has not yet been ascertained; but attempts have been made to connect it with the influence of the planets as they revolve round the sun. Hitherto, these attempts have failed to establish anything beyond a probability that there may be such a connection.

That the sun-spots are intimately connected with some terrestrial phenomena there can be little doubt. Variations of the compass, magnetic storms, and auroral displays not only show a periodical variation corresponding with that of sun-spots, but great outbursts of spots are usually accompanied on the same day of their occurrence by great disturbances of the needle and fine auroras. Nor is an explanation wanting to account for this. Sun-spots are an indication of great solar activity, and it is only reasonable to suppose, therefore, that the sun's surface is hottest at periods of sun-spot maximum. The magnetism of the earth is usually accounted for by the electrical current supposed to be generated by the great heat-wave that passes round the earth once every twenty-four hours, and if the force that induces the earth's magnetic currents varies, the currents themselves must show a corresponding change.

Attempts, only partially successful, have been made to show that various meteorological phenomena, such as cyclones, rainfall, barometric pressure, &c., are subject to cycles corresponding to the sun-spot period, and it is not improbable that future research may establish many such connections. That the time will come when the weather may be forecast by means of solar observations is, however, rather a dream of the visionary, and is unwarranted by the present condition of our knowledge.

C. RAY WOODS.

A NEW ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

I.—THE MAN WHO TAKES THINGS EASY.

HAT did you say, reader?—"Should be 'takes things easily'"? Should it! As a mere matter of grammar, no doubt it should; but don't you see I am going to describe a man of such easy-going disposition, that even his grammar would be somewhat uncertain? How, then, could I better prepare you for what is coming than by setting my title in somewhat slipshod English? So let it stand. That, by the way, reminds me of a collier who, having built a cottage on the borders of Cannock Chase, was minded to sink a well. The well-sinker came and began operations. He had not sunk more than a few feet when he came upon solid rock, which he had not expected to find till he reached the water. So he reported the difficulty to his employer, who, after some consideration, said, "I think you'd best let it stand." It stands yet.

Now, why should there be so much difference between men and men as there is? Did it never strike you what a tremendous social problem is involved in the many variations of disposition? For the same flesh and blood seems to be capable of the most opposite natures, and men, moulded apparently on the same pattern, are as little like each other in the total figure that marks the sum of human life, as chalk is like cheese. Some are so large-hearted that they part with their money as freely as a good cow parts with her milk—a little pressure and the stream flows; while others are so niggardly that it would pay you better to try and skim the cream off butter-milk than to obtain assistance from them. Yet many who seem generous are not really so at all—they only "take things easy." You know the sort of man—broad-shouldered, loose-limbed, carelessly dressed—who walks down the street on a cold winter morning, smiling at nothing at all, and looking for all the world as if rude Boreas were whispering pleasant things in his ear, and bringing to his memory the softest summer breezes. So strongly do you feel the incongruity of the whole thing, that the moment you have passed him you turn to take a fuller view of him, taking him at an advantage behind. Now he gives you a side view as he stands to look at a shop window—a toy-shop, too—and, after a moment's quiet thought, he enters the shop, to emerge presently with a large parcel done up with much string and little paper, which you know by instinct is a cart and horse that will soon be some boy's Christmas-box.

Next time you see him it is under really alarming circumstances. The girls at Mrs. Jones's school have raised a cry of fire—some are crying "Fire!" on the doorsteps, and some from the attic windows. Just as you are hurrying by to the nearest station to summon assistance, you hear a voice from the schoolroom—"There! It is all right again, and no harm done." The "man who takes things easy" had walked leisurely into the midst of the fire and put it out.

You meet him some time afterwards in a court of justice. He is called as a witness in a case of perjury, and the following dialogue ensues:—

Counsel: "Your name is Ezekiel Smith?"

The Man who Takes Things Easy: "Zedekiah Smithson, sir."

Counsel: "Now, Mr. Zedekiah Smith——"

The Man, &c.: "Smithson, sir."

Counsel: "Well, then, Mr. Hezekiah Smithson——"

T. M., &c.: "Zedekiah, if you please."

Counsel: Mr. Smithson, will you be good enough, without further prevarication, to say all you know about this matter?"

T. M., &c.: "My impression is——"

Counsel: "Now, sir; we don't want to know what your impression is. Be good enough to answer my question."

T. M., &c.: "You won't let me. I was going to explain."

The Judge: "Witness, if you don't give a straightforward answer to the question, I shall commit you for contempt of court."

T. M., &c.: "You have called the wrong man; I am witness in another case."

You had a journey with him once, you are not likely to forget. He had invited you one Bank Holiday to take a drive with him into the country. On the way some wretched urchin threw a stone at the mare, which, hitting her full in the flank, caused her to run away. You held on to the trap as a whelk holds on to a wherry, expecting every moment you would be jolted out, when, in the very roughest bit of road, T. M., &c., handed you the reins, saying, "Just hold them a minute, old man, while I light my pipe. She won't stop till she gets to the hill, and that's a good mile from this." But before the pipe was lit the mare had stopped of her own sweet will and begun to kick. You were out of the trap in no time, when your friend asked you why you got out, and suggested the propriety of getting in again, assuring you that there was no danger, as the mare was as quiet as a lamb. At last, when the splash-board had been so far demolished that it was not worth kicking at any longer, you consented to retake your seat; and though your journey was finished without further mischief, you never felt so uncomfortable in your life, while T. M., &c., was as jolly as a sandboy.

You met again when you went "a day's trip" to the sea-side—one of those excursions got up for the special gratification of the young and inexperienced. Your train, which started at the bewitching hour of 2 a.m., seemed to be filled chiefly by babies, for though the mothers were, no doubt, present, the little ones asserted themselves so stoutly that nothing else was

visible, or audible (especially the latter). Your first act, therefore, on reaching *terra firma*, was to make a rush for the sea, that the gentle breezes might blow away from you the sickening odour of buns and ginger beer. You went headlong into the first yacht you saw lying at anchor, and found T. M., &c., had already established himself therein. Then the bosom of the ocean heaved with tumultuous feelings—heaved, indeed, a little too much, till a subtle sympathy seized you, and you—well, well! most of us can feel for you—all, indeed, except T. M., &c., who, in the hour of your deepest misery, was sitting in the stern, calmly eating some well-buttered sandwiches, and vouchsafing the explanation that, as the breeze was freshening, they might get upset, and as the sandwiches would get so jolly wet, he thought it was wiser, &c. &c.

What a time that was when Trumper's dog went mad! Some of the town lads found him wandering about in a state of insanity, "without any fixed place of abode" (as the newspapers say), and they chivied him home. The brute stood to bay on his master's doorstep, looking ready to tear any one's liver out, and while one ran for a sword, another for a toasting-fork, and another for a gun, T. M., &c., asked for a bone. Some irreverent person in the crowd suggested that he should take the jaw-bone of an ass, which elicited the answer, "Not any *more* of it, thanks!" When the bone came at length, the dog suffered the enemy to approach within speaking distance, and a truce having been declared, terms of surrender were speedily adjusted, and peace concluded to the joint satisfaction of T. M., &c., and the dog, and to the infinite disgust of the only "mad" creatures present.

"YOU MEET HIM SOME TIME AFTERWARDS IN A COURT OF JUSTICE" (*p.* 175).

Some time ago our friend was shooting with a party of gentlemen, amongst whom was a young sportsman with one of those fashionable, albeit dangerous, "patent" guns. Lunch had just been concluded, and the order given to move on. T. M., &c., was standing with his gun under his arm, leaning against the bole of a tree, ready to start, when suddenly a gun

exploded within a few yards of him, and the entire charge entered the stem of the tree some foot or eighteen inches above his head. For some seconds there was the silence of consternation, then a voice exclaimed in the most matter-of-fact tone, "That's a rattling good gun o' yours; it shoots *uncommonly close.*" I do not think any one saw the joke, but one of the beaters muttered to the head keeper, "It's a sight too good for him!"

It was a shocking business when old Buddicombe's bank failed. Nearly every one in our little town was in the mess; and those who were not pretended to be. Lipscombe, the lawyer, lost £15, and nearly lost his head; and Dipscombe, the tallow chandler, was in for £12 10s., and "rose" the price of candles a halfpenny per pound. They were both substantial men, however, and I felt no particular sympathy with them; but poor T. M., &c., had all his savings in the bank, and would feel it very keenly. The day after the bank closed I went over to see him, prepared to sympathise with him, even, if need were, to the extent of borrowing money for him from some other fellow's relation, when, before I could get out half I was going to say, he exclaimed, "Look here, old fellow, I'm going down to the workhouse this afternoon to take a few things for the old folks. Fact is, I want to see what it is like, in case I have to take up my residence there!"

Was this levity put on, or was it natural? I looked at him attentively. His eyes were not heavy with unshed tears, nor had his hair turned suddenly white. Certainly he was growing bald, but even about that little bare spot there was an air of contentment! In short, his manner was so unexpected, that I ended by congratulating him, which did him more good than the loss of his money.

J. T. Burton Wollaston.

HOW TO TREAT EMOTIONAL NERVOUSNESS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

TO the large majority of mankind the words "nerves," "nervous tissue," and "nervousness" are merely indefinite terms. Of brain and brain matter, almost every one has some solid notion, just as he has of the heart, lungs, or liver. In the same way we all of us have a good idea of the actuality and substantiality of the veins and arteries, that carry the blood to and from the heart, the latter getting smaller and smaller, and ever more beautifully less, as they penetrate the minuter tissues, until they end in a perfect network of capillaries, small enough to enter and supply the most delicate gland or organ of the body with the vital fluid. We are well aware, too, that the veins begin where the arteries leave off, also in a capillary system; that the flow of blood in them is retrograde, as they are bearing the stream, laden and dark with effete matter from the tissues, back through the lungs—in which it is purified—to the heart; and that they unite with each other as streams and brooks unite with rivers, getting fewer and larger as they journey on to that great force-pump of vitality which lies in the chest, and which never ceases from its work day nor night, resting only between its beats.

This is all patent enough to every one who reads, but the nerves themselves as an actual system of vessels—I speak advisedly when I say vessels, for do they not hold and convey electric fluid, or force?—are not so easily nor so clearly comprehended.

By way of giving a simple illustration, I stretch out my hand towards this old poplar-tree, near which I am seated enjoying the November air and sunshine, and I pluck therefrom an ivy-leaf. If the reader will also take a leaf of any kind—that of a geranium, for instance, though the *venation* in the ivy-leaf is far more beautiful and distinct—and hold it between him and the sunshine, and look through it, he will readily understand something of Nature's plan of blood distribution. Imagine all those midrib in the leaf to be vessels conveying arterial blood from the heart, notice how they divide, and re-divide, and sub-divide until they end in a reticulation of venation, so minute that they can only be distinguished by good eyes in a very perfect light. And each artery, however tiny, has a retrograde vein. Now, if you will imagine another system of vessels, quite as palpable, following the course of those arteries or veins, surrounding them and giving off filaments to every portion of the meshwork, you will have a very good idea of the distribution of the nerves—in other words, of the nervous system. Do I make myself understood? I hope and trust I do. What I want to impress upon the reader's mind is the fact that nerves are positive and tangible portions of our anatomy, and, therefore, subject to actual disease—as much so, indeed, as any other and visible part of the human frame.

Bear this also in mind, that, while every artery, however tiny or hair-like, is supplied with a nerve to sustain it with force, so, on the other hand, the nerves are nourished by blood from those arteries. It is fair barter, fair business—blood is bartered for nervous force, and if the blood so received be poor, or impure stuff, the nerve force, or animal electricity, given in return will also be below par.

It is no part of my intention at present to enter into any physiological description of the nervous system, or to trouble the reader with a statement of the chemical

composition of its tissue. I may state parenthetically that there are two sets of nerves—two nervous systems, I might almost say—in the human body, one presiding over the voluntary movements, and the other—over which we have no direct control—dominating and determining the motions of the internal vital economy, such as the heart, lungs, and the great glands. These latter might be called nerves of constant action or constant motion—they never rest, never sleep. The heart goes on beating, and the lungs go on breathing, while we lie unconscious in bed. *But* both systems of nerves are supplied with blood from the heart, and in the ailment to which I give the name of emotional nervousness both systems are out of order.

When the involuntary nerves are weakened from any cause, both heart and mind are affected, and a host of most painful and disagreeable symptoms is the result.

The disease or ailment to which this paper principally refers may be either hereditary or acquired, or it may be congenital without being actually hereditary; for there are many people of the nervous temperament, as it is called, and if these suffer more in life they doubtless also enjoy more. They are more delicately constructed in every way; their nerves and systems respond more quickly to extraneous influences of any kind. But they are also more easily thrown out of gear than men cast in rougher moulds, or made of harder metal, and their chances of long life are hardly so good as those of others; although there are many terribly painful and dangerous diseases—such, for instance, as inflammations of tissue—from which they can usually count upon a happy immunity.

Perhaps there is no ailment in the world from which any one could suffer that secures less sympathy from friends and relations—ay, and even from most medical practitioners—than nervousness. The best-natured doctor in the world cannot help feeling annoyed at times in the presence of symptoms which he feels powerless to combat, and strangely tempted to put down as mere "whims and fancies" of his patient. Doctors hate what they term "unsatisfactory cases." They like a disease to be of a very decided kind of character, and to run a course, then they have a pleasure in doing their very best to conduct it to a successful termination.

But apart from what we may term congenital nervousness, which requires life-long attention if the patient would enjoy fair health and comfort, ailments of the nervous system—or nervous debility—may arise from a variety of causes, though, for convenience sake, they may all be grouped under two heads—(1) defective nutrition, and (2) nerve-poisoning.

If for some reason or other the nerves are not supplied with a sufficient quantity of life-giving blood, or if any drain upon the system exists, they will degenerate. And if, on the other hand, the blood is impure, or if it contains either free bile or carbonic acid, the nerves will suffer in consequence.

I need hardly add that the circulation in the blood of a larger amount of alcohol than can very easily be burned off is a frequent cause of nerve degeneration, so is intemperance in eating, or intemperance in anything.

Grief, worry, over-much thought and care, or too much brain-work are other common causes.

But be the causes of emotional nervousness what they may, the symptoms themselves are familiar to thousands. Because they are so, and because they differ in different individuals, are my reasons for not dwelling on them.

Their treatment is of greater importance. And I may say at once that no general rule of treatment to suit every case can here be laid down, and no harsh self-doctoring is applicable to cases of nervousness, whether it be of an entirely emotional nature, or complicated with actual neuralgia, and general bodily or muscular weakness.

There is no mistake more commonly made by the patient himself, who attempts self-treatment, and none likely to have worse consequences, than that of pouring into the system indiscriminately *drugs* and *nutriment*.

The former generally do more harm than good, the latter nearly always; for you cannot force the body to accept more nourishment than it can easily do with. By swallowing food you do not determine its digestion, and if it leaves the stomach unreduced to chyme, there is no end to the trouble it may effect before it is finally dislodged.

But a small portion of well-chosen food, easily digested, will generate pure blood, and calmness of mind and comfort of body will assuredly follow.

The common-sense treatment of nervousness would seem to me to be as follows:—

I. HYGIENIC.—As more carbonic acid is evolved in light and during exercise, than when the body is at rest in in-door gloom, the more the nervous or emotional patient is in the open air the better, and, within certain bounds, the more exercise he takes the easier will he be. But that exercise must never be fatiguing, and always pleasurable. No aimless strolling about is of any good; it must be exercise with an object.

Change of scene and change of climate are also of very great advantage in the treatment of all such cases.

Perfect daily ablution of the body is imperative; but remember that while a cold bath is a tonic to the nervous system, it must never partake of the nature of a shock. The strong and robust may benefit even by a shower-bath in winter, but it might be death to the nervously delicate.

Nervous people are constantly under the impression that they do not obtain sufficient sleep; they may be right, but they must cease to worry over the matter. If proper rest cannot be got at night in a well-ventilated, moderately warm room, on a moderately soft mattress, they must make a habit of taking an hour or two hours' siesta in the afternoons as soon as lunch is over.

Food.—This must not be in large quantities; too much sloppy food, and soups, wines, and beer should be avoided. Tea and coffee should be almost wholly

given up, cocoatina or cocoa being substituted; but one cup of good tea may be taken in the afternoon.

It is a fact well known to most practitioners, and to not a few nervous patients themselves, that fluid food is badly borne. A meal at which hardly any liquid is drunk at all will often lie easy on the stomach and be digested without causing any unpleasantness. Whereas, on the other hand, if two or three glasses of wine or beer be drunk, eructations, acidity, heaviness, and discomfort may follow. Nervous patients should, moreover, take plenty of time to a meal, especially if they be at all subject to attacks of dyspepsia. Dinner pills may be taken; rhubarb, ginger, and quinine make a good one; only—man was not meant to live on medicine alone, nor should he make a practice of always taking it.

Fatty foods are best for nervous complaints—if they can be borne—bread, potatoes (these last should be mashed, almost creamed in fact; no particle of whole potato should be swallowed), meat in small quantity, fish in plenty, oysters and other shell-fish in particular, cooked milk, and light puddings. Supper, small in quantity, but solid. Fruit always before breakfast, especially ripe pears, bananas, oranges, and roasted apples.

Stout people are often extremely nervous; this is more from impurity of blood than lack of nutriment. Let them take abundance of out-door exercise, but not to such an extent as to affect the heart, which may be weak and fatty.

II. MEDICINAL.—If fruit be taken no aperients will be needed. Tonics are much abused by the nervous, so are a variety of other medicines. Iron, in some form, occasionally does good, so does quinine, and some of the phosphates. But be at all times cautious in taking medicine if you suffer from emotional nervousness.

Lastly, take recreation systematically.

Let me close this article with the following remark, which contains a deal of truth: if people in general believed only one-half as much in the benefits of sensible recreation for mind and body as they do in drugs, there would be infinitely less nervousness in the world.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

BY STELLA ST. JOHN GARD.

[To this Story was awarded the Prize of Five Pounds, offered by the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, for the best Domestic Story illustrating the Evil of Vacillation.]

THE sun had never shone upon so fair a June. The skies were never so blue, the flowers so sweet, the breezes so soft, the hours so rosy. So thought Lorraine Lorrimer.

She lifted her eyes to her companion's face at that moment, and met his looking down at her. The eyes into which she looked were ordinarily laughing and blue, but their expression was intensified just now. Dark and soft, there was an electrical fascination in their gaze that caused the warm blood to tingle in her cheeks and flush over her forehead. Her eyes drooped swiftly. He smiled, and passed his hand caressingly over the small brown one that lay on his arm.

They were not lovers, these two: they were "only friends," as Lorraine would have said, then.

They were pacing with slow, lingering footsteps a long country road, which was shaded by arching trees that met and embraced far above their heads.

The air was charged with the odour of honeysuckle, and vibrant with the song of a lark which had escaped the confines of mortal vision, and was beating its little heart out somewhere beyond the curtaining fringes of foliage, in the depths of ethereal blue through which the setting sun was pouring a glory of gold and red; but these facts, though instinctively recognised as fragments of the general harmony, made no very distinct impression upon the consciousness of either of them.

That dusty highway, with its tall enclosing hedges and its whispering leafy avenue, might have contained the whole sum of life, so little they desired or thought of anything beyond it.

But life holds more than a succession of peaceful footsteps, even on a fair June day. A few steps more brought them to a stile, and it had to be crossed.

"You are tired," said the young man. "Sit on this stile and rest awhile. I will not let you fall."

He leaned on the stile beside her, and held her hands, until his eye was attracted by some flowers that grew luxuriantly in the hedge on the opposite side of the road.

"I must get you some of that woodbine," he said; "I like the pale-coloured bloom better than that tinged with red; it is sweeter. Do not move until I return."

She sat still and watched him. He came back soon, with a fragrant, cream-hued cluster in his hands.

"Do you like them?" he said, smiling up at her, and caressing her cheek with the dainty blossoms.

Between them they fastened them into the folds of her fichu. Lorraine tried first, but her hands trembled, and the flowers fell, and were scattered into her lap.

He smiled as he gathered them up, and held them while she secured them.

"Everything is better done when we do it together, Lorraine," he said, as he again folded her hands in his.

"Shall we come home?" he asked softly.

"I am ready," she said.

"Yes, Lorraine, we must go," he answered; yet still he lingered, while the sweet, nameless odours of the summer twilight hovered about them, the red flush of the sunset fell over them like a benediction, and the warm air palpitated with the last thrilling notes of the weary warbler, as he sank towards his nest.

"Lorraine, you look happy."

"I feel happy. Everything is so beautiful to-night," replied the girl dreamily.

"Yes, everything; the trees, the birds, the sky, the sun, the flowers, and—*you*. Lorraine, I don't want to go home."

He drew closer, and again his eyes sought hers, with the subtle, indefinable magnetism in their depths which caused the colour to stir so uneasily in her cheek.

"Rex, we must go home," she said nervously.

"Come, then; let me lift you down."

"No, Rex; please don't," she said, startled.

"Why not?" he whispered. And lifting her in his arms, he held her close, and kissed her.

* * * * *

Eight weeks later, Lorraine stood in her bed-room, reading a letter from Rex. She was paler and thinner than she had been in June, and there was a heavy, wistful look in her large eyes which then had been strange to them.

She read the letter through twice, and then she put it down. It was a customary thing for Lorraine and Rex to correspond, but this was the first letter he had written since they had met in June. It was a long letter. A large part of it was filled with a half-serious, half-jesting apology for the long silence. "You will see," wrote Rex, "that my holiday has been exacting all my time."

"'My holiday has been exacting all my time!'" Lorraine's lip curled with something like contempt, of herself and of Rex too. "How great must Rex's regard for me be!" she said; and then the memory of the June evening which now seemed so very far away rushed upon her, and the tears fell over her face like rain.

At Christmas she saw Rex again. He came and went in the same day.

"Lorraine," he whispered as he bade her good-bye—"Lorraine, do not forget me!" and he was gone; while she stood trembling, with his kiss warm upon her lips.

For awhile Lorraine was happy. No word had Rex spoken, but the language of lip, and hand, and eye was unmistakable. Every gesture, every glance, every intonation said to Lorraine's heart, "You belong to me, and I belong to you." And Lorraine's heart responded. That was enough.

But week after week went by; Easter came and passed; Lorraine had many letters, but the one so constantly looked for never came.

Lorraine sought distraction in study. Far oftener than not, her light burned late into the night. Foolish, was it? Yes, very foolish. Young and eager spirits are so apt to be foolish until life's stern discipline has taught them how best to be wise.

By June, Lorraine was very ill. During the first days of her illness came the letter which had tarried so long. "I hear that you have been ill," it said; "I am sorry for that. You have been working too hard. If life *is* short, there is no need to deprive one's friends of one's presence any earlier than is absolutely necessary."

He was sorry that he had kept her letter waiting an answer so long; he was always sorry for that. He spoke pleasantly of an anticipated holiday in Madeira. Between friends of no extraordinary degree, the letter would have passed muster; from Rex to Lorraine, at the hour of Lorraine's extremity, it was heartless.

Lorraine crushed it under her pillow, and turned her face to the wall. She knew the truth at last.

It was not so much the loss of Rex that she grieved over. She could have borne that. She would have thought scorn of a love that placed its own happiness before that of its object. It was the loss of her faith that she mourned; the loss of her faith in Rex; and through him of her faith in all things human. She almost lost her faith in God. Ay, she did lose it for awhile. She groped in the darkness that shrouded her for a hand to hold by, and she found none. It was a bitter time for Lorraine.

And, meanwhile, what of Rex? He meant no harm. He had the best of intentions. He was not wicked; only weak.

The idol and darling of half the women he knew, perhaps he was a little careless of the mischief worked by his beautiful face, his bewildering smile, and rare charm of manner.

Easy, luxurious, self-appreciative, it suited him to be worshipped by women. He liked change; it was a necessity of his nature. Change of scene, change of friends—these things eased life of its monotony. It pleased him to see fair faces flush and fair eyes droop at his eloquent glances and exquisitely modulated words—such study of human nature interested him.

He possessed the faculty of attaching himself to people easily; but the large, long-suffering, high-souled love of a heart such as Lorraine's was beyond his comprehension. When he was with Lorraine he was honestly "in love" with her—for the time. When he left her, his passion cooled. In his normal condition of mind, such an idea as that of allowing himself to be entirely appropriated by one woman seemed preposterous.

Ten years later, Rex and Lorraine met again. It was again June; Rex was waiting for Lorraine in her own summer parlour. It was a pretty room—made beautiful by all the graces which a woman of refined nature and delicate tastes gathers about her instinctively.

The years had brought Lorraine their meed of

success. The seed sown in sorrow and tears so long ago had brought forth an abundant harvest—as the world counts abundance. Lorraine had waked one morning to find herself famous; the finger of material

"'DO YOU LIKE THEM?' HE SAID, SMILING UP AT HER" (*p.* 179).

want could never touch her while she had power to use her pen.

To Rex, as he paced restlessly backwards and forwards in the pretty room, it seemed a long time that he waited.

At last he heard a light, slow step, and the rustle of a woman's dress. The quiver that ran through his strong frame told him that Lorraine was coming. The man's very hands trembled.

Half-way across the room she stopped. He rose; and they stood and looked at each other.

She held out her hand. Rex bent low over it, and touched it reverently with his lips.

For a little they talked of old times, and of old friends whom they both had known. Then Rex said—

"Lorraine, I have come with the hope that it is not yet too late for us to live the old days over again." She read his meaning in his eyes. "Lorraine, we used to be happy together, let us be happy again. You think I have been long in coming; but tell me it is not too late. Let me claim what is mine—mine by the right of love."

He stopped nervously. She looked so pale, so cold, as she sat there. But she did not speak.

"Lorraine," he continued, gathering courage from her silence, "you love your work, but it does not

satisfy you. You are contented, but you are not happy. Your face tells me that. Do not refuse my love; be my wife; my life shall be spent in the care of yours. For the sake of our old friendship give me what I ask, Lorraine."

The words were warmly, passionately spoken, but they made no impression upon Lorraine's marble calm.

"I am sorry you spoke of this, Rex," she said; "I have chosen my path in life, and chosen it deliberately; it is too late to change it now."

"Do you fear that I should not give you sympathy in your work? Lorraine, my greatest, my most constant sympathy shall be always with you in this thing, as in all others. Ah, Lorraine! you used not to be so hard to move in the old days."

"Your sympathy would have been life to me then," she said; "now I have learned to live without it."

Rex's forehead flushed. "Perhaps I have deserved this; I *have* deserved it; but you cannot think that I should not have come to you all the same now had I found you in different circumstances? Lorraine! I wish I had. You would not have misjudged me then."

"No," she said slowly, "I do not believe that. I never have thought that you intended to do me injustice, except perhaps at first. I have seen how it was for a long time now. You could not make up your mind, Rex. You disturbed our friendship—the friendship we were happy in—without being sure that you wished for anything more than friendship."

"And will you always bear me a grudge for that, Lorraine? Can one interest so fill your life that you need no other? The care and protection of husband and friend, the love of little children—are these things nothing to you? Lorraine, was your life *meant* to be so cold and loveless?"

Rex's voice had lost nothing of its old winning sweetness and persuasive power. A close observer might have seen an increase in Lorraine's pallor, and her fingers closed round the arm of her chair with painful intensity.

"I find no fault with my life; let that suffice for us both," she said. "It is as useful a one as I ever have hoped to make it; more so; and I am perfectly happy in my work."

"I do not doubt that you are happy in your work. Heaven knows I do not over-estimate my own power to make you happy. But, Lorraine, it is a poor life, after all, that lives only for itself, and to itself, even in the noble way that yours is lived. If you allow other lives to starve for what you have it in your power to bestow, your life, live it how you will, is still a wasted one."

"Is my life a wasted one?" she said slowly; "I do not think it is."

"In one sense it is wasted, if not in another. Yours is a life of intellect merely; you live no life of heart; it is the union of the two that makes life complete. Were hearts given us to be steeled to affection, Lorraine?"

"You mistake, Rex," she said gently; "there are other affections besides this one you speak of, and my life does not want these. But, in justice to you, let me tell you that two years ago I lost a friend, 'only a friend,' who was dearer to me than anything on earth can ever be again. He is dead."

"A friend! And he is dead! Lorraine, will you permit the spectre of a dead friend to come between you and my living love?" he said impetuously.

"Hush!" she said. "*You* can have no conception of what his friendship was to me. No man's living love could requite me for the memory of it. It is my most precious possession."

He was silent for a moment, almost awed by her tone, and her pale, lofty look. Then the sense of what he had lost rushed over him, and half maddened him.

"Friendship!" he cried; "you are trifling with me. Tell me the truth, Lorraine; I demand it as my right that I should know; are you wasting your own life and spoiling mine over a fond and foolish fancy, or did you love this man, your friend?"

The colour rose into her fair, pale cheek, but she gazed at him with steady eyes.

"It may be so; I cannot tell; it is not necessary that I should analyse my feeling. It is enough that no earthly thing can ever come between me and that most sacred memory."

"Ah, Lorraine!" he said sadly; "if I had died ten years ago you would have said that of me. Now you will allow a shadow to spoil our lives. Have you no little love for me left?"

"Hush! Rex; is it *I* who have spoiled our lives?"

"You used to believe in the old-fashioned notion of one love, and one only."

"One love; it is possible that it may be transferred," she said.

"At least, your love is not large enough to embrace ordinary human nature with its faults and follies," he said bitterly; "I have discovered that. The objects of your regard must be free from blemishes—faultless."

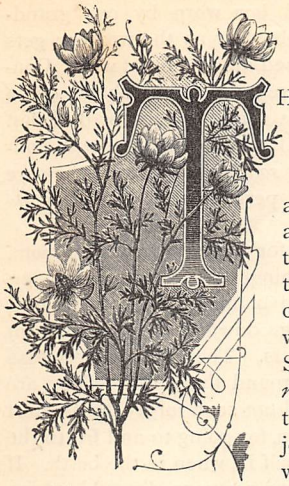
Her eyes lightened. "No, Rex; love does not regard faults. Believe me, I do not wilfully refuse what you ask. But the friendship abused, the love slighted ten years ago, are beyond my power to recall. Spare me, Rex. Do you think I do not suffer also? Does it cost me nothing to deny you now what then I so gladly gave?"

Rex rose, and held out his hands. "There is no hope for me then, Lorraine? Ah! dear, give me the right—give me the right that I want, for old love's sake," he pleaded.

She shook her head sadly. "There is only one thing that makes the bond of marriage tolerable," she said, "and that between us two is impossible. The past can never be recalled. We are better apart."

DRESS FOR EXERCISE.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.



THIS is just the season for good healthy exercise, and the ladies of England seem to be agreed that among the most enjoyable and inspiriting pastimes of the hour is tricycling. It therefore becomes a matter of consideration what to wear when tricycling. Shoes, not boots, are *de rigueur*, because shoes give the ankle-tendons and foot-joints free play. To those who have the courage, I would say, abjure petticoats while thus riding, and in their place adopt loose trousers, made of a piece of the dress, coming well over the knee. This is really a matter of individual feeling; but on one point there is no diversity of opinion: all under-clothing should be made of flannel where there is much tricycling—good flannel, all wool, well shrunk. Combination garments are best, according to my thinking. The dress should also be all wool. There is no necessity for it to be a dowdy garment; on the contrary, it should be particularly trim and neat.

A tailor-made gown is the most appropriate. It should be durable; that is, capable of hard wear-and-tear. It must not show dust and mud. Any dark colour will do; I have a preference myself for dark green or blue; I mean, of course, navy blue; but brown, grey, or any of the now fashionable mixtures of colour, would answer. Here, again, individual taste comes in. Be, however, careful to choose a shade that will not fade. With regard to the make, the skirt should be either plain or box-plaited; it is better to have no tunic. It should not be too full, or it is apt to catch in the tricycle. The less trimming the better; indeed, none is necessary. A short, pointed bodice, with a habit basque, I have found convenient. The sleeves should be narrow and close-fitting.

But I have a word or two more to say about the make of skirt. It should reach to the instep, and be full enough at the back to allow for the drawing up by the peak of the saddle. The pocket should be on the left side, leaving the right hand free for steering. The stockings should match the dress, and be of wool. Stays can be worn, but anything approaching tight-lacing must be avoided, or a health-giving amusement will be converted into a dangerous one. You want all the breath available, and every muscle free.

A hat should be chosen that is light, protective, and shades the face. A boat-shaped felt or cloth covered hat for winter I should recommend, and a shady straw for summer. One more word of advice, ere I change the subject. Enjoy the exercise, but do not overdo it. Proceed by degrees; do not go too long distances at first; increase it by degrees. Many a young girl has learnt to regret that she has not been thus prudent. In France, as yet, women have been content to look on at tricycling from a distance.

Winter fashions remain unchanged. Some of the prettiest dresses I see about are made of either plush or velveteen; velvet for those who can afford it. A broad band of fur round the skirt, quite a quarter of a yard deep, is a favourite mode of trimming, and Astrachan is the fur most used. The more plainly these materials are made the better, but they must fit to perfection to look well. With dark velveteens, bright-coloured silk waistcoats are much worn; they are a great improvement in a becoming point of view. A much plainer style certainly obtains in dressmaking. Full plain skirts, or skirts plaited from the waist in very wide plaits—treble box-plaits, a quarter of a yard wide each—are the fashion. Panels, too, of rich contrasting materials are added on the sides of skirts. Coarse thick woollen canvas cloth is very much worn now, and there is no doubt that, for the coming spring, canvas cloth of the thinner make will not only be one of the most fashionable materials, but one of the most useful. If, therefore, you have an opportunity of buying any, at a reduced price, at the sales which I know prevail in England at this season, be sure you buy it.

When you begin to find fur-trimmed cloaks too warm, turn your attention to a double-breasted, close-fitting brocaded coat. I mean one made like a Newmarket, coming to the hem of the skirt, and very full at the back and arranged with quadruple plaits. No trimming is necessary. Braiding on jackets becomes more and more elaborate. These jackets are quite short in the basque, and fit closely, but are very becoming. Ladies married to soldiers have them to match the uniforms. Gold and silver are often introduced with the braiding; but quite the happiest adaptation I have yet seen of gold braiding was to a tailor-made dress. It was of a rich cardinal shade, the waistcoat and the cuffs of white cloth, covered all over with a close pattern in gold braid. The contrast was charming, and in each corner of the collar was the monogram of the wearer.

To dress well nowadays, it is essential to thoroughly understand the combination of colours. There are many new ones this season; for example, mouse and brown. The brown is just the tint of brown paper. Red and brown also blend well. There is a great deal to study with regard to colour. Fabric exercises a most powerful influence on certain shades. Brown paper is hardly a thing of beauty, but the same shade in velvet or plush is really beautiful. A good blue in velvet may be hideous in cotton or woollen stuff. No material displays beauty of colour better than plush. It reflects the

light, as it were, and you see the colour in a thousand tones. It is being much used for tea-gowns, plainly made, just *en Princesse*, with a robing in front. I will more minutely describe one. It was made in a brilliant mouse tint of plush. The back was cut *en Princesse* and bordered with black fur, carried up either side of the front. This was of white satin, veiled in lace, with looped bows of white ribbon. The lace used is generally machine-made Mechlin or Valenciennes. The worsted lace is to be recommended to those who desire durability without much outlay. It can be had in almost any colour. Woollen velvet is a new material to which I would call your attention. It is good-looking and good-wearing; so also is the silk velvet made on the principle of corduroy, which has found special favour with the best dressmakers.

A new and useful out-door garment is a long and wide fur tippet, covering the shoulders in a rounded cape form, and falling to the hem of the dress in front in two long ends. In front of the waist a muff forms part and parcel of the tippet. This is really a return to the old-fashioned boa worn by our grandmothers. It is comfortable wear as the weather gets warmer, for it can be slipped off and on at will. Contrasts are of value in dress; nothing shows off a smooth fair skin so well as rough fabrics or dark fur. Another safe investment I can recommend with confidence is a black *poult de soie*, or gros-grain; they are without doubt coming in permanently, and they *do* wear well.

A comfort I can suggest for the bed-room, sick-room, or for putting on after bathing, is the blanket wrapper. It is made out of a Welsh blanket, which is coloured and striped. The stripes go down the front and form the cuffs, collars, and pockets. They are cut Princesse shape, and have a cord round the waist. They are delightfully warm. I shall not soon forget the comfort of such a one on board ship, for going to and fro to the bath, or for wrapping oneself in, when in the berth. If any of my readers are going a voyage, I would advise them by all means to have one made. They will find the comfort of it. Comfort? The very word seems an anomaly, everything is so cheerless on board ship; but a little forethought makes all the difference. Be sure to have a bag with many pockets, to hang up in the cabin, to hold brushes, combs, hair-pins, scent, and the thousand and one things you are certain to want, and which will be sure to hide themselves away everywhere but where you can find them the moment the ship sails. A curtain to hang across the cabin door is most useful in hot climates, when it is often impossible to keep it closed. With regard to dress, think well over what you really are sure to want; take no more, no less. The space is generally so confined that every extra is a nuisance. I found in many voyages that I wanted a good serge dress; black silk, with some dressy arrangement of lace, easily put on in case of any festivities on board; plenty of wraps; a dressing-gown, as much as can be like a dress, to lie in the cabin, go to the bath, and wear when out of sorts; and a good store of books. Take some work and writing materials, though I never knew a voyage yet when one got through any regular routine of work. The sea, the passengers, are all distracting.

To return to the fashions on shore. Striped velvet is a most useful trimming; so also for evening dresses is striped gauze—coloured stripes on a cream ground, put on in straight rows. Braiding is worn much, silver and gold being interblended. Bodices of distinct colour from the skirt are fashionable for evening wear. Deep flounces are superseding narrow ones. Garters are being forsworn, not for suspenders only, but because the stockings themselves are laced at the back of the leg.

Velveteen is a fabric about which a few words ought to be said. Its manufacture is vastly improved. Perhaps some of you saw it being made in the English Health Exhibition. It is veritably the fustian of the tenth century, with the perfection of finish of silk velvet. It goes through seventy processes. The raising of the pile, one of the most difficult, is carried out by

female hands. Great skill is needed ; a specially-made knife has to be held in a certain position, the hand not raised a hair's breadth too much. It is made into beautiful dresses, and wears well. It shows to special advantage trimmed with fur.

A black velvet cap, made like a jockey's, is a new riding-gear. Riding-habits are made wider in the skirt, the bodices quite plain, in thick cloth. Tweed cloth coats for ladies are lined with striped or shot silk. The sleeves are wider at the wrist ; the turn of the elbow is no longer followed by the sleeve. The line of the elbow from the shoulder is continued, so the sleeve is easily slipped on. We need no longer have recourse to the expedient of rolling a handkerchief round the sleeve of the dress before slipping on the coat.

A new shape in bonnets is the Jane Grey, which has points at the ears like the coifs of her day. The edge of the brim is bordered with beads, and there is a tuft of feathers at one side. The Microbe bonnet is distinguished by its peculiar crown—like a jelly-bag. Embroidered velvet is a favourite material. Crowns are often made of Oriental embroidery, with the open-worked brims of beads or chenille. With cloth costumes, bonnets made of cloth are worn ; also muffs.

If you desire to be very fashionable, let the monogram on your buttons of either coat or dress be very deeply cut. If your coat be a drab one, then, to be quite *en règle*, choose mother-of-pearl buttons, with the monogram engraved in black. Or you may have tortoise-shell engraved in gold, or enamelled in Mauresque, or after Florentine models. Wooden and horn buttons, jet and mosaic buttons—all are worn.

Kid waistcoats appear on some of the new dresses. I noted a brown cloth, made with wide box-plaits on the skirt, a robing of kid down the front, buttoned down the centre, and piped with red, as was the waistcoat. You may buy the kid in shades of brown, fawn, and green. The kid is embroidered sometimes in silks, and it is also applied as appliqués.

Mr. Oscar Wilde the other day, in discoursing on women's dress, waxed eloquent on the subject of clogs, saying that the present high-heeled shoe is merely the clog of Henry VI.'s time, with the prop under the instep left out. Much care, he tells us, has been expended on clogs. They have been made of fine woods and inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. I am inclined to think for muddy days they have much to be said in their favour. The dress of the second part of the seventeenth century, the great apostle of culture considers the exquisite period of English costume. He points out that it is not the number of garments that constitutes warmth in clothing, but the thickness of the material. We wear too many clothes ; his remedy for this is to wear under-garments of pure wool.

Strictures on dress are leading to all kinds of suggestions. If all our garments are suspended from the shoulders, we must give up low bodices and short sleeves. Such reforms work but slowly.

The three costumes illustrated in the woodcuts are

all seasonable. The out-door dress worn by the young lady of fourteen is dark grey—a combination of corduroy and a new cloth—the corduroy being used for the trim, close-fitting jacket, and the band round the skirt. The buttons are of old silver ; the pink feathers in the plush hat add the touch of lively colour that grey necessitates. The young matron wears an evening dress of dark brown plush, cream lace, and cream Indian silk flowered with red ; the arrangement of lace to form an epaulette on the left shoulder and a small cascade to the waist is novel and becoming to a tall, elegant figure. The little girl of seven wears a crimson plush waistcoat with cream French crêpe plastron and skirt, and an over-dress of crimson spotted crêpe. The cuffs and collar are of the plain fabric. Even children's costumes are nowadays a combination of three materials.

Dame Fortune.

Words by CLAXSON BELLAMY. *Music by* J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Allegretto moderato.

8va..... loco.

mf *fz* *p*

1. Dame For - tune sat by the
2. Dame For - tune heard, and

ci - ty gate, And watched the crowd go by; On each a - while she
shook her head, And cried to those a - round, "Pray don't sup - pose I

dim. *rall.* . . . . . *p a tempo.*

seemed to smile, Then chilled them with a sigh: Faint - heart - ed men grew
give to those Who in des - pair are found! But yet I am no

dim. *rall.* . . . . *p a tempo.*

cres. *f* *p*

faint with fear, But brav - er hearts grew brave, And mock - ing said, "The fic - kle jade, No
fic - kle jade, What - ev - er folks may tell, For those will sure - ly have my aid Who

cres. *f ten.* *fz* *p*

8ves.....

help of her we'll crave!" "Dame For - tune is a fic - kle jade; 'Tis
do their du - ty well!" "Dame For - tune is no fic - kle jade; De -

fz *p*

8*ves*

1st verse.

lit - tle use to have her aid!"

8*va*

cres. *ten.* *dim.*

2nd verse. *molto ritard ad lib.*

- serve it— you will have her aid!"

8*va*

p *fz* *p* *f*

Ped. *

THE GATHERER.

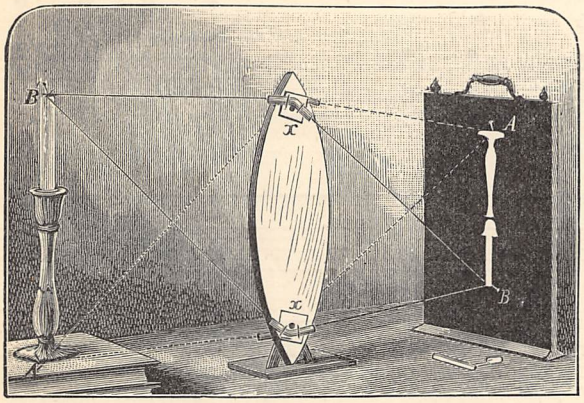
Electric Ship Lights.

RECENT experiments made on board H.M.S. *Crocodile*, in Portsmouth Harbour, have demonstrated that the incandescent lamp is far superior to the ordinary oil lamp used for ships' port, starboard, and mast-head lights. A 50-candle power Edison lamp was pitted against the ordinary oil lantern, and several observers sent a mile to sea in order to compare their brightness. The electric lamp was by far the brighter, and a 16-candle power Edison lamp was therefore substituted for the 50-candle power one. Even this was visible at a much greater distance than the oil lamp; the latter being cut off by a haze, while the former remained distinctly visible to the observers when two miles away. It is expected that the Admiralty will adopt the new light in preference to oil on ships carrying electric machinery.

Azotine.

A French inventor, M. Heddebault, has found that when rags of cotton and wool, mixed, are subjected to the action of a jet of superheated steam under a pressure of five atmospheres, the wool melts and sinks in a liquid mud to the bottom of the receptacle, while the

cotton, linen, and other vegetable fibres stand, and are suitable for the manufacture of paper. If the liquid mud is desiccated, the residue, termed azotine, is completely soluble in water, and very valuable on account of the nitrogen it contains. It costs nothing to prepare, because the increased value of the paper pulp freed from wool covers the expense of steaming.



A Model Lens.

Mr. J. B. Haycraft, of the Mason College, Birmingham, has designed the model lens which we illustrate, in order to aid science teachers and others. The model may be constructed of the simplest materials, and should only cost two or three shillings. It consists of a piece of deal board cut in the shape of a section of a double convex lens as shown, and fixed upright to a standard of wood. Four small squares of board, *x*, are fixed in the positions indicated, two on each side of the lens. Glass tubes bent at obtuse angles are fixed to these by staples, and can rotate with them on the screws, by means of which the squares are fixed to the lens. Two pieces of string, A A′ and B B′, to represent visual rays, are then passed through the tubes. Now as a ray of light passes through a lens of given curvature and density, it will (practically) be bent at the same angle so long as it passes through the same part of the lens. In the model this constant angle of bending is given to the string by means of the bent tubes. These rotating on the lens allow the teacher diagrammatically to represent the rays passing through it.

Wild Plant Fabrics.

An attempt is now being made in the United States to utilise the fibres of various wild plants, especially grasses; and some very good raw material in the shape of threads, ranging from the fineness of silk to the coarseness of hemp, have been prepared. The cotton stalk, usually burnt as trash, is made into a coarse thread equal to Indian jute. Flax straw yields a product which serves for the manufacture of linen, or as a substitute for cotton, when mixed with wool. Other plants, such as the bear grass, Spanish bayonet, okra, nettle, ramie, pita, baurbor, wild coffee, and wild cotton plant, have been made to supply threads which can be dyed, and spun into bagging, rope, pack-thread, paper, or fabrics for dresses and upholstery. The ramie and Sisal hemp fibre can be mixed with silk, and the common American grasses can be turned into fibres suitable for wig-making. Cocoa-nut fibre supplies a material for stuffing chairs, which is said to be quite equal to curled hair.

Oil on the Waves.

This subject has been studied in full by Captain Chetwynd, R.M., who has made a report upon it to the Royal Lifeboat Institution. Captain Chetwynd admits the value of the process, and states that a very small quantity of oil suffices. It is necessary, however, to apply it to windward of the space to be calmed, and hence he does not think it likely to be useful to lifeboats or other craft running out against a heavy sea, unless the oil were applied at the bows and given time to spread astern. In a ship hove to he considers it best to hang one or more bags of oil over the weather side, or put them overboard to windward attached to light lines, because the bags do not drift so fast as the ship, and the oil will therefore cover the space to leeward on which the latter rides. Canvas bags are, he holds, the best means of applying the oil. The canvas should be porous, or pierced with small holes, to allow the oil to escape. This plan is self-acting, and insures a regular supply of oil. The use of oil, he thinks, is to be recommended in boats which may have to pass a strip of dangerous water.

A Spiral Spring Piston.

At the Textile Exhibition there was recently exhibited a new piston, in which the packing consists of a spiral spring, which is normally straight, but when

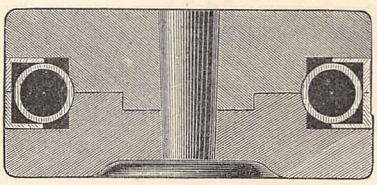


FIG. 1.

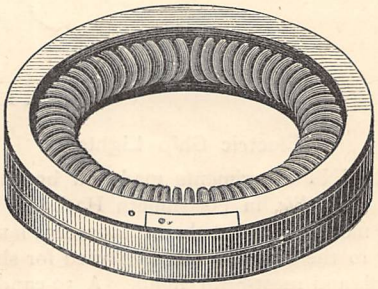


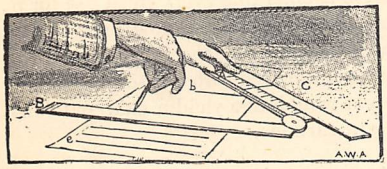
FIG. 2.

applied to the piston is bent into a circle and sprung into the ring, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2, the former of which represents a vertical section of a piston fitted with a ring, and the latter a perspective view of the spring bent into its place in the ring. The action of

the spring tends to enlarge this ring, and the makers have tested the packing successfully on a large number of different kinds of engines.

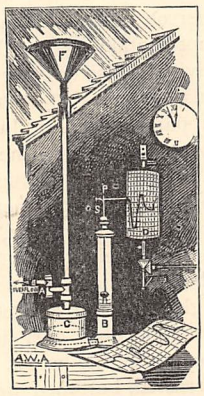
A Line Divider.

Our illustration shows a novel contrivance for dividing any space into an equal number of parts. It consists of a hinged ruler A B, having the limb A fitted to slide in an undercut groove on the plain rule C, which has needle-points on its under side to prevent it slipping on the paper. The limb A is also divided on both edges into eighths, quarters, half-inches, and inches. To explain the use of the instrument, let us suppose the space *d* to *e* is to be divided into any number of parts—say thirteen. Taking the half-inch line, hold the rule B on the line *e*, and open the rule A until the division marked 13 on the inside edge is coincident with the line *d*. Now notice that the single line on the rule C is opposite the 13, and in this position press it down so that the needle-points on the under side bite the paper well. Place the fingers firmly on C, slide the part A upwards so that it may stop consecutively opposite each of the thirteen divisions, as indicated opposite the line on the rule C; a pencil line drawn along B, across *d e*, at each stoppage opposite the numbers 12, 11, 10, 9, and so on, will give the divisions required. To produce the lines in ink, the rule, after setting, may be moved to the upper line first, and the division lines drawn afterwards. It will work in any position, and divide a space into from two to eighty parts.



A Recording Rain-Gauge.

A new rain-gauge which records the varying strength of rainfall consists, as shown in the figure, of two cylindrical vessels of different heights, B C, fixed vertically, and connected with each other at the bottom, so that when a quantity of mercury is introduced it will stand at the same level in both vessels. From the top of the shorter cylinder rises a funnel, F, several feet high, which receives the rain. Within the tube of this funnel, at a point A, is fixed a disc of agate, having a small perforation through which the rain issues after it is caught by the funnel, and passes into the overflow-pipe as shown. Within the other cylinder, B, is placed a float which rests on the mercury, and rises or falls with it. This float carries a vertical stem S, having a pencil P, or other marker at its end, and this pencil draws a line on a revolving drum D, of ruled paper as shown. The drum is revolved by a simple clockwork, not shown in the drawing, and makes one turn round in twenty-four hours, so that the line shows the variations of rainfall during this period. The action of the apparatus is as follows. The rain-water received in the funnel sinks to the surface of the mercury in C, and exercises a pressure upon it which is proportional to its height in the funnel-pipe, that is, to the rainfall at the time, and this pressure, communicated to the mercury in the vessel B, raises the float and pencil P. As the strength of the shower abates, the mercury in B sinks, and the pencil is lowered on the drum. Thus a wavy line records the varying intensity of the rainfall. Such an instrument would be useful to water engineers, as well as meteorologists.

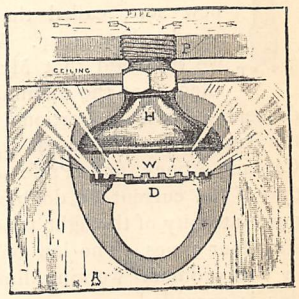


An Electric Light Locomotive.

Trains on the Liverpool and Manchester line of the London and North-Western Railway Company are about to be permanently lighted on a new and improved plan. This consists in constructing the locomotive so that it not only draws the train, but works a dynamo fitted to it. This is done by adding a Brotherhood engine to the tender, and feeding it from the locomotive boiler. The Brotherhood engine in turn drives the dynamo which generates the current; and the latter, after traversing the Swan incandescent lamps in the carriages, completes its circuit by returning to the dynamo. There are double lamps in each compartment, arranged so that if one is broken the other will be immediately lighted.

The Grinnell Fire Extinguisher.

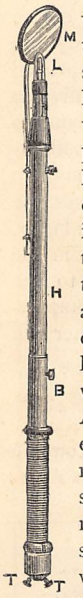
Our illustration explains the action of an automatic fire extinguisher which is being largely used in America. It is the invention of Mr. Grinnell, of Rhode Island, U.S., and has recently been introduced into Great Britain. The system consists of lines of small pipes carried through the factory or house to be protected, and connected to the public water-main, or a tank at the top of the building. These pipes run along or near the ceiling of the apartments, and every eight or ten feet extinguishers of the kind here illustrated are attached to the pipes. Thus P is the screw attaching the extinguisher, which consists of a heart-shaped envelope enclosing a kind of bell-mouth, which opens by a hole H (not shown) into the pipe. This hole is ordinarily closed by a diaphragm, D, held in place by a trigger, or lock, supported by fusible metal. When a temperature of 155° F. is reached, owing to the heated air of the fire rising to the ceiling, the fusible trigger melts, the diaphragm falls down into a niche provided for it, and the water,



under pressure, escapes as shown at W. On striking the diaphragm, which is toothed at the edges in order to distribute it in jets, the water is deflected up to the ceiling, from which it falls in a regular shower. The advantage of such a contrivance is that it operates automatically, and before the fire has attained serious dimensions. Even electric automatic fire-alarms are open to the objection that they do not bring immediate help, but merely summon the fire brigade quickly. In Grinnell's extinguisher the fire brigade is, as it were, already on the spot. For theatres, cotton factories, and such-like places, the invention is certainly to be commended.

A New Laryngoscope.

Our figure illustrates a new laryngoscope manufactured by Messrs. Woodhouse and Rawson. The laryngoscope is a surgical instrument of great value in cases of sore throat when the back of the mouth has to be examined. The new instrument consists of an ebonite handle, H, having at the butt end a pair of terminals, T T, with which to connect on the wires from the poles of a small voltaic battery or accumulator. At the other end is a small incandescent lamp, L, and an adjustable mirror, M, that is used to project the light of the lamp into the throat. A press-button, B, in the centre of the stem serves to complete the electric circuit, and start or stop the light. The current producing the light in the carbon filament of the lamp is that from three Leclanché cells, and will keep it going for ten minutes at a time. After this period, which is sufficient for most examinations of the throat, the battery polarises, and requires a rest to recover its strength. The filament of the lamp is of a new sort, called the "hair filament"—very slender, but strong. While upon this subject, we may add that Mr. Preece's result to the effect that the illuminating power of an incandescent lamp is proportional to the "sixth power" of the current sent through it, has been verified by Captain Abney and Professor Kittler. It follows that if the current be doubled in strength the luminous intensity of the light produced by it is increased sixty-four times. The law only holds, however, within the ordinary working limits of a lamp. When this is exceeded, a new proportion comes into play, till at length a point is reached when the filament breaks up by the too intense current. Mr. Preece recommends that this critical point, or rather the current producing it, should be ascertained for every sort of lamp as a safeguard for electricians.



Peat Moss Fibre.

Some time ago we chronicled the successful application of clean peat as a poultice for wounds, and now we have to mention its use as a material for the bedding of horses and other animals. The peat, as prepared at Barton-on-Humber, is selected from the fibrous tops of our peat-bogs, and is a vegetable matter of antiseptic properties which, especially when used as litter for animals, becomes a good manure when applied to the soil. It is cleanly and absorbent, and the *humus* which it contains is an excellent food for plants, as gardeners have long known. The peat fibre is now supplied to the Zoological Gardens, London, for the bedding of wild animals, as well as to leading tramway companies, Lord Derby, Lord Vernon, and other owners of large stables. Peat is so common within these islands that every fresh use for it is a matter of congratulation. It is now used in the shape of charcoal for sanitary purposes, for the production of gas, and, compressed with coal-dust and tar, for fuel. Probably it would also yield a charcoal suitable for electric light carbons.

Petrified Wood-Work.

Along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, and in other parts of the Western United States, there are large tracts of petrified forest, which the practical American has now found a use for. In San Francisco a factory was recently erected for cutting the stony trunks and limbs of the primeval trees into mantelpieces, tiles, panels, and other architectural parts, usually made out of marble, slate, or other ornamental stones. The new material is hard, fine-grained, and resembles onyx, but is capable of taking a finer polish than onyx, and is said to be driving it from the market. Several new companies have applied for concessions of portions of the forest tracts; but it is to be hoped in the interests of natural history that some of the forest will be preserved in its original state.

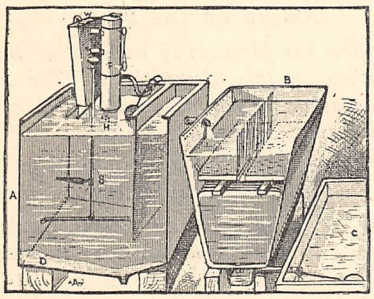
Health Clothing.

Dr. Gustav Jaeger, professor of physiology at Stuttgart, has devised a system of sanitary or health clothing, which is meeting with favour in Germany. His theory is that dead vegetable tissues do not dissipate the emanations of the skin, whereas dead animal tissues, which have been, of course, specially adapted to animal bodies, do. Moreover, he holds that a person is less liable to disease when his body does not contain too much fat or water. His nervous activity is also greater at such a time, that is to say, his keenness of sensation, as is proved by a special apparatus of Dr. Jaeger, in which after a Turkish bath has reduced the moisture of the body, a gain of 13 per cent. in nervous activity is frequently registered by subjects experimented upon. Dr. Jaeger, holding as he does that linen, or other vegetable clothing, does not so well admit the dispersion of moisture from the body, has designed a woollen dress consisting of tight-fitting stockingette underclothing of pure undyed wool, fastened over the shoulder, and of double thickness over the breast. The coat, or jacket, is double-breasted, buttoned well up to the throat, contains no lining or padding except of pure wool, and is either undyed, or treated only with uninjurious fast dyes. The same rule applies to trousers, and the vest is either discarded, or made in the form of flaps sewn

to the inside of the coat. Inside the sleeves and trouser-legs is a contrivance which, fastening tight round the limb, prevents up-draughts; for colds, rheumatism, lumbago, and so on, are caught by the sudden rush of cold air to a particular part of the body, not by the gradual cooling of the whole. The feet are clad in pure woollen socks with divisions for each toe, while the upper part of the boot is made of felt, the lower part of felt or porous leather, and the inner soles of perforated leather and layers of felt. Thus the boot is quite porous, and the feet are kept as clean and pure as the hands. By doubly protecting the front of the body where the blood-vessels converge, these are stimulated; and as an even temperature is maintained throughout, there is little need of an overcoat, at least in temperate climes. These clothes are also cool in summer. Instead of a starched linen collar, Dr. Jaeger substitutes one of unstarched white cashmere, which is not only comfortable, but a safeguard against sore throats. The same principles are carried out in night clothing; the sheets of the bed being of wool, or camel-hair, or white cashmere. The mattress and pillows should also be stuffed and covered with wool, and Dr. Jaeger thinks that a person so protected may keep his window well open at night; but we think this is a point to be careful upon, because open windows admit draughts on the exposed head, and some kind of screen should therefore be employed to prevent this. Samples of the clothing were exhibited at the International Health Exhibition, and a depôt for its sale has been opened in London.

A Water Softener.

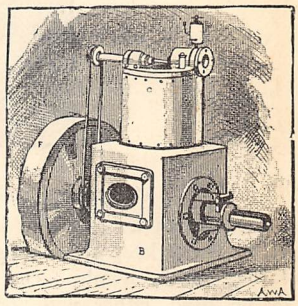
An inventor, whose filters we have from time to time described in the GATHERER, has brought out a composition called "Anti-calcaire" for softening water, that is to say, removing the salts of lime in it. Temporary hardness is due to bicarbonate of lime in the water, and permanent hardness to sulphates of lime



and magnesia, which, unlike the bicarbonate, are not removed by boiling the water. The Anti-calcaire acts on all these salts and precipitates them, thus making the water quite soft. As much Anti-calcaire as will cover a shilling, put into a jug-full at night, will render the water clear and soft in the morning. Of course the same process on a larger scale is applicable to a tub or cistern-full; but the inventor has devised a special arrangement, which we illustrate. It consists of two cisterns—one, A, for softening, the other, B, for filtering the water before it passes into the collecting reservoir C. The water from the main strikes upon and revolves a small water-wheel, W, which in revolving actuates a mechanism which not only discharges the Anti-calcaire into the water, but stirs the latter up. Thus in the cylinder or box, P, there is a quantity of the powder which is fed forward to a drop-hole, H, by a stirrer and screw worked by the water-wheel. The powder drops out of the hole, H, into the water, and is mixed with the latter by the stirrer S. It then deposits the precipitate, D, on the bottom of the cistern, the clear water flowing over into the next cistern, which is fitted with a filtering apparatus. This arrangement can be made on a scale suitable for the supply of hospitals, factories, aquaria, and other large establishments. Fish are apt to be infected with a certain fungus if kept in hard water, hence the necessity of softening it for aquaria. An arrangement like this, occupying 8 ft. by 4 ft. by 5 ft., is capable of dealing with 12,000 gallons of water per day.

A Small Engine.

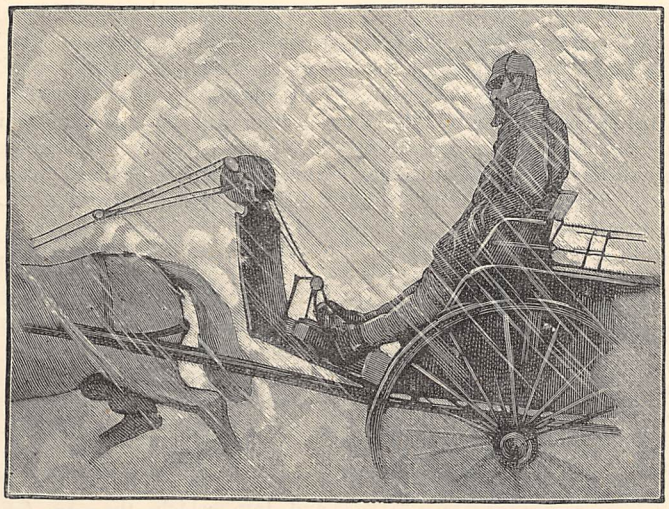
Our figure illustrates a new "Electric" high-speed engine, introduced for a variety of purposes, but chiefly for driving dynamos in electric lighting. The cylinder, C, is mounted on a base-box, B, containing the working parts of the engine, and into which the exhaust steam passes. The engine is of the single-acting type, and all its parts are exceedingly well adapted to the functions they have to perform. F is the fly-wheel, giving great steadiness of motion, a desideratum in electric light engines, where the dynamo should run smoothly and at a high speed. Another desideratum in dynamo-driving engines is, that the engines should not be too sensitive to changes of speed in the dynamo, caused by changes in the electric or lighting circuit. The engine shown has a ten-inch cylinder, with nine-inch stroke, and runs at 500 revolutions per minute.



An Improved Coffee-Pot.

It is well known that coffee contains other elements than those which make this popular drink what it is; and how to get rid of these more or less harmful ingredients has long been a matter of study. A new coffee-pot called the "Criterion," recently introduced from Germany, bids fair to achieve this. In appearance it is not unlike the ordinary French cafétière, but both of the two strainers are very much finer than is the case with the French pots, and the upper one, instead of being immediately under the lid, is secured by stops very close to the bottom one. By this arrangement the whole of the coffee is kept together and the boiling water is obliged to pass through, and thus extract

the essence from it. So fine are the strainers, that the water occupies nearly eight minutes in passing through them, and the whole of the good properties are thus extracted from the coffee. A measure which holds the exact amount of coffee required to give a good and wholesome decoction with the water contained in the upper part of the cafétière is provided with it, and it is claimed for the new coffee-pot that, if the water and coffee be used in the precise proportions indicated, only the good properties are extracted from coffee and none of the bad ones.



Treadle-Driving.

A new method of driving horses by means of the feet, so as to keep the hands warm in cold stormy weather, has been introduced recently. The method can be used either with or without the ordinary plan of hand-driving, the latter being resorted to in genial weather if preferred. The illustration shows the arrangement in action. The feet rest on a firm board, and the horse is guided by raising or lowering the toes, thus bearing on one or other rein by means of straps in connection with them, which pass over the pulley mounted on the front board of the vehicle as shown. The driver's hands are quite free and may be inserted in the pockets of his great-coat. The apparatus can be attached to any vehicle in a very few minutes and can be used by a very young person. When the driver leaves the vehicle there is a gentle bearing on the horse's mouth which tends to keep him quiet.

Telephoning through Water.

Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, has been making some interesting experiments with that instrument at sea. Two boats were rowed out into deep water, about a mile and a quarter apart. In one was Professor Bell, and in the other an assistant, the former being armed with a telephone, the latter with a voltaic battery and an apparatus for rapidly interrupting the electric circuit—100 times per second. One terminal of the telephone was connected to the water over the bow of Professor Bell's boat, the other entered the water at the stern; and whenever the water was charged, by a wire, at two points some distance apart, by the interrupted current of the battery in the other boat, Professor Bell heard a musical note in the telephone held to his ear. We may add that the subject of submarine telephony has excited considerable attention of late; Lord Rayleigh, at the British Association Meeting in Montreal, having enunciated a theory which shows that it is impossible to telephone speech through more than forty miles of an Atlantic cable. Actual experiments on other cables—for example, that between Dublin and Holyhead—have shown that speech can be transmitted sixty miles on a line of that type.

"WORDS FOR MUSIC" COMPETITION.

AWARD OF THE PRIZE.

The Editor has pleasure in announcing the award of the judges in this Competition. The Prize of Three Guineas offered for the best Song (i.e., *words for music*) *has been awarded to*

MISS MARIAN PENDLEBURY, 1, Methven Terrace, Grange-over-Sands, Lancashire,

whose Song, "When Martens follow Spring," the Editor hopes to publish in an early number of the Magazine.

Honourable Mention is awarded to the following competitors, in order of merit:—

ALICE MARY HEWITT, Southampton.
HARRIET E. KETCHLEY, Kirby Moorside, Yorks.
H. W. BOYD MACKAY, Exeter.

The number of competitors was 141.

MUSIC COMPETITION.—*Intending competitors are reminded that February 2nd,* 1885, *is the last day for receiving MSS.*

"SHE TURNED AND PAUSED A MOMENT."

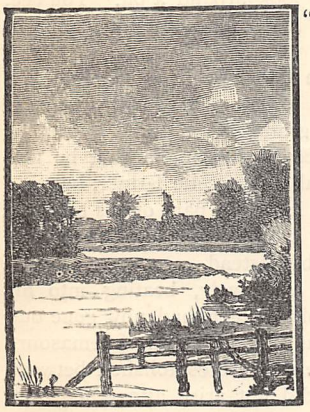
"*HOW SHE SAVED HIM*" (*p.* 213).

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

By ALICE O'HANLON, Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," "No Proof," &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

THE FOLD FARM.



"YOU are *quite* sure, father, that you won't feel lonely?"

Idalia stood with her riding-skirts gathered up in one hand, and the other passed through her father's arm.

It was the morning following Victor McNicoll's call; her brother and she were about to set off for a ride, and Mr. Bretherton had accompanied them to the door to see them mount. "Well, good-bye, father," she repeated, kissing him; "we shall not be away long. And this afternoon, remember, you and I are to have a drive together in the pony-carriage."

"Bless you, honey! So we will. But enjoy your ride, and don't you hurry back for me on no account. I ain't a-goin' to feel lonesome. Dear, no! Why should I?"

This assurance was emphasised by his sweetest smile.

Nevertheless, scarcely had the sound of the horses' hoofs died from his ear before Abner did begin to feel lonely—very lonely indeed.

Accustomed all his life to active labour and an out-door existence, confinement to the house was naturally irksome to him. To sit alone in an unfamiliar room proved doubly irksome; and after enduring the experience for nearly half an hour, he took his hat and left the house.

For some time he wandered about the grounds; then, passing round to the back of the Hall, he entered the stable-yard. Two grooms were at work there, busily engaged in polishing some silver-plated harness which had become tarnished with neglect, and Mr. Bretherton stopped to speak with them.

Having both, as they could boast, served the "haristocracy" in their time, the men had strictly correct notions as to what a gentleman ought to be. As a matter of course, poor Abner did not coincide with these notions, and a surreptitious wink presently conveyed from one to the other an appropriate expression of their mutual opinion respecting their new master.

Mr. Bretherton did not catch the wink, but he felt that the men were quizzing him in a not very friendly or respectful fashion, and with a hasty parting remark he walked away. Before, however, he had quitted the yard, or at all events before he had got well out of earshot, a rude laugh reached him, and instinctively he guessed that his hired lackeys were amusing their small wits at his expense.

A flush of anger mounted to his brow. But the brief resentment quickly passed, giving place to pain—a secret aching pain—from which he was rarely free, though he strove with patient unselfishness to hide its existence from his children. Ah! how his heart yearned for his old home, for his old associates, his old occupations! In that far-off land, in those dear bygone days, no one had ever laughed at or ridiculed him, and he had been happily unconscious of anything in himself calculated to excite such ridicule. There, in Clear-Water Valley, he had been a man of consequence, a man looked up to and honoured. He had gone about accordingly with that sense of dignity and self-respect always enjoyed by one who feels himself to be in good repute with his fellows. His life had been a useful and a happy one. But now, alas! all was changed.

Entirely out of his element, Abner began to feel as though he were scarcely the same man that he had been; and in a measure this was true. He had been transplanted to a foreign soil—an unsuitable habitat—and the bleeding roots, torn from their native earth, seemed to be draining him of life-blood and energy.

Absorbed in these sorrowful thoughts, Mr. Bretherton had grown heedless of whither his steps carried him. Hardly conscious of the fact, he passed out of his own grounds, and strolled for a short distance along the highway. By-and-by he found himself standing in front of a white gate. The gate opened upon a cart-road, or lane, which led up to an ancient-looking, stragglingly-built house. This house at once arrested Abner's attention, and lifted him out of his unpleasant reflections. It was evidently a farm; and though there was not much resemblance between the buildings—excepting that both covered a good deal of ground, and were two-storeyed, rambling-looking places—it reminded him somehow of Whitefall Prospect.

A singular desire took possession of poor Abner. He felt as though he should like very much to go and call at this house. Its owner being a farmer, like himself, might perhaps feel inclined to be neighbourly. Yet he hesitated to carry out this impulse, and remained for a long time leaning over the gate, wistfully gazing around him. A year ago, in his own country, he would have marched boldly forward, without giving a second thought to the question. Ceremony in the matter of making acquaintances was not fashionable among the Apalachian Mountains; but now Abner had to contend against a new diffidence, born of his late experiences.

At length, however, he opened the gate, and taking his courage in hand, began to walk slowly up the lane. It led past a front entrance round to a yard at the back of the house. A second gate closed in the farmyard. Just through it, to the left, stretched a small pond of muddy water, wherein a family of yellow-billed ducks were disporting themselves. Cocks and hens were pecking about among the straw which littered the premises, and a fat gander, standing on the top of a manure-heap, was contemplating the world with an imbecile expression. Abner hesitated again for some minutes, then lifting the bar of this second gate, he attempted to open it. A noisy creaking sound was the result, and springing from a kennel, which he had not before noticed, a large bull-dog set up a loud barking, accompanied by a vicious straining at his chain. The barking was taken up in chorus by two other dogs, invisible from where he now stood; and, repelled by the inhospitable clamour, Mr. Bretherton once more paused. A moment later there appeared round a corner of the house a man with a pipe in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets.

"How d'ye do, Mister?" asked Abner, smiling and nodding affably.

"Mornin' to 'ee," returned the other, removing his pipe, and surveying the visitor curiously.

"I was passin'," resumed Mr. Bretherton, explanatorily and a little nervously—"I was jest a passin', an' I thought I'd step in 'n' see ye. You're the owner, I reckon, of this yere farm, ain't ye?"

"Ess, I be. I be Farmer Basset—John Basset, by your leave." Then, after a pause, devoted to puffing hard at his pipe, he subjoined, "Stranger i' these pairts, beant 'ee?"

"Thet's so. Yes, Mister, I'm a stranger in a strange land, so to speak. I was raised in North Carolina."

"North Carolina? And where med that be?—Toward Scotland, or that waay somewheres, I s'pose?"

Mr. Bretherton was too polite to smile at this sad display of ignorance. "Well, no; it's in the States, North Carolina is—*America*, you know," he added suggestively.

Mr. Basset lifted his hat and scratched his bald pate.

"Oh, ay, I see now, sure!" he exclaimed, in a relieved tone. "You be one o' the new Squoire's men. A's from America, they tell I. And, to be sure, any one could have telld from your speech that you was a foreigner."

"Well, I dessay they could," admitted Mr. Bretherton. Then, in order to correct the mistake under which his companion was evidently labouring, he continued, "Monkswood Hall, you see, it's mine now. My sister, Mrs. Curtis, she left it to me. Maybe ye know'd her?"

The puzzled expression which it had before worn returned in full force to Mr. Basset's florid countenance. "Lor!" he ejaculated. "Be you Squoire Bretherton himself?"

"Thet's my name, Mister—Abner Bretherton is."

Mr. Basset stood for a full minute with his mouth open, as though unable to swallow this intelligence. Then, looking Mr. Bretherton straight in the face, he broke into a little laugh, which sounded neither unpleasant nor impertinent, and said—

"Why doant 'ee step forrud, Squoire? Come into the house and drink a drop of cider."

"Well, now, thet's friendly, that is; an' I will," rejoined Abner, with heartiness. "But, ef you wouldn't mind it, I'd like first to look around a bit. You see, I'm a farmer myself, an' it's sorter home-like, being in the yard here is."

"A farmer? Do 'ee tell, now?" exclaimed Mr. Basset, much interested. "And—make so bold—what med you farm, cattle or grain?"

Mr. Bretherton proceeded to explain that he had been both an agricultural and a cattle farmer, but that the principal and most lucrative part of his business had been the breeding of hogs on the mountains at some distance from his homestead.

Mr. Basset listened attentively, beating into his hand the ashes of his pipe, which had now gone out. Both men were conscious that a friendly freemasonry of feeling had even already been established between them. This, however, did not arise altogether from the discovery that they possessed a common interest through this community of occupation, although it was undoubtedly heightened by that circumstance. "I liked the look o' 'un, someways, fro' the moment I first see'd 'un," remarked Farmer Basset afterwards to a confidential friend. "A' looks you straight i' the face like a true man, and a's a kindly soul, as you can see in 's eye." For somewhat similar reasons, and also because the affectionate warmth of his guileless nature inclined him to think well of every one with whom he came in contact, Mr. Bretherton felt likewise much drawn to the honest farmer.

"And so you breeded pegs?" remarked the latter, when his companion paused. "Well, well, step this waay, friend, and I'll show 'ee as vine a sow as ever 'ee seen!"

Mr. Bretherton followed with happy alacrity towards a row of well-built, cleanly-looking sties at the further end of the yard.

"Now then, look 'ee there! Her's fourteen stun, if her's a pound!"

Mr. Bretherton duly admired the mountain of shapeless flesh pointed out to him. Then, putting over his stick, he gave the somnolent swine a gentle scratch on the head. A loud and contented grunting immediately ensued, and thereupon, from under cover, there came pelting out a dozen small pigs, tumbling helter-skelter over one another.

"Ha, ha! 'Tis her last brood," remarked the farmer; "and I'll tell 'ee a joke. My girl, Susan—her's a good mayd, and pretty, Susan is, and I'd like you to see her, Squoire"—he glanced round towards the house, as though to see whether his daughter was visible; but seeing nothing of her, he turned back, and resumed—"There's just twelve o' they young pegs, you see, and Susan, her's given 'em all names; and that little black 'un wi' the curly tail (a's the only black 'un i' the batch) that's Belzebub."

The farmer stopped to laugh, and Abner joined him.

"And would 'ee believe it? A's turned out the worst, quarrelsomest beast in the yeard. A'll ketch his little brothers and sisters by the legs, and a'll tipple 'em over, and a'll thieve from them turnips and what not, and altogether a's a reg'lar bad 'un!"

"Maybe it was sorter rough on him a-givin' him that thar name," suggested Mr. Bretherton, with a beaming countenance.

Never since he had turned his back on Clear-Water Valley had he felt so thoroughly at home in any one's society as he now began to feel in that of the worthy owner of Redfold Farm. And to come across so congenial an associate in the midst of that crushing sense of desolation from which he had suffered this morning made it all the more delightful.

After some further inspection of the sties and their occupants, Mr. Basset conducted his visitor round to his barns, shippons, and other out-houses. Then inviting him to climb a small hillock just outside the yard, he pointed out the extent of his property, proudly explaining that this exact amount of land had belonged to his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, and that the Bassets had lived here from generation to generation—as far back, he believed, as the Flood, or well-nigh it.

"But now do 'ee come into the house, Squoire, and see our folks."

Although with a slight sentiment of drollery in according it, Mr. Basset had continued to address his new acquaintance by this title of Squire.

"I've a father turned eighty-nine—a wonderful man I call 'un—as nimble nigh on his legs as arra young fellow: in a general way 'tis I mean, for to-day he beant well. A's all out o' sorts, wi' rheumatiz in's j'ints, and what not. I had ought to ha' been down now in the sixteen acres, where they be reapin' barley, only I stayed to chat wi' 'un a bit. Then there's the missus and Susan."

"Ye ain't a large fam'ly, then, an' on'y one child," commented Mr. Bretherton.

The farmer walked on for some moments in silence, thrusting both hands into his pockets. Then, plainly with effort, he rejoined—

"Nay, her's not the only child. I've a son beside, but a's a sore cross to me. A's an idiot; and there never wur an idiot in the Basset family afore, never! I often wish he'd never been born, that I do!"

Feeling that this was indeed a distressing affliction, and one which it required some delicacy to handle, Mr. Bretherton offered his condolences in very few words, and the two men exchanged no further remarks until the farmer had ushered his guest into a huge kitchen. This was the principal living-room of the family, cooking and other such business being carried on elsewhere.

And a brighter or pleasanter apartment no one need have wished to sit in. The floor was spotless, and everything that *could* take a polish—from the mahogany clock-case to the smallest article in brass or pewter that hung on the walls, or stood on the high mantel-shelf—glittered and shone so that you might have seen your face in it. Under a long low window, with diamond-cut panes, stood a deal dresser, scoured to a marvellous whiteness; and just opposite, beneath a plate-rack covered with an ancient dinner service in wedgewood, that would have fetched a large sum from the china fanciers, appeared a second dresser. Close by this, on a low rocking-chair, sat a woman scraping carrots. She was a woman about fifty, with a comely face, and a gentle, somewhat apathetic, expression. Her attire consisted of a brown merino dress, a blue checked apron of ample dimensions, and a snowy lawn cap.

This individual was Mrs. Basset, and her husband proceeded to introduce her to his visitor. Setting down her dish of carrots, Mrs. Basset carefully wiped her fingers upon her apron before accepting the hand Mr. Bretherton offered her. Then, with that unflattering air of surprise to which he was becoming accustomed whenever the fact was mentioned, she asked—

"What! are 'ee the master o' Monkswood? I thought it wur an own brother of Mrs. Curtis was to get the place."

Abner mildly deposed to the fact that he *was* Mrs. Curtis's own brother.

"Well, you doant favour her, sir, no waays at all," affirmed Mrs. Basset, with candour. "She was an elegant sort of body to look at; but main good, too, and friendly like. We see'd a deal of her when she was alive, poor lady: what with bein' neighbours, and what with my brother's widow a-livin' so long with her as housekeeper."

"Lor, I'd forgotten that!" interposed Mr. Basset. "Did 'ee know, Squoire, as Mrs. Briscoe was my wife's sister-in-law?—her as has had charge of the Hall ever since the mistress died?"

Mr. Bretherton disclaimed any previous knowledge of the relationship in question, but showed himself courteously interested in hearing of it now.

"Why, Susan, she's just gone down there now to see her aunt, and to take her some eggs," observed Mrs. Basset. "We've allays been used to let the Hall have butter and eggs from our farm."

"Well, now, I be vexed the little mayd's not in!" said her husband. "The Squoire, he's got a daughter too, and 'a says she's partic'ler beautiful; but I'd like he to see our Susan!"

It was very evident that the proud father believed any comparison would be to the advantage of his own child.

"How long has she been gone? I never see'd her go."

"Not above half an hour. She slipt out the front waay, so's Luke shouldn't see, for she didn't want him a-following this morning; but I'm afeard he's gone after her, for all that. The poor lad——"

"Bother the poor lad!"

Mr. Basset turned away with an impatient grunt and a frown, which instantly cleared from his brow, however, as his eyes lighted on an old man sitting in an easy-chair by the chimney-corner.

"See, 'tis my father, Squoire," he remarked, with an air of proud satisfaction. "Why, father, old chap, you've letten your pillow drop again!"

He stooped to lift a cushion from the ground, and whilst arranging it comfortably at the back of the chair, continued—

"Bless us all! he's such a hearty, active man as no one, go where 'a would, could beat! Why, even so bad as 'a is now, he'll scarce consent to lie back all day in his seat and do nothing but twiddle his thumbs."

"Ha! ha! I'm a gate as has held long on its hinges, 'tis true, John, but 'tis full time I began creakin' a bit now;" and the old man, who seemed to regard this remark as a good joke, indulged in a series of chuckles. His son patted him on the shoulder, and chuckled in concert.

"Look 'ee, father," he then said: "this gentleman he be Squoire Bretherton, as 'ee have heard tell wur come to live at the Hall."

"Ay, sure, sure."

There was no surprise manifested here. The old man regarded Abner with a genial smile, and a feeble, senile curiosity. His physical strength might, as his admiring son boasted, be extraordinary, but to a stranger, at least, it was evident at a glance that the old gentleman had almost attained his second childhood.

Such a cheerful, happy old child, however, did he seem, and such an air of untroubled contentment did his withered countenance present, that to look at him was almost enough to make one in love with old age. With him the turmoil and bustle of life were over, and the sun of his existence was evidently setting in a peaceful sky.

And well he deserved that it should, for old John Basset had ever been one of those lovable, joyous-natured souls, who see good in everything and everybody, and who bless the world by the mere fact of their cheery existence. To his son he had always appeared the perfection of a father and a man, and since, some ten years ago, he had made over to him his farm and lands, John had treated him with even more consideration and affection, if possible, than before.

Leaving his guest now to chat with the old man, Mr. Basset hastened to draw with his own hands a jug of cider.

Mr. Bretherton found the cider very pleasant, but the company of his new acquaintances still pleasanter, and it was a considerable time before he rose to take his leave.

"Now, Squoire, do 'ee come again, please, and afore long," pressed Mr. Basset, accompanying him to the door.

"Thet I will!" responded Abner warmly, and with a lighter feeling at his heart than he had known for months. "I'll drop in often, and hev a word with you, an' a look around the farm. Why, ef it ain't raining! It's comed on suddent, hevn't it? No, no; I never carry such a thing as an umbrella. Thank you kindly all the same, and good-bye."

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

SUSAN BASSET.

THE rain had not come on quite so suddenly as Mr. Bretherton supposed. His son and daughter, at all events, had noted signs of its approach, and galloping home, had managed to avoid it. The first drops only were beginning to fall as Peleus, having dismounted his sister at the hall door, was leading the horses round towards the stables. Having reached home a little earlier than was anticipated, he had found no groom in attendance. Unreasonably displeased by this fact (Mr. Percival Bretherton was one of those people who expect of the world that it should be ever in waiting on their convenience), he was mentally engaged in framing a stinging reprimand for his servant, when, on turning an angle of the house, he came suddenly upon an object which served to distract his ideas.

This object was a very pretty, kittenish-looking young damsel, with round pink cheeks and remarkably blue eyes. Over her arm the damsel carried a basket, and as she passed him, she coloured and dropped a half-curtsey. When she had gone by, Peleus turned to look after her, and found that she also had turned to look after him. Moreover, that backward glance discovered to him another charm, in the shape of a cluster of bright golden curls tied behind her head, and floating down to the girl's waist.

Peleus never could resist beauty. Half an invitation where it was concerned was enough, and that glance of simple curiosity seemed to him a kind of invitation. Hurrying forward, he gave the horses into charge of the first servant he met, a stable-boy, and deferring his scolding to the groom, sprang after the girl. As he had already reflected, he possessed a good excuse, were such excuse needed, for addressing her. But having, at first view, decided that she was not a lady, he did not really conceive that any excuse was needed. Nevertheless, on coming up to her the young fellow raised his hat apologetically.

"Pardon me," he began; "I see you have no umbrella, and it is beginning to rain. Will you not return to the house and shelter?"

A start, followed by a deep blush, rewarded his interference. Then lifting her eyes shyly, but without any evidence of displeasure, the girl answered—

"No, thank you, sir; I don't care for the rain, and I must make haste home. It—it be nigh our dinner-time." She stammered a little in her bashfulness, and blushed again.

Peleus found her prettier than he had imagined.

"Oh, it is dinner-time, is it? And you are hungry?" he said, smiling. "Well, at any rate you must have an umbrella. Come back, and let me get you one."

But again shaking her head, the girl declined his courtesy.

"No, thank you," she repeated, at the same time quickening her steps slightly.

"But you will get wet," he persisted, keeping by her side.

"Oh, I don't mind—I shall run home now." She paused timidly, giving him the opportunity to leave her.

Peleus, however, did not take the hint.

"Have you far to go?" he questioned, walking on slowly.

"Not very. No, only a short way," she faltered.

"'HAVE YOU FAR TO GO?' HE QUESTIONED."

Peleus studied the long lashes of her downcast eyes for a few moments, then lowering his voice to a soft and pleading tone, he once more pressed his request.

"Do, please, have an umbrella. I don't like you to get wet."

The girl was very young and very innocent. She had all the confidence of a petted child in the intentions of her fellow-creatures, and the bashfulness she had so far felt, and which she might have exhibited to any stranger, had been wholly unmixed with alarm. Now, however, the insistence of her companion began to affect her curiously. The low tones of his voice, as he had last spoken, thrilled through her, stirring something in the depths of her nature that had never been stirred before. Why was he so very kind to her? (In his behaviour her unsophisticated mind saw nothing but friendly considerateness.) And what a handsome young gentleman he was! What nice clothes he wore! And what a pretty sparkling ring he had on his little finger! She stole another glance at him. Then, with a smile dimpling her cheeks and a little toss of her head, in which was the first birth of coquetry, she submitted to his request.

"Well, if you be so set upon it, I can borrow one from Maggie Blaire at the Lodge."

"That's right. But perhaps Maggie Blaire at the Lodge may not have one—I must go with you there to see."

This suggestion was received in silence, but not a silence of the sort that betokened objection. Peleus drew a little nearer.

"Is your basket heavy?" he asked, touching it.

"Oh, no; 'tis empty now."

"Empty? So it is!" He had playfully lifted the lid to look inside. "Nay, I see some money!"

"Oh, yes! that be for the eggs. I brought two dozen to-day."

"Ah, I see, you've been selling eggs? You are a little market-woman, eh?"

"Indeed, no!" a quick flush of indignation suffused the girl's face; "I never go to market, and I never sell eggs; at least, I only bring them here to aunt. Rebecca and Molly, our servants, *they* go to market with the butter and fruit and things."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I'm afraid I've put my foot in it! Suppose you tell me who you are, and then I shall not make any more mistakes. I'm awfully sorry if I have offended you; I really am!"

"You haven't — not particularly," she rejoined, pouting slightly, however; "I'm Susan Basset!"

"What a pretty name!"

Susan dimpled, mollified by the compliment.

"And where does Miss Susan Basset live?"

"We live at the Fold Farm. Father owns it; and it do have belonged to the Bassets always, for hundreds and thousands of years." Susan inherited the family pride, and had this tradition respecting her ancient lineage duly instilled into her.

"Dear me! Thousands of years! That's a longish time," laughed Peleus; "I wonder how many of them *you* have lived?"

"Do you mean how old be I?"

"If it wouldn't be rude to ask."

"Nearly seventeen. My birthday 'tis next month."

"Is it? What a charming age! And how pretty you are!"

"Am I?" she asked, with childish *naïveté*, blushing again as she spoke.

"Adorably pretty! Did no one ever tell you so before?"

"I don't know. Yes, I think father has sometimes."

"And no one else?" The young man bent over her as he put this question, and there was something in his tone which now awakened a vague uneasiness in the child's mind.

"I don't know," she repeated, drawing away from him. "I think I'd rather not talk about myself."

Peleus recognised and accepted the warning. He did not wish to startle the girl. "Well, we won't talk about anything you don't like," he protested. "But why don't you ask *me* some questions now? Don't you want to know who I am?"

"I know without asking," she replied, lifting her blue eyes in returning confidence; "I can guess."

"You clever little girl! Well?"

"You be Squire Bretherton's son."

"Oh! people call him Squire, do they?" murmured Peleus to himself——"Hallo! What do you mean, fellow, by hiding about in these grounds?" This inquiry was addressed to the owner of a face which had just been protruded from behind a tree, a face with no chin and very little forehead.

"'Tis Luke," explained Susan. "Come out, Luke, you tiresome thing!"

"Thought I should find 'ee!" remarked the idiot with a broad and cunning grin. "I always finds 'ee, Sue, doan't I?"

"Who—who on earth is he?" demanded Peleus, looking from one to the other, from the pretty blooming girl to the prematurely old and almost hideous young man.

"'Tis my brother" (Susan confessed the fact with shame-faced reluctance); "he be a softy; not right in his head."

"Indeed? What a pity!" rejoined Peleus, making an effort not to betray the disgust wherewith he felt himself inspired towards the unfortunate fellow—"Now, here we are at the lodge! I suppose Maggie (isn't that her name?) will be inside?"

The personage in question, a girl of fourteen (daughter of the head gardener, to whom the lodge had been assigned as a residence), did prove to be inside, and a huge cotton umbrella was speedily borrowed from her.

"But now," said Peleus, when they came out with it, "I shall be obliged to walk home with you. You could never carry this great umbrella yourself. It would make your little arms ache."

"Oh, no, it wouldn't. I can carry it quite easily," protested Susan, stretching out her hand to take it. "Or I could make Luke hold it. Come along, Luke."

The idiot, however, paid no attention to her call. He had slunk away to some distance, and was now eyeing her companion with an expression of furtive dislike and suspicion.

"Why," resumed Peleus, "this is very unkind. Do you really object to me walking with you a little farther? Is my company so very disagreeable?" Once more the young fellow softened his voice to a tone of insinuating entreaty; and once more the simple-minded girl gave way.

Allowing him to carry the umbrella over her head, she stepped forward by his side, her young heart in a flutter of strange excitement. The moment seemed, somehow, like the opening of a new era in her existence. Never before had she walked so with a gentleman. How, indeed, should she? And where was there such another gentleman to be found in the world? One who was so kind and handsome, so tall and elegant, and who talked so prettily?

For Peleus was doing all the talking now, letting his speech flow on in soft nothings, quite content with receiving a good many shy glances and an occasional monosyllable in return.

The rain, what there was of it (the downfall was not really heavy), beat towards their faces. With a great parade of sheltering his companion, the young

fellow was holding the umbrella low in front of her, and it was only upon hearing himself accosted by name that he presently became aware that they had met some one on the narrow parapet. Lifting the umbrella, he found himself face to face with his father.

"I thought so!" exclaimed the latter. "I thought it was you, Percival. An' where are you agoin', my boy? An' who might this pretty young woman be?"

Mr. Bretherton regarded Susan, as he made the inquiry, with an interested and kindly air. The sight of a young face always moved the worthy man to a fatherly affectionateness of feeling, and there were few young people who failed to respond, in some measure, to his genial good-will.

Susan, at all events, returned very readily the smile he had bestowed upon her. But conceiving that the question as to who she was had been directed to young Bretherton, she waited for him to reply.

Finding, however, that Peleus remained silent, she glanced round at him, and was surprised, in fact startled, by the change which had taken place in his expression. All the brightness and amiability seemed suddenly to have vanished from his countenance, and he was gazing at the new-comer with a dark scowl on his brow and a forbidding look in his eyes.

Sensible of having sustained a shock, Susan turned back to Mr. Bretherton, and began hastily to introduce herself.

"My name is Susan Basset," she said. "That is our house, behind you, sir, close by. 'Tis called 'The Fold Farm.'"

"Do tell! Why, I've just come from there, my dear! I've bin heving a long talk with your father. You're his little girl, then, are you? He told me a heap about you. He 'pears mighty set on ye, 'n' no wonder!"

Susan opened her eyes at this unfamiliar dialect, and looked wonderingly at the speaker. Notwithstanding that he had spoken to her escort by name, she did not yet guess at the relationship which existed between the two. The next words he spoke, however, revealed it.

"An' so you've made acquaintance with my son, hev you? Well, that's right! Young folks, they'd oughter be friendly with young folks. Are you in the notion of goin' any farther, Percival?"

"Can't say. Probably I may," replied Peleus sharply. "But we need not detain you any longer."

The accent was something more than ungracious. Poor Mr. Bretherton cast a reproachful glance at his son, and a momentary spasm, as of pain, crossed his bewrinkled visage. Almost before it could be noticed, however, it was gone.

"No," he returned cheerfully. "No, I ain't goin' to be in the way, Percival. Young folks, they'd raither be by theirselves. That's nat'ral enuff, that is. Well, my dear, good day, an' I'll be glad to see you agin. You'll be steppin' in often, I dessay, to see Idalia an' Percival. An' you'll be allus welcome."

The old man threw the last words over his shoulder, as he was walking off. Then, the kindly smile it had worn faded sadly from his face, and setting it the other way, he, for the first time, perceived the idiot youth, who had been following a few yards behind the pair. Poor Luke! he adored his pretty sister with the unreasoning, uncritical passion of a dumb animal. She was his divinity, and it was his delight to follow her whithersoever she went, like a dog, or a shadow. As for Susan, she treated him sometimes as the one, and sometimes as the other, as a shadow, a nonentity, or a dog to fetch and carry at her bidding. Now and then she threw him a bone in the shape of a little notice or a few kind words.

Guessing without difficulty that this must be the imbecile son of whom Mr. Basset had told him, Abner gave him a pitiful glance and a friendly nod in passing.

Meanwhile, carrying the umbrella now in silence, Peleus had moved on with his companion. For several reasons, the young man had felt greatly annoyed by this encounter with his father. To amuse himself with a pretty farmer-girl was one thing, but to have Mr. Bretherton surprise him in her company was another. As he had quickly reflected, the circumstance would afford a bad example and a bad precedent.

It was Mr. Percival Bretherton's intention that none of the family, at all events neither his sister nor himself, should cultivate any but the first people in the neighbourhood. Yet, on meeting him with this little Susan, his father, with his levelling plebeian tendencies, had at once put them on an equality. Further, he had irritated him by suggesting that she might be suffered to associate with Idalia. Peleus felt that he would, if necessary, have to correct the mistake by giving the child a lesson against presumption.

Still, he did not wish to offend her; quite the reverse. And she did not *look* presumptuous. (He had bent to study again her half-averted face.) She looked troubled and uneasy; and what a soft, charming little kitten she was! Percival's ill-humour melted away.

"You are keeping quite dry, aren't you, Susan?" he asked. "I may call you Susan, may I not?"

There was no response for some moments. Then, suddenly turning to him, the girl asked a question in her turn.

"Is he your father?"

"The gentleman who has just passed? Well, I have been given to understand so."

"But you don't love him!"

"Don't I? What makes you say that?"

"I saw you look at him just like father does at poor Luke sometimes."

"How is that?"

Susan coloured violently; but after an instant's hesitation she answered—

"Well, you see, father he be *ashamed* of Luke, and he *hates* him."

"And you think I looked as though I was ashamed of my father, and as though I hated him?" asked Peleus.

Susan nodded, still blushing.

"And you are not inclined to be so friendly with me in consequence, eh?"

"I don't know." A faint smile, nevertheless, crossed her face, breaking, like a gleam of sunshine, through the clouds that had overcast it. "*He* did look so nice and kind," she continued. "And *you* did look so cross, it almost scared me."

"You fanciful little thing! But that is all nonsense. It is all a mistake."

"Be it?" she asked, evidently ready to be convinced against the evidence of her senses.

"Of course it is! My father and I have seen very little of each other since I was a boy, and we are not much alike, but——"

"No, you don't favour him a bit!" interposed Susan, as the young fellow paused, stealing an admiring glance at him.

"Thank goodness, no!" ejaculated Peleus piously. "But is this your gate? Well, Susan, I suppose I must say good-bye to you here?"

"If you like. I don't want the umbrella any longer."

"Oh, but you must take it with you up the lane. And, mind, don't you bring it back to the lodge, Susan, on any account! *I* shall call for it at your house. I shall want to see you again, tremendously, and it will serve as an excuse, don't you see? You won't be sorry to see me again, will you?"

Susan made no reply in words, but her blue eyes gleamed at him for a moment beneath their long lashes, and Peleus was satisfied. During the interview now drawing to an end, the girl had been by turns startled, flattered, offended, elated, shocked; but, with it all, excited in a way such as she had never been in her life before. Still she felt that she would like to be so excited again. After this new experience of hers, things could never, she vaguely recognised, be exactly as they were before. Not to see Mr. Percival Bretherton again would—— somehow, the very idea seemed to create a sort of blank disquietude in her mind. No, certainly she would not be sorry to see him again.

"Where is that——your brother? Ah, there he is, behind. By the way, Miss Susan, talking of feeling ashamed of one's kindred, don't you think you ought to plead guilty to the sin yourself? If so, you know, you can't throw stones at me."

"Oh, but that be quite different!" protested Susan. "Poor Luke, he's a softy. And if, by times, I do feel a bit ashamed of him, I don't dislike him. I hadn't ought to neither, for he be main fond of me. If any one hurted me, I do believe he'd kill them. Why, only a month ago he strangled a dog because it tried to bite me. 'Twas a great big dog; but Luke, he's so strong, and he just took it by the throat and strangled it dead."

"Dear me! what a powerful champion! And you keep him about you always as a body-guard?" said Peleus, glancing rather uneasily at the idiot, who had now shambled up to them, and who, the young fellow perceived, was regarding his own handsome physiognomy with apparent disfavour. "I trust he is not dangerous to your friends, as well as to ill-behaved dogs?"

"Indeed, no!" exclaimed Susan. "He bean't dangerous at all. 'Twas the first time he ever harmed living thing, was that dog."

"Well, I don't wonder at him for being devoted to *you*, little Susan. But now, good-bye, again." And, with a lingering pressure of the hand, he turned away.

But, though he set off in that direction at a great speed, Mr. Percival Bretherton did not appear very anxious to arrive at home; for, upon reaching the entrance-gate, he passed on and continued his walk.

The fact was that the young fellow had felt somewhat startled by that childishly frank accusation which Susan Basset had just brought against him, and that he wished to think over the ideas it suggested. Had he really looked at his father as though he "hated" him? And was it true that he actually did so?

That he should feel "ashamed" of him, went of course, Peleus considered, without saying. How could he help feeling ashamed of him? But was there anything worse than this? Peering now into the depths of his inner consciousness, Peleus was somewhat dismayed by what he there discovered. After the lapse of many years, his father and he had met, a few months back, almost as strangers. And strangers, to all intents and purposes, they still continued. Diverse, to begin with, in natural character, the unlikeness between them had been increased to the highest point, through the influence of contrasted education and surroundings. Peleus' taste, such as it was, revolted continually at his father's dress and appearance, at his broad dialect and Arcadian manners. Mr. Bretherton might be a "diamond," but, in his son's opinion, he was a remarkably "rough" one.

Yes, unquestionably he was ashamed, *wretchedly* ashamed of his father! But did he really go so far as to "hate" him? Did he really wish that the old man was—gone? Peleus shrank a little from pressing upon himself this unnatural question. Before he re-entered Monkswood Hall, however, he had faced and answered it. But the conclusion to which he had come was one which, he resolved, must be kept carefully concealed in his own bosom; above all, one that must be guarded as a strict secret from Idalia's suspicion.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

AN INTERRUPTED LOVE-SCENE.

"THE ladies are dressing for dinner, Sir Arthur. I will tell them you are here."

"No, no, don't mind telling them. I am not expected this evening, Eliza. I'll announce myself when they come down."

"Oh, very well, sir!" And, smiling to herself as she withdrew, Mrs. McNicoll's trim housemaid left Arthur Ledsom alone in the drawing-room of Upton Lodge.

A very bright and pretty room it was, and just now it looked especially pleasant, for the evenings were growing a little chilly, and a clear fire blazed in the grate. A couple of moderator lamps had, also, been already lighted. Their flames, however, were turned low, for twilight still lingered and the blinds had not been drawn to exclude it. Coming in from the autumnal air, the young baronet was conscious of a luxurious sense of warmth and comfort stealing over him. Stationing himself with his back to the fire, he stood there for some minutes glancing around with an aspect of serene contentment. Then, beginning softly to hum an air from a well-known symphony, he approached a window and drew aside a curtain of rich yellowish lace. This window, the centre one of three, all situated on the same side of the room, formed also a door, leading out by a couple of steps into the garden. Of his garden Mr. McNicoll was very proud; and not without reason, for it was both well laid out and well tended. Looking forth now, Sir Arthur observed that in distant corners everything was beginning to melt into vague shadow. Nearer at hand, however, stretches of green lawn, elegant fountains, palm-like shrubs, and even the shapes of the flower-beds could be plainly distinguished. Moreover, a bright half-moon, hanging low in the horizon, was mingling its silvery rays with the fading daylight and imparting a mystic, fairy-like beauty to the scene. Still humming to himself the soft strains of his air, Arthur had stood there but a few seconds, when he perceived a figure flitting from the direction of the house down one of the garden paths. The figure was that of a girl, and Arthur at once recognised Dora McNicoll.

Stopping suddenly in the midst of a bar, he bent forward to watch her. Dora had approached a flower-bed which she claimed as her own special property. At the corner of that bed grew a fine damask-rose tree. It was one that he had himself grafted, some two or three years ago, from a cutting which he had begged from the head-gardener at the Court.

Pausing before this standard, Dora seemed to be searching about it for a few moments. Then Arthur saw her turn away and come towards the drawing-room, carrying a flower in her hand. As she drew nearer, he saw her raise the flower and press it to her lips.

That action set the young man's heart beating fast. Hardly conscious of what he was doing, he drew back, as though to conceal himself behind the curtains. Dora entered without perceiving him; and advancing to the hearth, she was proceeding to pin the rose into her bosom, when he stepped forward and softly uttered her name.

Startled by the unexpected address, the girl gave a little cry and dropped her flower.

"Arthur!" she exclaimed. "Is it really you? Why, when did you get back from Scotland?"

Sir Arthur stooped to pick up the rose before replying. "Only this afternoon," he then said.

"This afternoon?" she repeated, blushing with pleasure. "And you have actually come to see us so soon? That is very good of you."

"Oh, *very* good!" he rejoined, laughing. "Should you consider it virtuous of a man to eat when he is hungry, Dora?"

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "I don't see the point of that——" All at once she stopped, stammering and confused.

"Don't you know that I would rather be here than anywhere else in the world?" The words were spoken in a low key, and, taking her hand, the young man held it with a warm pressure.

What he had seen this evening had served to confirm, into almost absolute certainty, a belief which he had already entertained for some time past. And that confirmation had sent a wave of tenderness welling up from his heart into every part of his being.

No coxcomb to fancy such a thing without foundation, Arthur Ledsom felt assured—fully assured now—that Dora McNicoll loved him. And whatever his grounds for this assurance, the fact was so. Dora did love him—with a depth and intensity whereof few of her friends would have believed so quiet and undemonstrative a girl capable.

As for himself, Arthur believed that he, too, loved her. He had loved her, he told himself, ever since they had been children together.

Nevertheless, it is true that until within the last few weeks he had never thought of her in the light of a future wife. The idea had dawned on him only since his uncle's death—when, being continually at her home, he had found Dora's sympathy with all his sentiments and in all his affairs very sweet. Since it had occurred to him, however, Arthur had encouraged the idea as a good and happy one.

"Is human love," it has been asked, "the growth of human will?" Yes, sometimes it is, or seems to be so; and there is little doubt that the *will* to love may nearly always be successful in creating a certain amount of affection. During the last ten days—whilst absent in Scotland (whither he had gone on some business relative to a small estate and shooting-box he possessed there)—Arthur had been thinking constantly of Dora. He had dwelt upon all her good qualities: upon her sweetness of disposition; her honourable, high-minded principles; her gentleness and dutifulness to her parents, even to the ill-natured father, of whom she never, like her sister, made game, or spoke disrespectfully.

And last, but not least, he had reflected much over that truth which he believed himself to have discovered—*i.e.*, that *she* loved *him*.

As far as possible from being conceited, this reflection had not served merely to tickle his vanity—as might have been the case with many young men. Rather, it had awakened his humility, and excited his gratitude. And for love—that best of all human gifts—all worthy and noble natures must ever feel grateful. So, during those days of absence, Arthur had made up his mind that some day he would ask Dora to become his wife.

What he felt towards her must, he was sure, be love. True, it was not a very vehement or romantic passion; but for that reason, he had argued with himself, it was all the more likely to be real and lasting. It was founded on common-sense, on a knowledge of the girl's character, on admiration of her goodness. He loved her because she was lovable, not for such adventitious charms as beauty, accomplishments, wealth, or fashion.

Even now some such thoughts were repeating themselves in the young man's mind, as he stood gazing down upon her, with her hand in his. And just at this moment Dora was looking her very best. The dark silk dress she wore fitted well her neat little figure, and was relieved about the neck and wrists by soft lace ruffles. In the firelight her reddish hair caught a gleam of gold, and the numerous freckles about her face seemed to have faded away. Arthur—in the new access of tenderness which now possessed him in her regard—thought she looked absolutely pretty. Yes, with her for a companion through life how happy might he be! As he came to this conclusion, the young baronet gave vent to a faint sigh, and Dora becoming conscious at the same instant that he had held her hand quite sufficiently long, withdrew it with a heightened colour.

"Thank you for picking up my rose," she remarked, offering to take it.

Arthur, however, made no movement towards restoring the flower.

"Please give it to me?" she pressed.

He shook his head. "No, I want it for myself."

"Do you really? Then you can't have it!" she retorted, laughing.

"Can't I?" he held it out of her reach. "Why, it is off my own tree!"

"Yes," she admitted, "it is from the tree you planted. But that is the last flower, Arthur—the last rose of summer."

"Humph! That makes me seem very selfish, no doubt. But still I want it—this particular rose. Dora, won't you give it me?"

Dora glanced up at him. Had he——Could he have seen her in the garden? Did he guess——?

"Ah, well," she stammered, in confused assent—"If you are so conceited that you want adorning, by all means keep it."

"Thank you—dear!" He added the last word under his breath. Then, deliberately kissing the flower in his turn, he placed it in his button-hole.

Dora, trembling and blushing, hastened to change the subject.

"Did you do any shooting when you were in Scotland, Arthur?" she asked.

"A little. Yes; there is a hamper of game coming down from the Court this evening, if Mrs. McNicoll will accept it."

"How very kind! Mamma will be delighted, I'm sure," Dora responded, a nervous quiver still in her voice. "Were the servants expecting you, Arthur? We did not think you were to be back for several days yet."

"No, I took them by surprise, as well as you," said the young man. "But I got through my business rather sooner than I had expected. And, somehow, Dora, I was wonderfully anxious to get home."

Dora, afraid lest he might notice how she was trembling, here moved away, and seated herself in an easy-chair.

"I don't wonder," she said, "that you should love so beautiful a home as the Court!"

"Do *you* love it, Dora?" Arthur had followed and was standing close by her chair. He put the question on the impulse of the moment.

"If it was my home—I mean, if all my family lived there, I should consider it, of course, a perfect paradise."

"And if your family lived there, *I* too should consider it a paradise. If only a *unit* of your family. Dora!——"

Bending suddenly over her chair, the young man put out his hand towards hers. Before, however, their fingers had met, he started upright, and drew hurriedly backwards.

Choosing this inopportune juncture, Miss Jessie had just burst into the room, in that energetic fashion which characterised most of her movements, and scarcely had she exhausted her expressions of astonishment at finding Sir Arthur here when she had supposed him to be in Scotland, before her mamma also made her appearance. A few moments later, Mr. McNicoll and Victor came in from the mill, and almost immediately afterwards dinner was announced.

Poor Dora had barely time to recover some measure of outward composure before she found herself seated at table directly opposite to Sir Arthur Ledsom. And certainly so abrupt a transition from that dimly-lighted drawing-room, and the sweets of a love-scene—or what seemed very like one—to the commonplace atmosphere of a dining-room, smelling of soup, and brilliantly illuminated by gas, was a little trying. For some time Dora sat motionless and silent, not daring even to raise her eyes from her plate. Her mind was in a whirl of agitation. She kept thinking, yet trying at the same time *not* to think, about that interrupted interview—"What had Arthur been going to say?" Could it—*could* it be what she suspected? Oh, if Jessie had but stayed away a moment longer! And yet, even from that great happiness, upon the verge of which she imagined herself to have stood, Dora shrank trembling and half alarmed. The joy was so intense, so overwhelming, that for the moment it almost oppressed her. She wanted to know the whole truth—to have a perfect assurance of her beatitude. Still she was scarcely sorry to put off, for just a little while, receiving that assurance. Too much rapture is akin to pain. The entrancing prospect which had opened out before her this evening dazzled her mental vision. It was as well, perhaps, that, for a brief space, that faint shadow of doubt should hang above and obscure its brilliancy.

Even as matters stood, the poor girl felt too excited,

too tremulously happy to eat. She made a great pretence, however, of swallowing a few mouthfuls, and was thankful to find that her want of appetite escaped observation and comment.

Sir Arthur, for his part, made an excellent dinner. He had taken but little luncheon, and was, he declared, hungry after his travelling. Moreover, whilst Dora scarcely opened her lips throughout the meal, he talked a great deal more than was his wont—showing no signs of special excitement. Nevertheless, the young baronet was inwardly a good deal moved out of his ordinary serenity.

Carried away by a sudden impulse, he had, in truth (as she most naturally conjectured), been in the very act, when Jessie had broken in upon their solitude, of begging Dora to be his wife.

Far, however, from feeling annoyed by that interruption of his proposal, Sir Arthur was already conscious of a distinct sense of thankfulness in that it had taken place. Of course, that he should renew the proposal at no very distant date was a thing that "understood itself"—that admitted not of an instant's doubt. The only question in the matter was a question of time. But, as he was now telling himself, to have spoken to-night would have been a mistake—something worse, almost, than a mistake. He was glad that he had been saved from making it. His uncle—the uncle who had adopted and stood to him in the place of a father, had as yet lain in his grave but a few short weeks. And whilst to love in the midst of such bereavement did not seem to the young man wrong or unnatural, to talk of marriage certainly did. An engagement, at all events, publicly announced at so early a moment, would, he reflected, savour, in the world's judgment, of bad taste; and, in his own, of selfishness and ingratitude. Yes, it was well that he had been prevented from saying anything further this evening. And he must be more guarded, in future, against acting—as he feared he was rather too apt to act—upon sudden impulses. When the right time arrived—and, of course, it would not be very long before the right time did arrive—for putting his question, he felt satisfied as to what Dora's answer would be. In the meantime, this state of half-confessed love, of secret understanding, would be very sweet—almost sweeter, he thought, than an openly acknowledged betrothal.

With this under-current of reflection running in his mind, Arthur was, nevertheless, able both to eat well and to talk well. During the earlier part of the dinner, however, the conversation was mostly carried on between the three gentlemen.

Towards his guest, Mr. McNicoll showed himself peculiarly gracious this evening. He had always entertained a secret liking for Arthur Ledsom, and he had begun of late to suspect something of his inclinations towards Dora. And, not being without parental feeling for any of his children (though the affection he bore his daughters was as nothing compared with that he felt for his son), he was glad that Dora should have the prospect of making so unexceptionable a match. Further, although Mr. McNicoll would have been too proud to have owned such a thing, even under the persuasion of rack or thumbscrew, he was decidedly gratified by the notion of having a baronet for a son-in-law.

"By-the-way, Helen," he observed to his wife, when the meal was nearly at an end, "you have asked Ledsom, I suppose, to give us the pleasure of his company to-morrow evening?"

"No," rejoined Mrs. McNicoll; "but I have been waiting for a suitable pause in the conversation in order that I might do so. We are having a few friends to dinner to-morrow, Arthur, to meet our new neighbours from Monkswood. I hope you will come also. Had you been at home I would have mentioned it sooner."

"Thank you very much. I should be delighted," hesitated the young man; "but you know, Mrs. McNicoll, I can scarcely go to dinner-parties at present."

"But this is not a party," protested Mrs. McNicoll. "There will only be the rector and his wife, and the Courteneys, and Dr. and Mrs. Brownlow—all your own intimate friends. You can hardly call that a party."

"Well, of course, if you consider it quite the thing" (young Ledsom was not entirely above the use of slang) "I will come with the greatest pleasure. I am rather curious too, I must confess, to see these new neighbours."

"And they also seem curious to see you," remarked Victor—"at least, the son, Mr. Percival Bretherton, does. I promised, you remember, to take you to call there; and he reminded me of the promise several times before you left for Scotland. At present, however, he is from home himself."

"But, do you know, Victor, he may possibly be back to-morrow," put in Jessie. "Dora and I met Miss Bretherton this afternoon when we were taking a walk, and she told us that she had had a letter from her brother, and that he had almost decided upon returning to-morrow."

"What, alone?" inquired Victor eagerly—"without Charlie?"

"Oh, no; Charlie is to come with him, I suppose. Did you know, Arthur, that young Mr. Bretherton was staying with Charlie Nunnerley in London? You heard how they got to know each other?"

"Yes, Victor told me about it," said Arthur. "Have you seen much of the family yet, Mrs. McNicoll?"

"Not personally. No, I have only called once myself on Miss Bretherton and her father. And, unfortunately, I was out when they returned the call. But the girls have been several times to Monkswood whilst you were away."

"And, like children with a new plaything," remarked Mr. McNicoll sneeringly, "they are full of enthusiastic admiration of this marvellous American young woman—charmed out of their five senses!"

Jessie looked for a moment as though she would like to make a suitable retort to this observation, but the words that were trembling on her lips dared not find utterance.

"But is Miss Bretherton really as beautiful as Victor

represents? Do *you* consider her pretty, Dora?" questioned her lover.

"She is more lovely than any one can represent," answered Dora, with all the enthusiasm of which her father accused her; "and so deliciously fresh and frank in her manner. Jessie and I have grown quite good friends with her already. I like her father, too—old Mr. Bretherton—very much."

A little music and a good deal of conversation filled up the remainder of Sir Arthur's stay. No further opportunity presented itself, or was sought by him, for private intercourse with Dora. When, however, he pressed her hand in farewell, and looked with tender meaning into her eyes, he felt satisfied that she must understand him. And Dora did understand him. How wonderful it seemed that he should love her!—he who, she told herself, had everything to give—position, wealth, title, good looks—everything; whilst she had nothing to offer in exchange—nothing but love! Of that, however, she could give him plenty; and, after all, what better was there to give? And, oh! how happy she felt! *Too* happy, almost, she thought. Could she feel happier even when he had finished what he had been about to say? And how soon would he finish it? *To-morrow?*

Yes, most likely, Dora thought, it would be to-morrow!

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

"THE GIRL GAVE A LITTLE CRY AND DROPPED HER FLOWER" (*p.* 201).

HOW AMERICAN BREAD IS MADE.

WE cannot help feeling that bread has first claim on our space. As a rule, there is so little variety on an ordinary table, be the meal what it may, and as the various kinds of flour can now be bought of grocers and at the vegetarian depôts in most large towns, there is but little excuse for the non-appearance of many kinds, at once cheap and nourishing. On a New York breakfast-table bread in every form, size, and colour, either hot or cold, is obtainable, as well as many other dainties which we hope to include in future articles. American housewives are skilful judges of flour, but it will suffice here—without entering into detail as to the various tests of quality—to advise our readers always to buy the best only, whether brown or white, and for whatever purpose it may be required. Equally important is the goodness of the yeast; a nice batch of bread is an impossibility if stale, sour yeast is used; and many Americans make their own, even when it is quite easy to obtain good brewers' yeast. Without recommending home-made in preference to brewers' (for, when really good, none is better), we give one or two recipes that may be useful, and are certainly reliable.

Newhaven Yeast.—Boil a handful of hops in a bag in a couple of quarts of water, with eight ounces of pared potatoes, until the latter break; then mash them up with an ounce of flour, three ounces of salt, and the same of brown sugar. Pour the boiling hop-water on this, and when lukewarm, add enough German or French yeast to ferment it well. Bottle when cold, and keep in a cool place.

Potato Yeast is made by mashing a dozen large boiled potatoes with a tea-cupful of flour and a tea-spoonful of salt, then mixing with dissolved German yeast to make a batter; this is best for immediate use, but may be bottled if kept very cool.

A good yeast, "self-working"—that is, without the addition of any other to excite fermentation—can be got by boiling two ounces of hops in a gallon of water for one hour; then, when lukewarm, remove the hops (which should be tied in muslin), and add the hop-liquor gradually to a pound of flour; beat in a table-spoonful of salt and half a pound of white sugar, and set away for a couple of days in a bowl covered with a cloth in a warm place. On the third day add the hop liquor to six or eight potatoes, boiled and mashed. Let it stand for twelve hours longer in a warm kitchen, then store in jars; cork well. This will keep three or four months in a cool cellar.

A very excellent and nutritious bread, which we recommend for general family use, is made with two-thirds Graham flour (what is called in England whole meal or brown flour) and one-third fine white. To each quart a good tea-spoonful of salt should be added. As the English are not so fond of sweets as their American cousins, they will reduce the quantity of sugar and molasses sufficiently to suit their palates; therefore, instead of recommending a tea-cupful of treacle, mixed with the yeast, for each loaf of the bread, we think that quantity to *four* loaves will be more to their mind. This dough requires good yeast, and must be well kneaded, mixed soft, and thoroughly baked. A fierce oven will spoil it.

Boston Brown Bread.—Make this by substituting two parts Indian meal and one part rice flour for wheaten flour, adding, as well as yeast, a small quantity of soda or saleratus. It requires well kneading, and must rise for five hours at least, and after it is made into loaves they should rise an hour longer. Bake a four-pound loaf quite three hours; the oven *must* be slow.

Ordinary family bread from white flour is generally mixed with "sponge" made over-night. A very good recipe is as under:—Half a dozen potatoes boiled and mashed while hot, a quarter-pint of brewers' yeast, two ounces of white sugar, two ounces of lard, one tea-spoonful of soda, three cupfuls of flour (say a pint), one quart of warm water—that in which the potatoes were boiled. In mixing, add the soda last of all. Cover lightly in warm weather and tightly in winter. This quantity will make up from two to three quarts of flour—sufficient to bake at a time for a small family. The inexperienced in bread-making from sponge in place of yeast must remember that it requires to be twice kneaded: first when the sponge and flour are well amalgamated, then the most thorough kneading is necessary, and again after the dough has risen. when ten minutes or so will suffice. Then, after putting into greased tins, or making into rolls and laying them in one large tin, again leave the dough near the fire for an hour previous to baking.

We must now mention a few kinds of fancy bread; they will perhaps be more welcome to the majority.

Rice Bread, very light and delicate for invalids, and a pleasant change from that usually made, requires that a tea-cupful of well-boiled rice be added to each quart of wheaten flour. When making the bread, put in with the yeast a little sugar and dissolved lard or butter. *Hominy Bread* is made the same way; take care that the hominy is well boiled. In each case put salt as usual.

Buttermilk Bread is a great delicacy, popular all through the United States. It is very easy to make, and particularly wholesome. Into each pint of buttermilk, made hot, stir flour to form a thick batter, add a couple of spoonfuls of yeast, and let it stand a few hours. Then stir in a tea-spoonful of soda, the same of salt, and a couple of ounces of dissolved butter, and work in enough flour to make a nice dough. Knead well, make into loaves, and let it rise until light.

Buttermilk Muffins have but to be tried to become a standing winter dish. Beat hard two eggs into a

quart of buttermilk, stir in flour to make a thick batter, about a quart, and lastly, a tea-spoonful of salt and the same of soda. Bake in a hot oven in well-greased tins. Muffins of all kinds should only be cut just round the edge, then pulled open with the fingers.

Graham Muffins are more substantial and easy of digestion than those made with white flour. Mix into a smooth batter three cupfuls of Graham flour, one cupful of white ditto, one quart of milk, half-cupful of yeast, one tea-spoonful of salt, one ounce of sugar, and the same of lard dissolved in the milk. Set to rise over-night, and in the morning beat in an egg, and bake in a good oven for twenty minutes.

Cream Muffins are delicious; perhaps only those who keep cows will feel inclined to be extravagant enough to indulge in them. Beat six eggs, a pint of cream, and a pint of milk well together; add an ounce of lard and an ounce of butter, a tea-spoonful of salt, and a quart of flour *stirred in lightly*. Half fill the rings, and bake in a sound oven.

Rice Muffins.—Beat hard into a batter a cupful of rice—boiled—a pint of flour, two eggs, a little salt, an ounce of butter, and nearly a quart of milk. The harder you beat and the more quickly you bake, the better they will be.

French Rolls made thus are worth trying:—Set a sponge, by mixing a quart of flour, a cupful of yeast, and a quart of warm milk; when light, work in an egg, a tea-spoonful of salt, half as much soda dissolved in hot water, an ounce of sugar, and flour to make a soft dough. In two or three hours, shape into balls, and set them in a greased baking-tin. In half an hour's time, gash each one across with a knife. Brush over with milk, and bake in a good oven nearly half an hour.

Potato Scones are very good. Mash eight or ten boiled potatoes, mix with two ounces of sugar, half a pint of warm milk, a couple of table-spoonfuls of yeast, and enough flour to make a batter. Let this rise, then beat in enough flour to make it sufficiently stiff to roll out; again let it rise, then roll out half an inch thick; cut into rounds or squares, and bake. Butter the tops liberally.

Dough Crumpets are Boston favourites, and easily made. A pound of ordinary bread dough, white or brown, needs a half-cupful of white sugar, three ounces of butter, and three eggs, to be beaten hard into it. Bake in muffin-rings well buttered.

Lincoln Shortcake ought to become popular at high teas. Beat four ounces of lard and butter into cream, stir in a salt-spoonful of salt, and a good pinch of soda dissolved in just enough vinegar to cover it; then put in a pound of fine flour, dried and sifted. Mix with water or milk to a stiff paste, and roll out half an inch thick. Prick all over, and bake until brown. Split while hot, and butter plentifully.

We must not omit a couple of recipes for "hot biscuits," taking care to impress upon those who make note of them that in America the word "biscuit" is applied to what, in Great Britain, would perhaps be called buns, tea-cakes, or fancy rolls; and what *here* are called biscuits are known *there* as "crackers." Try, then, either of the following when you want to initiate yourself into the good graces of any one who has come to take tea.

Yeast Biscuits require a pint of milk, a half-cupful of lard and butter mixed, a half-quartern of yeast, a table-spoonful of sugar, a salt-spoonful of salt, and flour to make a soft dough. Mix all together six hours before tea-time, adding *half* the flour only—just enough to make a leaven; cover with a cloth, and leave to rise. Make up with the remainder of the flour, roll out half an inch thick into round cakes, leave to rise in the baking-tin for twenty minutes near the fire, and lastly, bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes, or rather less. These will be beautifully light and sweet if properly mixed, and the oven really hot.

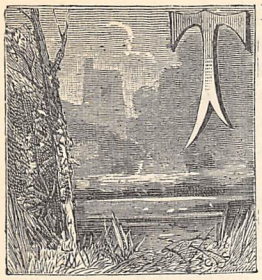
Soda Biscuits are equally good. Mix together a quart of *dry* white flour, a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, and two of cream of tartar; pass through a sieve to lighten, then rub in two ounces of lard and a little salt. Mix with milk quite soft, only stiff enough to handle without sticking to the fingers; roll it out on a floured board, then double it over and roll out again: this makes thin flakes. Cut and bake as for "yeast biscuits." Either may be eaten with or without butter, and brown flour used in place of white makes *Graham Biscuits*. Buttermilk, or sour milk, may take the place of sweet, in recipes where soda and cream of tartar are used, provided the tartar is *left out*, buttermilk or sour milk being sufficiently acid, only soda is necessary.

Our bread paper would be sadly incomplete if we failed to mention "corn-meal bread," a staple article of diet in some parts of the States, among the poorer classes chiefly, though any one would find a meal of it very satisfying during cold weather, and nearly all children like it. Indian meal should be bought in small quantities; the lighter in colour makes the best bread.

Risen Corn Bread may be made in the ordinary way with yeast, using two-thirds corn and one-third wheaten flour, except that a little sugar improves it, and two ounces of lard or butter should be added to every quart of meal used. An easy way for a "test-loaf" without yeast is to beat three eggs hard with three cupfuls of milk, in which a piece of lard the size of an egg has been dissolved, then put in three cupfuls of Indian meal, one cupful of flour, one tea-spoonful of salt, six of sugar, one of soda, two of cream of tartar. Beat hard again, and bake in a well-buttered mould very steadily. Muffins or crumpets may be made as above, but a little thinner, more milk being required. Bake in rings or patty-pans.

The numerous family of griddle-cakes, as well as jumbles, crullers, dough-nuts, and the various kinds of richer cakes, are reserved for treatment in a future chapter.

THE ROAD TO THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.



THE morning is grey, and there is even an indication of misty rain; but, though up betimes, there is no need to start early, as the second car does not go till eleven, and by that time we may guess pretty well what the day will be like. So there is an hour or so to see something of the place, and if one can secure the car-proprietor's little Norwegian trap for the purpose, so much the better. There is not much, however, to be seen in Larne itself, though its situation is attractive, with the long Curran running out picturesquely as if to meet the more massive outline of Island Magee.

At eleven the cars start from the main street, and we soon get on to the coast-road and leave the town behind us. The rain has cleared off, and the day promises to be fine, and all the pleasanter for not being too bright and sunny. On the left rises the high rocky coast-line; on the right stretches the broad expanse of sea, the waves breaking gently on the shore just below. Some distance out the "Maidens" show prominently, and if you look beyond them you may see the morning boat crossing from Stranraer. There is nothing to interrupt the sea-view or to break the full freshness of the sea-breeze.

And now Ballygawley Head comes out boldly, and as we take the turn round its base, there lie below us, on a small rock immediately beneath the headland and close to the shore, the remains of an old fort—O'Halloran's Castle, the driver will tell you, named after an insurgent chief of whom they are rather fond about here, but of whose exploits more is to be learnt from a tale bearing his name than from historical fact. The eye is next attracted by another building which stands in the recess of the bay—a square tower, evidently of ancient date, but modernised by having been recently whitewashed. The white of its walls contrasts with its dark brownish, slate-coloured roof, while little turrets at the corners. and small slits in the thick walls, give it an old feudal aspect. This, too, is said to have had some connection with O'Halloran, but when the driver bestows on it the title of O'Halloran's Permanent Castle, one's faith begins to waver, and one feels inclined to look upon that worthy as a convenient myth.

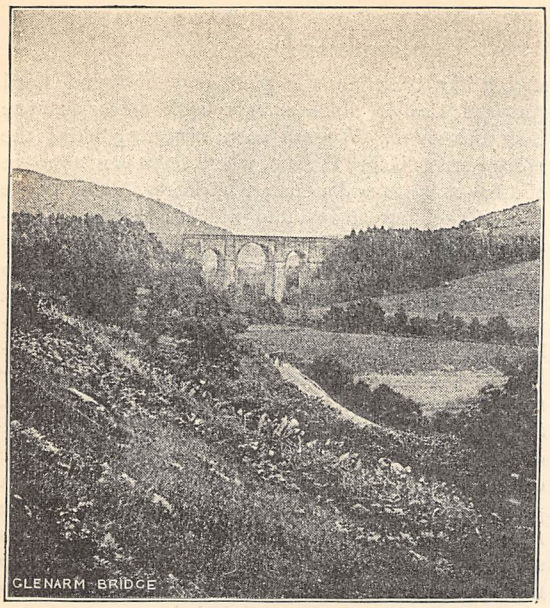
This is Glenarm Head which comes down so grandly in front. Here great white boulders lie scattered along by the water's edge, and the smaller rocks and stones are covered with a beautifully deep bright green seaweed in thick masses. Notice the natural arch formed by some of these boulders and called the Madman's Window, through which the peep of sea is very charming. Round the headland we come into the beautiful, quiet little bay of Glenarm. The church-spire rises up among the trees which stretch far back up the glen and surround Lord Antrim's Castle, which stands back some distance from the shore. We are soon clattering along the narrow street before the inn, where there is a stoppage of a few minutes and a change of horses. This is the first of the four stages into which the journey conveniently divides itself.

The next stage is some thirteen or fourteen miles to Cushendall. The road on leaving Glenarm runs out round the small bay to Garron Point, the next headland, passing through the neat little village of Carnlough. Here, as we near the headland, a smaller rock stands out from the great cliff itself, "half in sea, and high on land, a crown of towers," which in the distance looks less like a modern dwelling than some old castle of romance. Garron Towers is eminently a place round which to weave old-world fancies. The rock on which it is built is thickly wooded to its summit. Stretching up behind it the cliffs are also thickly wooded, and in the midst of the trees rise up the towers and battlements of dark iron-grey. A fine battlemented wall runs along the sea front of the castle. Our road lies below it, on the edge of the rocks that jut down to the sea. A little further on the headlands take all manner of strange shapes. One great rock back from the road presents the exact form of an ancient castle, the towers and battlements along its summit rivalling those of Garron Towers. A road winds up the slope, and at its entrance stands a great block of stone, which at a distance looks like a giant statue roughly blocked and left unfinished. The driver will stop at the turn for you to peruse a lengthy inscription placed on a great slab of white rock by the late Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, to commemorate "England's love and Ireland's gratitude," the reference being to the help rendered to the Irish during the famine of 1845-7.

And now Red Bay opens out before us; and yonder on the further side a small conical hill marks the vicinity of Cushendall. From the inner part of the bay runs back the Vale of Glenariff, "the valley of caverns," a wild glimpse of hill rising behind hill, a little mist hanging over it adding to its barren and desolate character. A beautiful river comes down from the glen to the sea, and crossing the bridge which spans it we pass through the little village of Waterfoot, and then turn inland to where Cushendall lies under the shelter of high hills, a great hill with some unpronounceable Irish name rising up opposite, and a lovely stream running along down in the valley.

It is three o'clock, and we draw up before one of the pleasantest, most comfortable-looking of hotels, fitly called the "Glens of Antrim," where a halt of half an hour or more is made for dinner. This unromantic but necessary episode is soon over, and, changing vehicles, we are off once more on a sixteen-mile drive to Ballycastle, our next stage.

If the road ever since leaving Larne has been more or less grand and striking, the first five or six miles


GLENARM BRIDGE

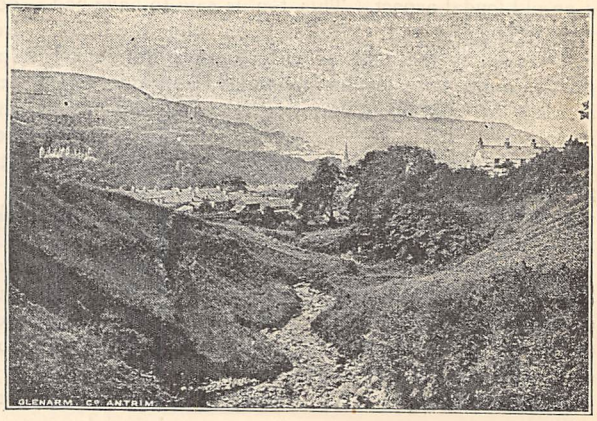
from Cushendall are perhaps the most exquisitely beautiful in the whole journey. For we go inland, with the lovely stream down on our left rushing along under the shade of great trees, gurgling over blocks of stone, laughing along when a ray of the sunlight that is trying to prevail catches its clear surface; and beyond there are great hills tossed together as it were in chaotic masses, some towering up bold and solitary, others rising more gradually and forming a kind of range; while on the right the country opens out again, sloping away to seaward. This is Glen Dun, and we go along the side of a great rounded hill, while deep in the valley below rushes the rapid, foaming Glen Dun river; and away beyond, and gradually getting rather behind us, stretches the open country to Cushendun, that little white village lying two or three miles away, with a peep of the hazy blue sea beyond.

But there are great hills rising opposite to us now, the river runs in a narrow defile, while trees above trees clothe its steep sides. Then we turn and cross the valley by a three-arched bridge eighty feet high, both ends hidden in a block of dark trees. Here the view down the glen, widening out towards Cushendun on the left, and the hills by Cushendall on the right, is very fine. So is the view up the glen through the trees, the river still in the midst, and hill stretching away behind hill till lost in the haze that still veils the distant view. We turn back after crossing the glen, and wind slowly up the mountain—Kerry or Carry Mountain, it is called—which is finely wooded down to the river. Presently we get a wilder glimpse—a little mountain brooklet with great boulders and stones along its bed, and heather all in its first flush of purple and pink blossom. Then away across the wildest country we have yet come through in our journey.

Great stretches of heather and peat land, and a road visible far ahead, often to be traversed slowly and carefully, with steep and difficult parts, and here and there a bridge to be crossed, each having its distinctive name carved on the parapet wall.

We leave the higher hills behind us now. There is neither tree nor house to be seen, only peat-heaps here and there, marking where people have been. After a few miles we come to greener country, with hills sloping one past another in a singular rounded way, great rounded masses of smooth green, and here and there peat-heaps, with perhaps a group of five or six people, looking like a whole family, busy cutting, a cart standing close by, and generally a dog sitting watching. Then, especially to the right, a few scattered farmhouses begin to show themselves—the most solitary-looking little places imaginable—then little green gorges away in the midst of the smoother stretch of ground, with perhaps half a dozen houses clustering on the top and down the sides, a few trees round them, and little winding cart-roads leading away to them from the main road: curious little lonely communities in the wild-looking waste. The nearer farmhouses have each their peat-heap beside them, and one or two cultivated fields adjoining—principally potatoes.

Presently we have nearly reached the northern extremity of Antrim, and our road turns more towards our left, while in front rises the great round mountain of Knocklayd, 2,500 feet above sea-level, looming weirdly through the faint haze. That solitary, turreted house standing opposite to it, on the other side of the open stretch of wild country, is Lord Antrim's shooting box. We come now to Glen Shesk, not so wild as the country we have just passed through, nor yet possessing the distinctive beauty of Glen Dun. Some parts of it are very pretty, however—a river running up it, and farmhouses and flax-fields among the scattered trees. Flax-holes, too, with their disagreeable odours. We are going westward, and presently can get a peep of Fairhead over to the right, but very misty. This is the northernmost point; and so away into Ballycastle, a comfortable-looking little town, where a halt is made for tea. There is an open space before the hotel, and


GLENARM, CO. ANTRIM

THE ROPE BRIDGE. CARRICK-A-REDE.

in the centre of it a small booth attracts attention by its quaint inscription, "Temple of Mirth."

It is nearly seven when we start on the last thirteen miles of our journey. It is still hazy, and now getting gradually dusk. The moon, nearly full, is rising above the shadowy grey-blue mass of Knocklayd into a clear, darkening sky. In front of us the sun is going down in a grey bank of haze, itself an orange-red with just a few streaks of quickly-fading colour round it.

It is a rough, heavy road, and rendered more so by recent rains. We keep pretty near the coast, and are not far here from the rock of Carrick-a-rede, with its noted rope-bridge, but the road keeps too far inland for it to be visible. Just the dim outline of Rathlin Island is to be seen through the greyish haze, and presently Bengore Head away in front, jutting out dimly into the white misty sea.

Whitepark Strand, says the driver, runs out there below us to the right, and there is Dunseverick Castle down by the shore, but it is too dusk to see anything definite. Presently we pass the tower of Dunseverick Church, at the extremity of the parish of that name. Close by are some real Irish cabins—long, low hovels,

with thatched roofs, bound tightly down with ropes on account of the strong north winds—no door visible, but through the open doorway the blaze of a peat fire revealing a weird, confused interior, with people lying about the hearth.

The moon is getting more power now, and we go across open country, till presently, after a turn to seaward, the end of our journey looms in sight—a dim white building standing on a sloping green height away in front of us, which we hear, not without feelings of satisfaction, is the hotel. We are soon driving up to its hospitable door, and alighting there amid a clatter of passengers, guides, and servants, our sixty miles by the coast-road are completed.*

R. W. R.

HOW SHE SAVED HIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WAYWARD WARD," ETC.

I.

THERE are some questions which the human heart insists on asking, in spite of its own conviction that no clear and decisive answer is possible. They may concern great matters or small ones—problems wide as time or narrow as the confines of some personal ambition. Beating in upon the vexed brain with a harassing pertinacity which sometimes defies even disciplined resistance, they are in any case ruthless and effectual destroyers of their victim's peace.

Isabel Keene was wrestling with a veritable army of these troublesome intruders. Was she glad or sorry that she had invited Winnifred Thornham to Nortford this summer? Had she the smallest legitimate ground of surprise that Winnie's shy, fairy-like beauty had captivated the master of "The Limes"? Had she—Isabel Keene—misread the young man's manner, the admiration of his glance, the studied deference vibrating like a deeper chord of truth through the mockery of his most careless address? Was her present disquietude of spirit a testimony to the fact that she had bestowed her love on one who asked it not?

The last suggestion inflicted the keenest pang of all. It brought the hot flush of affronted maidenly pride to her cheeks, and caused her fingers positively to stay in the dreamy execution of the nocturne she was practising on the drawing-room pianoforte.

"Bell, dear!"

The girl started. She had been so absorbed in her own sombre reflections as to forget the presence of her mother in the apartment. She closed the instrument with a characteristic little jerk of impatience and self-reproach, and drew the music-stool closer to Mrs. Keene's feet.

"Yes, mamma!" she said.

"I was wondering, dear, if you had noticed how friendly Cuthbert Leicester and Winnie have grown of late."

Her face was averted, and her mother could not read its expression of dismay and pain; but despite all effort a tell-tale huskiness crept into her voice as she answered—

"One cannot help observing that. And I suppose it is very natural; Winnie is very pretty, and Mr. Leicester——"

There was a tiny gasp, a dubious sigh, and Isabel could not trust herself to finish the sentence.

"Cuthbert is impressionable, you would say. But I used to think, Bell, that it was somebody else he cared for. I hope he is not fickle. Cuthbert is a good match, and can scarcely fail to be aware that he is considered so. The influence of such an assurance may not be altogether wholesome on a young man who has no real, honest life-work to absorb his attention. And our visitor is, to some extent, in our charge, we must remember."

A wan smile, like the glimmer of hesitant winter sunshine, flitted across Isabel's countenance.

"It may be too late to establish a protectorate," she said.

The conversation at this moment—and greatly to the last speaker's relief—was interrupted by the entry of the young lady whose present and prospective welfare was under discussion.

Isabel Keene and Winnifred Thornham presented in appearance a striking contrast. Each was beautiful; but this loveliness of feature and of form was of an exceedingly diverse type. The daughter of the late Rector of Nortford was tall and fair, with clear-cut oval features, the thoroughly English complexion of white roses and red, lustrous grey-blue eyes—wells of liquid light—and rippling blond hair. Winnifred

* The illustrations to this article are from photographs by Mr. William Lawrence, Dublin.

Thornham was small and slight, and dark, a bewitching brunette, with sylph-like movement, a demurely coquettish countenance, and startled nut-brown eyes, which were a truer index to the retiring sensitiveness of the maiden's spirit.

In position these bosom friends, whose solemn league and covenant subscribed in school days was yet intact, were also somewhat contrasted, though it was only at rare intervals that either remembered the fact. Isabel was the child of a deceased clergyman, who had left his loved ones only the heritage of a stainless name, and a modest income of less than three hundred a year. Winnie was the heiress of a wealthy Southern banker.

"Letter-writing is a tedious business at best; however, I have paid at least a couple of my most pressing debts. Have I not earned release, Mrs. Keene?" the new-comer merrily asked.

"Release and reward likewise," Isabel interposed.

"That means that you and I are to be madcap lassies again for an hour this afternoon up in Highcroft Woods. It is a delightful sense of the colour which there is in life, whatever pessimists may preach, that I always get in your Nortford wilderness. You are willing, Bell?"

"If mamma does not mind the desertion."

"Be merry while you may, girls," replied Mrs. Keene, with a tender, pathetic smile, kindled by reminiscences of her own lost youth.

And with this permission the girls straightway adjourned.

But the suggested ramble was not quite the success that with such glorious conditions of cloudless sky and balmy southern breezes might have been expected. There is a mental atmosphere analogous to the physical one, and exerting as potent an influence. Isabel's depression, veiled as it was by a forced and mechanical gaiety, insensibly affected her companion.

At the return to the high road, avoided as far as possible by reason of its dust, the friends caught a glimpse of a stalwart young horseman turning up the avenue to the Limes. They simultaneously recognised Cuthbert Leicester.

"I met Mr. Leicester in Park Street this morning," said Winnifred innocently. "He tells me that he is expecting a visit from an artist cousin shortly."

Again the dull, foolish agony was at Isabel's heart, and a sudden temptation seized her to invite Winnie's confidence. She would do it in the shape of a half-serious, half-jocular warning.

"Like most provincial towns, Nortford rejoices in abundance of gossips," she said. "I fancy they will be prophesying a mistress for the Limes soon. Only —Winnie, dear—I hope Mr. Leicester will deserve the jewel he tries to win."

Winnie's eyes, moist with a shy, radiant gladness, were downcast.

"It is a secret, Bell; but—I am engaged!" she said.

II.

The present, as our light-hearted instructors of the press and of the platform never tire of telling us, is a transition age. The chill breath of change is in the air, and, like the fresh haze of a spring sunrise, stirs even the most phlegmatic spirits to keenness of expectation, hope, or fear. The world stands at the parting of the ways. Her future "will not copy fair her past." In politics, in art, in social and industrial economy, even to some extent in theology, momentous reconstructions are in progress.

And very naturally the products of such a chaotic period, whether in human life and character or in the higher achievements of human skill, will be a law unto themselves, will be at once survivals and prophecies.

It was thus that Cuthbert Leicester, with a good-humoured, satirical smile lighting up his handsome face, explained to inquisitive and half-envious friends the curious phenomenon of a young man, born to the dignities of an ancient name, going into trade. A Leicester, of Brakeshire, who derived the major part of his income from a manufactory in a smoky Northern town, was felt in many quarters to be an anomaly that required the key of an occult philosophy. If the money had come from a coal-mine, or even from iron-works, it would have been different. Peers have been known to graciously accept the gifts of fortune when proffered in the shape of a petrified forest, or of the reddish-grey ores which are the true sinews of power. Careful scrutiny can discover a subtle romance in these things. But a second-rate cotton-mill is undiluted, indubitable prose.

Nevertheless—and whatever the verdict of society—Cuthbert Leicester was content. The windfall of Holton Mills, which he had received on the death of a bachelor kinsman many degrees removed, had enabled him to deliver from encumbrance an impoverished estate, and had given him the means for cultivating refined and luxurious tastes at his leisure. He had installed the chief clerk at the works as manager, and, with that step, washed his hands of active interference in the details of a business he neither comprehended nor loved. The profits, or what passed as the profits, he drew at specified dates. The control of the huge enterprise he left to his *employé*.

"And you are yourself doing—nothing?" asked Clive Burton, with a slow and thoughtful utterance which was in itself a condemnation.

"I am an incorrigible lotus-eater, as I have confessed before."

"Then I am sorry, Leicester. In my opinion life is too noble a gift to be aimlessly—pardon the word—wasted. Even a rich man should have a vocation, political or otherwise."

Cuthbert laughed. "You have added to the calling of the colourist that of the preacher, I see," he said. "Doesn't that acceptance of a double profession absolve your idle relative? And you know nature ordains that there shall be some drones in every hive."

The artist reddened a little through the healthy bronze of his sunburnt countenance.

"I apologise for my temerity," he answered; "but the tie of blood and of ancient comradeship gives

me boldness to express the wish, Leicester, that you would put your talents—and they are great—to serious use amongst your fellows: that you would face the problems of existence with more earnestness."

It was a conversational by-path which was almost instantly abandoned for the safer ruts of the commonplace. But the words of implied though courteous rebuke lingered with the young Nortford squire. They chimed in only too distinctly with the chiding undertone of his own thoughts. There were duties of the employer: was he fulfilling them by this sybarite life at a distance too great for the voice of either complaint or inquiry to penetrate? It was pleasant, no doubt, to be the objective of the wiles of the Nortford belles, and of half a score of match-making mammas; pleasant to test his powers of personal magnetism by breaking down the barriers of shrinking reserve with which that strange little girl staying with Isabel Keene had at first hedged herself about. But, as Burton had concisely said, the world was an arena, not a garden of ease.

And what would be Isabel's judgment? Against him, he feared. Love is a passion whose vagaries—as the wisest romancists admit—are past finding out; and somehow, in spite of his wealth and popularity, Cuthbert Leicester had no confidence that he could conquer the maiden fortress of Isabel Keene's heart. He felt instinctively that, in the estimation of this poor but well-born clergyman's daughter, his rank and riches would weigh but as feathers unless they were the appendages of a robust and manly character. For many weeks the intention had been growing in Cuthbert's mind to make Isabel a simple and decisive offer of marriage, and this prospective purpose suddenly hardened into resolution. If she accepted him, well; if not, and his dread was a real one, he would abandon the lazy seclusion of the Limes, and, in some department of human energy, become a toiler amongst toilers.

He found his opportunity at a garden party, given by his fellow-landowner, Major Hyles.

"It is a pretty scene; and when these Chinese lanterns come to be superseded by electric lights, in their multitudinous and star-like variety of outline, the effect will be still more magnificent. Don't you think so, Miss Keene?"

Isabel, lovelier than ever with the slight *hauteur* which *would* invade her manner, answered quietly in the affirmative.

The young man looked around. For the moment they were alone. Yet still he temporised.

"Miss Thornham was summoned home very abruptly," he said.

"Very. But I am glad to learn that her father's accident was not serious."

"That is a relief, of course. Miss Thornton is a charming girl."

"She is."

The words were frigid notwithstanding their emphasis. Cuthbert was annoyed with his own tardy progress, and, unconscious of the tactical mistake he had made, he cast with a true gambler's nervousness his last stake.

The strained lightness vanished from his tone. "Isabel—Miss Keene," he said, "there is one question I would beg your leave to put. I have learnt to care for you more than words can tell. Have I any chance? Can you——"

He was interrupted. His listener started as if she had received a blow; and then, with flaming cheeks and indignant, scornful eyes, stammered—

"This—is a strange jest, Mr. Leicester! You must pardon me for declining to hear more," and with a stately, sweeping bow she left him.

"A strange jest!" It was the old taunt—lack of earnest purpose. This, at least, should be altered.

III.

Summer had waned, and the year, crowned with golden harvest glory, stood on the margin of the wild, wind-swept autumn. Mrs. Keene and her daughter had accepted a return invitation to Bordcombe, the little seaside village where Winnifred Thornham was tending her still invalid father.

"Don't refuse, Bell. The scenery is bonny, and the streets of Bordcombe quainter even than those of Nortford. And I have another reason for urging my request. I suppose it must be the last time we shall be careless 'madcaps' together. It is all settled now, and I am to be married at Christmas. Hugh is just *nice*. Maybe I'll get a chance to introduce him soon."

This was a section of Winnie's letter, and Isabel Keene was sadly perplexed therewith. It proved that she had blundered. It was not Cuthbert Leicester to whom her friend was betrothed. It must be Hugh Fielding, Mr. Thornham's junior partner. If only her wounded, quivering pride had not stood in the way of an explicit explanation before! Was it she who had sent the young squire-manufacturer back to those mills from which singular rumours of narrowly-averted disaster had of late travelled to Nortford? Must not Cuthbert think her that worthless incarnation of cruelty—a practised coquette?

Winnifred's story corroborated the facts which were at the basis of these self-reproaches. She laughed at the notion of her having been in ever so infinitesimal a degree in love with Cuthbert Leicester.

"I used to think that it was you whom he would marry, Bell," she said.

The views from the cliffs to east and west of Bordcombe deserved the full meed of praise which Winnifred Thornham had intended to convey by her merry Scotch adjective. The Midland visitor spent hours in frolicsome rambles with her old school-fellow about the beach and the nature-fashioned promenade; and in solitary strolls on the heights above at such times when Winnie's ministrations were demanded within-doors, and Mrs. Keene had one of her frequent headaches.

One breezy, sunshiny afternoon, the girl, taking no note of time, had wandered alone farther than she had intended. The slanting rays of the declining

sun, and the increasing force of the wind, which every now and again compelled her to lift a hand to steady the flying pennon of her gauze veil, at last aroused her from her reverie. She turned and paused a moment, with her gloved fingers resting on an outjutting grey crag. To her intense astonishment she was almost face to face with Cuthbert Leicester. How changed he was even in the short space of these two months! He was paler, graver, worn by work and anxiety—perhaps by both.

"This is a surprise, and to me a glad one, Miss Keene," he said, warmly clasping the involuntarily offered hand. "You are staying in Bordcombe?"

"Yes; with Miss Thornham and her father—mamma is here, too."

"Indeed! Mine is just a fleeting call on a week's holiday jaunt. I knew the place in years gone by. My cousin, Clive Burton, resided in Elton Crescent once."

"It is a lovely nook."

"Very; and to me it has never seemed fairer than to-day."

It was the language of compliment, and there was that in the poise of Isabel's shapely head, and in the momentary upward flash of two swiftly-averted eyes, which gave the young man courage to ignore the past and to proceed.

"I cannot help it; I cannot alter it," he said, hoarsely, brokenly. "It must always be an earthly paradise to my apprehension where Isabel Keene is. Mine is no longer a butterfly existence, Miss Keene. I have found a vocation in supervising my own affairs, and in labouring to lift my own mechanics, and others, to a higher, nobler level. Isabel, I will be greatly daring, and ask you to share my lot. Must I ask in vain?"

The hand a second time appropriated was not withdrawn, and Cuthbert Leicester knew that he had won.

"Mine was a mistake—that day—in the conservatory," the happy maiden whispered shyly; and her confession was a very humiliating one.

"But if spoken, as they clearly were, under a misunderstanding, your words none the less saved me; and to-day, with this new light, I can be grateful for them," he replied.

"How, Cuthbert?"

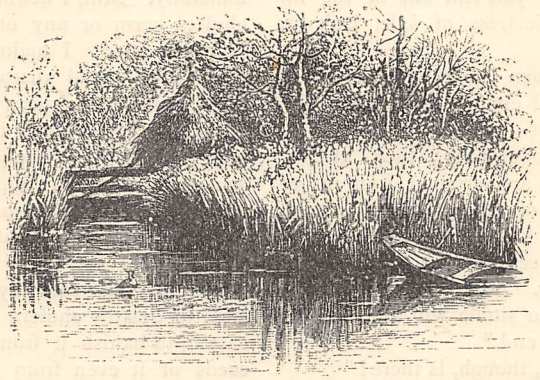
"Thus: I was ashamed of my lotus-eating—that was the phrase I used to Clive—and when you rejected me I left for Holton. My arrival was in the very nick of time. My manager was a swindler. In another month his plans would have been consummated, and I should have been ruined. As it was, the loss proved heavy, and it has been a hard pull to round the financial corner."

"Then, perhaps, a rich wife——"

But it was Cuthbert's turn to interrupt now.

At Christmas there were two marriages, and to-day the Limes has its mistress.

W. J. L.



THE BODY'S INVISIBLE ENEMIES.

THE FORTRESS OF LIFE.—II.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

I BELIEVE my friend Captain Horton was feeling about fifteen years younger as he came rushing along the surface of the moat, on that bright and bracing January morning. Now, the officer I call Captain Horton was never a very brilliant skater, partly probably owing to the rotundity of his figure and a natural nervousness on the ice, born of a consciousness of the fact that he carried far more weight than, talking as a medical man, his inches entitled him to. But of late he had been, as he termed it, "going in for kinds of processes of reduction"—dumb-bells, cycling, calisthenics, brisk walking, early rising, and total abstinence from butter, starch, and sugar. I believe he had come to consider himself rather elegant than otherwise.

The moat all around the green ramparts was frozen black and hard; you could skate for a mile and a half right on without turning. The captain is not married, and when he observed the Misses Dove sweeping gracefully towards him, I think he must have tried an extra flourish. Anyhow, while I was still beholding him, I could perceive a widening of his limbs

that looked awkward, a wild swerve half round to the right, with arms extended like a marionette, and next moment my gallant friend was on his back.

"Am I hurt?" he said, in answer to my query. "My feelings are hurt. And I believe my ankle is sprained. So awkward!"

The ankle was sprained. I helped him to hop to the bank, and finally saw him to barracks in a cab—he belongs to the Artillery, and lay then at S——s.

"That's your bugbear cold that you talk so much about, *mon ami!*" he said to me next day as he lay on the sofa, with leg on a rest. "I haven't been a bit afraid of your bugbear all through the frost; I'm sure my rooms have always been well ventilated, and I've stuck to the cold bath, and taken exercise even in the fog; and now it ends ignominiously thus: I'm on my back, with an ankle as big as a four-pound loaf, and no doubt I shall regain rotundity. Bugbear cold indeed!"

"Don't worry yourself, Horton," I said. "I shall be here for weeks, and every day I'll bring you all the news, play chess with you, and talk."

My friend's sprain was a bad one; but it was treated scientifically by the regimental surgeon: cooling, soothing applications laid gently on, elevation, warmth enough and no more, a somewhat reduced diet, and *perfect rest.*

"Put away the chess-board," he said one day, "and let us chat. I hear there is a case of typhoid in the barracks. Typhoid is what you call one of the invisible enemies to your Fortress of Life, isn't it, doctor?"

"Yes," I assented. "When enemies appear in a questionable shape it is bad enough, but when they are invisible it is worse."

"Hum! yes," he said thoughtfully; then, after a pause, "as a soldier and an artilleryman, I am rather taken with your Fortress of Life notion. Indeed, since your bugbear cold has laid me on my back, I've had time to think. Life, it seems to me, is somewhat like our military game of war. Seen it?"

"No, but heard of it. The simile will suit: life is a game of war—to the bitter end."

"No use thinking about it, though, is there?"

"There you are mistaken, my dear friend. No use *always* thinking about it. You set your pickets, when on field duty or in presence of an enemy, before you go to dinner, don't you?"

"Yes; and then we can sit down to mess with an easy mind. But that typhoid is a fearful thing; those invisible enemies are bad to battle against."

"*You* may think so; I don't. Obedience to the ordinary laws of cleanliness is sufficient to keep them at bay, and after awhile to destroy them when they arise.

"Typhoid," I continued, "is a terrible disease; but cholera is more terrible. It is harassing to read in the daily prints of its ravages. It is a plague, a scourge: Nature's vengeance upon humanity for laws outraged. And yet methinks the word 'vengeance' is too strong an expression to use in this case. Call it rather 'just punishment.' Nevertheless, who shall dare say that the Hand which wields the scourge is not moved by Kindness?—that, terrible though the calamity is, it may not be for the world's future weal?"

"We certainly ought to learn a lesson from these constantly recurring and frightful epidemics," said Horton.

"And a lesson we should not forget—a lesson, indeed, that will be forced upon us: a lesson that nations and peoples will be obliged to learn if they would continue to exist; for personal and domestic particularity in the matter of cleanliness, and wholesale systematic sanitation in towns and villages, guided by scientific legislation—these, and these alone, can eradicate plagues. We must carry the war into the enemy's camp; it is dangerous to wait until he comes thundering to our gates."

"Scientific men, doctor," said Captain Horton, "especially in that land of queer experiments, France, are trying to find out, or render visible to the naked eye of the inquirer, the *germ* of the cholera plague. It floats in the air, I suppose, or rather they, the germs, float in the air in clouds, and when you breathe them, they find their way into the blood, and, like a ferment, multiply a million-fold, producing symptoms that result in speedy death."

"You talk like a book, my friend," I replied. "Yes the French are great germ-hunters, and their experimenting medical men have done a deal of good for humanity. Still, I doubt whether the discovery of the cholera germ or any other plague germ is likely to do much good. I maintain that the lower forms of sporadic life and disease-germs are not invariably born, as it were, of germ parents. I believe that while, on the one hand, once in existence, they may breed and multiply indefinitely until they meet with some atmospheric check, still, on the other, their birth and subsequent multiplication may be, and is, determined by poisoned states of atmosphere favourable to their formation."

"Some hold," said my friend, "that if it were possible to destroy cholera entirely, to thoroughly eradicate it, to banish it from the earth's surface, and the seeds of it even from graves, it could never come again."

"And I hold that this belief is absolute nonsense. I hold that plague germs may be bred or developed from combinations of gases and fluids inimical to the higher forms of animal life, as certainly and as simply as I could, by uniting a gas and a fluid, bring into existence a deadly explosive.

"While wishing every success to all lawful scientific experiments, we must not lose sight of the fact that cholera, typhoid, and all kinds of plagues, are diseases that either arise directly from overcrowding in cities and camps, or that find in the results of overcrowding the awful hot-bed, the deadly swamp, in which they may increase and multiply."

"Cholera," said Captain Horton musingly, "seems to me to be a disease of so terribly infectious a character, that whatever the municipal authorities may do to stay the progress of the epidemic, the individual

himself who lives where it is rampant is powerless to defend himself."

"Here, again, I think you err. It cannot be too well known that the choleraic germ—and the same may be said for other plague sporules, typhoid included—cannot exist where there is abundance of pure air. The dilution, medical men tell us, of poisons of this kind renders them inert. I do not think it is dilution that effects this. In my opinion, just as there is a deadly serpent—an ophiophagous reptile—which eats deadly snakes, so there is a gaseous poison that destroys plague poisons, and that is oxygen gas, which in its diluted form we breathe, and cannot live without."

"Then," said Captain Horton, "if I understand you aright, you would defend the Fortress of Life from the attacks of invisible enemies by means of disinfection."

"Call it rather by perfect purification of all our surroundings, and the maintenance of complete and thorough cleanliness. I do not quite like the word 'disinfectants:' for many reasons. A disinfectant is never needed when there is pure air and wholesomeness. You *may* destroy dangerous emanations and foulness in the air by the use of disinfectants, but the best plan is to remove the cause. A person by constantly using disinfectants might manage to live—hardly in health, though—in a room permeated by the vapours from a cesspool. Removal of the latter would be the wiser way of going to work.

"Again, a disinfectant may be itself a poisoner of the air, and often it is a mere make-believe. You smell the odour of the chemical, whether it be chlorine, or carbolic, or anything else, and you say to yourself, "Why, this disinfectant is doing its work nicely. No impurity can exist in the air where this is.

"So, I say, do not trust altogether to disinfection: it is a good servant, but wants careful guidance and watching, and must not have more work to do than it can accomplish."

"Some men," remarked Captain Horton, "can move in the midst of pestilence and miasmata, and never seem any the worse. How, for instance, do you doctors defend your fortress?"

"I'm glad you asked the question. We defend the fortress first by using ordinary precautions. We will not, if possible, breathe more infected air than we can help. We will not be stupidly rash. Depend upon it, my friend, that when Dr. Abernethy kicked his foot through the pane of glass in his patient's room, because he couldn't get him to have his window down, the excellent physician was thinking as much about his own safety as that of his patient. Secondly, physicians know that they must live by rule when attending cases during a pestilence. The body must be kept up to the health standard. In times of epidemic let every one see to himself, attend to every rule of health, live regularly, and keep the stomach most carefully in order, and be abstinent. There is no other way of defending the Fortress of Life against invisible foes."

"This living according to rule," said my friend musingly, "is a terribly hard thing to have to add. At least, I am sure most people find it so."

"Few people," I replied, "think of doing anything of the sort, until actual danger to life stares them in the face. Some one else, I believe, has made a remark similar to this before now, but it is worthy of being repeated."

"And it is true," added Horton. "I have been thinking a good deal lately——"

"Most people who are laid low do think," I said.

"I have been thinking," said my friend, "that most of us err by eating more than is necessary."

"How *very* true that is, Horton! Why, in careful regulation of diet—a diet that should incline to the abstemious—we have one of the best defences against invisible foes of all kinds. This is one of our posts, and should be held at all risks, if we care for life at all—and not for life only, but comfort while we do exist. It is a fact which all should bear in mind, that over-eating not only corrupts the blood, but destroys nervous energy."

SHAREHOLDERS' MEETINGS.

THE meetings of shareholders are one of the products of this age, for although in the past there were companies, and occasionally meetings of their members, yet it is within the last threescore years that shareholders' meetings, as we know them, have had their development. Capital has long been drifting into the hold of companies, and at recurring periods the furnishers of that capital must meet to fulfil such functions of oversight as they exercise. From the semi-private "limited" company with less than a dozen members, to the great railway company with its thirty thousand shareholders, the gatherings are those of capital in conference. Those who have had the duty of attending such meetings go to them and listen much as the Northern Farmer did:

> "Proputty, proputty, proputty,
> That's what I hear them say."

There is variation in the scene, in the speaker, in the extent of the success, but the tone is the same, and there is one string usually played. The attenders, too, differ: at the meetings of some of the ship companies, there enter those whose rolling gait, suntanned faces, and hands that, like Lady Macbeth's, will "ne'er be clean"—from tar-stains—tell of the sailor of the past, who will be found the keenest critic of the doings of our ships. The mining companies bring up at times "Tre, Pol, or Pen" from Cornwall's

"COMPLAINTS . POUR IN UPON THE BOARD" (*p.* 217).

rich metalliferous soil. The cable companies gather half-yearly some of the scientists who have put an electric girdle round the earth; and the bank meetings bring together a crowd of the leviathans in the monetary market. But none of the gatherings furnish better scope for the observer than the half-yearly meetings of the railway companies. Euston, Paddington, Derby, York, show the largest of these; but Manchester adds to others in the metropolis, and from the company that owns its thousand miles of line to that wonderful little Metropolitan Railway that extracts five per cent. from the penny of its millions of weekly passengers; and from the vast London and North-Western, which stretches from London to the Borders, to that prosperous little line it touches, the Maryport and Carlisle, there is a wonderful difference. But the points of resemblance are many—the well-versed chairman, the silently-supporting directorate, the complaining or acquiescent shareholders, and the same forms of speech, of resolution, and of complaint time after time.

Let us look in at the scene. As the hour approaches, there enter, after giving name-ticket or signing the list of shareholders present, a mixed group, but all apparently comfortable—well-dressed, often portly-formed, and verging to middle life. A few ladies now and then pay a visit, but the subject is not entrancing to them, and their visits are scarce. But the gentlemen come with praiseworthy regularity, though there is a fluctuation in the aggregate; for, singular to say, as dividends fall the attendance rises. Punctuality is the rule of the road here, and as the clock strikes, the directors take their places; the reporters below arrange their writing materials, and whilst the secretary reads the formal notice of the meeting, those present gradually settle down into a quiet that deepens as the list of shareholders is sealed, and the bulky volume thereof is closed. The task of the chairman is to make new bricks out of well-used straw, for most of the facts that he has to tell have been printed and put before the shareholders in detail days before. But custom requires a speech of a certain length, and thus the head of the company struggles on, telling how the receipts rose or fell, how the great spending departments—"maintenance of way and works," "locomotive power," "repairs and renewals of waggons," and "general charges"—claimed their regular toll. He has a sympathetic audience when he makes the usual complaint as to the growth of the taxation; it is the correct thing to accompany the statement of the cost of compensation with a denunciation of juries; and the "Government duty" is safe to bring a cheer for the chairman if it is skilfully introduced. Thus, with the report for his long and statistical text, the chairman's discourse easily fills up his allotted time, and one of the directors near him seconds, in a sentence, the motion for the adoption of the report.

And now commences the innings of the shareholders. Complaints that have been accumulated for six months, theories as to traffic that have been often trotted out, denunciations of extravagant expenditure, and desires for branches here, increased station facilities there, additional trains on this line—all pour in upon the board. This venerable old gentleman is a well-known attendant and a general speaker, and a cheer meets him as he unfolds his paper of expanded notes and comments on railway finance. This gentleman who follows is believed to be bidding for the next vacancy in the directorate, and the meeting is very critical. That alderman of a Northern town who airs a well-known hobby and speaks loudly is endured; but when there follows him a weak-voiced gentleman who seems intent upon canvassing a mass of details as to the "service upon our branch," and persists in referring to resolutions passed at a local board which he is one of the members of, the meeting grows impatient, cheers ironically, stamps its feet, and laughs uproariously when the speaker turns an amazed face to it at that sign. In the silence he struggles on a few sentences, but again and again the sharp interruption breaks in, "as if the clouds its echo would repeat," and he at last comprehends the position and collapses limply. And so on through the list of grievances: the chairman has made a note of these, and with the aid of secretary, engineer, and general manager, he gives replies that satisfy himself, partly satisfy the questioner, and generally meet the views of the body of the shareholders, and then the resolution is passed.

But let us leave the other motions and look at the people. There are representative men of towns, busy, influential, and active, but these form only a small portion. There are professional men who have learnt the wisdom of investing capital with safety, if at a smaller rate of interest than some undertakings promise. A few odd country squires are there; but the small capitalists form the bulk of the meeting. Farmers, ruddy and rubicund, who imitate the "whip's" description of the duties of a model member—they make a meeting, keep a meeting, and cheer the chairman; but that duty done, they fold their metaphoric tents and begin to steal away when the complaints show signs of slackening.

At last the meeting breaks up and its constituents spread themselves over the city. But capital shows itself in the hotels and dining-rooms, and the station refreshment rooms overflow with an auriferous company; whilst every train till late at night is filled with unaccustomed passengers, treated by the station officials with a mixture of that deference that springs from proprietorship, and of the brusqueness that comes of the feeling that no "tips" are to be anticipated. The directors' saloon has been attached to one of the expresses, and gone, the engineer has had a few consultations, and head officials have compared notes as to the meeting, and decided how little they can do to meet the complaints. The place of meeting is silent and lone, and all that remains of the gathering is its report, and the cheque that in due course is sent to the shareholders for their interest.

"Cuckoo!"

Words by J. T. Burton Wollaston. *Music by* F. G. Cole, L.Mus., T.C.L.

Voice.

Piano.

Allegretto. ♪ = 126.

p *rall.* *tempo.* *rall.* *pp*

Ped. * Ped. *

In the lane the cuc-koo cried, For his ab-sent sweet-heart call-ing; O'er the mea-dows far and wide Rang the clear notes, ris-ing, fall-ing— Rang the clear notes, ris-ing, fall-ing:

cres. e accel. *a tempo.*

And a maid-en, stand-ing there, Heard and wondered, maid-en-wise-ly, If the voice that

p *delicato.* *cres. e accel.* *a tempo.*

ad lib. *p*

filled the air A-ny mean-ing had pre-cise-ly. Cuc-koo!

colla voce. *p* *rall.*

Ped. * 8

più animato. *p* *cres.*

Down the lane the maid - en spied, Pre-sent-ly, a form ad -

più animato. *pp* *p* *cres.*

f *p* *ad lib.*

- - van - - cing; Joy was hers she could not hide— Love with - in her

mf *p* *colla voce.*

rall. *tempo 1mo.* *p* *cres. e accel.*

eye was dan - cing: Soon they wan - dered hand in hand, Close to - ge - ther,

rall. *p tempo 1mo.* *cres. e accel.*

a tempo. *ad lib.*

lov - er - wise - ly; Then the maid could un - der-stand What the cuc - koo

a tempo. *colla voce.*

p

meant pre - cise - ly. Cuc - koo!

p *rall.* *pp*

Ped. 8 * 8

FRANK DE VAUD: A STORY OF SWISS LIFE.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

FRANK DE VAUD was climbing up a particularly stiff part of a particularly stiff hill. Sometimes he called in the assistance of the Alpine-stock he held in one hand, but just as often he clambered on and up without it. The muscles of his brawny calves started into view at every step; the leathern half-gaiters he wore could not hide them. He was a handsome and a well-made man; any one could see that at a single glance, though he was but a chamois-hunter. His face and hands were bronzed with the sun and exposure to the weather, but in his cheeks the red blood of health mantled, and his dark eyes looked ever so soft and good-natured, and when he smiled, as occasionally he was doing now, there was a right merry twinkle about those same eyes, and he showed a set of teeth as white and even as a bat's.

Why was Frank de Vaud smiling? Well, one reason was this—he was singing, and the song he was singing necessitated an occasional smile. Parenthetically, let me tell you that it spoke volumes for the strength and vigour of his lungs, that he could sing at all while climbing so steep a hill.

But he had—I am bound to say—one other reason for smiling, for Frank de Vaud was going to see pretty little bright-eyed Johanna, the goat-herd's daughter, and Johanna loved honest Frank, and he knew it right well. They were going to be married before a great many months were over, and his chief reason for visiting her cottage to-night—she dwelt a long, long way up the hill—was to press her to

"Name the day, the happy day,"

as the song says. He stood at length on the lower edge of a kind of broad table-land. A ravine ran right down through the very centre of it, a gorge, a cañon, call it what you like, only so deep was it that you could barely see the tips of the giant spruces and larches that grew in it.

Other trees grew sparsely here and there all over the table-land. High up on the far-off horizon rose the snow-clad jagged peaks of the Alps, tinged with the carmine of the setting sun, and the clouds and mists that enveloped them beneath were also tipped with red, shading off lower down into purple, then into grey. But it wasn't on the mountains, nor on the clouds either, that Frank was gazing, but on a charming little chalet still lower down. It was half buried in brushy trees, and there was smoke curling up from it.

On went Frank de Vaud, continuing his song. He said kindly good night to a bevy of girls who were waiting for the cows to come home. Still higher up he met the cows themselves, and stood aside till they passed.

Then he must shake hands with the herdsman, and the herdsman laughed and said—

"I know where you are off to, Frank Vaud, I know. We will soon all have a dance. Ah! *I* know; ha! ha! don't deny it. We all know. Good night, Vaud."

Well, Johanna was waiting for him, and they met as true lovers who are betrothed, and soon to be wed, usually do meet. They did say that Johanna was the prettiest girl in all the canton, and I think they were not far wrong. Her dress became her so, too, and the modest way her hair was done up, and her sweet voice, and deep blue thoughtful eyes, and the blush upon her bonny face, and—and—but there! suffice it to say, she was a charming little mountain maiden, and no one could blame Frank a bit for loving her.

But could she name the day, think you? Not she. "Oh! I don't know," she always answered bashfully. "Well, then," she added on this particular evening, "say in six months' time."

"Oh! dearest, we don't know what might happen before then," said Frank, somewhat thoughtfully.

Frank de Vaud was right.

"But," he said, "remember, darling, I'll claim you to the very day. So be ready."

Frank de Vaud was out almost every day in the mountains. A very daring hunter, he! And a very successful one too. His gun, though, was not much to look at; it had many little eccentricities, but as Frank knew them all, and made allowance for them, he wouldn't have given that old gun for one worth double the money.

One beautiful afternoon, when high up among the mountains, he shot a chamois a long way down beneath him. It was no easy task to reach it, but he succeeded at last. He sat down beside it. He lit his pipe and began to dream and build castles in the air, or, if he did not build castles, he imagined one sweet little chalet, which would be all his and—— Hullo! was that a shout from this crevasse far, far below? He listened. Yes, there it was again, ringing and clear, though, owing to the distance, no louder than the voice of a midget.

"Help! Help! Coo-ee. Help! Help!"

De Vaud looked over the ledge and saw a dark figure in the snow.

"Hullo!" he shouted. "I'll go back for assistance. Keep up your heart. Wait."

And away went Frank, leaving his gun beside the slain deer.

"Wait, indeed!" growled little Mr. Poddlesby to himself. "I'll *have* to wait! What a fool I was to come away without a guide! I shall lose a good dinner, too!'

Little Mr. Poddlesby hailed from Ealing, where he had a fine house and all kinds of fine things, his uncle having died heirless, and left him wealthy. So Poddlesby required to be a clerk no longer in the City. He determined to see the world!

A very vulgar, self-conceited little fellow, I'm sorry to say, was Poddlesby. He had had an idea, even when a poor clerk, that he was rather attractive than otherwise to the fair sex, but now that he had riches, he deemed himself irresistible. He joined an Alpine club, and it used to be his boast that he never required a guide.

Hence we find him at the bottom of the crevasse, where, had he not been found by Frank de Vaud, he would certainly have perished before morning, and become food for the eagles.

In three hours' time Frank was back with assistance, and Poddlesby was safe to brink, more dead than alive. He was then carried to the nearest chalet, the goat-herd's, where pretty Johanna lived.

"I'll be as fresh as a daisy to-morrow," said little Poddlesby as they put him to bed.

"IT WAS NO EASY TASK TO REACH IT" (*p.* 220).

But he was not so. He was down with a fever, and for weeks he lay 'twixt death and life. When at last he became convalescent, nothing could exceed the kindness of Johanna's parents to him, nor, indeed, of Johanna herself.

"But of course I shall pay them well for it," said Poddlesby to himself.

But was this gratitude, reader? I trow not.

Poddlesby was somewhat surprised when, on bidding his host and hostess good-bye, the crisp bank note he tried to slip into the hand of the latter was firmly but respectfully declined.

They had only done their duty, said this honest couple; if they deserved any reward, at all, it would come from Heaven.

"Well," said Poddlesby to himself that evening, when he found himself snug in his hotel, in the town down in the valley, "I don't feel overstrong, I'll stop here a few months and fish, and do the civil to that charming Johanna. A sweet child she really is, and I can't do less after all their kindnesses. I'll take her everywhere, and show her everything. She is too good for that lout of a Frank. I'm not sure that I won't marry her myself."

Have you ever seen a tiny cloud, reader, rising over the sea, or over the hills in a mountainous land? Up and up and up into the blue sky, getting bigger and wider and darker every minute, till at length the storm breaks and the thunder roars, and all is chaos and destruction. Just such a little cloud began to rise between Frank de Vaud and Johanna on the very day that Poddlesby commenced paying attentions to our innocent Swiss maiden. He brought a gift of rare fruit, more luscious than any which Johanna or her parents had ever eaten before. It must have cost golden gulders. She couldn't offend by refusing to accept it.

This was the thin end of the wedge. After this Poddlesby asked Johanna's parents—and he asked so prettily—if she might be his guide among the hills now and then: he was studying botany, he said. Old

fraud that he was, he did not know a fir-cone from a hazel catkin!

I have now come to the disagreeable portion of my little tale, and will hasten over it. Poddlesby made himself a very great favourite with Johanna's parents, and they always thought their child safe when with him. Meanwhile the cloud grew and grew 'twixt Frank de Vaud and his betrothed, for he was jealous of the insinuating Saxon; and at last the storm burst and—the lovers quarrelled and parted.

Frank spent most of his time among the mountains now. He loved that somewhat ancient gun of his more than ever. But Frank seldom sang. The joy and the happiness seemed clean gone away from his big heart for ever and a day.

He gave the little chalet, at which he had spent so many a pleasant evening, a very wide berth indeed. He could not bear the sight of it. He would not have gone near it for worlds. He dreaded to look upon Johanna, lest the old love should return with such force that he might be constrained to make a fool of himself—that was how he phrased it—make a fool of himself, trample on his pride, and own he had been wrong and unjust in his jealousy.

But was he unjust? He often and often asked himself that question. What right had she to accept the gifts of that hateful Saxon? How dared she—the affianced bride of Frank de Vaud—accompany Poddlesby in his wanderings among the hills, and on excursions with him on the lake? Nay, he had been wronged; he never, never, never would forgive her.

Simple-minded innocent Johanna, she, and even her parents, had accepted presents from Poddlesby, and she did not like to seem ungrateful. What harm could there be, she often asked herself, in acting as guide for the poor little Englishman in his rambles over the hills and in his studies?

Ah! but many and many a night, for all that, Johanna sobbed herself to sleep.

One autumn day, Frank, lying on his side on a bank of snow, upon which the sun was beating so warmly as almost to soften it, spied something black in a crevasse far down beneath him. Presently he saw the something move, next he heard it halloo.

"It *is*," cried Frank; "no, it can't be—but, by everything that is remarkable, it's nobody else but Poddlesby! Ay, scream away, my little man. I took you out of one crevasse; now, indeed, you shall become food for the eagles. Revenge is sweet."

Yes, reader, revenge is sweet, but vengeance does not belong to man. Frank lay there for two whole hours watching Poddlesby, then, his better nature prevailing, he went straight away and got assistance, and in a short time the Englishman from Ealing was out of danger. When he saw who had again rescued him, Poddlesby positively burst into tears. "Come with me, come with me," he cried, "I shall die else."

And he led Frank straight to Johanna's cottage and dragged him in, and took his half-unwilling hand and placed it in blushing Johanna's.

"I have done you both an injury," he said, "I have now to crave forgiveness, which I sincerely do."

Well, there was some good in little Poddlesby's heart after all.

I need not say that Frank and Johanna were married. Yes, and Poddlesby was at the wedding, too, and the most charming gift that Johanna had was Poddlesby's.

WILD BIRDS IN LONDON.

ALL of us have read pathetic stories of Australian gold-diggers or Canadian backwoodsmen moved to tears by the song of some imprisoned skylark, which reminded them of their English birthplace. It is to be feared that tears would not be so easily drawn from such emigrants as are of London origin; for he that spends all his days in London, with the exception perhaps of a week or so about the month of August, may very likely never have heard a lark sing in his life, unless from a cage, to the accompaniment of cart and carriage wheels. There are, however, still many birds to be heard and seen about the parks and gardens of London; where, indeed, those which can find food in such places have, perhaps, a safer and more comfortable life than they can ever lead in the country. Man debarred from the use of nets or guns is not very dangerous to creatures possessed of wings, and he drives away such four-footed enemies as stoats and weasels, while birds of prey, hawks and magpies, avoid his presence, even in towns where it would be harmless.

Yet only one small bird, the sparrow, has deliberately chosen London for a dwelling-place. The pigeons which flutter about Westminster Abbey and the British Museum cannot be considered wild birds, any more than the ducks on our ornamental waters. They receive much of their food at the hands of man, and are descended from ancestors which he imported into their present homes. The moorhens which feed freely on some London waters may possibly have found their own way there. They are not so tame in their behaviour as the ducks, with which it is to be feared that they are often confounded.

The sparrow really has come uninvited, and taken up his abode in London, resigning all innocent country pleasures for an adventurous, and not altogether honest, life in the streets. His sooty presence graces alike Seven Dials and Hyde Park Corner; indeed, there is no class of Londoner who is so much at home in every

part of London as he. He is the only one of us that dares enter the lion's den. Buns tempt him down into the bear-pit much more quickly than they tempt the bear up. It is perhaps the corrupting influence of a town life which has given to this bold bad little bird the evil qualities which transportation has made worse. In Australia the sparrow has gone forth like a bushranger, with the vices of the town upon him, into the country, where he steals grain on a colossal scale, and is established as a public nuisance.

There is no sound that we feel to be more rural than the cawing of rooks ; yet the rook has been established time out of mind in London. Tall trees are all he wants for a home, though they may stand in the noisy Marylebone Road, or even in the heart of London at Gray's Inn Garden. But though the rook never objects to the presence of men at the foot of his trees, it is strange that he should be willing to remain in London, where the streets afford him no food, and the parks, one would think, very little. It must be remembered that, attached as the rook is to his home, he often wanders very far afield in his daily round ; and as he can at any time easily overfly the few miles of houses which part even Gray's Inn from the open country, he can hardly be aware of the distinction which we feel between the life of the town and the country. A bird so wary as he, and so circumspect in his dealings with the human race, must well appreciate one great advantage which belongs to the London rookeries—that there is no rook-shooting possible there in the spring. In consequence of this advantage the numbers of the London rooks ought to increase very rapidly, and one would like to know how they settle who shall emigrate and who stay behind. The peaceful administration of rookeries has always been a wonder to men, who themselves find it hard to live in amity, even with the aid of laws.

The position of the jackdaw in London is a doubtful one. He is not uncommon, and may turn up any day in the gardens of any square ; still he can hardly be counted on anywhere, and seems scarcely at home in a place where he cannot lead the cheerful and social life so dear to the country jackdaw. Perhaps he regards himself as "buried" in town, as we say of people lost in a lonely part of the country. One may be certain that without plenty of society no jackdaw would stay in town all the year round. As much may be said of the starlings, which are constantly to be seen waddling upon the grass (for the starling, though not a large bird, does not usually condescend to hop), and which sometimes appear in large flocks, wheeling, settling, and arising about one or other of the parks in such numbers as to attract the attention and abortive missiles of youthful Londoners. Starlings are said to be much commoner in England than of old ; in autumn one may sometimes see them collected in numbers apparently sufficient to populate two or three counties. Fortunately there are always some at hand to enliven London ; for the starling is a cheerful bird, amusing in his gait, gestures, and noises : he whistles and gurgles and rattles continually in his throat, little suspecting that men do not count him among singing birds.

The thrush and the blackbird have not chosen London for their home ; they do but remain on the lands where their fathers lived, quite regardless of the changes in their neighbourhood. Barren of beauty as is a London spring-time, it has at least a full share of their music. Where worms and snails can live, there the thrush can thrive ; and he is the safer in London that snow never lies long on the ground there, and frosts are generally mild ; for a hard winter is fatal to many thrushes. The thrush is the boldest and most hopeful of singing birds, and will pipe loudly from a leafless tree in cold January ; therefore, it is the less surprising that he may sometimes be heard to sing even out of the darkness of a London smoke-fog. The blackbird is a lazier songster, though prodigal enough of his music in warm weather ; he is shyer than the thrush, and more solitary in his habits ; nor does he seem to be so common in London. Yet the numbers of the two kinds are so great, while hedges and bushes are so scarce, that one wonders where they, and indeed other London birds, can find room for their nests. One cannot easily investigate this question, owing to the vigilance of park-keepers and the extreme griminess of London bushes ; but the public portions of the parks certainly seem to offer very few places of concealment. The gardens and private enclosures, such as fringe the Regent's Park, are therefore a great blessing to all Londoners, as affording the birds a stronghold. It would be indeed a dull England which had lost the song of the thrush.

The popularity of the robin and the wren does not depend entirely on their singing ; but the former has a deliciously sweet, if somewhat melancholy strain, and the latter an astonishingly vigorous, though unpoetical song. Robins are common in park and square ; wrens are much rarer, as they are not happy except where there is plenty of cover—if one may suggest the idea of unhappiness in connection with Jenny Wren.

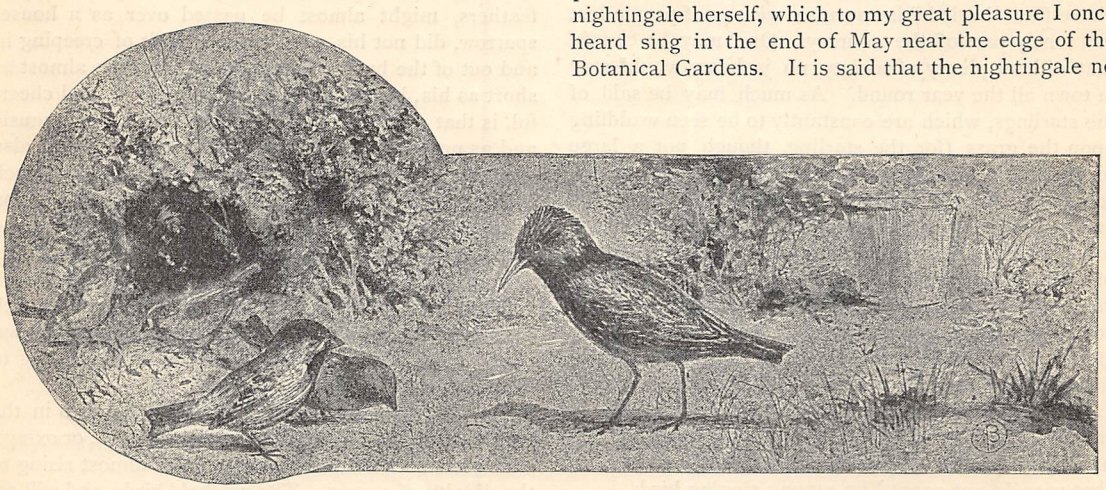
A short and feeble, but sweet and plaintive strain from the shelter of the bushes, proclaims the existence in London of a humbler song-bird, the little hedge-sparrow, which, with a coating of soot on his brown feathers, might almost be passed over as a house-sparrow, did not his song and his habit of creeping in and out of the bushes betray him. A strain almost as short as his, but far more fluent and loud and cheerful, is that of the chaffinch, that makes as merry music and as much of it as any bird in England. He is also one of the handsomest, and knows it. The chaffinch builds a beautiful nest, and must, I suppose, in London bring himself to use the soot-begrimed wool of the London sheep for that purpose. This, however, is his affair. As a very sociable bird he seems less well adapted to a London life than the greenfinch, which does not, however, appear to be nearly so common about town. But one may be sure in the spring to hear his husky half-querulous note.

Titmice, of at least two kinds, are to be seen in the parks—the little blue tomtit and the great tit, or ox-eye, which has a cheerful see-sawing note, almost rising to the dignity of a song. Tits are bold birds, and will eat

almost anything, so that it is probable more kinds than these may inhabit London.

All these are birds which reside in England throughout the year, and some of them may never have left the park they were born in, and perhaps think that the inhabitable world is only a few acres wide. This is, however, unlikely, as most birds migrate more or less, sometimes unintentionally. Strong gales carry European field-birds even to the Azores in mid-Atlantic. But there come to London every year, as it were for the season, birds which we know to pass the winter beyond seas. Of these perhaps the commonest is the flycatcher, which may be seen any day in early summer making his short flights from some low branch or iron railing. Being a bird of plain plumage, and given generally to silence, he attracts but little notice from Londoners, most of whom probably put him down, despite his long slender bill and spasmodic flights, for a sparrow. In the country the flycatcher displays no sort of skill in the hiding of his nest, but seems to repose a just confidence in such human friends as may discover his secret. In London, where men lock their doors, it would not do to be trustful; and he must exercise unusual care in finding a hiding-place. The return of spring is heralded, even to Londoners, by the sweet sad song of the willow-wren, and the jerky notes of the chiff-chaff, both of which small warblers, haunting as they do the tops of the trees, are able to find a home where the whitethroat does not seem to penetrate. They may be heard in London steadily from the time of their first arrival, and therefore undoubtedly breed there. This I do not think is the case with that most brilliant of songsters, the blackcap, which I have nevertheless seen and heard two years running in the same place, but in neither year till quite late in the season. So shy a bird could hardly be at ease in London, and what brought him there at a time when migration was not going on it were hard to say. The same puzzle has presented itself in the case of a still greater singer, the nightingale herself, which to my great pleasure I once heard sing in the end of May near the edge of the Botanical Gardens. It is said that the nightingale no

WILLOW-WREN AND CHIFF-CHAFF.



SPARROWS AND STARLING.

THRUSH, BLACKBIRD, AND BLUE TITMICE.

longer comes even to Hampstead and Highgate; but I have heard her in Epping Forest, quite close to the outskirts of London.

No bird could seem more out of place in town than the cuckoo—a parasite that could find there few entertainers. Yet he comes sometimes. I have heard him calling in the grounds of Buckingham Palace; and once in Kensington Gardens, at the end of July, a cuckoo flew over my head. It is his way to slip quietly over a hedge and out of sight when men approach him, and he seemed anxious on this occasion to attract no notice, in which he was surprisingly successful.

There are some birds which may be seen tolerably often in London, and yet can hardly be classed as even temporary residents. The swift is a great haunter of towns, but seems to draw the line at London. A flock may sometimes be seen gambolling and screaming over Regent's Park; but as they do not settle even for a moment, and ten minutes of their lightning speed takes them far away into the country, it is impossible to claim as residents birds which come so literally on a flying visit. The same remark applies in a less degree to the swallows and martins, which are more abundant; indeed they may be seen so constantly during the summer about Kensington Gardens, that it is possible some may breed in the neighbourhood. I have, however, never seen a martin's nest in London, and if Banquo's theory, that the "martlet's" presence is a sign of delicate air, be correct, it is probable that I never shall. About October, when the swallows depart, great numbers of them pass through town, and at this time they may be seen not only in the open places, but all over the City, even hawking up and down the dingy lengths of Oxford Street. The passers-by seem generally so unconscious of them, that I have almost fancied they may be invisible to a born Londoner. Other migratory birds occasionally halt awhile on their way through London; thus I have noticed a solitary wheatear in the open plain of Regent's Park, while on Hampstead Heath I have seen a ring-ouzel, generally an inhabitant of the lonely moors. Eccentricities of weather may drive birds into town. After the great gale and snowstorm of January, 1881, gulls were wheeling about the Victoria Tower, and a pair of wild ducks settled on an ice-floe that was drifting up to Westminster Bridge. Finally, London is not yet so big but that some strong-winged birds fly over it simply to get to the other side; thus I have seen a pair of herons high up in the air, steering a south-easterly course over the brick wilderness with

CHAFFINCH, GREENFINCH, AND ROBIN.

the greatest apparent confidence. Such sights are the rare gift of fortune; but every day London can show a tolerably long list of birds to any one who will be at the trouble to look and listen.

SWEET CHRISTABEL.

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned," "In a Minor Key," &c. &c.

Book II.—AN HEIRESS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

COUSINS.

A YEAR and a half have passed away since Myles Vanstone's death, during which time Christabel and her step-mother have been travelling from one end of Europe to another. Tired out at last of hotels and *tables-d'hôte*, they have, at Mrs. Vanstone's instigation, taken a house in Belgrave Square for the London season.

If Sylvia had had her step-daughter's restoration to spirits after her father's death most entirely at heart, she could not have done better for her than she did by cutting short all the adieus at the Abbey, and transplanting her to scenes of which she had heard and longed to see. The novelty of her surroundings, the inherited love of travelling, all tended to work a cure, which perhaps no other remedy could have effected.

Mrs. Vanstone was thinking all this over as she lounged in the depths of an arm-chair in her newly-hired house in Belgrave Square. She had just sent Christabel up-stairs to dress for her first gaiety, whilst she stayed on a few minutes in the drawing-room, to meditate on the campaign she and her daughter were about to open, and which she had already decided was to be one series of glittering triumphs.

For never, she says to herself, did two women commence a season under better auspices. They are both young, good-looking, well-born. That they are both rich is an undoubted fact, and there are not many people who are sufficiently acquainted with the intricate details of Myles Vanstone's will to know that these riches are held on a somewhat precarious tenure. By that will, although Piers Vanstone is now the legitimate owner of the Abbey, he has been deprived of every farthing that was wont to go towards its maintenance, and the money is left to Sylvia and Christabel. But not without conditions—Sylvia's £3,000 a year passes away to charities should she take unto herself a third husband; Christabel's much larger fortune passes equally away, should she ever marry any one bearing the name of Vanstone, into the keeping of her step-mother, without proviso of any sort or kind. By these provisions Myles flattered himself that he put an end to any schemes on Piers Vanstone's part for becoming possessed of the Vanstone money. Should he pay his addresses to Sylvia, on becoming his wife she immediately loses her fortune; should he turn his thoughts to Christabel, the same thing happens; on either side, Piers the fortune-hunter is defeated, and Sylvia and Christabel guarded against a miserable marriage.

Meanwhile, Christabel, having completed her toilette, has fallen into a reverie, engendered by the fact that to-night she is to make her first acquaintance with the great London world. How shall she like it, introduced to it as she will be by Mrs. Vanstone, who now comes in, cloaked and hooded, to bear away her charge? She and her step-mother are excellent friends; they get on admirably together; but hitherto they have not discussed their future life, and when it comes to that, will they agree? And then her thoughts wander off to that future. She cannot conceal from herself that probably she will marry; she has already received two proposals during her sojourn abroad: one from an Italian prince, and the other from a man who made it to her after a week's acquaintance, with a certain insolent security of success and air of condescension, as one of the acknowledged darlings of society, that had called forth the latent haughtiness that lay hidden somewhere in her character, and made her youthful answer of undisguised aversion more stinging than anything the accomplished man of the world had encountered for some time past. She is very *difficile*, this country-bred maiden; for has not her father told her she will be married for her money? and how is she, young and inexperienced, to distinguish the true metal from the dross?

Ten minutes later she and Mrs. Vanstone have reached their destination, and as they step out of the carriage into the brilliantly lighted hall, a sensation of awe and trepidation steals over Christabel. In another minute she is walking up the staircase behind her step-mother, and is being greeted by the hostess, who is serenely pleased at having secured the beautiful heiress and her pretty *chaperon* for her reception.

The room is full to suffocation; a perfect Babel of voices effectually drowns a band that is discoursing sweet music, yet in all that sea of faces Christabel does not see one she knows, as she waits paitently on the landing until Mrs. Vanstone, whom practice has made

perfect, can effect a passage. Suddenly, as she looks round, her eye lights upon a face that makes her heart give a most unaccountable bound, and the sweetest dawn of a smile to tremble on her lips. For it is one she has never forgotten—that of the man who saved her from the waves. She is still looking at him intently when he turns round and addresses a girl who is standing behind him—a plain girl with a good figure, a mass of dusky hair, and large sad eyes that light up as he speaks to her. Another surprise !—no other than the poor governess who used to live opposite the back windows of the doll's-house. She does not look like a governess to-day : her dress is simple, but well made, and she is not so positively ugly as she was formerly. And the man who is speaking to her in that familiar manner, what is he to her? She feels a pang shooting through her. Can he be engaged to be married to her, or her husband?

At this juncture in her thoughts, the crowd gives way, and Sylvia enters the room, and walks across to the very corner whither Christabel's glances have been directed, followed by her step-daughter. The two friends try to make room for them in the crush, and so doing, the four pair of eyes meet. Mrs. Vanstone gives a beaming smile, and extends her hand to the hero of the rocks, whilst Christabel stands by petrified, for she says—

"How do you do, Captain Vanstone? how glad I am to meet you again ! Allow me to introduce to you my step-daughter, and your cousin—Miss Vanstone."

The girl feels turned to stone ; in her heart there rises a little cry of dismay.

This, then, is the reason of the likeness to her father : this must be one of the family with whom she is to have no dealings : this is the man who saved her life. These thoughts pass rapidly through her brain as mechanically she extends her hand, dropping her eyes to the carpet at her feet, and hears the voice, also reminding her of her father, say—

"We have met before, I think, Miss Vanstone?"

She cannot but raise her eyes now to encounter those that are looking at her, as she answers monosyllabically and faintly—

"Yes."

He drops her hand at once. This is a very different Christabel to the child who smiled at him as she said, "I wish I could do something for you."

This is a tall, elegant girl, with a sweet, proud face, and a consciousness of her beauty and her heiressship in the cold greeting she gives him. He turns from her to Sylvia, all smiles and warmth, whilst her step-daughter, with averted head, looks silently out into the room.

Not for long, however. Her fame has preceded her in the London world, and already, although she does not know it, she is the fashion.

One after another Mrs. Vanstone's friends come up, and ask to be introduced to her daughter : mothers with sons, mothers who are anxious to make her acquaintance ; in short, the ball is at Christabel's feet : she has but to set it in motion.

"You must not be away long, Chris," says Mrs. Vanstone, as the girl goes off with one of her new acquaintances to have a cup of tea. "Remember, we shall soon be going on to Mrs. Talbot's."

"I will be back soon," she answers gaily, looking back, to see Mrs. Vanstone once more plunged into intimate conversation with—her cousin.

With a heavy heart she goes down-stairs, but in the excitement and novelty of everything around her she forgets her momentary trouble, and is soon laughing and talking as gaily as any one. But when, in obedience to her step-mother, she requests to be taken back to the place where she left her, she finds that both she and Captain Vanstone have disappeared, whilst the *ci-devant* governess, looking rather forlorn, occupies the corner where they were standing.

Christabel, who has jumped at the conclusion that she is Agatha, has no choice but to take up her position next to her, to await Mrs. Vanstone's return. How she longs to speak to her ! but her father's warning is sounding in her ears, and she dare not.

Agatha, however, who has gained in *savoir-faire* during her residence with Mrs. Loftus, has no such scruples. She has been gazing at this beautiful cousin all the evening, and now she turns to her with her old abruptness, but not her old shyness—

"You are my Cousin Christabel, I think."

For a minute Christabel forgets her father as a smile lights up her face.

"And you are Agatha, are you not?" she says. "I have heard of you from Cousin Susan."

"And I of you," responds Agatha. "We shall often meet now," she continues cheerfully, "for Cousin Susan is so fond of you, and so is Mr. Loftus."

Christabel feels a chill run through her. She has been commanded to give every member of this family a wide berth, and now Agatha tells her, as a matter of course, that they are to meet very often. Not knowing what to say, she answers nothing ; and Agatha, feeling disappointed, also relapses into temporary silence. But her desire to know more of her new cousin soon unseals her lips again.

"You were very fond of the Abbey, were not you?" she asks abruptly.

Christabel turns to her a face cold and proud.

"It was my home," she answers frostily, but her lips quiver.

"Ah !" says Agatha ; "how nice to have had such a home ! I never had one until I went to Queen's Gate, and a house in London is not like one in the country."

There is a pathetic ring in the girl's voice that touches Christabel against her will.

"But now," she answers, "you have the Abbey for your home."

"No, indeed, not for our home. Do you not know Piers cannot possibly afford to live there? It is let."

"Let ! The Abbey let?"

"Yes. Oh ! do you mind? I am so sorry."

"No"—resuming her frosty demeanour—"no ; why should I mind? Of course it is nothing to me ; only no Vanstone ever let it before."

Assuredly her father was right; these people must be horrid to let the Abbey.

At this moment Captain and Mrs. Vanstone reappear together, and a frown flits across Christabel's forehead to think how openly Mrs. Vanstone is going against all her husband's wishes.

"Chris, we must be going," says Sylvia. "We shall be very late as it is at Mrs. Talbot's. Are you going on there, Captain Vanstone?"

"No," he answers. "Agatha and I are going nowhere else to-night. I will come down and see you into your carriage, and then," turning towards his sister, "we must be following your example."

He takes no notice of Christabel, who has plenty of other people to look after her, as she follows him and her step-mother down the staircase, and to the carriage.

"You will come and see us very soon, Captain Vanstone, won't you?" says Sylvia sweetly, as she gives him her hand; "and bring Agatha with you."

He makes a somwhat evasive reply, turning to Christabel, as if for confirmation of the invitation. The lamp-light falls on his pale grave face.

"Good night, Miss Vanstone," he says, and holds out his hand.

Christabel puts hers into his, feeling compelled to lift her eyes to his. What a good countenance it is, and yet he is a villain! She gives a little sigh.

"Good night," she says, without endorsing her step-mother's request. Another second, and she is in the carriage and speeding on towards Grosvenor Square.

Mrs. Vanstone talks incessantly as they drive along, until, struck by the fact that she has been holding a monologue, she rallies Christabel on her silence.

"Did you not enjoy yourself, child?" she asks.

"Oh, yes! much more than I expected to, considering it was my first party, but—— I am worried, dear. You know what a strong feeling father had against the Grenville Vanstones. More than once he cautioned me to have nothing to do with them; and now here is Agatha living with Susan, and it will be most difficult for me to obey him. Yet I must."

She does not mention Piers in any way.

"Is that all? What a silly child it is! Your poor father, owing to his health, had many foolish crotchets which were unreasonable, and this was one of them. If you are a wise girl you will make a forget of all those cautions and commands, and treat the Grenville Vanstones like any other relations."

Christabel turns to her a countenance full of wrath, but before she has time to answer they have driven up to Mrs. Talbot's, and the footman is opening the carriage door.

Meanwhile Piers, driving home by Agatha's side, is thinking of Christabel, not as he saw her to-night, but as he saw her at Furlby, with the soft starry eyes and the sweet cooing voice. How she is changed! Myles Vanstone's will has done its work. Henceforth there will be that barrier between her and any one of the name of Vanstone. She need not be afraid, though, that the whole male contingent of the family will at once propose to her, as she evidently is.

"Is she not lovely?" breaks in Agatha's voice on his meditations.

"Who? What?" he asks.

"Christabel. I recognised her at once as the girl who lived opposite us, only she has grown ten times more beautiful than she used to be. I should so like to know her, and love her, but I do not think she will let me. She was so cold, and yet she smiled so sweetly at first."

"I think you had better give up the idea of knowing and loving her" (somewhat roughly); "your paths lie wide apart. You and she are in a different position altogether; besides," he adds, with innate justice, "her father disliked us and all our belongings—not unnaturally—so probably she is not prejudiced in your favour."

"Ah! by the way, that reminds me, she seemed dreadfully put out at the Abbey being let."

"Did you tell her of it?" (quickly).

"Yes, for she talked to me as though I lived there, so I had to tell her. I imagined that she knew it."

"Quite right; it is no secret. And what did she say?"

"She turned quite cold in her manner, and said of course it was no business of hers, only no Vanstone had ever let the Abbey before."

"Poor, foolish child! I dare say she was very fond of it. No Vanstone has ever let it before: she said that, did she? Well, if the future Vanstones do nothing worse than that, she need not mind."

The cab stops at the door at Queen's Gate, Agatha and Piers jump out, and this evening, with all its experiences, is enshrined in the past.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

KEEPING THEM AT A DISTANCE.

THE London season is going on its noisy way, and Mrs. Vanstone and Christabel are steeped to their lips in engagements of every kind. They are never alone except at breakfast, which Mrs. Vanstone takes in her bed-room, and Christabel in the dining-room.

This morning she is dallying rather longer than usual over the meal, and as she lazily stirs her cup of tea, an expression, half of annoyance, half of distress, passes over her countenance. The white eyelids are heavy, for she was up till four o'clock this morning, and at both houses she went to last night she received an offer of marriage, which she was forced to refuse. They were both from men whom she liked, with whom she had laughed and talked, but with either of whom she could not spend her life. It makes her very sad—she has given these men no encouragement, yet they look reproachfully at her, speak reproachfully to her, whilst perhaps it is only her money they want.

She is still chewing the cud of these reflections when there is a ring at the door-bell, followed by the incursion of Mrs. Loftus and Agatha into the dining-room.

"My dear," says Cousin Susan breathlessly, as she

greets Christabel, "I am come to beg of your charity. You will say I am always begging, but——"

"No, I shall not," interrupts the girl; "you know I like you to beg, only do sit down and have a cup of chocolate, for you must both have forgotten your breakfast by this advanced hour of the morning."

"No, thank you, dear, I have no time; indeed, I feel too flurried."

"Shall I tell Chris about it, Mrs. Loftus?" asks Agatha quietly. "There was an accident yesterday" (after an affirmative nod from Cousin Susan), "at the empty house next to ours, which is being painted. One of the workmen fell off a ladder, and was horribly hurt. Mrs. Loftus saw it, and it upset her very much. Piers was with us, and he saw the poor man safely to St. George's, and now there are the wife and children to be looked to while he is laid up, for if he lives it will be a very long business. Piers went to see the wife yesterday, and he says there are several children."

"So we want to get up a little fund, Chris, to help them whilst he is in hospital; do you see, dear?" interposes Mrs. Loftus.

"To which I will gladly contribute. Will ten pounds do at first, or shall I say fifteen?"

"Oh, my dear, that is too much! Five pounds will be ample for the present, for remember, yours is only a contribution. And now Agatha and I must be off to St. George's, to ease the patient's mind about his family, and then we are going to see the woman herself."

"May I come with you?" asks Christabel timidly. "I have never yet seen a large hospital in England, although I saw a good many when I was abroad."

"MRS. VANSTONE NOW COMES IN, CLOAKED AND HOODED, TO BEAR AWAY HER CHARGE" (*p.* 226).

"Of course you may, dear; we shall be only too delighted to have you."

"Then I will dress at once. Please eat something whilst I am up-stairs."

She disappears out of the dining-room, running up two steps at a time until she reaches Mrs. Vanstone's room. That luxurious little person is still in bed as her daughter enters the room and says—

"Mamma, I am not going to the Park this morning. You will let me off, won't you?"

"I know what all this means, Chris" (rising wrathfully). "You refused Lord Tremayne last night, and you are afraid to meet him this morning."

"I am going out with Susan and Agatha."

"Are they here? What do they want at this hour

in the morning? Begging, I suppose. But to revert to last night: what made you refuse Lord Tremayne?"

"Oh! mamma, say no more about it. I have not time. Susan is waiting for me, and I have to dress."

"But I have a great deal to say about it, more especially as I am your guardian. It would have been a charming marriage, such a good connection. I am angry with you, Chris. Do you never mean to marry?"

"That depends. I have not as yet seen any one I could like sufficiently to spend my life with:" and yet as she says the words a faint pink blush overspreads her face. "Oh! by the way," she continues, "if I do not come home for luncheon, I shall be at Queen's Gate, and will be back in time for the afternoon things."

Forbidden fruit is sweet. Perhaps that is why Christabel finds Queen's Gate so attractive, for there is the forbidden Agatha and, very occasionally, the still more forbidden Piers. She flatters herself that she keeps both these personages at a distance, and thus literally fulfils her father's injunctions. Not that there is any necessity to take such precautions against Piers, for he it is who keeps her at a distance, taking very little notice of her beyond the ordinary courtesies of society. With a woman's waywardness she resents this, repaying his neglect by an affectation of *nonchalance* not in the least natural to her. The keeping of Agatha at a distance is a far more difficult task. They attend the same singing-class, they have the same masters, they go to the same parties, meet at afternoon teas; the result is, they kiss affectionately on occasions, they read the same books, sing the same songs, venerate the same heroes, authors, composers; and yet Christabel flatters herself that Agatha is kept at a distance, the while she intently studies her character, to see if she can detect anything of that inherent wickedness with which the whole family is charged. But no; Agatha is careless, hot-tempered, obtuse, brusque in manner and speech, but certainly not bad. What if she be good rather than bad? and if she be good, why should not—her other relations be so too? And each time that she reaches this point in her argument a flood of light breaks over her face, and she thinks of the rocks at Furlby.

To-day, as she follows Mrs. Loftus and Agatha through the hospital, notes the latter's sympathy and gentleness, sees her afterwards talking to the poor delicate wife, and by her common sense reducing Mrs. Loftus' misty ideas to practical form, she decides almost certainly that her father was wrong.

They have left the abode of the ailing wife now, and have arrived at Queen's Gate. In the hall is a pile of letters for Mrs. Loftus, and she turns aside into the library, bidding Agatha come with her to digest them, whilst she begs Christabel to go up into the drawing-room, whither she will follow immediately. Christabel walks up stairs, and starts to find the drawing-room tenanted by a masculine form partially hidden behind a newspaper. Piers it is who rises to greet her, and asks her some trifling question about Agatha. His manner is cool, but his eyes nevertheless follow her as she walks into the back drawing-room, then again into the front, settling herself at last in a very uncomfortable chair, so as not to be too near him, and yet not so far as to appear rude.

"That is a very uncompromising chair you have chosen," says Piers, without the shadow of a smile on his face. "Won't you have mine?"

"No, thank you; I like this chair," and Christabel straightens her back and looks dignified.

"You like being uncomfortable?"

"Yes, very much."

"I am afraid you have not many opportunities for indulging in your liking, as I know Mrs. Vanstone is rather the opposite way of thinking."

"That is no reason why I should be the same," she responds, sternly repressing the smile that is lurking in lip and eye.

He stands up, crosses over, and takes another straight-backed chair by her side.

"Why do you do that?" she asks quickly.

"Because I could not think of sitting in a low chair whilst you occupy this one; also because conversation is more easily conducted when the conversing parties are in proximity to one another. Is it disagreeable to you," in a gentler voice, "that I should sit here?"

"Disagreeable? Oh dear, no! It is"—"nothing to me," she would have said, but that her true and sweet nature refuses to give utterance to the rude and untruthful word—"it is pleasanter, of course, for conversation."

He smiles, for he has divined her thoughts.

"May I speak," he begins again, in that same voice that thrills her so undefinably, "of a subject that I am afraid is painful to you?—I mean the Abbey."

She looks at him at last with such pathos in her eyes, that he moves his chair an inch further from her and her dangerous orbs.

"No, don't," she says, "don't! You have let it."

"It was just that which I wanted to explain to you, very briefly," he answers. "I let it because I cannot by any possible means afford to live there. I shall never live there," he continues. "I cannot afford to do so; but I have let it to good tenants, who are anxious to make improvements, subject to my consent. Should you object to this?"

"I? I have nothing to do with it."

"Except that you are fond of it, that it was your home, and that I would not willingly make any changes there which would cause you pain."

"I said good-bye to it for ever," she responds, "when I left it. I shall never see it again. You are very kind, but"—with a tiny quiver of her under lip—"make what changes you may, I shall never see them. Have you looked at *Charivari* this week?"

He is much too sensitive himself not to understand the quick transition, whilst she forgets to be dignified in her anxiety to keep off a subject which is so near to her heart that she dare not speak of it. But she need not fear. Piers readily falls into *Charivari*, as he picks up the week's number, opening it at one of the many caricatures of the æsthetics.

"Do you go in for æstheticism?" he asks, more for something to say than anything else.

"Yes, and no. I love its colours, but——"

"Red dresses, for instance, and old lace collars;" and then he moves yet another inch, for the Furlby smile has come over her face, and she leans forward in her high-backed chair, with her two pretty hands clasped.

"Do you remember that dress?" she asks eagerly. "I was always so fond of it. What fun it was that day, was it not?"

"For you and me, but not for Miss Reynolds. I do not know which alarmed her most, the waves or I. I think she thought me a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"We did not know what to think of you, for you never told us your name."

"It was mean, was it not, after your telling me yours, and inviting me to tea?"

"Horribly mean!" she answers brightly.

"Particularly when you made me hot buttered toast with your own hands."

At this juncture Mrs. Loftus comes into the room, full of business, and quite unconcerned that these two good-looking young people have been left to entertain each other for half an hour.

"I'm afraid you must be rather hungry," she says, glancing at the clock, which is striking half-past two. "Lunch is a little late. Piers, I have heaps to tell you; come down now into the dining-room, will you? I did not know you were here until just now."

They follow their hostess into the dining-room, where they find Mr. Loftus, who has just come in, and who, with good-tempered adroitness, very quickly diverts the conversation from St. George's Hospital to the personally more engrossing topic of young Myles and his ever-recurring delinquencies.

It is past three o'clock when they go up-stairs, and Piers is about to take his leave, when Agatha whispers that she is going to make Chris sing. Would he not like to hear her? Of course he would; but would it be wise? Apparently it would, for he follows the ladies up-stairs, where Agatha is coaxing Christabel.

"Do sing, that is a darling," she says; and her cousin complies.

"My *répertoire* by heart is rather limited," she explains, "particularly as you, Agatha, like nothing but English;" and then she strikes the first notes of "Unless."

She sings it simply, sweetly, with a strong undercurrent of feeling running through it, her large eyes glowing in response to the words—the words which have unconsciously impressed themselves on her memory as her own love-tests. When she loves like that, then, and not till then, will she marry.

As she finishes she moves her head a little to one side, and encounters Piers' eyes fixed on her. For one minute their glances meet, and then she jumps up from the music-stool.

"I must really be going," she says quite abruptly. "I promised Mrs. Vanstone I would be with her in time for the afternoon engagements, and I am late already. May I ring and order a cab?"

Five minutes afterwards she is driving along the Cromwell Road, her eyes gleaming, her breath coming and going quickly, as if she had just escaped some imminent peril. Arrived in Belgrave Square, she runs up-stairs, prepared to make her excuses to her stepmother, when her attention is arrested by the murmur of voices in the drawing-room. It is all right then, she is not late, as there are visitors. She opens the door and enters. There is only one person with Mrs. Vanstone—one, however, whom Christabel dislikes, but of whom she is condemned to see a great deal. Lord Henry Musgrave has apparently forgiven and forgotten a certain episode which took place in Rome, not two years ago, when he made the mistake of proposing to the young heiress, with the hope of securing her before she had dawned on the world and learnt her own value. Since then he has transferred his allegiance to Mrs. Vanstone, who, ignorant of what passed between him and Christabel, has learnt to turn to him in any little difficulty that may require a man's wisdom. His manner to Christabel is perfect, untinctured with the faintest resentment, and tinged with a certain almost paternal dignity, which would have been taking to her were she not so prejudiced against him. He is a fine-looking man, with dark hair and eyes, and a will-o'-the-wisp smile that flashes and disappears again in a manner very repellant to Mrs. Vanstone's step-daughter. Moreover, those same eyes have a trick of not looking you full in the face; for the rest, he is a man of good birth, the younger son of a marquis, and generally considered a fascinating man of the world.

"So you are come back, Chris, are you?" Mrs. Vanstone cries, as the girl appears and greets Lord Henry. "Whom did you meet at Queen's Gate?"

"Only themselves and Captain Vanstone."

"Captain Vanstone! it seems to me he is always at Queen's Gate; you are always meeting him there."

Why does Christabel feel the hot blood mounting to her face at this innocent little remark? She tries hard to keep down the rebellious tide as she answers, truthfully enough—

"No, indeed, mamma; I seldom meet him there."

Mrs. Vanstone has noted the blush that dyes her daughter's face, nor has it failed to attract Lord Henry's notice, as his hostess rises from her chair.

"Well, now we must dress," she says. "You will find plenty to amuse you here, Lord Henry, whilst we array ourselves," and she disappears with Christabel up-stairs. As she lingers over her adornment, Mrs. Vanstone's thoughts are busy within her.

"Why does he never come here?" she asks herself. "A couple of paltry cards when he knew we were out. And how good I was to him at Simla! Can it be as I suspect? And yet he is very puzzling, even then. He did not know that I was watching him the other day, as he stood against the wall, at Mrs. Fitzgerald's, chaperoning Agatha indeed, in reality never for one moment taking his eyes off Chris, and yet hardly even speaking to her. If it be so, so much the better for me

—though far be it from me to wish for anything of the kind; yet, if I know those two aright, they are just the people—both as obstinate as they can be—who would deem the world well lost for love. All I say is, the better for me."

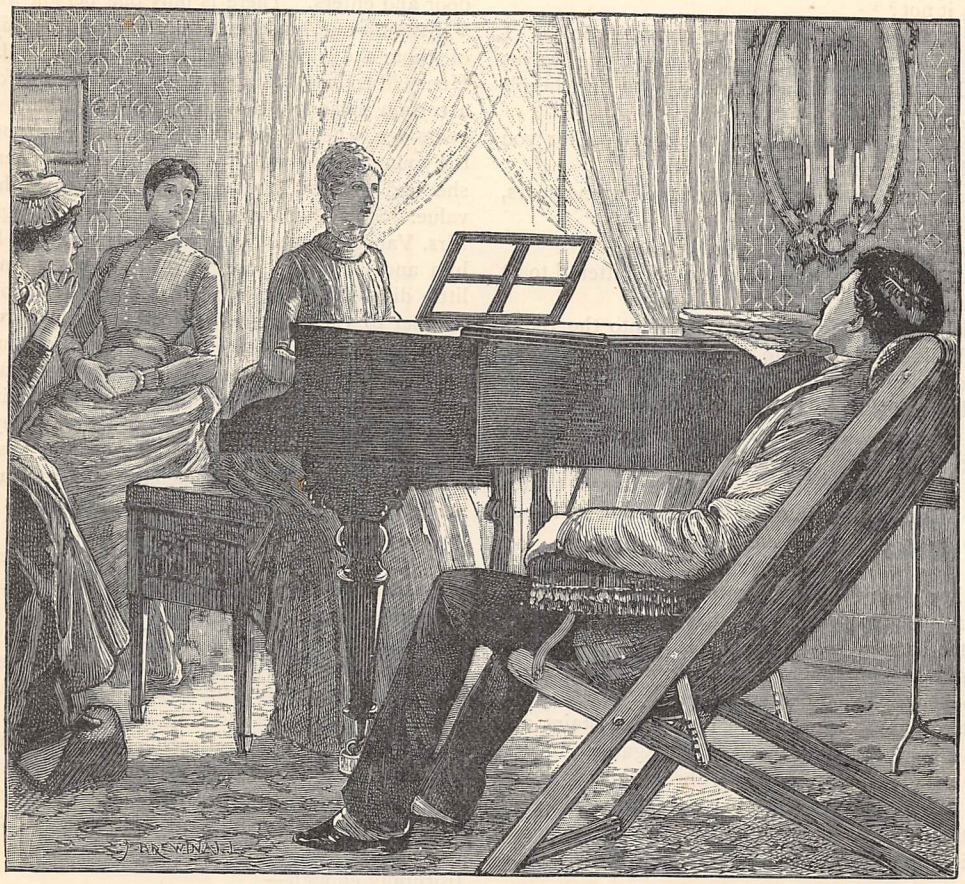
She opens the door, calls Christabel, and descending the staircase, confronts Lord Henry with the most bewitching of bonnets.

"What has my money to do with it?"

"Why, in virtue of it you cannot do wrong. You are not stupid, Chris, but it seems to me that you are wonderfully slow in comprehending the value of your golden guineas."

Christabel looks grave during this speech.

"I am afraid I do comprehend it," she answers. "I wish I did not, and then I should not hate them



"SHE STRIKES THE FIRST NOTES" (*p.* 231).

CHAPTER THE THIRD.
AT LITHSDALE.

"Now, Chris, we are just there; put on your gloves. I wonder whom we shall find in the house?"

Christabel, sitting opposite her step-mother in the train, takes her eyes off the wintry landscape, and proceeds to the adjustment of those minutiæ of her dress which are to give the finishing touches to her appearance.

"How I wish the arrival were over!" she says. "It would be so nice if staying out could be managed without arrivals."

"What a foolish child to be shy!" answers Mrs. Vanstone. "Why, with all your money, you ought to have got over that nonsense long ago."

so. You don't know," she continues, more vehemently, "how I sometimes detest this money, that robs me of my own identity, and reduces me to 'the heiress,' which prevents my being loved or liked for myself, only for my money"

"My dear, please don't go off into the heroics, but consider for one moment what you would do without this filthy lucre you despise so loftily."

"I don't despise it in moderation, of course"—with a smile. "I should not like to be penniless, and it is very nice to be able to make other people happy, to buy all you want, and so on, but——"

"I won't hear any 'but's.' I adore money—you see I am frank—and so do you, judging by the grandiose manner in which you fling it about. All I say is, I

wish I had your money, and I would undertake to make a good use of it."

"I almost wish you had," answers Christabel. "I would willingly give it to you."

"Would you? What a goose you are, child!"

"It will be different, I dare say," continues her step-daughter, "when we have settled down in a fixed home, and I have plenty to do, and my money will help me to make it all I wish; but I suppose I must not think of that until I am of age."

"Settled down! a fixed home! Where? What do you mean? Not in the country, I trust?"

"Yes, in the country. I am sure I have told you my ideas very often, and that Jones and Gordon are looking out for me. Why, you have often laughed at me for studying my advertisements so diligently."

"Live in the country! in the dreary country! Oh, well, my dear, when that time comes I shall make you my adieus, and retire from your sphere."

"But I shall not be there all the year round," laughs Christabel. "I mean to travel a great deal, and of course go up to London, but my home must be in the country."

"In the meantime, here we are, and there is a brougham waiting for us."

"I hope it is a long drive there."

"About five miles, I think Lady Lithsdale said, and I am already so cold, I do not know what to do. I suppose they have had the good sense to send a hot-water tin, and plenty of furs."

Mrs. Vanstone's hopes are realised; the brougham sent to meet her is heaped up with furs, and her dainty little feet light upon a steaming hot-water tin. She and her step-daughter roll along the hard, dry roads, over which a keen north-east wind is blowing, in silence. Christabel's last remark in the train has furnished them both with plenty to think of, and Mrs. Vanstone only rouses herself from time to time to shiver and remark on the cold.

They are drawing near to their destination now, have rolled in at the great iron gates, and are half-way up the drive. Even Christabel, with the *mauvais quart-d'heure* of arrival before her, is not sorry to escape from the keen air, and to think of hot tea and warm fires, as the carriage draws up to the door, and in another minute or two the butler is announcing in solemn tones, "Mrs. and Miss Vanstone."

"So glad to see you, dear Miss Vanstone!" says Lady Lithsdale, taking her two hands and kissing her warmly. It makes her feel at home, and she responds to the embrace with her usual grace, glancing round the room to see who is here, her eye lighting with pleasure on young Mr. Molyneux, her hostess' son, who comes forward, and gives her cold fingers an almost too hearty shake.

"So awfully glad to see you!" he says, and Christabel smiles at the bright boy-face, and takes the seat he offers her, where there is a convenient chair for him to occupy by her side. The *mauvais quart-d'heure* is soon over, as Mrs. Vanstone had predicted; Christabel has recognised two or three friends, and the talk is both general and individual, to the agreeable accompaniment of tea and cakes, when the door opens, and Lord Lithsdale, accompanied by another man, comes in. Christabel has her back to them, and she does not know to whom the exclamation, "Here they are!" applies, but Lord Lithsdale comes up to her at once, and shaking her hand with something of his son's warmth—

"Very pleased to see you at Lithsdale, Miss Vanstone," he exclaims. "I hope you were not frozen on your journey. I have seldom felt a more bitter wind than it is to-day."

His companion has remained in the background, so that Christabel cannot see who he is, and she starts as Lady Lithsdale calls out—

"Captain Vanstone, come here and have some tea. I told you I had a surprise for you to-day; allow me to introduce you to your cousin."

Piers comes forward and makes Christabel a low bow as she puts out her hand to him.

"I had no idea I should meet you," she says, trying to prevent the gladness she feels at her heart from glinting out of her eyes. "How did you come here?"

"Partly invited by Lady Lithsdale, partly brought by Lord Henry Musgrave," he answers: "a kind of double-barrelled arrangement."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that some years ago I knew the Lithsdales very well in India, before he came into the title; since then we have lost sight of each other until Lord Henry asked me to come down here with him, as the Lithsdales were anxious to renew our friendship."

"Now I understand. Where is Lord Henry?"

"He is writing letters. He is sure to be in directly. Ah! there is Mrs. Vanstone; I must go and speak to her;" and Piers turns away to make room for young Molyneux, who resumes his interrupted conversation.

So the half-hours before dinner glide by, and when the lamps are brought in they shine on Mr. Molyneux's happy smile as he sits by Christabel's side; on Lord and Lady Lithsdale's approving glances as they note the position taken up by their son; on the other ladies who sit about, and who feel that their light has been cruelly extinguished by the arrival of "these Vanstones."

"I am really sick of that girl's name," remarks Lady Lithsdale's niece to another friend.

"So am I," responds Miss Courtenay; "but honestly I confess I think her quite too lovely, and so does your cousin, judging by the way he is looking at her."

"Algy is a fool for his pains," responds Lady Jane acrimoniously; "she won't look at him. Nothing short of a duke will satisfy her. Depend upon it, my dear, she will try and turn every man's head in the house, and then refuse them one after another."

"How awfully jolly for us! We shall have a nice time whilst the turning process is going on: hearts on the rebound, you know, Jane."

"There is very little heart about the whole affair; it is a case of £ s. d. There, don't talk of her any more. If you knew how my aunt has been discoursing to me about her, you would dislike her as much as I do."

"And I don't love the widow," says Miss Courtenay

sotto voce, which was natural, seeing that the widow had appropriated Miss Courtenay's two particular friends.

At this moment the dressing-bell rings; Lady Lithsdale rises from her chair, and soon all the ladies are flocking to their rooms, to attire themselves for dinner.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

PERPLEXING.

THREE days have passed away since Mrs. and Miss Vanstone's arrival at Lithsdale—days of thorough enjoyment to Christabel, had they not been marred, she thinks, by Piers' presence and Mr. Molyneux's attentions. There is no mistaking them, and, alas! she cannot respond to them. She honestly wishes she could, for she likes him, has taken immensely to his mother, is charmed with his father, but—— Two men—and the two nicest in the house—to be kept at arms' length! No wonder the heiress is pronounced capricious, and is said to give herself airs. And every day she comes down in some fresh toilette, looking more lovely than the day before, and wherever she turns her eyes, if only to ask for butter or toast, the men are there to wait on her. Piers alone holds aloof, and she fancies she is glad. Nevertheless, it is absurd of him to think that if he speaks to her she must necessarily fall in love with him; or does he repay her father's dislike by disliking her?

But on this third evening they are destined to walk in to dinner together. Lady Lithsdale has hit upon the expedient of the ladies drawing slips of paper for their companions, and Christabel, with a most unaccountable bound at her heart, has drawn Captain Vanstone. There is a strange feeling of restfulness about her as she walks up the long dining-room on his arm;—it is such a comfort to feel that this man will treat her like any other ordinary woman, and that they may converse as freely and as comfortably as if she did not own a sixpence.

At first they begin in the usual style, on the day's sport, but soon they wander off to topics nearer home, and before long Christabel has confided to him her intention of setting up a home in the country. He is keenly interested, and goes into the subject *con amore*: what county it is to be in, size, soil, &c. &c.

"And do you think, then," she says, "that Agatha will come and see me? I shall want some one to help and advise me how to spend my money."

"Spend your money! I had an idea that you understood the art to perfection."

"Properly," she adds reproachfully. "You know what I mean."

"Yes"—gravely—"I know what you mean. It must weigh heavily on one so young as you are."

"It does sometimes," she responds, startled by his seriousness. "But at present I cannot do much, as I am not of age. When that time comes, I have a hundred plans in my head, all of which, I dare say, are equally unpractical. I shall have to consult you"—smiling. "Agatha has told me how much you do."

"I?"—colouring slightly. "Very little, I fear, and chiefly among my own men; yet at any time if I can serve you for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, you can reckon on me. I know"—with a smile—"what young ladies' ideas usually are—interesting men and women—undeserved misfortune—Utopian children—to be made happy, clean, comfortable, and above all, good, by one magic stroke of the pen."

"You are so like my father when you talk like that," is all her grave answer.

"I beg your pardon," he says, "if I seemed satirical; it was sober earnest; but mind, I said *young* ladies; and would any one have them different? It would indeed be sad if they had not their illusions—Heaven knows they are short-lived enough—what I meant to say was that, no doubt, they wanted the advice and assistance of age and experience to shape their dreams, and give ballast to their ideas." Then abruptly, "I never knew your father, although I have met him."

"In India?" she queries. "I remember you told me you had."

"I told you—when?"

"At Furlby on *that* day, when we were at tea."

Algy Molyneux, on the other side of the table, moodily eating his dinner by the side of Lady Jane, looks up suspiciously as he notes the sudden light in the grey eyes, the smile that flashes into the corners of the mouth opposite him.

"*That* day," responds Piers gently; "yes, I recollect quite well now: when you wore a red dress, and made hot buttered toast, and burnt your face——"

"And my fingers too"—gaily. "I remember what a fuss Miss Reynolds made about a tiny blister. She would have liked to have wrapped me in cotton-wool, dear Miss Reynolds!"

"Where is she now?"

"Living with some very nice people in Hyde Park Gardens. When I have my own home, she shall live with me. I have quite settled that."

"You seem to have settled a good deal. What does Mrs. Vanstone say to it all?"

"She is very kind; in her heart I think she considers me a lunatic because I am resolved to live in the country."

Piers smiles. "To go back to what we were talking about," he says: "I have often heard I was like your father."

"Oh! so like sometimes, and yet very different."

"I wish I had known him"—musingly—"if only to correct some ideas he seems to have entertained about me and mine; though," he adds, "it is of very little moment, and in the main he was right."

"Right?"

"Yes; don't you think so?"

"Yes—oh, yes! of course I do."

Then there comes a silence, during which Christabel takes a look round the table, and Piers is busied with the contents of his plate. But it is not to last.

"Did you like India?" she asks, after a few moments' pause.

"Like India?"—abstractedly—"oh, yes! I shall go back there some day, when my appointment is up."

"Go back there? must you?"

"I think I shall be obliged to. You see, my young family is expensive, and as I am a bachelor, and like India, it will be no hardship to me to return there."

"But what is the advantage of it?"

"Higher pay. I am mercenary, and look to the £ s. d."

At this moment Lady Lithsdale gives the signal for the ladies to adjourn into the drawing-room. What a wonderfully short dinner it has been! and yet the *menus* scattered over the table are of formidable length.

The evening passes away amid alternate grumblings at the extreme cold and dismal prognostications of snow. Lady Jane, who is in an acrid frame of mind, owing to Algy's palpably wandering thoughts at dinner, goes so far as to predict that they will be snowed up.

"Should you like it, Miss Vanstone?" she asks suddenly. "There would be a truce to the pheasants," she adds significantly.

"Certainly I should not like it," answers Christabel coldly. "I don't think any one would."

Snowed up, with Mr. Molyneux's perpetual attentions, with Lady Lithsdale's mother-in-lawish speeches, with Lady Jane! above all, shut up, snowed up with Piers! Would *that* be nice? She dare not answer; she knows that it would be—of course detestable.

Meanwhile Piers has strayed from the big drawing-room, where they are all assembled, to a small anteroom, where a lamp suspended from the ceiling sheds a soft roseate light, and a big fire makes him welcome.

He wants to look his position with Christabel in the face now at once, and establish their relations towards one another once and for ever.

They are cousins; they meet constantly, and they are not to marry. Well, what of that? How many cousins are there who meet constantly, are the best of friends, and do not dream of marrying one another? Why should not he and Christabel do the same, become friends, and nothing more? The girl, so young, so beautiful, so comparatively friendless, so rich, interests him: so he says to himself. Is he to allow that will, directed, as he knows, against his family, and therefore against himself, as the only marriageable man in the family, to come between him and the ordinary rational intercourse of a cousin? Surely not. Hitherto his pride has kept him aloof from her, but to-night the wall between them has seemed to crumble away, and they have been natural and out-spoken as had Myles Vanstone's will, with its subtle poison, never been written. And one ingredient there will be in their intercourse, that lacks in that between her and any other man: she cannot take him for a fortune-hunter, for at his touch her gold will melt away.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, the great American romancist, a descendant of an old English family, one of whose members had emigrated to the New World early in the seventeenth century, was born in a house built by his grandfather in Union Street, Salem, Massachusetts, in the year 1804. The records of his early life are few, and the meagre information they contain may be best summed up in Hawthorne's own words. "When I was eight or nine years old," he says, "my mother, with her three children, took up her residence on the banks of the Sebago Lake, in Maine, where the family owned a large tract of land; and here I ran quite wild, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling-piece, but reading a good deal, too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakspere and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and any poetry or light books within my reach. Those were delightful days, for that part of the country was wild then, with only scattered clearings, and nine-tenths of it primeval woods. But by-and-by my good mother began to think it was necessary for her boy to do something else, so I was sent back to Salem, where a private instructor fitted me for college."

Hawthorne had now arrived at the age of seventeen years, and was in due course entered as a student of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, where among his other compeers he made the acquaintance of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. It was here that he conceived the design of becoming an author by profession. His leisure time had long been spent in scribbling articles, poems, stories, and sketches, most of which he afterwards burned, but some got into the magazines. As, however, the latter either appeared anonymously or under different titles, they did not have the effect of bringing him speedily under popular notice, though he was brought into contact thereby with publishers and others who recognised in these early efforts of his pen the signs of latent genius. The one who, however, took the greatest interest in him at this period was Mr. Goodrich, a gentleman of many estimable qualities, and the publisher of "The Token," the first annual ever issued in the United States, and for this magazine he was encouraged to employ his pen as much as he desired.

It was between the years 1830 and 1837 that Hawthorne began to become more widely known as a man of letters, and it was during the latter year that his "Twice-Told Tales" appeared, completely establishing his reputation.

About this time occurred two incidents which had

an important influence on the life and character of Hawthorne. Hitherto his life had been one of seclusion. "He was fast growing to be as a shadow, walking in a shadowy world, and losing all sense of reality in either himself or his surroundings. . . . The work which he had done in literature had not brought him satisfaction; it had failed to put him into vital and tangible relations with the world." Through the influence of George Bancroft, at that time the Collector at Boston, Hawthorne received the appointment of weigher and gauger in Boston Custom House, and though he held it only a couple of years, during which he had hard work to do in plenty, it enabled him "to realise his ambition of being entitled to call the sons of toil his brethren," and afterwards to "take up his pen once more with a new stimulus and appreciation, and with the certainty that mankind was a solid reality, and that he himself was not a dream."

Love, however, was exercising at this period of his existence a still greater influence upon the man. It was in 1838 that Hawthorne met his future wife, at that time Sophia Peabody, and this resulted in one of the happiest marriages it is possible to imagine. The two lovers were, from the first, in perfect sympathy with each other, and thenceforth the lady became Hawthorne's "true guardian and recreating angel." "She is a flower," he writes enthusiastically, "to be worn in no man's bosom, but was lent from heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul."

Sophia Peabody had from early childhood been subject to acute nervous headaches, the pain being, however, of such a nature as to sharpen rather than obscure her mental faculties. "In proportion as it made her physical world a torture and a weariness, it illuminated and beautified the world of her spirit." It had always been believed both by herself and her family that this chronic state of ill-health would prevent her from ever thinking of marriage, and indeed she only consented to let the engagement continue on condition that "their marriage was to be strictly contingent upon her own recovery from her twenty years' illness. . . . . The likelihood of a cure taking place certainly did not seem very great; in fact, it would be little less than a miracle. Miracle or not, however, the cure was actually accomplished, and the lovers were justified in believing that Love himself was the physician. When Sophia Peabody became Sophia Hawthorne, in 1842, she was for the first time since her infancy in perfect health; nor did she ever afterwards relapse into her previous condition of invalidism."

The year previous to this happy consummation, Hawthorne had been ousted from his office, and accordingly "resolved to try what virtue there might be, for him and his future wife, in the experiment of Brook Farm." Here he learnt how to plant corn and squashes, and to buy and sell at the market, but was unable to do much writing. "His pecuniary prospects were not reassuring; for he had sunk most of his Custom House savings in the community, and his publishers seem to have betrayed an illiberal tendency happily unknown in that guild at the present day."

Hawthorne was not, however, the man to wait for happiness until he had become a millionnaire. His marriage took place on the 9th of July, 1842, and notwithstanding the many trials which they had shortly to combat, the lovers ever remained lovers still.

These married lovers were, three years after their wedding, at the most impoverished period of their life; even their friends considered their finances to be in a most desperate condition, and that to obtain some Government office was "the only alternative to the almshouse." For awhile, indeed, Hawthorne became Surveyor in the Salem Custom House, and life was relieved of some of its immediate anxieties, but this happy state of affairs did not last long. What is described as "a bit of shrewd political manœuvring" on the part of persons professing to be his friends caused Hawthorne to be deprived of his Surveyorship, and brought him back into the domain of letters. Things had reached their worst, and began to mend, as it seemed, in all directions at once. "On the day he received the news of his discharge, Hawthorne came home several hours earlier than usual, and when his wife expressed pleasure and surprise at his prompt re-appearance, he called her attention to the fact that he had left his head behind him. 'Oh, then,' exclaimed Mrs. Hawthorne buoyantly, 'you can write your book!' for Hawthorne had been bemoaning himself for some time back, at not having leisure to write down a story that had long been weighing on his mind. He smiled, and remarked that it would be agreeable to know where their bread and rice were to come from while the story was writing. But his wife was equal to the occasion. Hawthorne had been in the habit of giving her, out of his salary, a weekly sum for household expenses, and out of this she had every week contrived secretly to save something, until now there was quite a large pile of gold in the drawer of her desk. This drawer she forthwith, with elation, opened, and triumphantly displayed to him the unsuspected treasure. So he began 'The Scarlet Letter" that afternoon, and blessed his stars, no doubt, for sending him such a wife."

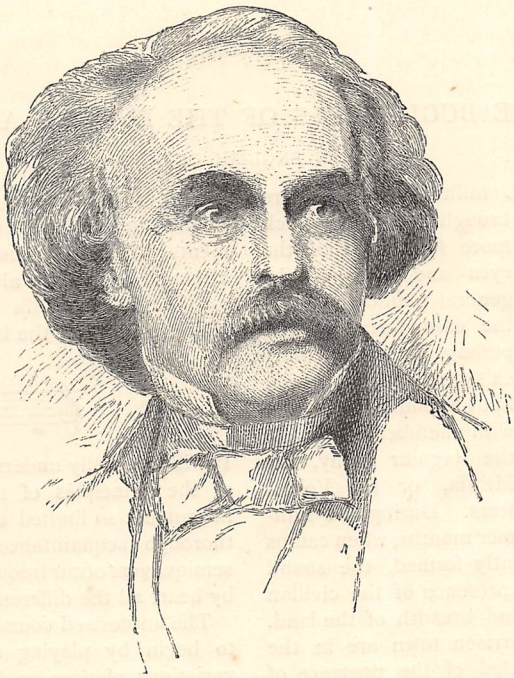
Hawthorne now bade good-bye to literary obscurity, and at once took high rank amongst popular authors. "The broad murmur of popular applause coming to his unaccustomed ears from all parts of his native country, and rolling in across the sea from academic England, gave him the spiritual refreshment born of the assurance that our fellow-creatures think well of the work we have striven to make good." From the time that "The Scarlet Letter" appeared, Hawthorne, indeed, "became a sort of Mecca of pilgrims with Christian's burden upon their backs. Secret criminals of all kinds came to him for counsel and relief. The letters he received from spiritual invalids would have made a strange collection."

His mental faculties never reached, it is said, a higher state of efficiency than at this time; but there is reason to fear, on the other hand, that he never quite recovered from the strain of that last year at Salem. Thenceforward he was more easily affected by external circumstances, and though he "retained a

solid basis of health and muscular energy up to the time of his daughter's nearly fatal illness in Rome, in 1858," the boundless elasticity of his youth was gone.

Removing to Lennox, in Massachusetts, Hawthorne renewed, however, his literary labours with wonderful vigour and success. "The House of the Seven Gables" was written at this time, and considerably strengthened the favourable impression which had been formed of his ability through his previous efforts. On the completion of this work, Hawthorne allowed himself a few months' necessary rest.

Towards the end of the year 1851, Hawthorne removed with his family to West Newton, not far from his old locality of Brook Farm, and it was here that he wrote his story of "The Blithesdale Romance," which received equal favour with its predecessors. This was followed shortly afterwards by the well-known "Tanglewood Tales," and the biography of General Pierce, who was shortly afterwards elected to the Presidency of the United States. The latter work had an important bearing on Hawthorne's subsequent life, as it directly led to his being offered the appointment, which he forthwith accepted, of United States Consul to Liverpool. For the next six years his literary labours were limited to his official despatches and the composition of his various journals.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AT THE AGE OF 56.

(From a photograph by Mayall, reproduced in "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife." By permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)

Hawthorne reached England about the middle of July, 1853, and took up his residence at Rock Ferry. It was a long time, however, before he could make up his mind to like England or the English people. In connection with this, the following amusing anecdote is related of him:—"One gloomy winter's day, Mr. Francis Bennoch (who tells the story) called on Hawthorne at Rock Park, and found him in a chair before the fire in the sitting-room, prodding the black coals in a disheartened fashion with the poker. 'Give me the poker, my dear sir!' exclaimed Mr. Bennoch, 'and I'll give you a lesson.' He seized the implement from Hawthorne's hand, and delivered two or three vigorous and well-aimed thrusts straight to the centre of the dark smouldering mass, which straightway sent forth a rustling luxuriance of brilliant flame. 'That's the way to get the warmth out of an English fire,' cried Mr. Bennoch, 'and that's the way to get the warmth out of an English heart too. Treat us like that, my dear sir, and you'll find us all good fellows!' Hereupon Hawthorne brightened up as jovially as the fire, and (Mr. Bennoch thinks) thought better of England ever after."

The emoluments of his office did not prove so great as both Hawthorne and his friends had expected, but he and his wife had always looked forward to seeing England; and though the work was not altogether congenial to his tastes, he kept to his post until he had become fairly well acquainted, not only with the country of his ancestors, but with its people also. He resigned it in 1857, and sailed for Italy in January of the following year. Here he made a stay of eighteen months, and gathered material for "The Marble Faun" and other subsequent works. Returning to England in June, 1859, he took up his residence for awhile at Whitby, and afterwards at Redcar, where he resumed the literary work which had now for so long a time been laid aside. A twelvemonth later he returned to his old home at Concord, and either wrote or projected several other works. But "his physical energy was on the wane, and he lost flesh rapidly. The first winter, with its drifting snows, imprisoned him much in the house, and the ensuing spring found him languid and lacking in enterprise." Meantime the American Civil War had broken out, and the enthusiasm which it engendered in Hawthorne's mind had a beneficial effect upon his spirits; but as the summer drew on this improvement had sensibly diminished: "he grew thinner, paler, and more languid day by day." During the winter of 1863 his state became somewhat alarming, and in the following March it was decided that he should make a tour for the benefit of his health, in company with his friend and publisher, Mr. Ticknor. This, at first, seemed likely to prove beneficial, but the enterprise was cut short by Ticknor's sudden death. Another effort of the same kind was made by his friend General Pierce, and they started together for New Hampshire about the middle of May. But on the night of the 18th, Pierce, whose room communicated with Hawthorne's, found that the spirit of the latter had calmly and suddenly passed away.

Sophia Hawthorne survived her husband little more than six years. She remained at the old home, with

her family, until the latter part of 1868, when they decided to go to Germany. They remained at Dresden until the outbreak of the Franco-German War, which induced them to return forthwith to London. Here they remained, amid a circle of sympathising friends, for two years. In February, 1871, Mrs. Hawthorne had a return of typhoid-pneumonia, from which she had suffered severely before leaving America, and to this, after much suffering, she succumbed, on Sunday, the 26th. The following Saturday "we followed her," writes her daughter, "to Kensal Green, and she was laid there on a sunny hillside, looking towards the east. We had a head and footstone of white marble, with a place for flowers between, and Rose and I planted some ivy there that I had brought from America, and a periwinkle from papa's grave. The inscription is 'Sophia, wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne,' and on the tombstone, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'"

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has done his work as biographer lovingly and well, and the two volumes he has just issued ("Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife": London, Chatto and Windus) are fascinating reading throughout.

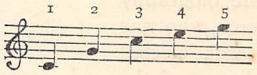
THE BUGLE-CALLS OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.

BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

ALL military matters are brought nowadays much more frequently to the eyes and ears of the general public than was the case formerly, and perhaps hardly a family exists, in village or town, but has some connection with members of either the Regular Army, the Militia, or the Volunteers. During the summer months, when camps of instruction are so frequently formed, the sound of the bugle testifies to the presence of the civilian army throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the inhabitants of a garrison town are in the same way continually reminded of the presence of regular troops by the notes of the bugle. The calls being the same whether addressed to the volunteers in camp or to the inmates of a town barrack, a short explanation of them may be found interesting to those who frequently hear them.

Considering the length of some of the calls, it may surprise the reader to hear that there are only five different notes played on the bugle, and though that is the case, the language of the instrument is not at all limited. A language with only five words might be thought easy to learn, and yet the different arrangements of these "words" ("sentences," as I may call them) are endless. It is, indeed, a very necessary part of a soldier's training to learn the language of the bugle, and even unmusical men soon acquire it. For, in the first place, the same "calls" sound much about the same time each day—a hungry recruit, for instance, does not take long to recognise the "Dinner Bugle," nor does the careless soldier forget the summons to extra drill, much as he might wish to do so. The men in their barrack-rooms, too, often associate words with the notes of the bugle, and that is a help to remember the meaning of the sounds heard.

I will first explain, as to the instrument itself, that the notes are all made with the lip and tongue; there are no keys used, as is the case with most brass instruments: they are all notes of the common chord; and although bugles are always in the key of B flat, music for them is written in the key of C. The notes used (the five words of the language) are—



It will be easily understood that no great knowledge of the principles of music is necessary to play an instrument so limited in its capacity; a correct ear, a thorough acquaintance with *time*—for even dotted semiquavers occur frequently—and a power of learning by heart all the different calls are the chief essentials.

The authorised course of instruction for a bugler is to begin by playing the lowest note with all the variations of time or duration. The same exercises are then taught on the second note, G; these two notes are then combined in a variety of ways, after which the original one-note exercises are taken on the third note of the bugle; and when perfect in that note, exercises are played with the three notes combined, and so on with the others.

This very monotonous work is often to be heard near barracks, and it becomes decidedly painful to the ear when, perhaps, one or two boys out of a class of six or eight play out of tune. I have, however, known a case of a boy turning out a first-rate bugler who never went through a regular course at all. His father was a sergeant, who had left the army, and merely by whistling the bugle-calls, as he remembered them, the boy picked them up, and having learnt how to sound the bugle, reproduced them very correctly. This is, perhaps, rather an unusual case, and, if often tried, would naturally end in the calls being played very irregularly.

There are altogether over sixty different calls in constant use, but it would certainly only puzzle my readers, and occupy too much space, were I to give half of them here. So I will take the commonest of them, in the order in which they might be expected to

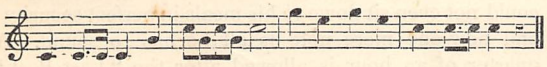
occur in any one day, either in a barrack or camp; and if any one wishes for a further acquaintance with the language of the bugle, he can get it by buying a copy of the regulation manual.

Complete silence is supposed to reign during the night both in camp and barracks, though even strict military discipline has not yet put a stop to snoring; but these stentorian sounds are not often heard by outsiders, and the first intimation they get that the silence of night is past is frequently the report of the morning gun. In any case, about 6 a.m. the bugler begins his day's duty by sounding the "Rouse":—

For some peculiar reason, soldiers have associated with these notes the following words:—"I bought a horse, I bought a horse, I stole a donkey." The music as far as the pause must be repeated twice. The last two bars have no words set to them.

There is another bugle-call used sometimes instead of the "Rouse:" it is called the "Reveillée," and is much longer and more difficult to play: in fact, buglers often break down in it, as it is very trying to their lips the first thing in the morning. There are no less than five changes of time: beginning very slow, in common time, it then increases to an *allegretto*, which is followed by a rapid movement in 6-8 time; the next part is slower again, and it finishes in 2-4 time, *presto*.

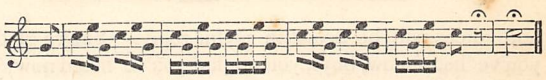
The next call will be the "Dress for Parade." I give the first four bars only, which are repeated note for note at the end also:—



Shortly after this call will come the "Fall-in," by which time every man must be ready to step into his place in the ranks:—

It must not be thought that these three calls would always be heard exactly one after the other as given here, for the bugle is the usual means by which orders of all kinds are conveyed, and if anything or any one was wanted different from the case I have assumed, the bugler would certainly be called into requisition. Another remark I must make is that every regiment has a short, but distinctive, call of its own, which precedes all other bugle-calls; it is of use in calling attention to the order which is going to be given—much, in fact, as one man calls another by his name before making a remark to him. It is also really necessary in cases when two or more regiments are in camp together, and when the bugles of one regiment would be heard equally plainly by the others, so that great confusion would occasionally arise if the "Regimental Call" were not distinctly heard.

During the early hours of the day there would probably be many calls played, with the object of getting together the men previously detailed for special duties—for instance, a fatigue party might be wanted for cleaning up the barrack buildings, or a party to form a picquet might have to march off to its station; and whenever the day's supply of bread and meat was ready for issue, the "Ration Bugle" would sound:—



This call is a good example of how different orders are given by the bugle with only very slight alteration of the notes played. As given above, it means that the ration of bread is ready to be served out; the men, therefore, whose duty it was to fetch it from the stores would take with them their large tin dishes; but if the same call were played with the last long note repeated twice, it would show that the day's ration of *meat* was ready. The men would then have to take with them the nets in which the meat is cooked. And it would show the cooks that their work would very soon commence, and they would put the finishing touches to their respective fires. The "Ration Call" is also sounded when groceries or vegetables are to be issued, but in this case the long note is repeated three times.

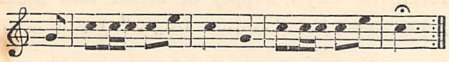
I will now give a bugle-call which must be heard every day wherever a body of soldiers is quartered. It may be sounded at different hours, at different stations, and may be earlier or later, according to the time of year, but it is generally sounded with great punctuality: it is the "Guard Bugle":—

This calls the soldiers to their most important duty—a duty for which they have been preparing themselves and their accoutrements with great diligence, and which they dislike perhaps as much as any other duty they have to do. Sometimes the men for picquet have to parade at the same time as the men for guard, and it is for that reason, I suppose, that soldiers have set to these notes the following words, which must be repeated to fit in with the music: "Come and do your picquet, boys, come and do your guard."

A little later in the morning, perhaps about 9.30 or 10.0, the bugle will sound again for drill. After a few minutes' steady drill, carried out by word of command, a sudden change will come over the general appearance of the movements. About half the men will run out, separating themselves from one another, and the other half will throw themselves flat on the ground. This shows that the troops are to be exercised in an imaginary attack on the enemy, and as they will be spread over a large tract of country, orders must be conveyed to them by the bugle. I must not attempt to carry my readers through the varying fortunes of an action, and give all the calls which might possibly have to be sounded.

Our gallant troops at length march back to their quarters, and shortly after their return, perhaps even before they have had time to wash the dust from

their faces and the dirt from their rifles, the welcome notes of the "Dinner Bugle" will resound through the barracks :—



and voices will be heard in joyful reply, "You're glad you've 'listed now, boys, you're glad you've 'listed now;" and very true the remark is too, for there is many a lad in the army sits down every day of his life to a better dinner than he ever had before he donned Her Majesty's uniform. This same call is sounded for the men's breakfasts, at about 7.45, and for their tea at 4.0 or 4.30 p.m.; and on each occasion it is followed by another call, about a quarter of an hour later, which is termed the second bugle, and also about the same time the sergeants will be summoned to their meals; but the calls need not be given here.

In the afternoon the bugler will not be worked so hard. Probably, about 3.0 there will be another drill; there may be also a summons to "School" for those lads who have not passed the required simple examination. A little later the sergeants who have to stay in barracks will be called together by the bugle for "Orders," when the detail of work for the next day is given out.

After dark, and until about 9.30, the "Defaulters Call" is sounded once an hour, at which times the men confined to barracks have to answer their names to the sergeant, so that he may be sure none of them are absent. As a contrast to this, I will give the "Officers' Dinner Call," for, happily, the bugler has pleasant orders to give as well as disagreeable ones. Soldiers often put these words to the first four bars :—"The officers' wives eat puddings and pies, but soldiers' wives eat skilly." Why special reference is made to the fair sex I do not know; the ladies of a regiment do not of necessity have to obey the bugle for settling their dinner hour, nor would it be true nowadays to state that the soldiers' wives have to be content with prison fare, yet this is distinctly assumed in the words quoted. But be that as it may, the words and the music go well enough together, and so we must let it pass without further comment :—

There are three long bugle-calls which cannot be given *in extenso*, but which would very soon become familiar to any one on the look-out for them. The first of the three is called the "Retreat," and is always played at sunset, unless the authorities of the garrison take it into their heads to order it to be played at any particular time. I believe in some places, for instance, it is always sounded at 6 o'clock. The second is the "Tattoo," or "First Post," and may be heard at 9.30 p.m., and is not unfrequently followed by a roll of drums, and then a marching through the streets by the drum and fife band. Half an hour later the third call is played, or "Last Post;" and after this, any soldier seen in the streets is either "absent" or "on pass." The concluding bars of both the "First" and "Last Post" are exactly alike, and the long low notes, which are easily recognised, occur also at the *beginning* of the "Last Post;" there is, indeed, a great similarity between the two calls.

I give here the opening bars of the "Retreat" and the ending of the "Last Post" :—

RETREAT.

LAST POST.

And as the last long note dies away, the bugler may congratulate himself that his work is nearly over. He has had little rest all day; he has had to be ready at a moment's notice to give the necessary orders; he could not even sit down to his meals in perfect security; and now one more note is all he has to sound. A quarter of an hour is allowed after the "Last Post," and then the order is given for "Lights Out" :—

which the bugler plays with considerable satisfaction. The men who are not already there tumble into bed with all the haste they can; the smokers snatch a parting light for their pipes; the keen argument or heated discussion has to wait for solution till the following morning; and silence once more reigns supreme.

SLUMBER-SONG.

SLEEP, little baby, for daylight is dying,
Fading away in the far-distant west;
Sleep, little baby, for birdies are flying
Home to their little ones, home to their nest!
Sleep, little baby, then! slumber and rest—
Slumber and rest!

Sleep, little baby, for shadows are creeping
Silently over wood, meadow, and mere;
Sleep, little baby, for bright stars are peeping
Out of the heavens to look at you here!
Sleep, little baby, for night-time is near—
Night-time is near.

Sleep, little baby: may sweet peace enfold thee,
Weaving around thee fair curtains of rest!
Sleep, little baby: may good angels hold thee
Safe till the new day in splendour is dressed!
Sleep, little precious one! slumber and rest—
Slumber and rest!

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

WORK IN THE GARDEN.

CARRYING on what we said last month as to the treatment of some of our popular green-house plants, we should perhaps do well in our present gardening paper to give at the outset of it a further brief notice of what is best to be done at this time under our glass. And first, then, our earlier-growing plants, such for example as our camellias, will about now be making their annual growth—that is to say, they are beginning the formation of their new wood—and it is therefore with them a somewhat delicate and critical time. The importance of their method of treatment now will at once be apparent when we say that the success of flowering them next year in a very great measure depends upon the way in which we serve them at this time. And it is a great mistake to suppose, therefore, that when the brilliant flowering of the camellia is over the plant itself can be forthwith stowed

away on a shelf until the next flowering season comes round. On the contrary, a little more warmth and attention is necessary. Let then your camellia have all the sun it can, and even, as is sometimes the case on a March day, do not, if the sun should chance to have considerable power, open on that account all the doors and windows of your house when your camellias are inside, as a chilling draught would certainly just now be injurious to them. And this for some of us makes it a little difficult how best to manage our green-house affairs, especially where we can only boast of one small one; have then, at least, the camellias in a sunny and dry corner. Plants, however, that are in flower very soon droop where exposed to the full rays of even a March sun, and very often as much harm is done to them then by the sun's rays striking the sides of the pots and acting on the tender and delicate spongioles of the roots. Protect then, by some process, the sides of the pots.

Enough about our green-house at present, for in the month of March we have more than enough to do in our open flower garden. In a genial March, pansies will begin to flower a little in the open air, and will be fast making growth, unless a frost checks them. A little light litter then thrown over them will certainly be of service. Indeed, all through the winter and spring months in severe weather, some such protection given to all dwarf plants in the open is a decided advantage, and not enough attention is, as a rule, given to it.

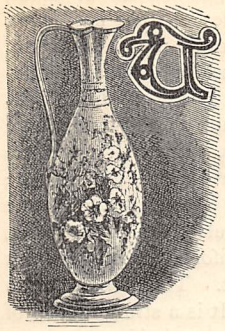
And protection of another kind should be given to our hyacinths and bulbs, that at this time ought to be in their perfection of bloom. And by protection we now mean support, for when the head of a hyacinth-bloom is heavy a sudden gust of March wind, or a sharp hail-storm, is often enough to break the entire flower off short; and, indeed, we have seen on several occasions perfect havoc created in a hyacinth-bed during the month of March. A neat little stake, securing your flower-stem to it with a piece of bast matting, is all that is necessary. And by the middle of the month your hardy annuals can all be sown in the open, for March is our great sowing month, whether in the flower or the kitchen garden; tender annuals, however, must yet be sown in slight heat. We have ever advocated a compromise between the formal bedding-out system, and a garden full almost entirely of perennials, with only a few annuals dispersed amongst them. A successional stock of bright annuals interspersed among our old-fashioned hardy perennials, and with these a goodly number of bedding-out geraniums, &c., is, to our mind and taste, far preferable to a set of formal pentagonal beds, gay for only five months out of the twelve, and even then often nothing more than one blaze of scarlet.

Of late, however, we have somewhat unavoidably taken but little notice of our kitchen garden, as also of our fruit garden, so that this month we must no longer keep silence—not indeed that we shall be able to advert to a tithe of what could and ought to be said on the subject. First then, perhaps, it will be admitted on all hands that our staple vegetable is the potato. And these should all be got in this month. And if you are anxious for an early crop, there is a method by which you can almost force them, and that in the open. It is this: dig a trench a foot deep, put into it some hot stable dung and tread it well in, filling up the top three or four inches with soil. On this soil lay your potatoes, choosing an early sort of course, and of a class best recommended for early growing in the locality in which you happen to live. Put your potatoes in a foot apart in your row, and the rows themselves some two and a half feet apart—probably you will only have two or three of them. Cover your potatoes with soil from between the rows, taking care that the covering soil is well pulverised, and that there are no lumps in it. Finally, protect your little bank of potatoes thus planted with some good litter, such as peas-haulm, and let your litter be of sufficient thickness to keep in the heat underneath, and to keep off frost and wind above, yet without totally excluding light and air. Your main crop of course you will sow in the ordinary way, but your forced two or three rows must be quickly earthed up as soon as their top makes its appearance. The successional sowing of peas and beans, too, should be at once commenced. And then there is our old friend the cabbage. Prick out the strongest plants you can find from your seed-bed or hot-bed, and plant them out some foot and a half apart, and your rows two feet apart.

Perhaps we ought to have said that most domestic gardeners—even those of us who can only do things on a small scale—sow a month or more previous to this time a few selections of vegetable seeds of various useful kinds in deep box-lids or pans, and find a space for them in the green-house, which we turn to all sorts of accounts, especially where we only have one. Then by the middle of March, or early in April, we sally forth into our kitchen garden, armed with our little pan of young plants, which we soon prick out, leaving still for awhile a few of the smaller and more weakly plants in our pan, for after-use in the event of failure of some of those we now proceed to plant out. And yet, even now, we can do little more than advert to the necessity of making up at once our cucumber-bed, which we can also utilise at once for fifty things that we are anxious to force on. Our wall-fruit may still want protection, at all events in the early part of the month; though here, as in most of our gardening operations, we must be mainly influenced by the changes of our variable climate.

WHAT TO WEAR IN THE EVENING.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.



THERE are some distinctive fashions under the head of evening dress, and I think it is time I told you a little about them. For a long time the low and heart-shaped bodices have been made without tuckers of any kind, occasionally replaced by a row of beads. I am happy to say this folly has been abandoned, and frillings of tulle or lace have reappeared in the right place. White and black remain the most fashionable for evening gowns, but there is a wide choice in colouring too. Brown has been, and is still, finding much favour, and of all tones, it has the advantage of showing up well nearly all shades of flowers. Trains apparently distinct from the front breadth are worn, the said front breadth being either of brocade, a beaded or embossed fabric, the back of some heavy stuff or tulle. The embroideries are works of art carried out in chenille, beads, and gold thread, shaded like a painting. White with brown velvet is a most happy combination, and eau de Nil in several new shades is among the most novel introductions.

Tulle is seldom now used plain. It is studded with gold balls, chenille loops, or pompons, and other devices. Velvet bodices are more worn than silk or brocade. A good idea, which certainly adds to the durability of the dress, is to tuck the tulle; and most of the backs of the skirts have tucks run in them.

V-shaped bodices are worn, with lace elbow-sleeves, by those who do not care to have quite a low dress. Birds in part or whole are worn on light evening dresses, far more than flowers. Daisies and orchids in floral trimmings are in favour. The most decided novelty is the kid bodice, which is made to do duty for many skirts. The softest kid is used, and the bodice fits literally like a kid glove. Gauze and China crape are used as well as tulle for skirts, plain, broché, and tufted with chenille.

A word as to hair-dressing. Very little money is expended on wreaths or feathers or bunches of flowers for the hair. Young people are now content with their own tresses, and older ones with caps only when they are an absolute necessity, and diamond stars for young matrons. But there is a change in the hair-dressing. It is certainly not so much *à la mode* to dress the hair at the top of the head in England. It is a style far better suited to French faces. English women curl the front and arrange the back in a basket-plait. This is either a plait of three or the Grecian—very fine, but arranged round and round like straw in a bonnet, starting from the centre. It is not very easy to arrange when you cannot see the back of the head; and if false tresses are used, a clever hair-dresser in England has come to the rescue with an invisible frame, to which the hair can be pinned off the head, and, naturally, with far more neatness and certainty than otherwise.

If you are in doubt as to a useful intermediate gown for this time of year, get a corduroy. The manufacturers are making many, both in London and Paris, with marked success. The plain skirts have stitchings round the edge, no tunic, only scarf draperies, and a jacket-bodice and vest; sometimes leather collar and cuffs are added. Occasionally fur forms the trimming, and there is no fabric that blends better with cloth or cashmere. If you are living in the country, where mole-skins are to be had, take care of them, for they are a very fashionable garniture, especially on corduroy.

Abroad so much brighter tones of colouring have prevailed in dress of late years, that I am convinced they must soon find favour in England. I note that dark shades are relieved by touches of colour, such as orange or red on brown or black. Green is to be the colour of the coming season, but in all tones and varieties of tint.

Plain skirts of the so-called "housemaid" order have had their day. One flounce after another has been added, and also additional drapery. A plain skirt needs such perfect cutting and arrangement. Canvas cloths, thin and thick, are the newest materials, and are to be had in all shades, plain and brocaded. They are light and warm. March winds are proverbially cold, so you may like to hear of the hygienic fur collar, made to turn up or down at will, and the fur gauntlets, which reach almost to the elbow.

Whatever you do, do not be beguiled into wearing large tournures or crinolettes. If your skirt is properly cut, a mattress at the back of the waist is quite enough, or a very small tournure hidden by flounces.

Dress affects so much the good looks of a woman, that it often astonishes me that they do not bring more brain-work to bear upon it. They wear what they are told, without any due regard to what is becoming. Tall, slender women, for instance, look well in stripes, but in nine cases out of ten the stripes about the bodice are so cut, they quite distort the graceful lines of the figure. The stripes should run so harmoniously that they appear to be straight, or they disfigure. As a rule, keep the stripes for the skirt and waistcoat, and let the bodice and drapery be of plain fabric. Embroidery and brochés are more generally becoming, and a novelty worth noting is the introduction of appliqués of kid, with silk embroidery, cut in diamonds and squares, and leaves, the veinings worked in silk.

Waist-buckles are more and more worn. Old paste shoe-buckles find great appreciation, but they are costly to buy, and everybody has not been happy enough to have received them as heirlooms. They are made now in gold and silver with precious stones, and in various copies of the antique. Normandy and

WAITING.

Brittany jewellery are a great deal admired, and you are never wrong if you can originate any resuscitation of old jewellery. You can buy a trimming of braiding ready for the fronts of dresses, to be continued from the throat to the hem of the skirt, at very moderate prices; and laid on by themselves, or over a colour, they form a really handsome addition, and cost a trifle. I have of late seen one or two half-worn dresses quite transformed thereby. A serge of a good black tone, though it had had much wear, well sponged with beer, turned on the wrong side, and re-made with a flame-coloured waistcoat and front robings, on which this braiding was laid, was almost as good as new, and had plenty more wear in it too.

There are so many kinds of dress preservers—cork, silk, india-rubber—and the great improvement of our modern days is that they are scentless; but let me recommend you to have them carefully covered with black or white silk; they are in this way made tidier and healthier.

An apron is one of the useful articles of dress, though some of the dainty trifles of that nature we have worn of late would hardly come under that term. It is perhaps more of the aprons for working gentlewomen that I would speak, such as aprons for housewives. A good useful one is made in red twill, large enough to quite cover the dress. For half a yard up it is bound with blue, braided or embroidered in red; and in lieu of bib, two straight strips treated in the same way cross in front, and button on to the back, which makes the apron more comfortable, as both back and front are secured to the skirt. The Roman apron is also affected by housewives. It is a straight strip of white or coloured linen, one and a half yards long, the width of the material, fringed at either end and trimmed. A ribbon secures it round the waist, while the one end turns down from the waist to within fourteen inches of the hem of the dress. A painting apron, so called, is really a blouse, for it comes to the throat and wrist, and buttons at the back, and is best made of blue or green linen.

Economical women generally desire to make their clothes last as long as they can, and not to spend more money upon them than they can help. To my mind nothing destroys them so fast as bad packing. It is a great point to divide each dress as much as possible, either by a tray or by muslin larger than the box, so that if desired each garment can be lifted out by the muslin without taking actual hold of it. The skirts should each be folded in three or four, according to size, with a sheet of soft paper between each fold, being careful that the steels come at the outer edge, and the flounces or trimmings all lie straight. If the gowns are packed away for a long time, the bows and loops should be stuffed with paper. The bodices should be laid on each skirt, with paper in the sleeves. For a sea-voyage, a piece of oil-silk quite at the top is a wonderful preservative. A lady some years ago invented a travelling wardrobe, which outside appeared like a large trunk, but contained compartments for everything; it met with but little success, though the notion was a good one. Several trunks are made which contain, in the lid, places for collars, cuffs, laces, ribbons, handkerchiefs, &c. Boots and shoes should be kept in separate bags, and cases kept for gloves, laces, and handkerchiefs, where such boxes are not used.

The fashions of to-day would all seem to be arranged for slim people, and those who are broader-built and fatter are much troubled how best to keep with the times. But there are certain principles and hints worth considering on their part. A symmetrical figure is a good one, whether stout or thin, and that is the object to be attained. Combination garments greatly diminish the bulk, and should be adopted by those who are troubled by *embonpoint*, and the fulness of petticoats should be brought down well below the hips, fastened to a band at least twelve inches deep, and shaped to the figure. This band should have buttons all round, and all skirts be buttoned on to the one band. Cheap stays must be abandoned, and a

good corsetière consulted who knows her business well. As breadth is what you are warring against, everything should be done to add to the apparent height. Abjure checks; have no straight draperies, but rather diagonal ones; dark colours are better than light. Bright colours introduced as waistcoats and fronts of dresses diminish the apparent bulk, but take care that the addition is made considerably narrower at the waist. Never have an all-round basque to a jacket if the hips are unduly large, but cut it up at both sides and back. Trim the front horizontally with a drooping bow, where possible. The skirt drapery should begin where the bodice ends. Many seams in a bodice diminish its apparent size; and the higher you place the sleeves, and the lower the breast-plaits, the better. Avoid also short skirts, and wear trains wherever it is feasible. Folds and plaits are suitable on skirts, and the less trimming above the face in bonnets for broad physiognomies the better. But do not fall into the fatal error of wearing too little underclothing. Such folly is the cause of many diseases and much suffering.

Our illustrations show one evening dress, and two out-door costumes—the latter designed specially for young ladies' wear. The first is intended to be worn at a quiet dinner or musical party, as the materials of which it is composed are broché velvet and satin. The colour of both is heliotrope, or rather dark mauve, a shade somewhat affected by blondes this winter. In this model the broché and the satin are both heliotrope, but if a smarter gown were needed, pale blue could be substituted for the broché skirt and plastron. The fair hair is arranged in waved curls and torsades close to the head, the only ornaments being blonde tortoise-shell hair-pins with square tops, and these are inserted without formality, and apparently to keep the torsades in place.

The walking-dresses are entirely different in style, and show the short square jackets likely to be very popular during the forthcoming spring. The first is made of chamois serge, the tunic and full plastron being figured, but of the same colour, only a lighter shade; the sash, collar, and cuffs are of rich brown velvet. Smooth broadcloth of fine quality and Cheviots woven diagonally, of rough surface, but soft and pliable, are both popular materials with Frenchwomen for this simple style of costume. In our model the hat matches the serge in colour, the trimmings being brown velvet, and a cluster of pale blue ostrich tips in front. By the way, English tailors use either mohair or sateen for foundation skirts, while Paris tailors prefer a silk foundation. Both have their advantages; the silk is light and pleasant wear, but the mohair and sateen are decidedly more durable and stronger.

The second costume illustrates in a more pronounced manner the short jacket which will supersede the long mantle of the winter. The costume is dark green serge, and the jacket is outlined with small gilt balls, which are in reality buttons closely strung together, a row of the same running up the outside of the narrow sleeves almost to the elbow. The skirt is mounted in wide box-plaits, alternating with clusters of kilts, a change from the more monotonous accordion skirts recently in vogue.

Sometimes these jackets are made of cloth, and are worn over a waistcoat of a different colour and material, which also re-appears in the plaits of the skirt, the tunic matching the jacket. Then a satin sash is passed round the waist in soft folds and knotted at the back. Woven gilt borders are occasionally seen on dark serge costumes, but unless the material is the same scheme of colour—dark brown, seal-brown, or any intermediate shade up to écru—the effect is somewhat gaudy, indeed vulgar. On the same principle, steel and silver look best with every shade of grey.

A SPRING EXHIBITION.

OUR MODEL READING CLUB.

FOURTH PAPER.

SINCE the publication of the first paper of our series, we have received several letters from readers of the Magazine, who appear to be in some little doubt as to whether they are eligible to compete for the prizes offered; and yet the conditions first published seem clear enough—that competitors must be *bonâ fide* members of Reading Clubs, numbering not less than *twelve* members for the Home Division, and *twenty* members for the Ensemble Division. Members of Reading Clubs in existence before the formation of "Our Model Reading Club" may of course compete, and will stand in exactly the same position as members of clubs formed on the basis of the rules laid down in these pages.

In our next paper we shall publish the final regulations as to date of delivery, &c., for both abstracts and programmes. We shall also repeat the lists of selected books for home reading, specially marking those which appear to be most suitable for abstracts.

Here is our fourth list of books for home reading, any two of which may be read during the month :—

Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."
John Forster's "Life of Goldsmith."
Dean Stanley's "Life of Dr. Arnold."
Archbishop Trench's "Study of Words."
Butler's "Analogy of Religion."
Professor Tyndall's "Heat: a Mode of Motion."
Carpenter's "Energy in Nature."

As has already been insisted upon, the value of regular and consistent reading lies in the way in which the books are read, and not in the number perused. Therefore, let no member of "Our Model Reading Club" attempt to do too much in one month. Read slowly, read carefully, analyse what you read, understand what you read, and strive to remember, since your *regular* reading should always be worth remembering. You may, of course, read at times for purposes of relaxation only, but this is another matter altogether.

Members of Reading Societies will probably desire to provide every now and then an evening's entertainment for their juvenile friends—always an enthusiastic audience if well catered for. We propose, therefore, to make a few suggestions about

OUR CHILDREN'S EVENING.

In making choice of readings in prose and verse likely to interest young people, these points should always be borne in mind :—(1) The majority of the selections should be *short;* (2) the poems and stories should be bright in character, one or two pathetic pieces only being given ; (3) they should be full of incident ; and (4) no ghost stories or tales introducing harrowing scenes should be included.

If desired, the readings may be illustrated by aid of the magic-lantern, since magic-lantern slides and dissolving views may readily be obtained to accompany many of the best-known children's stories. Among these may be mentioned Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," Dickens' "Christmas Carol," Hans Andersen's fairy stories, Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," Cowper's "John Gilpin," &c.

Some writers have provided in their works abundant stores of material for good readings for children. Take, for example, Charles Dickens and Hans Christian Andersen. The two series of negro folk-tales—"Uncle Remus ; or, Mr. Fox, Mr. Rabbit, and Mr. Terrapin," and "Nights with Uncle Remus"—are capital for the purpose ; and good selections may be made from some of the best living writers of children's books, although as a rule these books are more fit for children's home reading than for public recitals.

The present purpose will, perhaps, best be served by giving a list of suitable poems and extracts, but it must be understood that this list is merely suggestive, and does not profess to be in any way complete. If it were, many pages of the Magazine would soon be filled. However, all the selections here given have stood the test of a public trial, and it may therefore be taken for granted that they are of a nature to please children.*

PROSE.

Bob Cratchit's Christmas Dinner (from "A Christmas Carol")	*Charles Dickens.*
Boots at the Holly-Tree Inn	,, ,,
The Cheap Jack (from "Dr. Marigold's Prescription")	,, ,,
Tom Brown's Start for School Tom Brown and Little Arthur (From "Tom Brown's Schooldays")	*Thomas Hughes.*
Pigwacket Centre School	*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*
Selection from "Alice in Wonderland"	*Lewis Carroll.*
Friday and the Bear The Footprint in the Sand (From "Robinson Crusoe")	*Daniël Defoe.*
The Fir-Tree	*Hans Christian Andersen.*
The Little Match Girl	,, ,, ,,
The Ugly Duckling	,, ,, ,,
The Discontented Pendulum	*Jane Taylor.*
Moses and the Green Spectacles (from "The Vicar of Wakefield")	*Oliver Goldsmith.*
Jack in the Apple-Tree (from "Mr. Midshipman Easy")	*Captain Marryat.*
My Examination (from "Peter Simple")	,, ,,
The Natural Bridge of Virginia	*Elihu Burritt.*
The Siege of Torquilstone The Tournament (From "Ivanhoe")	*Sir Walter Scott.*
Deer-Slayer and the Indian (from "The Deer-Slayer")	*Fenimore Cooper.*
The Laborious Ant	*Mark Twain.*
Mr. Fox and Mr. Buzzard Mr. Rabbit Finds his Match at Last (From "Uncle Remus")	*Joel Chandler Harris.*
Why the Alligator's Back is Rough (from "Nights with Uncle Remus")	,, ,, ,,

* Many of these pieces, both prose and verse, are included in "Gleanings from Popular Authors," two volumes, issued by Cassell and Co.

VERSE.

King John and the Abbot	*Old Ballad.*
The Children in the Wood	" "
Casabianca	*Mrs. Hemans.*
John Gilpin	*William Cowper.*
Nursery Reminiscences	*Rev. Thomas Barham.*
The Jackdaw of Rheims	*Rev. Thomas Barham.*
A Misadventure at Margate (From "The Ingoldsby Legends")	*Rev. Thomas Barham.*
How we brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix	*Robert Browning.*
The Pied Piper of Hamelin	" "
The Armada	*Lord Macaulay.*
Ivry	" "
The Lay of Horatius	" "
The Battle of Blenheim	*Robert Southey.*
We are Seven	*William Wordsworth.*
The May Queen	*Alfred Tennyson.*
The Charge of the Light Brigade	" "
The Revenge	*Alfred Tennyson.*
The Enchanted Shirt	*Colonel John Hay.*
A North Pole Story	*Author of "Poems Written for a Child."*
Ranger	" " "
Winstanley	*Jean Ingelow.*

From the above selections a very good programme for one evening might be made up as follows :—

The Jackdaw of Rheims (*Rev. Thomas Barham*)	10 minutes.
Boots at the Holly-Tree Inn (*Charles Dickens*)	20 "
The Pied Piper of Hamelin (*Robert Browning*)	15 "
Selection from "Alice in Wonderland" (*Lewis Carroll*)	15 "
King John and the Abbot (from "The Percy Reliques")	5 "
Pigwacket Centre School (*Oliver Wendell Holmes*)	15 "
Mr. Fox and Mr. Buzzard (*Joel Chandler Harris*)	10 "
The Charge of the Light Brigade (*Alfred Tennyson*)	5 "
	95 minutes.

AN OLD MAID'S FRIENDS.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

RANG the bell, and said I had come on business. Thereupon the servant showed me into a room at the back of the house, which the squire used once a week as an office, and where he saw his tenants. Most women hate business, and I am no exception, and I quite dreaded my interview with the lean old man, though it was only about a chimney-pot that I had come.

The squire, Mr. Chester, was at the end of the table writing, but to my relief, opposite to him, sitting the wrong way about on a chair, his arms leaning on the back, was Maurice Chester. He jumped up when I appeared, shook hands with a peculiarly firm and manly grasp, looked pleased to see me, offered me a seat, and asked if I felt tired after my walk, so that I scarcely noticed the squire's curt "Good morning."

I was beginning to tell the young man what a pull it was up the hill for a person no longer young ("Nonsense, Miss Duncan!"—smiling) and how I had met the vicar, and what he had said, and what I had said—when the squire coldly remarked that he should be glad to know if I had any matter of business which required his attention.

I felt much ashamed, for it seemed as if he thought I was gossiping, whereas there is nothing I dislike more. However, I told him about the chimney-pot and the slates, and the end of it was, young Mr. Chester offered to walk back with me and see what damage the wind had done, and how it could be put right.

I have been accustomed to walk about by myself all my life. I never was pretty, even when I was young. I never had an offer, or anything approaching one. I thought I liked to be independent. I could not have believed how pleasant it is to have the gates opened, and to be helped over the stiles; and I blushed like a girl when he picked me a flower I admired. I am afraid I have missed a great deal in life after all.

We were going what *he* called a short cut, which involved crossing a brook over some stepping-stones, half helping, half carrying me. My reticule, umbrella, and waterproof he had taken to the other side first, for the fine young fellow marched across in about two strides, when I heard a voice in a "sweet girlish treble" call out, "Mr. Chester, will you help me too?"

I was rather startled, and should have dropped my reticule if I had had it; but while I was standing in some agitation from the shock and the difficulties of the crossing, I suddenly found myself gently landed on the bank, and my companion off again to fetch the owner of the voice.

She was a very pretty girl—Katie Ward, daughter of the late vicar. I knew her well, and liked her in a general sort of way; but I did not like to see her with Maurice Chester, and they had been a good deal together of late.

She was pleasant and amiable, and not *much* of a flirt; young Chester also was pleasant and amiable, and not much else, so far as I could see; so why I did not like it, or what business it was of mine, it would be hard to say. But as she stood on the other side of the stream, all pink and white, and pretty and fresh, looking unutterably sweet—I can't endure sweetness and light—and this fine broad-shouldered young man standing holding out his hand to help her with a certain air of protection which he had shown to me, and a certain air of deference and chivalry which he had *not* shown to me, I felt jarred. Mere old maid's jealousy of a pretty girl, I said to myself, and tried to play "gooseberry" as agreeably as I could; but my walk was spoilt.

That was in the summer. In the autumn I went out to tea one evening at Ivy Cottage, as Mrs. Ward's house was called. Though quite early in the evening, it was becoming dusk, and the soft glimmer of a half-concealed moon shone on the sea. It was not too dark for me to distinguish two figures some way ahead—one by its height easily recognisable; the other slight, fluttering, feminine, and not uncommon; but I knew by instinct whose.

Young Chester was not one to make love at second hand through the post-office, or even at first hand under unsuitable surroundings. The moonlight and the sea, the soft air and the twilight, a melting mood and a favourable opportunity, he had tact enough to take advantage of, to embellish and set off the very pretty speeches he was now pouring into willing ears.

I slipped up a side turning, considerably roundabout, but arrived at the cottage long before them, and had ample time to arrange my best cap and collar and settle down in the drawing-room.

The eldest daughter, Rachel, who had been living with an aunt in London since her father's death five years ago, had just returned, and finally this time, for her aunt had died, and Rachel's marriage, Mrs. Ward informed me, had been put off in consequence.

"Certainly," I said; "it is customary, of course; but I always think it is a pity to make young people wait. Life is not long enough to wait upon death."

"They don't mind. I assure you, Rachel was always a good girl, and did what she thought was right. She is so much less impulsive and hasty than dear Katie."

"Still waters run deep; but what does the gentleman say?"

"Oh, Mr. Talbot would never do anything in the least improper."

I suppose that I did not look charmed with this description, for she added, "It's such a comfort, you know, Miss Duncan—a character like that is always so reliable."

"Yes, like a gas-fire that's always just right and clean and tidy; but I prefer the dirty, extravagant old kind that one can poke till it blazes."

"'MR. CHESTER, WILL YOU HELP ME TOO?'" (*p.* 247).

"Ah, you're cold; come down-stairs, and we will have tea." She didn't understand metaphor.

The room looked very pretty and bright as we went in. Rachel was busy with the tea-things. I put on my spectacles to look at her in the new light her mother had given me. She was not a bit like her fairy-like sister. There was lots behind that low square forehead and quiet eyes, but no self-consciousness, no attempt at sweetness, and, unhappily for her, an oversensitive mouth. I am always sorry to see those overstrung people—they are capable of so much, and when they get little, which is the common lot, they quiver at a thing we ordinary mortals don't even feel.

Even while I looked, a wave of some sort of feeling passed over her; and turning hastily, I saw standing, framed by the dark doorway like a picture, that pro-

voking boy Maurice. His bright curly hair almost touched the top of the low doorway; but what arrested my attention was the expression shining in his eyes. It was only for an instant—a sudden flash.

I did not see anything more of the Wards for some time—perhaps six weeks or so, when I called again. To my great surprise I heard that Maurice had suddenly gone off to Paris for an indefinite length of time. Mrs. Ward was rather vexed about it. As Rachel's wedding had been postponed, she had set her heart on having her two daughters married on the same day, in about three months' time.

I found Katie very busy cutting out some affairs of muslin and lace, and full of her trousseau. She would take me up to look at drawers full of all sorts of interesting preparations.

"Very nice indeed, my dear. Now I should like to see Rachel's things, if I may."

"She has nothing to show hardly. She doesn't seem to care about her things a bit."

"Not care about her things! Surely she is not such an unwomanly woman as all that?"

"Oh! she likes pretty gowns as well as anybody, in a general way; but come and see her; she is in her room."

We went into Rachel's room, and found her sitting by the window with an easel before her. She was not painting when we went in. I could not help looking at her again and again. Her eyes did not look as if they had spent the night in sleep.

"Katie has just been showing me her preparations," I said. "What a beautiful trousseau Mrs. Maurice Chester will have!" I used that name on purpose, for I began to have an awful fear.

Katie only laughed, but Rachel became even whiter than before, and turned quickly towards a wardrobe.

"I have hardly anything," she said, opening it. "There is plenty of time yet. Three months is a long time, Miss Duncan—don't you think so?"

With my ears sharpened by suspicion, I detected a ring of anguish in her voice. I saw her place her hand softly upon a book; her fingers seemed to cling to it. It was Maurice Chester's. I walked home with a heavy heart. A month later I was up at Mrs. Ward's often, nearly every day. Rachel seemed to like me there, and she was not very well: a little cold that seemed to cling, or a little low fever, or something vague.

Dr. Fawcett, after the first visit or two, questioned us rather closely.

"Has she anything on her mind—any anxiety or trouble? Troubles are not unusual."

"Oh, no, certainly not!" said Mrs. Ward.

"Has she had any little quarrel with Mr. Talbot that she is unhappy about, do you think, or anything of that sort? She is a girl who would take a thing very much to heart."

"You don't know Mr. Talbot, doctor; he is not a man to quarrel. He is everything that is attentive and polite."

The doctor looked across at me, and I at him.

I was sitting by Rachel's sofa one evening, watching the sun set over the sea. Maurice had not returned, but he wrote to Katie occasionally letters which we all had the privilege of reading, and which, fortunately, quite satisfied her. They were not the sort of love-letters Maurice could have written. I dare not have read such a one; it would have stirred even my old heart, for the lad had that something in him which we cannot describe, but which is at the root of all passion, and probably is at the root of all power.

In his letters he never said anything about coming home, and never even mentioned Rachel.

This evening Mrs. Ward and Katie had gone to dine at the Vicarage.

Rachel, as I said, was on a couch by the low French window, watching the sea. Suddenly her face became radiant; she started up and held out her hands, for some one opened the French window and walked into the room. It was Maurice; he simply took her in his arms, and with a sob she buried her face on his shoulder.

Not a word was spoken. There was no more need of explanation between those two than between the needle and the magnet.

She was the first to recover. "You must go—you must go—this is the first time, it must be the last. Go—good-bye—good-bye!"

"I cannot go, Rachel: it is no use. I've tried, but I cannot. I have given up trying now. I cannot fight against the laws of nature. I am forced to come back to you, and I will force you to come to me."

"I will not—I will not!"

"Forgive me—I am desperate. I am dying of heart-hunger! The best of my life is going out."

"Oh! don't—dont!"

"I am rough and harsh. I am frightening my dear one, and threatening her, instead of trying to win her. Let me talk quietly now; I won't forget myself again."

He pushed her down on to the couch and knelt beside her; his arms round her held her very close. She put her hands on his shoulders to try and keep him at a distance, but he only laughed at the unequal strength. If she had let him alone, he would not have discussed the question at all, but tried other and gentler means of winning her round; but she knew by instinct that silence was more dangerous than words.

"Maurice, is it wicked to say you have made me very happy? I cannot help feeling that."

His only answer was to kiss her.

She put her feeble hands on his shoulders again. "No, no, Maurice; you must go. No power on earth shall make me injure Katie."

"Injure Katie!"—contemptuously. "Why, the greatest injury you could possibly do her is to thrust upon her a husband who doesn't love her."

"But you do love her—or did, until I came."

"I thought I did. She pleased my fancy; but I know now what love is. It's another thing altogether."

"You are bound in honour quite as much as if you were really married to her. Supposing you had been—supposing it was all over before you had seen me?"

"What a mercy it was not!"

"But supposing it had been?"

"You ask me a horrible question. I never thought of it before; but there must be a great many maimed lives——"

"Oh, Maurice!"—with a little moan that seemed wrung out; "you put it painfully, but it must be. Could I build my life on the honour of the man I loved best in the world and the happiness of the woman I loved best in the world? Oh! do go away!"

She got up and walked about the room, her hands up to her head in an agony.

"I shall not go away!"

"What shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?"

"Do?"—with a short laugh. "Come!"

"No."

"I'll tell you what: you are an unreasonable woman. You have no consideration for my happiness. I don't believe you know what love is, that you hesitate and consider."

"I don't hesitate," put in Rachel; but he took no notice, and went on.

"You talk about Katie; her affection for me is a mere farthing rush-light compared with the great furnace I could light up in your heart. I could make you love me, Rachel!"

"Don't I——"

"No, you don't; you don't care. I've been a fool to fancy for one moment that you did. Now I come to think of it, you have never shown any love for me; but somehow you are there—you have crept into my heart. I never asked you to. I didn't want you; in fact, I didn't think much of you at first. You're nowhere beside Katie. I never tried to attract you; I made you no pretty speeches; I didn't admire you; but I found out one day that I loved you. And you—you meek little saint!—you don't know the meaning of the word."

"I wish I didn't! But no—it has been very sweet; but now it's very bitter—bitter as death. Go, Maurice—go! I'm weary—tired out. I cannot struggle against you any longer."

"That's just precisely the reason why I shall not go. If you are going to give in, I prefer to stay."

"It's temptation I am fighting against; it's my sense of duty."

"It is that you don't love me, then!"

"Not *love* you? Look at me! Don't you see? Where are your eyes?"

"My own——"

"No—not that! Stop"—pushing him back—"you don't see. Look again. Look at my hands: how thin they are! Look at my face: does it look happy? Don't you know what I ail? It's heart-sickness."

"Is it? I am so glad!"

"You cruel boy!"

"I'll soon teach you to call me cruel," taking her in his arms and kissing her, in spite of her feeble resistance. "If you are really so bad as all that, it will be Katie's *duty* to give me up; and, of course, you wish her to do her duty."

"Oh, no, I don't!"

"That won't do. The first essential of goodness is to be unselfish."

"Yes, I know."

"And it is very wicked and selfish of you not to wish your sister to do her plain duty, and be more unselfish than yourself."

Rachel looked puzzled.

"Don't you see?"

"Somehow, you're wrong; but I don't see quite where it is."

"I dare say not. Never mind; leave it to me. I don't mind saying 'good-bye' now—at least, I mind awfully. I shall be glad when the time comes that we shall never say 'good-bye' again. But I am a wise general—I know when to retreat."

THE GATHERER.

A New Shoe-Tie.

A simple and effective clasp for preventing the untying of shoe-laces in ladies' boots and shoes has been recently introduced from Paris. The device consists of an ornamental spring clutch, which clasps the knot, or tie, on the lace and prevents it from slipping, while at the same time it looks like a buckle on the shoe.

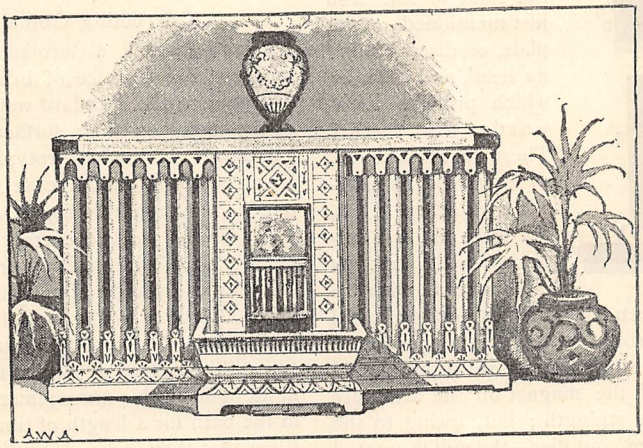
A Giant Gas-Flame.

A natural gas-well, which was recently discovered on the Westinghouse property, Pittsburg Oil Region, U.S., has been burning with a flame 80 feet high. It starts from a 6-inch pipe, itself 75 feet high, so that the tip of the flame, as measured by the engineer, was 155 feet above the ground. The successful finding of gas near Pittsburg has led to several firms boring fresh wells, in order to utilise the gas in their manufacturing operations. At the Pennsylvania Tube Works the use of coal is discontinued, because the gas fuel is found superior to it in the manufacture of wrought-iron tubes, and costs about one-half.

How to Select Tinned Foods.

In consequence of some recent cases of corrosive poisoning from eating tinned tomatoes, a well-known New York doctor has made careful inquiries into the general question of poisoning by canned goods, and has come to the conclusion that the cause of the evil is

to be found in a poisonous amalgam of muriate of zinc and muriate of tin which has been used by some "canners." He lays down the following rules for the guidance of those purchasing canned goods:—(1) Reject every can in whose cap two holes, soldered over, are found. (2) Reject every can that does not show the line of resin around the edge of the solder of the cap, the same as is seen on the seam at the side of the can. (3) Reject every can that does not bear upon it the name of the wholesale dealer, as well as the name of the company and the town where manufactured. When the wholesale dealer is ashamed to have his name on the goods, avoid them. (4) Press up the bottom of the can. If decomposition is commencing the tin will rattle, just as the bottom of the oiler of a sewing-machine does. If the goods are sound, the can will be solid, and there will be no rattle. (5) Reject every can that shows any rust round the cap on the inside of the head of the can.



HOUSE-WARMING APPARATUS.

House-Warming Apparatus.

It is a common experience that the hall of a house is usually the coldest part of the dwelling. Plenty of cold air finds its way naturally into the hall, without special provision requiring to be made for it. This is particularly true of the structure reared by the jerry builder. Now, as has been pointed out by a well-known ventilating engineer, all that is needed to send a genial warmth throughout the whole house is to thoroughly warm the hall or lobby. This can be done in a simple but effective way. Let us take the case of a small house of ordinary dimensions, say of two storeys. A large coil of pipes, forming a square or oblong box or table, is placed against the wall of the hall, and connected below, by a flow and return pipe, with a boiler in the basement or other convenient spot. The boiler need not require setting, but stands on the floor next the chimney (with which it would communicate) like a stove, and would be filled with water from a supply cistern placed, of course, at a higher level than the coil-box in the hall. This coil-table, if of fair size, will have a great deal of heating surface in a small space, in the form of pipes or other appliances, so that the little amount of heat acting upon a large surface will amply warm the hall, the heated air gradually permeating the whole house and robbing the cold English spring of many of its terrors. By placing the coil-box inside a painted metal case and fixing a marble slab on the top, it may be turned into a handsome hall table or cabinet. If a chimney were available in the hall or lobby, an equally effective but more elaborate arrangement, such as that figured in our woodcut, could be substituted for the box of coils. In this case the vase on the top will take the place of the supply cistern, and as every part of the apparatus is full of water, only a healthy hot-water warmth is given off.

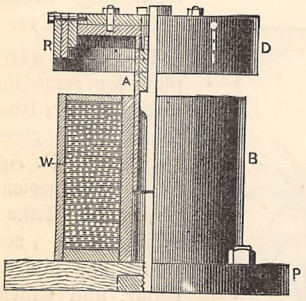
Removing Motes from the Eye.

The following plan for removing foreign bodies from the eye is given by Dr. C. D. Agnew, an American physician. Take a splinter of soft wood, say pine or cedar, and whittle it into the shape of a probe, making it about the length of an ordinary dressing probe. Then take a small loose flock of cotton, and laying it upon your fore-finger, place the pointed end of the stick in the centre of it. Then turn the flock of cotton over the end of the stick, winding it round and round so as to make it adhere firmly. On looking at the end of such a probe with a two-inch lens, it will be seen to be quite rough, the fibres of cotton making a kind of file, which, being soft, will do no harm to the cornea on being brushed over it. When about to remove the foreign body, get the patient to lean his head on your breast, draw the upper lid up with the forefinger of your left hand, and press the lower lid down with the middle finger, then lightly sweep the surface of the ball to which the mote is attached, with the end of the cotton probe. "When," says Dr. Agnew, "the foreign body is lodged in the centre of the cornea, it is most important not to break up the external elastic lamina, for if you do, opacity may follow, and the slightest opacity in the centre of the cornea will cause a serious diminution in the sharpness of vision."

A Long-Pull Electro-Magnet.

Mr. Stanley Currie has invented an electro-magnet which has the great advantage over ordinary electro-magnets of exercising an attraction, or pull, over the armature for a distance of 3½ inches from its poles. An ordinary electro-magnet only attracts its armature with any practical force at a distance of half an inch. The new magnet is therefore much better adapted for engineering purposes, and it has been successfully applied to the working of railway semaphores and "points" from the signal-box without the exertion of muscular force by the signalman, who simply starts

and stops the electric current in the magnet. Our figure illustrates the new magnet, which consists of a bobbin or coil of silk-covered copper-wire, W, of No. 18 Birmingham wire gauge, enclosed in a shell or cylinder of soft iron, B, fixed on a soft iron base-plate, P. The interior of the bobbin is hollow and lined with soft iron. Into the hollow, or tube, runs a stem of soft iron, A, encased in brass tubing and attached to the armature disc, D. This armature consists in reality of three parts—the stem of soft iron just mentioned, a flat plate, or disc, forming its head, and a flange, which projects downwards all round. These three parts are so contrived as to assist each other. Thus, the stem is first attracted with force by the bobbin, when a current traverses it; then the flange is forcibly pulled down; lastly, the flat disc, or head, experiences the attraction. The weight of metal is so proportioned that the whole pull of the magnet on the armature is sensibly constant in strength; but, owing to the three parts—stem, flange, and disc—the pull is exerted through a much longer range than it would have been if the armature had consisted, as is usual, of a plain piece of solid soft iron. In working semaphores, the electro-magnet is mounted on the signal-post and the semaphore-arm is counterweighted. When the pull of the magnet is brought into play, the arm is worked by a simple mechanical device.



Magnesium Search-Lights.

The electric arc light is faulty as a search-light in misty weather, owing to its lack of penetrative power in a damp atmosphere. The light of magnesium wire is not open to the same objection, and is being tried abroad for searching purposes. The purer the metal the better the light, and hence the magnesium prepared by the electrolytic process of Grätzel is best suited for the purpose. Grätzel recently exhibited at Berlin a ball of pure magnesium fifteen centimetres in diameter.

Flint Bricks.

M. Hignette, a French engineer, has utilised the waste sand of glass factories for the production of silicious bricks, which are of a fine white colour, and architecturally very strong and durable. The sand is subjected to a high pressure by hydraulic means, and then baked in furnaces at a high temperature. The bricks are light and resist the action of the sun, rain, and acids.

Rhythm and Walking.

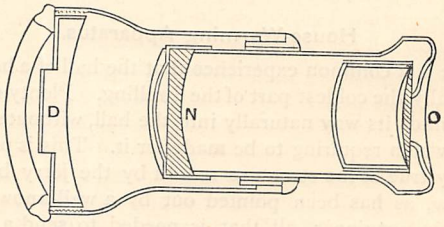
M. Marey, the French physiologist, who has made a number of interesting observations on the flight of birds and the walk of animals, including man, has recently been studying the effect of rhythm on the human march. This was done by means of an electric bell beating time while the man under test walked a certain distance, which was recorded by an electric "odograph." M. Marey finds that the length of step increases little until 65 steps per minute are taken; it then increases until 75 steps per minute are taken, and afterwards decreases as a higher rhythm is reached. The speed or pace of travel increases with the acceleration of the rhythm up to 85 steps per minute, then falls off at higher rhythms.

Correcting Coins by Electricity.

Herr J. Muller, a German mining engineer, has introduced the practice of bringing light coins of silver and gold to the standard weight by electro-deposition of the metal on their surfaces. The coins form the "cathode" of the electrotyping bath, and a band of silver or gold, as the case may be, is used as the anode. For silver coins, the solution which is decomposed by the electric current consists of 15 grammes of chloride of silver freshly precipitated in a saturated solution of cyanide of potassium, to which water has been added to make one litre of solution. Two Leclanché cells form the source of the current. As 100 milligrammes of silver are found to be deposited in an hour by this arrangement, the coins are exposed in the bath for a length of time sufficient to supply the silver that they lack. For slight deficiencies there is no defacement of the inscription.

A View-Meter.

The Iconometer, or image-meter, is a contrivance for enabling photographers to ascertain at a glance the



suitability of a view for photographing, and the lens required to take in the view shown by the instrument. It resembles an opera-glass in external appearance, as will be seen from our figure, which represents a section through it. The arrangement of the lenses is, however, reversed, O being a convex lens, and N a concave lens, so that a diminished image of the scene is presented to the eye. In order that the landscape as seen through the Iconometer may correspond to that included on the senstive plate, a metal screen having a rectangular aperture of suitable proportions is fixed at the large end of the instrument, D, and by sliding the lens-carrying portion in or out a position can be found corresponding to each lens carried. These positions are determined by trial, and marked on the tube of the instrument by the user.

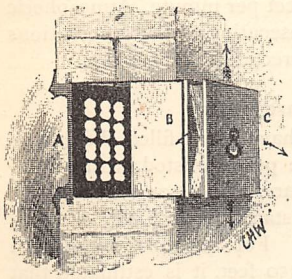
Making Koumiss.

"Koumiss," which many visitors to the Healtheries found so refreshing, can be made in the following way:

—Fill a quart bottle to the neck with pure milk; add two table-spoonfuls of white sugar, after dissolving it in a little water over a hot fire; then add a small quantity of compressed yeast. Tie the cork up well and shake the mixture thoroughly, then place it in a room at a temperature of 50° to 95° Fahr. for six hours, and finally cool in ice over-night. The koumiss will be found cool and refreshing in the morning. It is necessary for the success of the attempt that the milk and yeast be pure and fresh, and the bottle sound. The bottle should be opened with care on account of the effervescence; and if the liquid is seen to be curdled it should not be drunk, as this indicates that the fermentation has been over-done.

The Radiator Ventilator.

Our illustration shows the mode of applying Ellison's "radiator" ventilator, which is one of the best of the new means of supplying fresh air to an apartment without creating a draught. An outer grating in the wall admits the fresh air, which strikes upon a "radiator" inside the box, B, and is deflected in four directions by a metal deflecting plate inside the box. Thus deflected, the air enters the room by the four sides of the ventilator, C, which is pulled out a certain distance from the wall—say, from ½ inch to 1½ inches. The ventilator should be fixed from 4 to 8 feet above the floor, and, if placed behind a hot-water pipe, the fresh air will be warmed before it enters the room.

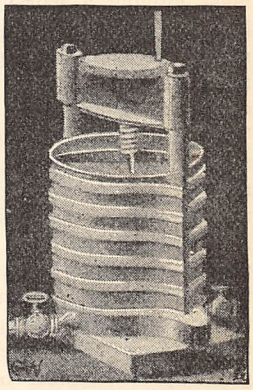


The Hoeschotype.

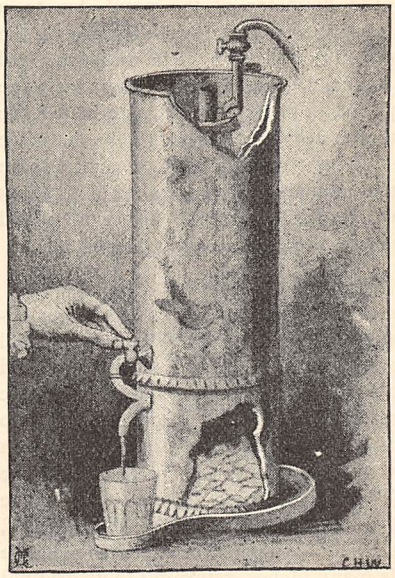
A new process of copying paintings, termed the "hoeschotype," has been introduced with good results. The inventor uses only five colours—yellow, red, blue, grey, and black. These form the basis of a large key-map of tints, each colour being in five grades, each containing one, two, three, four, and five fifths of the colour in question. In combining these over 1,600 shades can be produced; the colours being, of course, transparent. The original painting to be reproduced in colour is first photographed, and copies printed. One of these copies is now taken in hand by an artist, who by reference to his colour-scale ascertains for each spot in the picture the amount of yellow it contains, and he covers that particular spot with an equivalent shade of grey, painting out at the same time with white all parts of the print which will contain no yellow. This process finished, a negative is produced from this painted sheet, and a print taken on sensitised gelatine mounted upon plate-glass. This gelatine print only represents a picture of those parts in which the artist wishes yellow to appear, and in different degrees of density. That is to say, after this gelatine is washed, and rolled up with yellow transparent pigment, an impression can be taken from it on paper. Similarly gelatine printing surfaces are prepared for the other colours; and they are all printed one above another on one sheet in perfect register, with the result that a very faithful copy of the original painting is obtained. The presses now used are capable of turning out prints 25 by 35 inches in size. While upon this subject we may mention that a new sensitised photographic paper has recently been introduced. The colour of the photograph when developed is a warm red shading into purple; and the plate can be developed readily by gas-light.

New Modes of Filtering.

The use of carbon-paper as a filtering material has been introduced in the filter we illustrate herewith. Stout filter-paper, having from ten to twenty per cent. of animal charcoal incorporated with it, is cut into discs, and pairs of these discs are arranged in closed compartments, forming a pile or chambered cylinder as shown. Thus a filter of six compartments, like that in the figure, has twelve sheets of filter-paper for the water to pass through. The filter is connected to the water-main, and acts by the water-pressure. The unfiltered water passes in at one side, and after filtration flows into the supply-pipe under pressure. Fresh discs are readily put in to replace the old, by opening the chambers. While upon this subject, we may mention the Refrigerating Filter, which not only filters but cools the water. As shown in the engraving, it consists of a Maignen filter (previously described in the GATHERER), enclosed in an artistic stoneware vase, and fitted with a non-oxidisable tin pipe embedded in ice, through which the filtered water is made to pass before it is drawn off. The ice is



A CARBON-PAPER FILTER.



THE REFRIGERATING FILTER.

contained in the pedestal of the filter, which in the figure is purposely cut away to show it. The filtering medium in these filters is, it may be remembered, a mixture of pure carbon and lime spread over asbestos cloth, and it both strains and purifies the water.

A Pupil Photometer.

A new apparatus for measuring the diameter of the pupil of the eye is shown in Figs. 1 and 2. It consists of a tube of brass about 1·9 inches long and 1·5 inches in diameter, with one end closed by a disc, round the border of which a series of holes are pierced. These holes are drilled in pairs, lying along the radii of the disc, and the distance between the holes forming a pair varies from ·05 inch to 0·28 inch as one goes round the disc. A cap with a radial slot admitting a pair of holes to be seen is fitted over the disc end of the tube, as shown in Fig. 1. The distances of the holes in fractions of an inch are marked round the tube, as shown in Fig. 2. To find the diameter of the pupil of the eye, look through the open end of the tube at a light, when two spots of light will be seen, as in Fig. 1. The cap is then turned until these two spots appear just to touch at their edges. The diameter of the pupil will then be given by the number on the scale round the tube which is below the particular pair of holes uncovered. Further, since the diameter of the pupil varies with the intensity of the rays of light falling on it, the instrument forms a photometer with a healthy eye. Having found the diameter of the pupil due to a standard light observed at a certain distance, D, the observer then substitutes the light to be measured, and moves to a distance, D^1, which gives him the same diameter of pupil, or, in other words, which makes the same spots of the photometer appear to touch. The intensity of the last light will, therefore, bear the same proportion to the intensity of the standard light as the square of D bears to the square of D^1. Both D and D^1 require, of course, to be carefully measured.

FIG 1

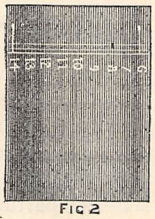


FIG 2

A New Safety Bearer.

Little can be said in favour of the use of bearing-reins, and much against it; still, if in exceptional cases a bearing-rein is in any way necessary, a word of commendation may be given to a new elastic safety bearer recently patented. It consists of two strong elastic straps, with rings and hooks, which can be inserted between the flat and the round parts of the bearing-rein. Then, if the horse stumble or slip, the elastic bearer gives the animal room to recover itself, without injury to the mouth; for on extreme pressure the rein expands many inches, returning to its original length immediately.

A Pocket Anemometer.

A hand-anemometer for measuring the speed of the wind has lately been invented by Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S. It consists of Robinson's cups and a dial indicator, giving the velocity in miles per hour, the time being taken by a sand-glass. To take an observation, the dial is allowed to record until the sand has run out of the glass, and the instant this has occurred the dial is thrown out of gear with the shaft of the cups, and the number of miles read off. When not held by hand, the instrument should be fixed on a piece of stout iron tubing firmly rooted in an exposed place. Professor Douglass Archibald has also made an advance in trying to measure the wind at different altitudes by means of anemometers attached to kites. Such measurements in the open atmosphere are freer from the effects of cross-currents than down among trees and houses. The data he has obtained prove that the velocities are more uniform at greater heights; for example, at 98 feet the velocity recorded was 864 feet per minute, at 217 feet it was 1,207 feet per minute, whilst at 310 feet and 646 feet the velocities were found to be 1,648 feet and 1,769 feet per minute. Atmospheric electricity renders the prosecution of the observations dangerous unless proper precautions are taken.

Niagara Falls.

These wonderful falls have often filled the hearts of those who regret to see power wasted, with a grief altogether too deep for tears. This sorrow generally finds vent in a pathetic statistical account, showing the amount of the loss. For example, taking the height of the falls to be 150 feet, it is estimated that 1,165,000,000 cubic feet of water fall over every hour. Exclusive of the velocity with which the water reaches the brink, the power of the falls is calculated to be about 5,000,000 horse-power, or nearly one-fourth of the whole steam-power of the earth. Accordingly, four such falls as those of Niagara, working day and night, would replace the work now done for man by the steam-engine. By the time the power of the existing falls has been fully utilised, perhaps the three other falls may have been discovered!

The Oldest Tree.

The oldest, and at the same time the largest tree in the world, so far as known, is a chestnut near the foot of Mount Etna. It is hollow and large enough to admit two carriages driving abreast. The circumference of the main trunk is 212 feet. The Grizzly Giant, monarch of the Mariposa Grove, measures 92 feet in circumference.

A Local Anæsthetic.

Experimenters have long sought an anæsthetic which, when applied externally to a given part of the body, would render it feelingless for a time. According to a report from Germany, this has been accidentally discovered by a student. The substance is hydrochlorate of cocoine. Getting some of the hydrochlorate in his eye, the student was surprised to find that it caused the surface of the latter to become insensible. Further trials only confirmed the first observation. An eminent oculist then performed an operation for cataract on the eye of a woman, without

pain to her, by the help of a few drops of the substance applied to the surface of her eye. Recent experiments by M. Grasset also show that when injected under the skin it permits of painless operations on other parts, without producing sleep or general insensibility.

An Atmospheric Motor.

A small and ingenious motor for farm and household purposes has recently been invented. It is useful for pumping water, cutting chaff, and work of this kind requiring no great power. The working cylinder is of bronze, and the engine takes no harm if left unused for some time. Coke is best to burn in its furnace, as it gives no smoke; but gas or wood is burned in some of the types manufactured. The power is obtained from the pressure of the atmosphere on the piston acting against a vacuum created by condensation of steam; and the engine is double-acting—that is, the piston is impelled twice for each revolution of the fly-wheel. The vacuum is produced by means of a small supply of cold water obtained from the engine itself when engaged in pumping—one gallon per minute being required for the 1 horse-power size. The types at present made are of $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, and 2 horse-power, and the expense for fuel is said to be only one farthing per horse-power per hour. The motor is said to be free from explosive tendencies, and to require no skilled attendance.

De-silvering Lead by Electricity.

Professor Keith, of New York, has brought out a process for extracting silver from lead by electrolysis; and large works are now being built at Rome, New York, to introduce it on a commercial scale. The lead is cast into thin plates having copper bars fused into them, to serve as electrodes for conveying the electric current to the plates, when put into the electrolysing "bath." This is contained in vats lined with asphalt, and consists of a solution of sodium acetate mixed with dissolved lead sulphate. In this solution the lead plates, each enclosed in a muslin bag, are suspended, and the current from the positive pole of an Edison dynamo is allowed to flow from the plates into the solution, and thence by the "cathodes," or another series of plates, back to the negative pole of the dynamo. Scrapers are caused to pass between these two sets of plates (the anodes and cathodes) in order to scrape off the lead deposited on them by the action of the current, and a constant circulation of the solution is kept up. When the lead is all deposited the muslin bags contain the residual silver, antimony, arsenic, and other impurities. The silver is then separated from these by ordinary chemical methods. The lead, which with a current of 1,000 amperes is deposited at the rate of 10 lbs. per hour per vat, is very pure, but requires to be melted and recast, in order to be used for practical purposes.

Electric Hand-Lamps.

Our engraving represents two of the new incandescent lamps which have been fitted on board H.M.S. *Colossus*. It will be seen that they are hand-lamps, and can be moved about within the range of the flexible conductors which supply the current to their filaments. M. Trouvé, the well-known Parisian electrician, has devised a portable hand-lamp of a similar kind, which carries its own battery or source of electricity. This battery is of bichromate elements, and keeps the lamp lit for nearly three hours. While upon this subject, we may mention the new incandescent lamp of M. Diehl, recently exhibited at the Philadelphia Electric Exhibition. This lamp has no external connections at all, but acts by induction. Inside the bulb there is a small "secondary" coil in circuit with the carbon filament, and outside the stem of the bulb is a "primary" coil, which is connected in circuit with the dynamo and a current interrupter. The current thus interrupted in the primary coil outside induces a current in the secondary coil inside the lamp, and this current it is which lights up the filament. The idea is ingenious, but it is not stated whether there is really any gain in light or saving of expense by the plan.

ELECTRIC HAND-LAMPS.—FIG. 1.

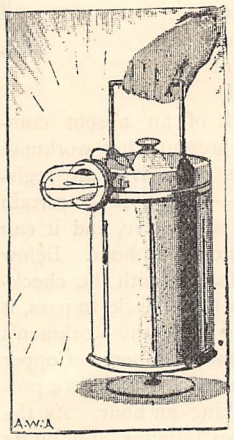


FIG. 2.

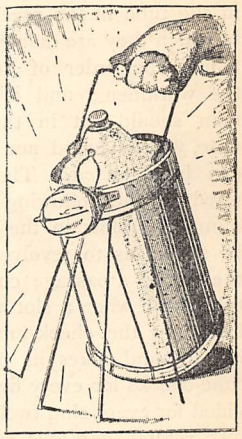


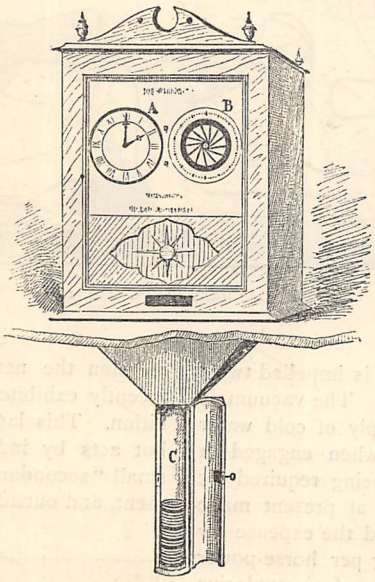
FIG. 3.

A Portable Green-house.

A green-house which is in reality a tenant's fixture and can be removed on leaving a particular house is a desideratum. Such an one is now made in a convenient size, 8 feet long by 5 feet wide and 7 feet high at the back. It is made of seasoned deal, glazed with sheet-glass, and fitted with the necessary gutters and pipes to carry off rain-water. The whole is supported by six stone blocks, which rest on the surface of the ground. The panes are puttied to the rafters, but not at the lap joints, so that there is freedom for expansion and contraction. The sides are attached to the wall-plate and back rail by hooks, and to the front by thumb-screws. Its chief advantage is that it can readily be dismantled and removed to another site.

A Check-Clock.

A clock which checks the time of workmen as they arrive at their works is a convenience which will be appreciated. Our figure illustrates one recently invented. It consists, as shown, of an ordinary clock, A, seen to the left of the dial; a slotted disc, B, seen to the right of the dial; and a tube, C, beneath the dial-face. The object of the latter is to collect the checks as they are delivered by the workmen into a narrow slit below the clock. The checks are piled up in the tube in the precise order in which they are delivered, thus telling the order of arrival of the workmen; and if a workman should put in the check of an absent comrade, who is found not to be present, that workman can be detected. The times of arrival are registered in the following way:—There is a certain number of slots in the disc B, say twelve, and it can be set so as to revolve, say once in an hour. Below the disc is a passage communicating with the check-tube; and when a slot allows a time-check to pass, it falls into the check-tube along with the workmen's checks, and takes its place amongst them. Copper time-checks for every five minutes are therefore provided for every slot, twelve making an hour. As the disc rotates, one falls every five minutes, and, by its position among the workmen's checks, gives the time within a few minutes at which the workmen arrived.



A CHECK-CLOCK.

A Simple Fire-damp Detector.

Mr. Garforth, of Normanton, has introduced the following simple plan of testing for fire-damp in mines. A small india-rubber ball with a hole in it, such as children use, is taken by the collier into the mine, and when he desires to test the air of any part he squeezes it, then allows it to expand, thus filling the ball with the air to be tested. He then squeezes it again, allowing the jet of escaping air to play upon the flame of his lamp; and if the well-known "blue cap" appears on the flame, and the latter lengthens out, he knows that the atmosphere contains fire-damp.

A Prolific Telegraph.

The new synchronous telegraph of Mr. Patrick Delane was recently tried on a single wire between Boston and Providence, Rhode Island, a distance of fifty miles. It would require a long special article to describe the technical intricacies of this system; but we may mention that by its means the single line can be made to transmit quite a number of different messages at the same time, so that a number of different places at each end of the trunk wire might communicate with each other by their own special circuit on the same wire. At the recent trials the wire was arranged into six different circuits, each having a message sent over it. There were six expert Morse operators to send and receive the messages at each end of the line; and by this means no less than 800 words were telegraphed in five minutes. In ten minutes some 2,200 words were signalled. Mr. Delane's apparatus is adopted by the Boston Multiplex Telegraph Company.

A Submarine Swamp.

American geologists have arrived at the conclusion that there exists a great submerged swamp or marsh south-east of Long Island. For a long time past the quantities of peat, fossil leaves, lignitic trunks and branches, which have been rolled in on the south-side beach of Long Island, between Water Island and Atlantic-ville, have attracted general attention. Professor Newberry, of Columbia College, estimates that the marsh runs fifty miles east and west, and half a mile north and south, and cites a great deal of evidence to show that the coast of North America in that region is slowly settling downwards.

1884 SHORT SPEECH COMPETITION.

The Editor has pleasure in announcing the award of the judges in this Competition. The Prize of One Guinea, offered for the best Short Speech in proposing the Toast of "The Bridesmaids" at a Wedding Breakfast, is awarded to

MISS CHARLOTTE A. PRITCHARD, Belle Vue Terrace, Upper Clapton, London, E.

Honourable Mention is awarded to

THE REV. J. GRANT, Cromdale, Strathspey, N.B., and MISS K. E. WEBB, Portland Place, W.

"A SWEET LITTLE MAIDEN LOOKS OVER THE GREEN."

"*THE BICYCLE BELL*" (*p.* 311).

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

By ALICE O'HANLON, Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," "No Proof," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

"IT'S A FINE COUNTRY, SIR."

WHEN Dora McNicoll arose on the following morning she was feeling a good deal surer than she had done the night before as to what it was that Sir Arthur had been on the point of saying to her. All shadow of doubt, in fact, had now fled.

The remarks whereby he had prefaced that interrupted question had, she reflected, pointed unequivocally to his meaning, whilst the manner in which he had bent over her with that whispered word—Ah! how the bare remembrance of it set her happy heart fluttering again!

Yes, of *course* he had meant to propose to her. Wonderful as it was, it was true! And having intended to propose to her yesterday, he would certainly not let to-day pass without carrying out his intention.

Before this evening, then, she might be engaged—engaged to him whom she loved with all her heart and soul!

Dora put on her prettiest morning-dress, and went down-stairs with bright eyes, and cheeks flushed with happiness. So radiant and well did she look, indeed, that Jessie was quite struck by her appearance; and declaring, with a great pretence of jealousy, that she was growing "positively pretty," she accused her of having used some cosmetic for her complexion. Dora laughed. She possessed, she knew, a better specific for beauty than any cosmetic in the world could supply. But it would be time enough to tell her sister the secret when all was settled. After breakfast, and the attention for an hour or so to some housekeeping matters relative to the evening's entertainment, Dora went into the drawing-room, and loitered about there, re-arranging flowers and ornaments, and starting and flushing with every fresh ring of the door-bell. The morning passed, however, and Arthur had not made his appearance. Then the afternoon followed more slowly, but still he did not come. Dora grew somewhat feverish as the hours wore on.

And now she could see him only in the presence of others—for the first instalment of their company had arrived, in the shape of the Rector of Upton Church, with his wife and daughter—the latter a lively girl of sixteen.

Nothing now could happen this evening. Not that it mattered, of course. There had been no need for such violent haste as she had foolishly looked for. Still, when Arthur did at length present himself—almost the last of the guests, and looking very handsome in his evening dress—Dora's greeting of him was somewhat shyer than usual, and there was just a shade of unconscious reproach in her glance.

But of this the young baronet noticed nothing. Evidently, he was not very keenly alive to slight or subtle changes in Dora's mood or expression. And yet he never doubted—inexperienced youth—never for a moment doubted of his love for the girl!

As may be supposed, he, too, had reviewed again this morning the occurrence of last night, but only to come more firmly to the conclusion that he had been tempted to act with unbecoming haste. A love-declaration so soon after his uncle's death would, as he had already decided, have been (to say the least of it) in bad form. In this opinion Dora, of course, would agree with him.

But perhaps she had not guessed what he had been about to say. On this point Arthur could not feel at all sure. He did, however, feel sure, on the other hand, that if she *had* guessed it, she would, like himself, regard the declaration as untimely, and would now understand that it was to be put off only until a more suitable season. Having arrived at this conviction, he had dismissed the matter from his mind.

"Our friends the Brethertons have not yet arrived, I see," he observed, addressing Mr. Hardcastle, the rector, after completing the circuit of Mrs. McNicoll's guests. "Do they mean, I wonder, to set us an example of fashionable unpunctuality?"

The rector consulted his watch, smiling. "They are not many minutes behind time yet," he returned. "And to be fashionable is about the last thing poor Mr. Bretherton would aspire to, I suspect."

"Oh, Sir Arthur, Jessie says that you have not seen them yet!" The speaker was Miss Eva Hardcastle, who, coming up to where they were standing, now passed her hand through her father's arm. "You had better prepare for being enchanted."

"With whom? Miss Bretherton? Are *you*, too, on the list, then, of this young lady's admirers, Miss Eva?"

"I should rather think I am!" returned the girl. "Why, I don't believe I took my eyes from her face *once* during her visit to the Sunday-school."

"How attentive you must have been to my address, then, my dear!" put in her father drily.

"Now, don't be angry, you prosy old darling! But really I did find her a good deal more interesting than

the address. You have never seen any one *half* so beautiful in all your life, Sir Arthur!"

"Really? Well, I don't feel prepared to deny the statement," rejoined the young man—"for it is quite true that I never have seen any one whom I should call absolutely beautiful. I doubt, indeed, if such a thing as perfect beauty exists, and I'm sure I shouldn't care for it if it did. A Grecian goddess, with chiselled features, is all very well as a statue, but for——"

"Oh, but Miss Bretherton is not a bit like that!" interposed Eva. "The description does not suit her in the least!"

"No? Still—Shall I tell you a secret, Miss Eva? I quite expect to be disappointed in this wonderful Beauty about whom you all rave so. A good and sweet face is more to my taste than a merely pretty one; and without some kind of imperfection, I question if any face can be truly lovable."

"Then *hers* must possess some imperfection—for *I* fell in love with it at first sight, and so will *you*, whatever you say," she added, with a nod of conviction. "But where can the imperfection lie? Not in her eyes, certainly. Papa, help me—does her nose turn up?"

"Hush, my dear: here they are! Leave Sir Arthur to find out the imperfections for himself."

"Mr. and Miss Bretherton." The names had just been announced by a footman in livery.

With some curiosity, but no very great interest, Sir Arthur turned towards the door. He was sensible of feeling a distinct prejudice against Miss Idalia Bretherton.

To know beforehand that one is expected to like or to admire an individual, is enough sometimes to create a sort of unreasoning repugnance in the mind, arising, no doubt, out of the simple contradictiousness of human nature.

Not, however, that Arthur Ledsom's nature was really contradictious. On the contrary, a more healthy, sunny disposition, one more free from sourness or cynicism, was never possessed by any young fellow.

Still, somehow, he rather wanted to run counter to the general opinion in regard to Miss Bretherton's appearance. He was determined not to find her beautiful, if he could help it. He was convinced that her attractiveness had been greatly exaggerated.

In this spirit he turned upon her his critical regard.

Idalia had now advanced into the room, and standing directly opposite to him, was shaking hands with Mrs. McNicoll.

She wore a dress of pale cream-coloured silk, trimmed with a profusion of soft, costly lace. It was a dress that had been turned out of a noted Parisian establishment, and whilst richer and more adorned than the style of attire she usually affected, it suited her complexion and fitted her gracefully-poised figure to perfection. In order to correct any want of simplicity in the dress, Idalia wore no iewellery whatsoever—nothing in the shape of ornament save a dark crimson rose fastened at her throat. She looked superb and yet girlish.

Sir Arthur drew back a little, but continued to gaze. "No"—he was obliged to own it to himself—"No, there had been no exaggeration about the girl's beauty. There had not even been justice done to it. What Eva Hardcastle had said was true. He had never in his life seen any one half so beautiful—never dreamt of any one half so beautiful!

On this point he was conquered. His incredulous pre-judgment, like a "snowflake on the river," had vanished in the swift tide of vision and conviction. Nevertheless, he was not going to yield in other respects. He was not going to allow that because she was beautiful she must be attractive. Clinging with curious obstinacy to his prejudice, he averted his eyes from her face and turned them upon Mr. Bretherton. Against Mr. Bretherton he had conceived no prejudice. But—was it possible? Could this homely rustic be the father of that self-possessed, lady-like girl? Like every one else, Sir Arthur felt, at first sight, puzzled and amazed by the contrast they presented. But for his wealth, and the prestige afforded by his possession of such a daughter, this man, Arthur thought, looked fitter to be a kitchen than a drawing-room guest. And, certainly, during the first moments after his entrance, poor Abner, feeling shy and ill at ease, did look somewhat out of place.

When, however, Victor McNicoll, after pressing forward with a warm and respectful welcome, brought him round to introduce to such of the company as he was not already acquainted with, Mr. Bretheton's manner changed. Losing consciousness, as he was always so ready to do, of his own personality, he at once lost also the shyness and awkwardness which were far from being his natural characteristics, and a genial smile of interest and kindliness lighted up his plain countenance.

Even before it came to his turn to shake hands Arthur Ledsom had decided, with intuitive quickness of judgment, that despite his red hands, his ill-fitting clothes and his enormous diamond pin, Mr. Bretherton was not vulgar. No man with such a smile could be vulgar. And, in truth, Arthur was right. Mr. Bretherton possessed the very nature and essence of good manners, and was—once for all, we assert it—an infinitely finer gentleman than the more cultured son who felt so ashamed of him. Gentle and conciliating in demeanour, frank and affectionate in feeling, incapable of exalting himself above another, or of indulging the slightest maliciousness in speech, his politeness was the genuine article.

> "Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow to the meanest thing that lives,"

is Wordsworth's notion of gentlemanly conduct. Abner Bretherton would as soon have thought of indulging in a sneer—even an ignorant man can sneer—or of being witty at the expense of others, or of seeking undue distinction or attention for himself, as of perpetrating any other mean or selfish action. His courtesy was that perfection of courtesy which springs from a good and generous heart.

"Well, Mr. Bretherton," inquired the rector, accepting, next after Arthur, a pump-handle salute, "I hope you are getting to like England?"

"Yes—oh, yes; it's a fine country, sir, an' I'm a-

studyin' to like it," was the reply. "Ther ain't no doubt it's a fine country."

"And the people?" pursued Mr. Hardcastle, wishful to draw Abner out, and enjoying a dialect so new to him. "I hope you like the people?"

"Well, yes, to be sure I do!" protested Mr. Bretherton. "The folks around yere, they're friendly, an' they're neighbourly. I hedn't looked fer English folks to be so neighbourly. I'm afeard I hedn't bin doin' them jestice thet a-way."

"I'm glad we are disappointing you agreeably," said the rector, "but all the same, I dare say you prefer America to England—don't you?"

"Well, thet's only nat'rel. Thet thar, it's only nat'rel an' right, ain't it, now?" he appealed apologetically. "We'd all oughter hold most by the country where we was raised, hedn't we?"

"Certainly, certainly," responded his interlocutor.

"An' a man, particular when he's gittin' into years"—he glanced round here to see whether Idalia were near—"he sorter hankers arter old faces, mister, an' old ways, even though he ain't got nothin' agin them ez is new. You'll onderstand, mebbe, what I mean?"

"Of course, of course," said the clergyman.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Bretherton," put in Sir Arthur, "that you cannot include me in your kind praise for sociality; and since we are near enough neighbours to see each other's houses from our respective windows, I think I ought to apologise for not having called upon you before this. Family trouble, however, and an absence from home must plead my excuse."

"Now, thar ain't no need fer excuses. Thar ain't a bit of need fer them," asserted Abner, "but we shall be mighty pleased, sir, and proud to see you, whenever you do feel in the notion of dropping in. My son Peley—Percival, I'd oughter said—he'd be quite sot up to hev you for a comrade. You see"—he went on, looking the young man over with a frank admiration, in which there was not a particle of snobbism—"You see, you're polished, an' you've got bong tong, an' it's what Percival likes."

Sir Arthur bowed, with perhaps a suspicion of stiffness. "Thank you," he said. "I shall do myself the pleasure of calling at an early opportunity."

Mr. Bretherton appeared to feel the lack of perfect cordiality in this response. There was a moment of reflective silence. Then he said—with that simple humility in which there was always a touch of pathos—

"He ain't like me, Percival ain't. You mustn't jedge him by me. He's sorter finer, an'—an' he's hed a powerful good edication. Ye'd git on well together, I think."

"Thank you; I've no doubt we should," Arthur answered more warmly. "But your son is not at home at present, I hear."

"Well, no, he ain't—not to say at present, but he's on the way thar. He allows to git home by nine o'clock this evenin'—him and young Nunnerley. An' Idalia, she hev left word for them to come straight on yere. Thet is, ef your mother don't hev no objection to it, Mr. Victor?" he added, turning to that gentleman. "I'd like, ef you please, to name it to her. Thar ain't no one speaking to her, jest now. I'll jest go right off an' name it now." And, with a valedictory nod and smile, he left his companions and crossed the room towards Mrs. McNicoll.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

LATE ARRIVAL.

ON Mr. Bretherton's departure, Sir Arthur fell back to Miss McNicoll's side. "Let me take you in to dinner, Dora?" he whispered.

Dora smiled and blushed. "Thank you, I am afraid not," she answered; "mother has arranged that you are to take in Miss Bretherton."

"Miss Bretherton? I?" ejaculated the young man. "That's too bad!"

"Arthur! How very impolite!" Dora shook her head reprovingly; but there was no great severity in her aspect.

"I beg your pardon. Yes, it was rather rude," he acknowledged. "But I am so disappointed not to have you. And, somehow, Dora, I don't care much for strangers. Really, I don't know what I can talk to her about."

"Nonsense, Arthur! You know you are a capital talker. But if you were not, you need not have troubled yourself in this case. Miss Bretherton will not let you be short of a subject. She can find plenty to talk about."

And, true enough, Idalia did find plenty to talk about. With an utter absence of affectation, she set herself at once to entertain, and be entertained, by the companion allotted to her. She would have done the same whoever that companion had been, for she was in excellent spirits, and meant to enjoy the evening. It did not take much at any time to make Idalia enjoy herself. Like her father, she was easily amused, and always ready to be pleased with those about her. Possibly, however, the fact that her neighbour at table was young and good-looking may have caused Idalia to regard him with rather more interest than might otherwise have been the case. At any rate, whenever she addressed him, she did look him straight in the face with a quite undisguised interest and curiosity; but with an expression, Arthur thought, more like the questioning gaze of a child than a woman. And what splendid eyes she had! How utterly unconscious, too, she seemed of their splendour! How evident it was that she was using them—not to make play for his benefit—but for the legitimate purpose for which eyes are intended, viz., as channels whereby to gather impressions for their owners, not merely as those by which to impress self upon others!

Despite himself, those large, innocent-looking, dark-fringed eyes began presently to exercise a curious fascination over Sir Arthur Ledsom's blue ones. He felt drawn to look at them again and again. He wanted to make quite sure of their colour. Were they dark brown, or dark blue? He did not think he had ever seen eyes of just that shade before. His remarks, which at first had sounded rather flat and

forced, grew more and more animated, because each time he made a remark he was enabled to prosecute a study which became more seductive the longer it was pursued.

Still, his bias in her disfavour continued to some extent to affect him, and it was a good while before Arthur would allow to himself that he was finding any real pleasure in this young lady's society. He was interested, certainly, in her personal appearance, but that was all; and, of course, he would much rather have been beside the girl he loved. Before the dinner was half over, however, Arthur had forgotten all about his regret at the loss of Dora's companionship. He had almost forgotten, in fact, that there was any one at the table but Idalia and himself, so engrossed had he now become in a conversation they were holding together. The subject of this conversation was Italy, or rather Rome, where, by a comparison of dates, it had turned out that the two young people had been staying in the same month of this year. The discovery of that circumstance served quite to break up the ice of Arthur's English reserve. With a vivacity equal to her own, he began to compare notes as to their experiences in that city of cities. Then, to his admiring surprise, he found that Miss Bretherton was unusually well up in historical information, and also that she showed a loving and intelligent appreciation of art. Further than this, she expressed such delightfully unconventional views upon men and things, that the young fellow was quite transported.

Never, indeed, had he either seen or heard any one like her. Like mist before the rising sun, the last vestige of his absurd prejudice melted away. He felt really sorry when the dinner was over, and their pleasant *tête-à-tête* brought to an end. His eyes followed Idalia's retreating figure as she left the room in company with the other ladies, and it was not until the door had closed after them that he became aware that he had not even seen Dora McNicoll pass out.

Astonished, and a little self-condemnatory as he made this reflection, his first action on re-entering the drawing-room was to seek Dora out and seat himself by her side. But, even whilst talking with her, his gaze kept wandering continually to that quarter of the room where his new acquaintance was seated between her father and Victor McNicoll. Poor Victor! although he had seen Idalia several times since that afternoon of his first call at Monkswood, he had as yet been content to worship at a distance. In the deep humility of his passion, he had never ventured on anything like overt attention; he had even been afraid to let his eyes rest upon her too often, lest they might make untimely betrayal of his secret. This evening, during dinner, he had been devoting himself very specially to Mr. Bretherton's entertainment, and though it had been without a thought of courting Idalia through her father, he could not have chosen a more effectual way of pleasing her. Idalia had noticed his deferential courtesy (for however occupied herself, she never lost sight of her father), and had seen that it had put Mr. Bretherton entirely at his ease. Grateful for what she looked upon as a due appreciation of this dear father's merits, she was now beaming upon the young man with a frank approbation and friendliness which raised him to the seventh heaven of delight.

Tea was brought in by-and-by, and then music was asked for.

The first to comply with this demand was Miss Hester Courteney. With much brilliancy, but not with much feeling, she executed a difficult classical piece. Victor, who had very reluctantly left his corner for the purpose, turned over her pages. Mr. Courteney, the while—watching his junior partner from a chair close by the piano—sought to discover something that might justify hope in the success of his favourite scheme, *i.e.*, the marriage of these two. But the result of his observations only made him feel angry and disappointed, and when his daughter had finished playing, he marched off to the other end of the room in ill-concealed dudgeon.

Meanwhile, in reply to an inquiry from her hostess, Miss Bretherton had confessed that, although a very poor instrumentalist, she sang a little; and, without needing any urging, she now assumed Hester's place at the piano. Naturally curious as to how she would acquit herself, the company paused to listen, and in another minute the general air of breathless attention proved that this was not, like the previous performance, an infliction.

Idalia had chosen a simple little song, and the fact that she accompanied herself without notes, made it seem more simple still. But her voice suited her, just as Charlie Nunnerley had thought her name did. It was low, yet clear as a bell, not very powerful but exquisitely sweet, and capable of the most delicate and thrilling modulation.

Had anything further been needed to complete poor Victor's captivation, it would have been supplied by the witchery of those sweet tones issuing from the lips he loved. Until the song was finished, he stood behind Idalia's chair, spell-bound. Some one else, too, had felt the potency of those mellow strains. Music has been termed by our immortal bard, "the food of love," and its influence was one to which Arthur Ledsom, at any rate, was by no means insensible. His affection for Dora McNicoll had been fed and stimulated more than he suspected by the fact that she, too, sang very sweetly. Her voice, however, had neither the fulness nor the timbre of Idalia's; and when, at his request, she now gave the company his favourite song, Arthur thought she had never sung with so little expression, nor been in such poor voice. He was scarcely sorry when an interruption occurred which caused Dora to cut the song short by a couple of verses.

The interruption in question was occasioned by the entrance of Mr. Percival Bretherton and Mr. Charles Nunnerley. Having dined at Monkswood Hall upon their arrival from London, the two young men, in obedience to the instructions there left for them, had at once dressed and come on here. They had not expected, however, Charlie declared, to meet so numerous a party, and there is little doubt that the

young artist would have been better pleased by the absence of one or two among the guests.

The bustle attending their advent having somewhat subsided, Percival Bretherton, with a cup of tea in his hand (brought in afresh for the late comers), found himself seated beside Miss Courteney on a kind of low settee, or divan. As before stated, this young gentleman's taste in beauty lay in the direction of fairness. With her light, wavy "fringe," her grey eyes, and colourless complexion, Miss Hester was very fair, and Percival considered her decidedly good-looking. Certainly, he knew of some one else who was a good deal better-looking, but that was another affair. And here, at all events just now, was Miss Hester, and young Bretherton felt disposed to make himself agreeable to her.

With this view he began to talk to her about his late visit to London. He had enjoyed himself immensely.

"'WHAT DOES IT MEAN, CHARLIE?'" (*p.* 262).

He liked London, he protested, better than any capital in Europe—not excepting even Paris—and he considered England, upon the whole, the finest country in the world.

Hester listened with a very irresponsive air. Evidently, her patriotism was not sufficiently strong to make this panegyric upon her native land particularly agreeable. With somewhat abated enthusiasm Peleus went on to add that he was contemplating taking rooms somewhere in the West End, in order

that he might run up to town for a few days whenever he felt disposed.

"You are thinking, perhaps, of studying for some profession?" observed Hester.

"Oh, no!" he rejoined. "I don't need any profession, you see. Why should a fellow bother himself about a profession, when there is no occasion for it? If I want work, I can find plenty, you know, in looking after our estates here and in—in America."

"Yes, no doubt." The answer was given with the supremest indifference.

"If I had wanted to have done anything," resumed the young man, "I'd rather have liked to have gone in for art. Those artist fellows in London lead a jolly kind of life."

"Do they?"

"Nunnerley introduced me at his club—a professional club—composed mostly of young artists, and I don't think I ever met a more lively set. Rather in the happy-go-lucky style, though, for some of them, I suspect, were, figuratively speaking, a little out at elbows. It isn't always a paying business, you know. However, there are compensations, and the pretty models they get to sit for them make the work interesting."

"Does Mr. Nunnerley have pretty models to sit for him?"

"Well, I should guess he does, when he can secure them. At any rate, he is going to have a pretty enough subject now, if I may be allowed to say so. He is going to take my sister's portrait, whilst he is down here."

"Indeed?" A faint flush suffused Hester's pale face, but it was gone in a moment. "If the painting does Miss Bretherton justice, it will unquestionably prove a beautiful one," she remarked coldly.

Peleus looked gratified. "Why, yes," he rejoined, casting an admiring glance in Idalia's direction. "Her beauty is not quite *my* style; but, though I'm her brother, I must say, I don't think there can be two opinions about it."

Hester bowed. "When does Mr. Nunnerley propose to commence his work?" she asked, closing her lips very tightly after she had put the question.

To her it seemed that Charlie was already commencing his work—so far, at least, as a preliminary study of his subject was concerned.

After standing about for some time in her neighbourhood, evidently upon the watch for it, he had now seized an opportunity for drawing in a chair close to Idalia's side. And Idalia had aided the movement. She had made room for him with quite a beaming smile of welcome, and they were now enjoying what seemed to be a very pleasant and animated dialogue. Presently, however, Charlie—who had kept throwing covert glances across the room at Hester Courteney, and who had, each time, met that young lady's eyes fixed upon him with a cold and haughty stare—began to grow visibly uneasy and confused. Rising then, he sauntered over towards where she and Peleus Bretherton were seated. But he did not attempt to join in their conversation—if it could be called conversation, when all the talking, with the exception of an occasional monosyllable, was on one side. By-and-by, growing weary of his fruitless attempts to interest her, and piqued into ill-temper by her obvious indifference to his own attractions (which Peleus was not accustomed to find thus undervalued), the young man rose and left her. In another moment, Charlie had taken his vacated place, and, opening a portfolio in his hand, was asking—

"Have you seen these engravings, Miss Courteney?"

Hester made no reply, except by repeating the last two words—

"Miss Courteney?"

"Hester, I mean," said Charlie, lowering his voice.

"Will you kindly, if you are able to do so, give me some sort of an explanation?" Hester spoke in the same subdued key as that he had used, and taking an engraving from his hand, professed to be studying it.

"Explanation?" he repeated. "What about?"

"Do you need to ask? You have not written to me since you returned from Switzerland. When you were there I received a short, cold note—oh, so different from all your other letters! What does it mean, Charlie?"

"Why should it mean anything?" questioned the young man, with a disingenuous air. "What is this fancy you have got into your head, Hetty?"

"*Is* it fancy?"

"The way in which you were looking at me a little while ago made me feel quite uncomfortable, I assure you."

"Did it? I don't wonder."

Charlie turned over several engravings in a nervous fashion before speaking again. Then he said—

"We can't talk here, Hester, can we? I will write."

"To the post-office, as usual?"

"Yes."

"And when are we to meet?"

"Very soon. Shall I fix the time and place when I write?"

Hester murmured an affirmative. "Charlie," she demanded, in an altered tone, and with a sudden softening of her whole features, "*is* all right between us?"

"We will make all right, dear, when we meet," he answered.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

THE GOBLIN ROCKS.

IT was about a week after that little dinner party at Mrs. McNicoll's. Idalia and Peleus Bretherton were standing together beneath the porch of Monkswood Hall. On the gravel drive in front of them an open carriage was drawn up. Behind the carriage stood a groom holding a saddle-horse.

"It's quite time we were off, Idalia," exclaimed her brother, glancing at his watch. "It is nearly ten. Where can Nunnerley be? I'll run up to his room and bring him down. You get in."

In obedience to this request, Idalia approached the carriage. As she was in the act, however, of mounting the steps, a recollection struck her of having seen

Charlie Nunnerley turn, a short time ago, into the studio." By this name the family had begun to designate a small sitting-room chosen by the young artist to paint in, on account of its suitable light.

Springing again to the ground, Idalia ran round a corner of the house, and peeped in at the low window of this room. Yes; there he was standing before the easel on which rested her unfinished portrait; very unfinished indeed, as yet, for although Charlie, during the past week, had spent many hours of each day over it, the work was progressing but slowly.

With the intention of tapping upon the pane, Idalia raised her hand, but before she had touched it something occurred which caused her to drop the hand again as if she had been shot, and to draw hurriedly away from the window. Suddenly, whilst she had been looking at him, Nunnerley (whose back had been partly turned towards her) had stooped, and she had seen him imprint a succession of passionate kisses on the cold and insensible canvas before him.

Neither cold nor insensible, however, looked now the face whose representation had received that ardent caress. As she retreated swiftly from the window, Idalia's cheeks glowed with as hot a blush as though those kisses had actually touched them. She felt shocked, too, and, in these first moments, indignant; almost as indignant as though the freedom had really been offered her in person. And yet, beneath her annoyance, there was a dawning sense of gratification, and Idalia knew that she was not altogether angry. That Charlie admired her, she was already aware, for his conduct had plainly confessed the fact. But she had not suspected him of this. That wild, impulsive action had struck her like a revelation. It had startled and frightened her. She could not exactly tell yet how else it had affected her. In the depths of her heart she was conscious of something very like a secret pleasure, but for the present this pleasure was outweighed by surprise and irritation.

Standing still for a moment, Idalia strove to regain her composure. Then, hurrying back to the carriage, she took her seat therein, and very shortly afterwards Nunnerley and Percival issued from the house, accompanied by Mr. Bretherton. A few seconds later they were driven off, Charlie seated opposite to her in the carriage, while Percival followed upon horseback.

The three young people were upon their way to join a picnic party, or rather it might, perhaps, be more correct to say a pleasure party, seeing that the feeding was not to be done out of doors. The givers of the entertainment were Mrs. Perriam and Miss Courteney.

Invitations to it had been issued by these ladies on the day following Mrs. McNicoll's dinner. In accordance with the programme arranged, the guests were to meet by ten o'clock at Mr. Courteney's house. Thence they were to drive some ten or twelve miles, through charming scenery, to a place called "Shelving Cove." the nearest point on the sea-board. There, after luncheon at an hotel—the spot was a very retired one, but in a village near by there existed one respectable inn—the party was to visit by boat a tiny island, or collection of curiously-shaped reefs, called the "Goblin Rocks."

As more than one vessel had lately been wrecked upon them, it was proposed shortly to commence the erection of a lighthouse on these rocks. But at present they stood out to sea dangerously unprotected by any beacon of warning. After the return drive, the entire party was to dine at Elfinbank, Mr. Courteney's house, and the evening was to conclude with a carpet-dance.

It was the last week—in fact, almost the last day of September. But the weather, for some little time past, had been uncommonly warm and bright, and this day promised to be as fine as its predecessors. A slight mist, it is true, hung at present over the bare stubble-fields and autumnal-tinted woods; but each moment the yellow sun was piercing it with clearer rays, and it was easy to see that it was that kind of mist which augurs a glorious day. At this early hour, however, the air fell fresh, and even a little chilly. Idalia, as the carriage rolled on towards Mr. Courteney's house, drew round her shoulders a dainty cream-coloured shawl, which she had brought with her as a wrap. Charlie bent forward to assist her, but his help was declined with dignified coldness, and he collapsed into his corner, looking distressed and surprised. Already the young man had noticed a change in his companion's manner. An air of constraint and reserve seemed to have fallen upon her in a curiously sudden fashion. He was puzzling himself to account for it. At breakfast this morning Idalia had been full of life and spirits. She had talked and laughed with him in her usual frank and unsophisticated style. Now, she would scarcely even look at him! Charlie could not understand it. His face grew grave and downcast, and he threw himself back, trying to think in what way he could possibly have offended her. For offended she did, he thought, certainly appear. He became more convinced of it each moment as, in addition to her marked constraint, he noticed that she was evidently anxious to keep Peleus riding close by the carriage, as though desirous not to be left alone with him. She had never, he knew, felt disturbed before at the idea of being alone with him. Her American breeding, no less than her artless simplicity of nature, would effectually have prevented her suffering from prudery on such a score, and, as a matter of fact, she had been alone with him many hours during the past week whilst he had been trying to catch the form and expression of her features. Ah! what hours those had been to him!

But their effect Charlie believed he had, as yet, carefully hidden from Idalia's cognisance. What, then, was the cause of this curious change which made her seem so unlike herself? The young artist would have liked to ask the question, but he dared not put it into words. Despite her sweet temper and her girlish ingenuousness, there was an unconscious dignity about Idalia which guarded her as a shield.

No young man, however carried away by admiration of her grace and beauty, had ever ventured on too bold a glance, or too open a flattery. Some instinct

taught Charlie Nunnerley that he must take no notice of her new shyness excepting by doubling the respectfulness of his demeanour.

Some eighteen or twenty young people had been invited to the picnic, and most of the number had assembled at Elfinbank before the arrival there of the new neighbours from Monkswood. There was a large waggonette before the door, into which several of the guests had already climbed, also two smaller carriages, all belonging to Mr. Courteney, and quite sufficient to accommodate the entire party. Two or three gentlemen, however, in addition to Mr. Percival Bretherton, had elected to accompany the excursion upon horseback. The start was not effected without some little bustle and manœuvring for desirable places and favourite companions, but when at length the cortége did set off, one of our friends, at least, was satisfied with his position—for Victor McNicoll found himself in the same carriage with Idalia Bretherton. Sharing the carriage with them were two other friends who might likewise have been presumed to be well contented with an arrangement which would allow them, during the long drive, to enjoy each other's society. They were Dora and Sir Arthur Ledsom. As a matter of fact, however, neither of these two was feeling just now specially happy.

Within the last few days a vague uneasiness had laid hold of poor Dora's mind. It was not merely that Arthur had not yet—and a whole week gone! —finished that interrupted confession. There was something more than this. It almost seemed to Dora that he was changed—changed in some undefinable way which she found it impossible even to put before herself in distinct terms, but by which she was, nevertheless, sensitively impressed. Did he not love her after all? This question was beginning to obtrude itself with painful pertinacity. She had felt so sure before that he *did* love her. Now she felt sure of it no longer! And yet he came to the house as often as ever; he showed her the same marked attentions; he . . . Where was the difference? Dora could not explain—she could only feel and suffer from it.

As for Arthur, he too was suffering, not from any acknowledged pain of heart or mind, but from a curious, restless disquietude, into the cause of which he forbade himself to inquire. In the week that had elapsed since his introduction to the Brethertons, he had called two or three times at Monkswood Hall. Once, also, he had dined and spent the evening there. And, strange to say, his uneasy discomposure of feeling appeared to be consequent upon those repeated visits. Yet how he had enjoyed them! How interesting it had been to study Mr. Bretherton as a new type, to him, of humanity—how pleasant to discover, one by one, the fine traits of that noble and simple character which had raised the dear old man to so high a place in his estimation! What a delight, too, it had given him to be compelled to reverse more and more, each time he had seen her, that utterly ridiculous prejudice which he had conceived against Miss Bretherton! How he laughed at himself now, with quite a sense of scorn, for having ever for a moment entertained such a feeling about one whose rare physical attractions—now that he knew her better—seemed scarcely less rare than her other attributes of charming sincerity, unaffected goodness, and sweet naturalness! But why should the fact that he had thus enlarged the circle of his acquaintance—that he had got to know such delightful people—make Arthur Ledsom feel so disturbed and restless? Why, when it might have been supposed that the world had grown by so much the wider for him, should the young man have felt as though his future life had suddenly narrowed, had all at once grown grey and monotonous in prospect? Arthur could not, or would not, suffer his reflections to dwell on these phenomena, nor allow himself to search into their meaning. But none the less was he sensible of them as an under-current in his consciousness. Throughout the drive this morning he was unusually silent. Dora, on the contrary, was more gay and chatty than it was her custom to be. But her gaiety might have struck a close observer as a little feverish.

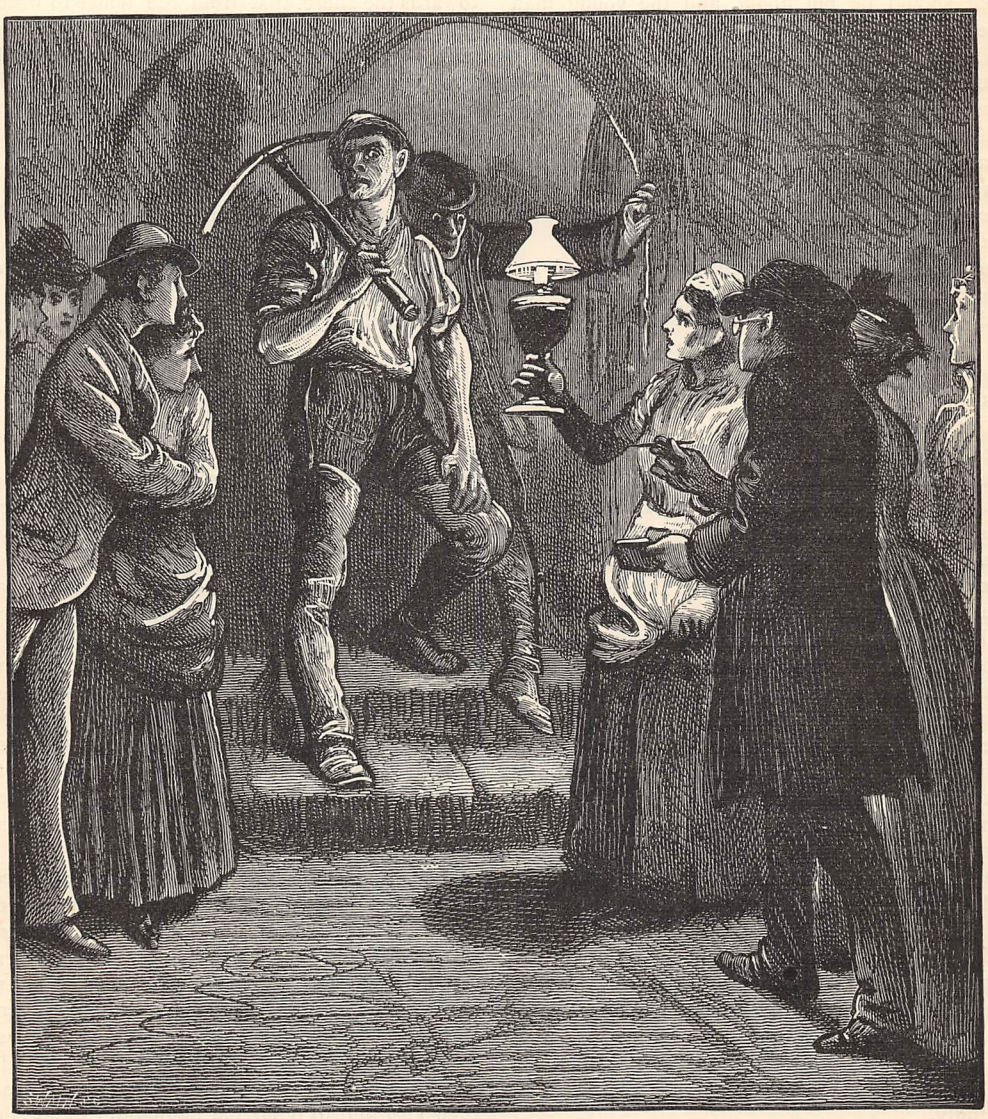
The elaborate luncheon which Mrs. Perriam had ordered at the Mitre Inn, Shelving Cove, was partaken of shortly after the arrival there. Then the party walked down to the beach, some half-mile distant, and embarked in a couple of tolerably large sailing-boats, which were awaiting their convenience. The sea was calm and smooth, its blue expanse broken only here and there by tiny breakers, and yet there was a sufficiently steady breeze. One of the boats—the first to take its freight of passengers—was soon standing well out of the little bay. The second boat was detained for a short space by some slight mischance which had occurred with the rigging, and when it followed, the other had got considerably ahead.

Besides the Goblin Rocks, which were chiefly remarkable on account of their curious configuration, and the sharp abruptness wherewith they rose out of the quite deep water which surrounded them, it was intended to sail past a certain cliff, rising perpendicularly from the shore, not far beyond the rocks in the same direction. Part-way up this cliff, which exhibited peculiarly twisted and contorted strata, there existed a large cave, which cave it was only possible to get at in abnormally high tides, when the sea, which each day washed the foot of the cliff, would rise almost to its entrance. The cave was said to have been formerly used as a store-house by smugglers, who must have raised their illicit goods to it by means of ropes; and there was a tradition that this outer cave was connected by a small opening, through which a man could barely crawl, with other caverns burrowing far into the heart of the cliff. None of the three stolid fishermen, however, who manned the second boat, had ever, so they confessed, had the curiosity to explore the succession of caverns, nor did they know of any one in the neighbourhood who had.

It was only possible to land on the Goblin Rocks at low tide, but at this hour, as it happened, the tide was low, and so it was determined by the party in the second boat (the first boat had now passed the rocks, and appeared to be holding on its way towards the

cliffs) to land, in order that the ladies might sit on "The Goblin's Chair," a natural seat scooped out by the action of the water.

Victor McNicoll, who was of the division in this boat, as likewise were Hester Courteney, Charlie Nunnerley, Idalia, and Peleus Bretherton, was the first to step out of it, and so to secure the privilege of helping the ladies to alight. And as the fragment of projecting rock on which he stood was covered with wet and slippery sea-weed, Victor was almost obliged to lift the ladies over it. This he did with perfect composure until it came to the turn of the last lady. Then, strange to say, his pulses quickened, and his arms unaccountably trembled as he lifted Idalia into her place. Scarcely had he set her down, before a simultaneous exclamation, in varying tones of alarm, broke upon his startled ear. Turning to learn the cause, Victor saw his cousin, Charlie Nunnerley, struggling in the water. Idalia, it afterwards appeared, had managed somehow, when rising to leave the boat, to let her sunshade slip into the water, and Charlie, stooping to secure it, had overbalanced himself and fallen in. The sea, as has already been stated, was very deep at even a few feet from the rocks, and Nunnerley, a born and bred Londoner, could not swim. After sinking twice, however, he succeeded in clutching at the oar which the boatmen extended



"THEIR EGRESS WAS BARRED BY TWO MEN, WHO STOOD IN THE DOORWAY" (*p.* 268).

to him, and was presently drawn to land, dripping wet, but otherwise none the worse for his immersion.

When the hubbub naturally occasioned by this catastrophe had a little subsided, it was suggested by several voices at once (no one noticed that the first suggestion came from Miss Hester Courteney) that the boat should be put about, and the young man conveyed back to the inn as speedily as possible.

"He looks amazingly like a drowned rat, doesn't he?" subjoined one of the party. "And how your teeth are chattering, Nunnerley! Get up and shake yourself, man! Do you feel cold?"

Nunnerley tried to laugh, but his face was very pale and his limbs trembled. "I do rather," he answered, "and just a trifle nervous too, for I feel as though I had had a squeak for it."

"Nonsense!" returned the gentleman who had before spoken. "Some of us would have fished you out easily enough if you hadn't caught the oar. There was no danger. The only danger lies in your taking cold now."

"Yes; it would be well if he could change his clothes at once," put in Victor McNicoll. "Is there no place near, boatmen, where you could land us, and where we could find a house?"

"There is a house amongst those trees there, to the right," said Idalia, touching Victor's arm, and pointing towards the shore. "Don't you see the chimneys and the smoke?"

With the exception of one terrified ejaculation, which had broken from her as she had seen Charlie sink for the second time beneath the waves, Miss Bretherton had not before uttered a word. Had her companions, however, not been too preoccupied to observe her, they might have seen that her silence throughout the event which had just occurred had not arisen from indifference as to its issue.

Victor did, when she indicated them, see the chimneys.

"Yes, certainly; that must be a house," he agreed. "Couldn't you put the gentleman down opposite to it?"

The boatman addressed rubbed his grizzled chin.

"Why, sir, un'll take no harm fro' salt water," he returned, a little contemptuously. "Not if 'a wouldn't didder so. But do 'ee think, Jim, as we could put in at Red Creek?"

Jim hitched up his pantaloons, and expectorated thoughtfully.

"Ay, I dare say we might," he responded. "But they Coles are such a surly lot—both father and son of 'em. I doubt if they'd oblige the gentleman with dry things."

"Oh, 'twill be all right, that, if they offer some pay," protested his mate." "Step in, ladies, if you please, and we'll run you ashore in five minutes or so. *You'd* better sit in the bow, sir, so as you won't wet the young women's gownds."

Nunnerley, however, who had by this time recovered his self-possession, professed to remonstrate against this change of plan. He laughed at the accident now, and tried to make light of it. He should be all right, he declared, until they got back to the hotel, and he would much prefer that his friends should go on to view the cavern and finish the sail as previously intended.

But his opposition, as he expected, was not listened to. And having learned, as the boat sped on its way towards the shore, that from the house to which they were bound a walk of only one mile, by a short cut across some fields, would take them to the "Mitre" Inn, the whole party decided to land, and sending the boat away, walk back with the young artist when he had obtained a change of raiment.

"Now, keep straight along this here foot-path," observed Mr. Jim, who had landed to give these directions, "and 'twill bring ye to the front of the house. And doant 'ee mind, sir," he appended to Charlie, "if Peter Cole do be a bit gruffish at first. The colour of your brass 'll soon set him right. He's a chap as 'll do aught, right or wrong, for money."

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

AN EVIL PLACE.

ACCOMPANIED by Peleus Bretherton and his cousin Victor, Charlie hurried on in advance, and the three young men soon reached the house for which they were bound. It was an ancient building of grey stone, which had evidently seen better days. Although now a farm, it had probably once ranked as a country gentleman's seat. There were two gables, one at either end of the house; the roof was red-tiled, the windows heavily mullioned and latticed, and the whole place weathered by the rains and storms of over three hundred years. The situation was very solitary. Surrounded by a neglected-looking orchard, the house nestled at the foot of a grassy slope leading up to cliffs which descended in a sheer precipice to the sea—the same cliffs wherein were situated those caverns above referred to.

A massive stone porch guarded the entrance-door. On the latter, seeing no knocker, Victor proceeded to rap with his knuckles. His summons was answered, not by the "gruffish" Peter Cole, or any other man, but by a woman. A very clean and comely woman she was, too, with a face which nature had intended to look smooth and contented, but which circumstances had conspired to mark with lines of trouble and care.

The gentlemen hastened to explain the occasion of their visit and to point out Nunnerley's condition and requirements. But, for several minutes, the woman hesitated, nervously twisting the corner of her apron and muttering something about her "man" not being at home. Finally, however, she appeared to make up her mind to act as her sympathies prompted. Inviting the young men in, she led them across a large sanded kitchen (Charlie's dripping raiment leaving a trail behind as he followed), and ushered them into a bedroom opening out of it on the ground floor. Then, producing a suit of clothes belonging, so she announced, to her husband's son and her own step-son, she left them and hurried back to the door, where the rest of the party from the boat had now arrived

Among the party was a gentleman who was somewhat given to antiquarian pursuits—a Mr. Dunn. To his great delight, this gentleman had succeeded in making out the figures 1520, engraved on the stone above the low porch, and when admitted to the "house-place," he began to examine, with keen appreciation, the unusual thickness of the walls, as evidenced by the deep recesses of the latticed windows and chimney corners.

"Yea, sure, sir, they be thick enough, and 'tis an old house, as you say," assented the mistress. "There be a many ins and outs to it, and odd corners and cupboards, and such-like. But the queerest place, 'tis where that skeleton was found, a year back. You'll have heard tell about it, maybe?"

There was a general disclaimer as to any information upon the point.

"Why, 'twas in all the newspapers at the time!" resumed Mrs. Cole. "And mighty vexed my man and his son Will was at the bother and fuss that was made over it. But, luckily, it have all died out now. And so none of you remembers reading naught about it in the papers?"

None of them did; but some curiosity was expressed to hear about it now.

"Well, let's see." (Mrs. Cole was evidently not averse from telling the tale. By nature she was a garrulous woman, though practice in the art of conversation was seldom allowed her.) "'Twill be, as I was saying, over a year ago when, one day, Will Cole was pottering about some joiner-work in the cellar, and chanced to knock a brick out of one of the walls. Behind the brick he noticed that there was some black wood, and when he tapped on it with his hammer it sounded holler. So he set to and pulled down more bricks, and then he found that it was a door that had been made up. And after a good bit of trouble, him and his father got it open. The locks and hinges, you see, was rusty, for the door had been shut up a hundred years, or nobody knows how much longer."

"Dear me, how very mysterious!" observed Miss Courteney, a little incredulously. "And then you came upon a skeleton behind the door? I suppose the house had been haunted previously by a ghost?"

"Nay, miss, I don't believe in ghosts. And the skeleton 'twasn't behind the door—leastways, I mean, not just behind it. There was a longish passage first, that widened out at the end into a little room, if you can call it a room, scooped out of the solid rock. The floor of it was spread with a kind of matting made out of plaited rushes, and there was a wooden stool and a brown jug, and a narrow bedstead in one corner. 'Twas on the bed the man was found—for the doctors said it was a man's skeleton."

"But how had it come there?" demanded one of her listeners.

"Lor bless you, sir, nobody knows! But from the look of the bones, they said it might have lain there a hundred and fifty years, or more. There was a deal of rumpus made over it, to be sure; and all the folks far and near was questioned as to whether they recollected any old tales—tales of their father's or grandfather's—about any one being lost, or a-missing."

"And did anything come to light?"

"Well, no; nothing to build upon for certain. Only an old cobbler in the village, he said he remembered his father telling of a revenue officer who had come to Shelving Cove when he was a boy. to try and catch a gang of smugglers that was known to be about. And this man, he said, went out one evening as it was coming on dusk, quite alone. in a small boat. And next morning the boat came ashore with the tide, right side up, but empty, and the man was never seen nor heard of again. But no one else seems to remember naught about it; and old Carey, the cobbler, he be nigh upon ninety, and getting a bit silly, so they didn't think much of his story. And now the business 'tis all quieted over, as you may say. But 'twas a skeery thing to find in a body's house, wasn't it?"

"Not very pleasant, certainly," rejoined Mr. Dunn, the antiquarian. "Evidently there had been foul play in regard to the man, whoever he may have been. For my part, I should be inclined to attach some importance to the cobbler's tale. From your description, I should fancy that vault, or cellar, may have been a secret hiding-place for smuggled goods, and if the revenue officer had got entrapped there, he would naturally have been kept a life-long prisoner. But you might let us look at the place, will you?"

The woman shook her head. "Nay, sir, I don't know as I dare," she replied. "Peter, he said I was never, on no account, to let any one down again. There was such a lot of folks at first, you see, wanting to examine the place, and he hated having his house made into a common show-place. Howsomever, he beant in, and——" She broke off, and began twisting again at the corner of her apron, in apparent indecision of mind.

There only needed, it was plain, a little pressing, and that pressing was supplied. "Your husband won't mind, I'm sure," added Mr. Dunn, "and if he does, we'll make matters all right with him," suggestively drawing out his purse.

As had been foreseen, Mrs. Cole yielded. "Well, there haven't been no one down to see it this ten month past, so maybe he wouldn't be angered now, and I'll venture. Not that there's much to see, though, when you do get down," she subjoined, "for the bed have been took away, and the rush-matting and everything. But wait while I fetch a lamp, for 'tis dark in the cellars."

Leaving the kitchen in search of what she required, the good woman passed into some neighbouring back premises, and almost at the same moment Charlie Nunnerley and his companions emerged from the bedroom. The former was attired in a suit of clothes of rough cut and texture, enormously too large for him. The effect was somewhat grotesque, and a burst of laughter greeted his appearance. Nunnerley joined in the laugh, but his rising colour betrayed the annoyance which he was privately suffering. Always very particular about his dress, and vain as any young girl of his

personal appearance, the artist felt it a positive pain to be obliged thus to appear before the ladies with his shapely figure disguised in huge inelegant garments. A little morosely, when Mrs. Cole re-appeared with her lamp, he declined to accompany the expedition below stairs. The rest, however, followed, and were presently ushered by their guide into the secret place where, beyond doubt, some mysterious cruelty had once been perpetrated. But, as she had asserted, there was not much now to see. A heavy door of black oak gave ingress to a narrow passage, leading to a small cellar, with a rough, vaulted roof. Walls, floor, and roof were apparently composed of solid rock, and there was no window or other means of ventilation.

Amongst the first to pass in were Idalia and Peleus Bretherton, and the latter presently drew the attention of his sister, who was leaning on his arm, to an iron staple fixed against one of the walls, from which depended a fragment of rotten rope, remarking as he did so, that it was very probable that by it the long-dead prisoner had been confined.

Idalia made no reply, excepting by clinging more closely to his arm. Sensitive and imaginative by temperament, this dark, underground cavern was beginning to affect her with a strange horror. In a peculiarly vivid manner, it seemed to her that she could realise the lonely anguish and despair of that unknown man, who had been kept here to languish out his existence, or to whom, perchance, the place had been made a living tomb.

"Take me out, Peley," she begged, by-and-by, in a whisper. "This dreadful place oppresses me. I feel quite sick and faint."

Assenting, with the observation that it certainly was rather close and musty in smell, Mr. Percival hastened to pilot his sister through the little crowd which filled the vault. Before, however, they had gained the end of the passage, a sound of angry voices, speaking in a loud key, arrested their attention, and in another moment their egress was barred by two men, who appeared in the doorway. In the light which fell upon their faces from the distant lamp, both men looked singularly ill-favoured. The elder, who might be sixty years of age, was a spare, rather under-sized man, with iron-grey hair, and a sharp, acrimonious visage. The younger, whose countenance was even more forbidding in its expression of stolid brutality, was a tall, burly fellow of thirty. Over his shoulder this younger man carried a pick-axe, and Idalia noticed that the hand which grasped it was deformed by a loss of the middle finger.

Neither of the men moved aside to let Miss Bretherton pass; but the elder, Peter Cole (for, as may be guessed, they were the master of the house and his son), called over her head to know what his wife was doing with such a "ruck of people trespassing about in his premises." The rude inquiry was put in an irascible tone, and accompanied by an ugly imprecation.

To the strange, almost unaccountable dread already inspired by the place, there was now added in Idalia's mind a shrinking repugnance to—indeed, even a kind of alarm at—these two churlish, hang-dog-looking men.

Grasping her brother's elbow, she begged in a faint voice to be allowed to go by; and it was only when Percival—surprised at this unwonted exhibition, on her part, of nervous timidity—had conveyed her back to the upper air and the bright sanded kitchen, that Idalia was able to draw a breath of relief.

"My dear Miss Bretherton, you are ill!" exclaimed Charlie Nunnerley, hurrying forward, at sight of her, from the window recess where he had been seated, and forgetting all about his unbecoming habiliments. "You are quite pale! You are going to faint!"

Idalia shook her head in denial, and the colour—called up partly by the young man's evident distress and anxiety—rushed back to her cheeks.

"What *can* have possessed you, dear?" demanded her brother affectionately, leaning over the chair in which he had placed her. "You are not a chicken-hearted girl, generally, but you positively seemed frightened! Whatever was there to be alarmed at in a dark hole and a couple of bad-tempered men?"

"I don't know," Idalia answered very seriously—"but I do not think it was exactly fear; it was a sort of shuddering oppression that seemed to lay hold of me all at once. I felt as if I was in an evil place, and as though some vague horror was impending over me. I can't explain the sensation further; it came, I guess, somehow from thinking of the poor man who had been murdered there—for I feel sure it was a murder. But I shall be all right again directly," she added.

But Idalia was not all right again for the remainder of that day. An uncomfortable weight appeared to rest upon her spirits, which she strove in vain to throw off. That subterranean dungeon, or vault, beneath the lonely farm-house, haunted her recollection in an inexplicable way, and with a curiously depressing influence. Are there more things in the way of premonitions, instincts of ill, shadows of coming events, &c., than are dreamt of in our philosophy?

Meanwhile, matters having been explained to Mr. Peter Cole, and his resentment against the intrusion of the visitors softened by a liberal subscription of silver, the latter had been permitted to leave the house without the disturbance which had at first seemed imminent.

Still, the amiable man made a great ado about "a chap's home being his castle," no matter whether it "might be a hut or a palace," and he had savagely threatened to break his wife's head if ever he found her "making a show-place" of the house again.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

THE TRAVEL-TALK OF A SERJEANT-AT-LAW.

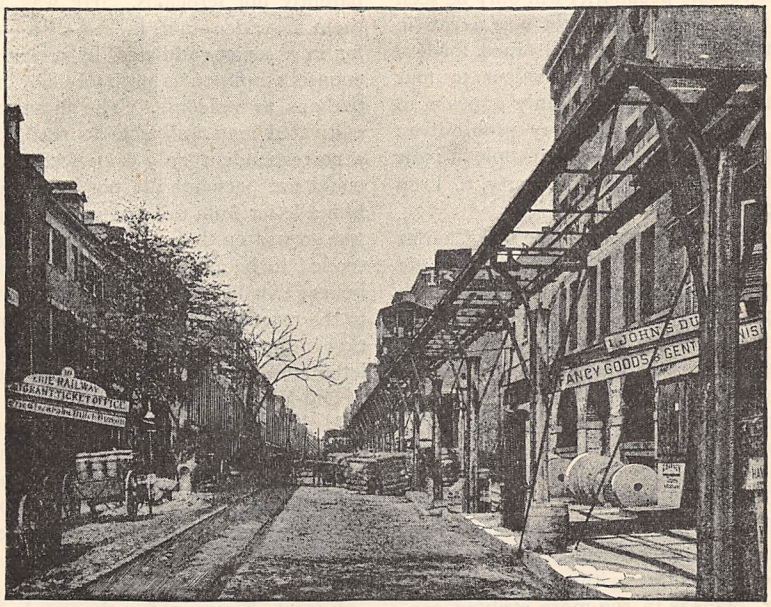
R. SERJEANT BALLANTINE is one of the numerous great men who have lately been patriotic enough to cross the Atlantic with the object of letting the Americans see with their own eyes what old England is still capable of producing. These distinguished persons are much to be envied by humbler travellers : they come, they see, and, to the credit of America be it said, they conquer ; while they are away long enough to give their neglected country an excellent opportunity of discovering their true worth by their absence. Humbler folk have, however, some compensations in their insignificance ; if they do not see so much of their neighbours' affairs, they are at least left in sole possession of their own.

It must be rather oppressive to devote one's first hour on American soil, as Mr. Ballantine devoted his, to the satisfaction of an "interviewer;" and it has to be added that this first hour was by no means the last which he spent in such company. Mr. Ballantine, however, does not very much dislike being interviewed, though he seems sometimes to have suffered from the modest apprehension that the reporter might be finding it rather dull. But reporters, apparently, are easily amused : certainly, they do not bore themselves by too strict an attention. Mr. Ballantine found them very inaccurate, but on the other hand almost always good-natured. Only once did he meet a disagreeable interviewer. This was a wretch who not only asked him "silly, meaningless questions," but falsely reported him to be a hunchback! Mr. Ballantine, however, has now made things even, by comparing the reporter himself to Quilp.

Mr. Ballantine, unfortunately for himself, lacks some of the qualities which go to the making of a great traveller. Great travellers, so long as they are moving onwards, do not care whether they walk or sledge, or ride bullocks ; also, they are prepared to eat anything that comes in their way, or, if nothing comes in their way, to eat nothing. Mr. Ballantine, on the other hand, has the strongest prejudice in favour of well-cooked food, while he considers the unavoidable journey a very disagreeable part of travelling abroad. He was so unhappy on board ship that it is rather unreasonable of him to lament the sailing vessels of his youth. On one of these he would have suffered still more.

It was certainly hard on him that his homeward passage should have taken him eleven days, though made in the famous steamer *Arizona*. But he found even this tolerable after his long journeys on American railways, of which he writes with an amusing horror. And his troubles did not always end with his journeys. He does, indeed, admit that the sleeping arrangements in American hotels are usually excellent ; but this redeeming quality does not prevent him from remarking sadly that their cookery is no better than the cookery of other hotels all over the world ; that is to say, it is, to the true critic, a deplorable failure.

Mr. Ballantine never came near to quarrelling with



THE NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. J. Frith and Son, Reigate.)

any American except once, and that was because, in an unguarded moment, he had said that Americans cannot cook turtle. Now that he is safe on this side of the Atlantic, he repeats this serious charge, which, however, does not prevent him from owning that the Americans are, on the whole, an estimable people.

In connection with the interesting topic of cookery it must be mentioned that Mr. Ballantine, though little given to padding his work with descriptions of scenery, is entitled to the rare praise of having said something really original about Niagara. His first and almost his only remark on this famous scene is that here, for a wonder, he really got "one decent dinner!"

For journeys of a reasonable length, Mr. Ballantine seems to have been better pleased with American arrangements. The New York overhead railway must be much pleasanter to travel by than London's horrible tunnels underground, and not much more uncomfortable to the people who walk the streets. Mr. Ballantine has a high opinion of New York omnibus conductors, and remarks that, however full an omnibus may appear, it is never known to refuse a fare; there is always room for one passenger more. The full importance of this agreeable peculiarity will only be seen when it is mentioned that you cannot hire a cab in New York, no matter how short the distance, for less than a dollar. As a dollar is equivalent to four shillings of our money, the tariff certainly appears, to English notions, rather high, not to say prohibitive: possibly many unassuming and humble people in New York may be driven, through sheer poverty, to keep their own carriage!

We learn from Mr. Ballantine that the late Charles Reade, though a very clever man, could not be made to understand "that law did not always accord with justice." Perhaps the lynch law of the Western States is, in this respect, an advance on the older system. Mr. Ballantine was much struck with the spectacle of this wild justice existing side by side with the order and gravity of the regular American courts. In one column of a newspaper, he says, you read of some solemn and impressive trial, after the fashion of Westminster Hall; in the next, of some rather informal proceedings in another part of the same country, where an offender has been detected, arrested, tried, and hanged to the nearest tree, within the space of a few brief minutes. This is in the more striking contrast to the authorised process, because an American criminal under sentence of death is not executed for several months after his condemnation, during which time he is apparently allowed to live with every comfort, and some measure of liberty—a system which excites Mr. Ballantine's warmest approval.

While the Americans received Serjeant Ballantine with honour, and even, as has been seen, sent reporters to describe his person, it may be doubted whether there is a single American lawyer whose name is familiar to the English public. One very fine specimen Mr. Ballantine describes who, at the age of ninety-nine, was "still an active practising lawyer." Is this gentleman still alive? If so, he has, by this time, certainly completed his hundredth year, and perhaps begun to think of retiring from practice.

Mr. Ballantine, who has seen an English judge in a moment of leisure singing a comic song called "The Dog and the Duck," is, of course, too experienced a person to believe that anything more than mere mortal wisdom reposes under a judge's wig. He therefore found no difficulty in believing that American judges are as good as ours, though they are generally elected by the public vote, and, as it seems, do not wear wigs. Still, his English readers will perhaps be a little scandalised at the latter revelation.

Mr. Ballantine covered a good deal of ground in America, travelling westward as far as the Salt Lake, where, as everywhere else, he found old acquaintances and very pleasant new friends, and where he "remembers with gratitude one good meal." Here he came into contact with some of the wilder representatives of American civilisation, and was, on one occasion, warned not to venture into the streets, as there would be a large irruption of miners from some neighbouring works. Mr. Ballantine, however, was not to be daunted. He wandered about among the miners and found them a race of giants, but apparently not ferocious. He was able to do one of them a service—not, indeed, of a professional kind—for in a society addicted by preference to lynch law, counsel's opinion is probably not much valued—but perhaps as welcome. The miner, though himself a cultivated man well able to read, had, unfortunately, a correspondent only imperfectly able to write, and could not persuade the post-office authorities to give him a letter from this untutored friend, as the address was so written that no one but the miner himself pretended to be able to read it, and nobody else would believe that he could. Mr. Ballantine, however, came to the rescue, and successfully deciphered the inscription in the same sense as the miner, who received his letter and, it is to be hoped, a favourable impression of Old-World culture therewith.

Mr. Ballantine seems to regret, not without wonder, that though he certainly once did dine at the famous Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, he has totally forgotten what he had for dinner. Most of us, perhaps, would be surprised at ourselves if we recollected such a thing, but in Mr. Ballantine's case the lapse of memory is probably a blessing.

Except, however, for the meals and the railway carriages, Mr. Ballantine had a "good time" in America. In every corner of the New World that he visited, he seems to have encountered old friends, some of whom, it is true, he did not recollect to have seen before; but in his case this is, perhaps, not surprising. He might have defended them from charges which, after long lapse of time, they thought it unnecessary to recall to his mind. Mr. Ballantine liked the Americans, and it seems probable, though he is too modest to say so, that they liked him. At any rate, they seemed ready enough to like England and the English. When he visited the New York Stock Exchange, a crowd gathered round him and sang "God save the Queen."

Sleep, Little Baby.

(SLUMBER-SONG.)

Words by GEORGE WEATHERLY. *Music by* BERTHOLD TOURS.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Andantino tranquillo.

p *Sostenuto.*

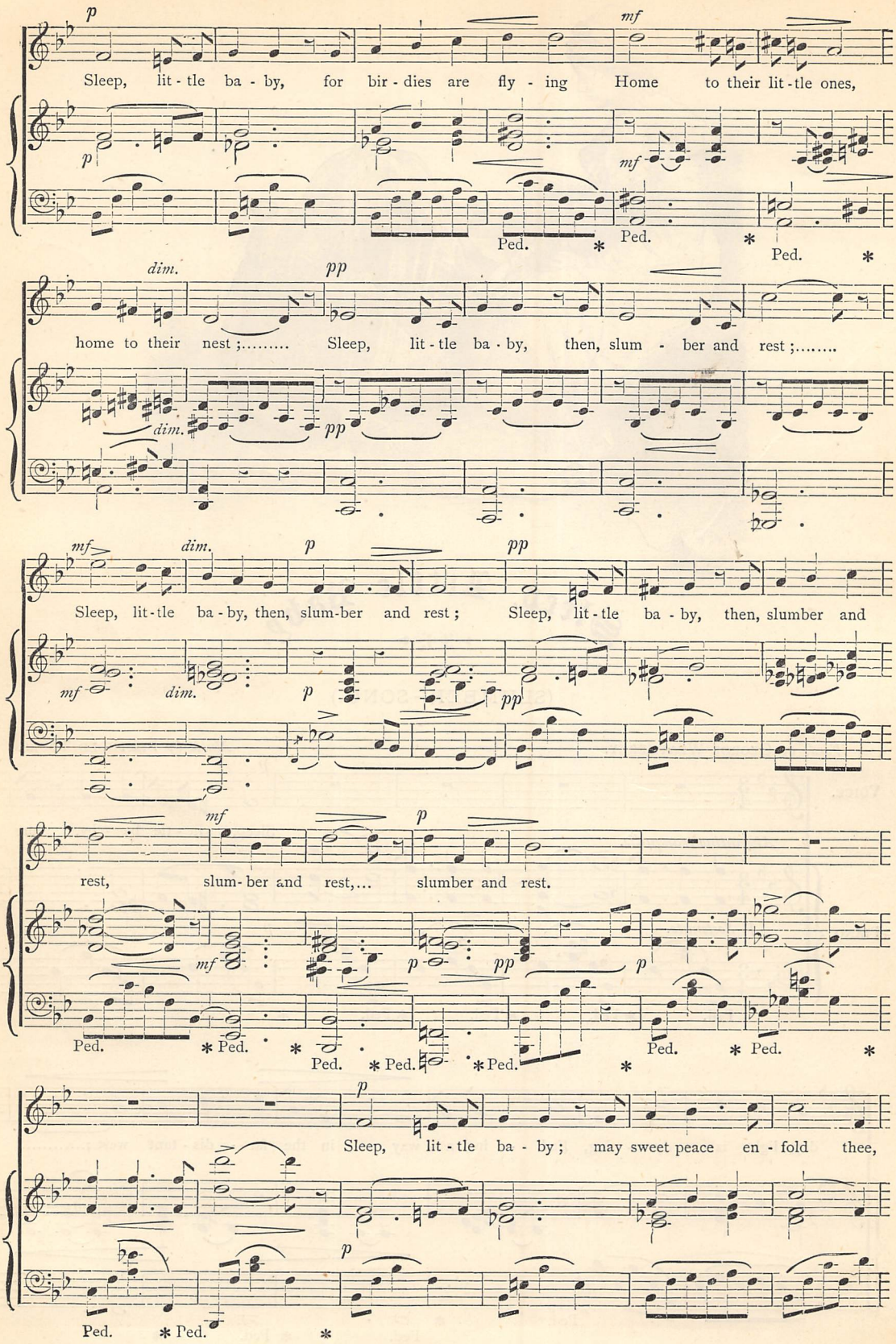
p

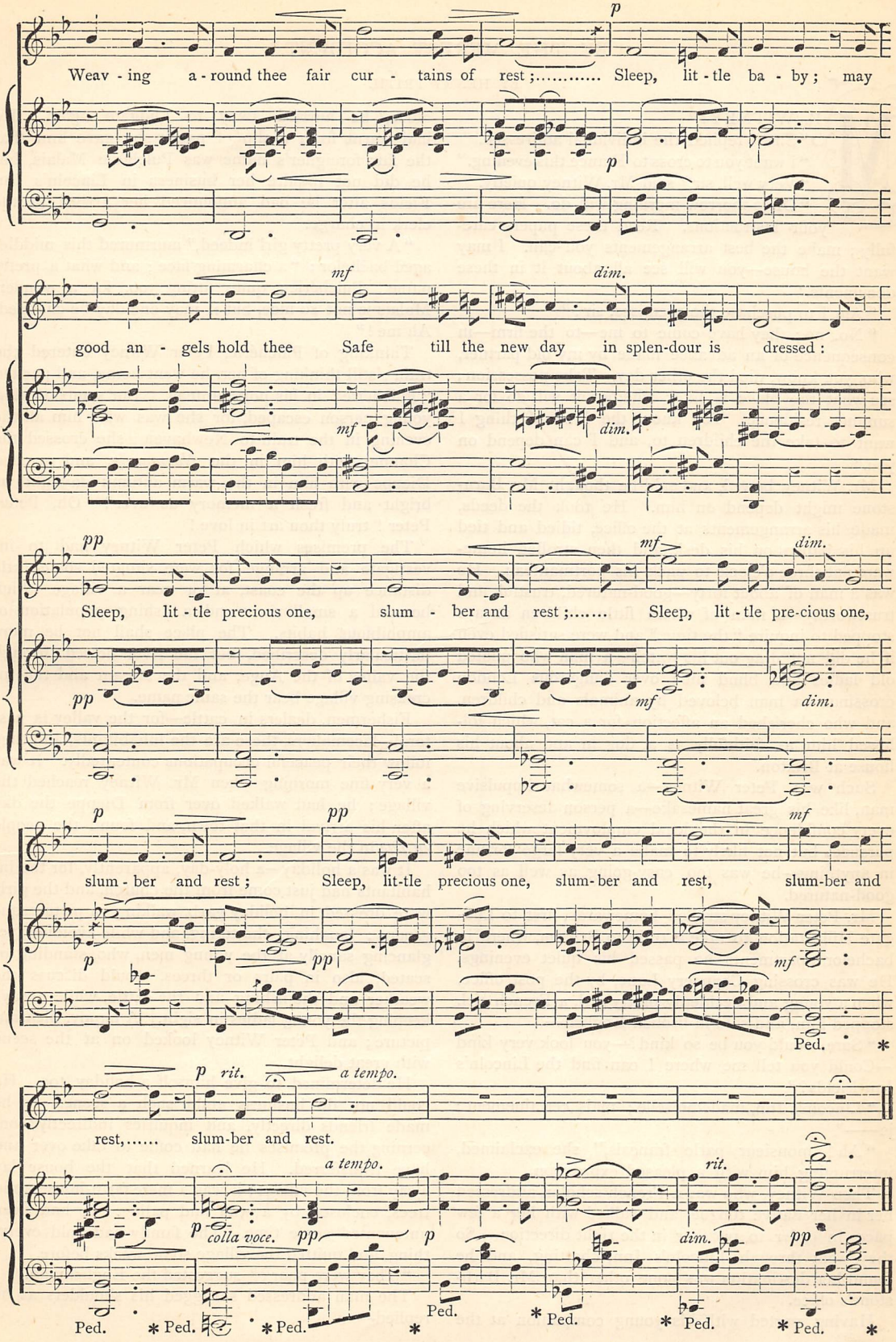
Sleep, lit - tle ba - by, for

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

day - light is dy - ing, Fad - ing a - way in the far - dis - tant west ;.....

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


p
mf
Sleep, lit - tle ba - by, for bir - dies are fly - ing Home to their lit - tle ones,
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
dim.
pp
home to their nest ;..... Sleep, lit - tle ba - by, then, slum - ber and rest ;.....
mf
dim.
p
pp
Sleep, lit - tle ba - by, then, slum-ber and rest ; Sleep, lit - tle ba - by, then, slumber and
mf
p
rest, slum- ber and rest,... slumber and rest.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Sleep, lit - tle ba - by ; may sweet peace en - fold thee,
Ped. * Ped. *


Weav - ing a - round thee fair cur - tains of rest ;..... Sleep, lit - tle ba - by ; may
good an - gels hold thee Safe till the new day in splen-dour is dressed :
Sleep, lit - tle precious one, slum - ber and rest ;..... Sleep, lit - tle pre-cious one,
slum - ber and rest ; Sleep, lit-tle precious one, slum-ber and rest, slum-ber and
rest,..... slum-ber and rest.
p
mf
dim.
pp
rit.
a tempo.
colla voce.
Ped.

"BY THE MEREST ACCIDENT."

BY HENRY FRITH.

MR. WITNEY?"

"Sir?" replied the individual addressed.

"I want you to cross to France this evening."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Witney quietly.

"Or to-morrow morning will do. Here are your instructions. Read these papers carefully; make the best arrangements you can. I may want the house—you will see all about it in these documents."

"Am I to purchase the premises, sir?"

"No, no; they have come to me—to the firm—in consequence of an advance made by my old partner, who, you know, died the other day. Take possession; see what the place is like: whether it will do for a summer residence. You know the kind of thing I want to take the children to, and I can depend on you."

Mr. Witney bowed, and said he thought Mr. Barnstone might depend on him. He took the deeds, made his arrangements at the office, tidied and tied up his papers on his desk, and then strolled homewards at three o'clock to pack his portmanteau. He was a man of about forty—good-natured, trustful, and trustworthy—a man of whom little children always stopped to inquire "the time," and were satisfied even if he did not drag out his watch—a man who piloted old ladies and blind men over dangerous London crossings—a man beloved by animals and children, and who cherished an affection for a cat, which followed him as faithfully as a dog in and about his house at Brixton.

Such was Peter Witney—a somewhat impulsive man, like his great namesake—a person deserving of every confidence in the legal employment which he pursued, but not likely to make a very large fortune in anything—he was too easy-going as well as too good-natured.

Mr. Peter Witney strolled homewards, first to Ludgate Hill Station to take a train to Brixton, where in bachelor apartments he passed his quiet evenings. He was crossing Chancery Lane, by the post office, when a young and decidedly pretty girl, a French girl, stopped him, and said in broken English—

"Sare, would you be so kind?—you look very kind—Could you tell me where I can find the Lincoln's Inn Fields?"

"Lincoln's Inn, mademoiselle; mais certainement; je——"

"Ah! monsieur parle français," she exclaimed, interrupting him with a pleased expression.

Then Witney, who was a French scholar, addressed her in her native tongue, and walked with her a few paces in order to put her in the right direction. So they went through Lincoln's Inn, chatting, and he found her destination was none other than Mr. Barnstone's office.

Having parted with his young companion at the office, he hurried away to Ludgate again. He had learnt from a slip of paper she gave him that the fair foreigner's name was Pulchérie Malais, but he did not inquire her business in Lincoln's Inn Fields after he had announced her arrival to the clerk in charge.

"A very pretty girl indeed," murmured this middle-aged bachelor; "a charming face; and what a pretty name! Pulchérie: quite fitting too, for a wonder. Malais is not so nice, but it may one day be changed. Ah me!"

Thinking of Pulchérie, Peter Witney entered the train; still thinking of her, he went home, and packed "Pulchérie" in his portmanteau. But somehow that young person escaped, for she was with him all the evening in the train to Newhaven; she crossed the Channel with him in the *Normandy*, and reached Dieppe with him in the warm autumn daylight, as bright and fresh a memory as ever! Oh, Peter, Peter! truly thou art in love!

The premises which Peter Witney had to investigate and arrange for were situated some little distance up the coast, at or near a village which boasted a small river and a fishing population of amphibious habits. The place shall not be more particularly described, but the river flowed through the valley of the Ange, and the stream and the increasing village bear the same name.

Fishermen, dealers in cattle—for the valley is pastoral—lacemakers, these are the inhabitants, and they follow their peaceful occupations contentedly. It was a very fine morning when Mr. Witney reached the village; he had walked over from Dieppe the day after his arrival in that town, and found the people *en fête* in the village.

It was a holiday—a holy-day, apparently, for the inhabitants had just come from the church, and the girls were dressed in holiday garb, walking in picturesque groups: laughing, chattering, and while avoiding, yet glancing saucily at the young men, who, standing or seated, also in pairs or threes, would discuss the weather and the fishing and the cattle, while always keeping the young ladies in sight. A happy, pleasant picture; and Peter Witney looked on at the scene with great delight.

He determined to give himself a holiday, too. He could not do business amid such a scene. So he made friends directly, and inquiries indirectly concerning the premises he had come to take over and have transferred. He learned that the house lay away from the village; it was a mere farm-house amid trees, enclosed by a wall and paling. It had been untenanted some time. The family had sold everything, and quitted the village some weeks before.

"They were poor?" suggested the Englishman.

The man addressed shrugged his shoulders as he replied—

"Well, not entirely. The good man and his wife had died. His sister and their daughter lived in the house till the last harvest. The son was away in the army of Africa. Young M. Desmoulins, the miller's son, had paid much attention to the young lady, and had been repulsed by her. So, being the owner of the property, he had taken his revenge, and managed to frighten them away. Poor girl! He was a *mauvais sujet!*"

"But he had no right to do so," said Witney. "The house was mortgaged to an Englishman; he is dead now. It was handed over as security for advances to the young soldier's father."

"That is as may be. The house is closed up, the *affiches* of the sale are on the doors. It is desolate—empty."

"Is it far from here?"

"Well, no. A walk of perhaps half an hour or so will bring you there—amongst the trees yonder. You see those tall poplars, those to the eastward?"

Peter Witney nodded assent.

"Up there you will find the place; it stands above the road on your right hand; a little path leads up to the house. You cannot mistake it."

"Thank you, monsieur," replied Witney. "I think I will go and see it."

Peter Witney made his way towards the poplars, and passed them. He then plunged into a more wooded country, and the road tended south-east. Then he came to a gate and a path on the right, as indicated. He entered and ascended the path, passing in the direction whence he had come. But in a moment he recoiled in astonishment.

Seated on a ruined portion of a wall was a young soldier, apparently on furlough. A small bundle lay beside him in the rank grass; a short stick was still hooked within it. The man's attitude exhibited the deepest dejection. His head rested, hatless, on his arm; his attitude, the limp and hanging right arm, the hidden face, the whole *pose* of the poor fellow, told a sad tale of disappointment. He had returned full of life and ardour to the place, perhaps his home, and found it deserted; the torn bills of the sale still flapping idly in the autumn wind which stirred his tangled locks.

Peter Witney, notwithstanding his very unromantic name and calling, was eminently sympathetic. Of course he had no business to be so, but Nature, though she may fit us for certain callings, does not deprive us of our better feelings. We may harden ourselves, and pride ourselves upon our sternness. But Peter didn't. Lawyer though he was, he was tender-hearted.

"Poor chap!" he mentally remarked; "he has found his home deserted. *Our* house, by the way. Ah! I shall gain some information here."

It was rather a contrast with the cheerful scene which the Englishman had just left by the shore. Here the solitude tended to sorrow and to love: to the pity which is born of sorrow, and akin to love. The setting sun threw its glory upon the tree-tops in the south-west, and the poor young soldier lay despairing, travel-stained, and overcome with grief, as the shadows crept slowly along the ground in sympathy.

The spectator after awhile advanced, and then paused. Again he advanced, and touched the young man, who arose with suddenness, angry at being disturbed.

He glanced at the Englishman, and turned round again without speaking.

"My friend," said Mr. Witney kindly, "can I assist you? You are ill, sorrowful; I may help you. Do you know this place?"

Know the place, indeed! Was he not a native of it? Had he not lived there until the conscription came, and when he was paid to take the place of another young man? The money was welcome.

So much the stranger managed to gather from the half-indignant remarks of the soldier, who at length yielded to the kindly influence the Englishman generally exercised. He sat up, this young Frenchman, and, after a few minutes, recovered his vivacity. He told how he had been treated.

"You went as a substitute, then?"

"Yes; my relatives were poor; the man had held out threats. I loved my sister—oh! where is she? Monsieur, we were not always poor; we held up our heads once. The Republicans brought our family down. We were for the old régime, we others, but I went. My poor sister promised for marriage by her enemy and mine. Oh, Pulchérie! ma belle sœur, ma pauvre petite!"

"Pulchérie your sister! Not Pulchérie Malais?"

"The same, monsieur. How could you know? You are English," said the astonished Frenchman.

"Yes; but I am also interested in this house and in her. An English firm owns the property; the rent has not been paid; the former owner, the Englishman, is dead; all is chaos; but your sister——"

"Yes, yes; tell me of her."

"She is in London—was in London a few days ago."

Then Peter Witney told the young man of his meeting with the young lady, and of his having escorted her to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Ah, yes! it is there her benefactor used to live. She has, no doubt, gone to him. Our aunt knew him well. He was a lawyer—un avocat!"

"What! an English solicitor? What was his name?"

"Bernardin — M. Jules Bernardin—he was our friend. He helped us; he assisted my father—my poor father—and lent him money on security. Then mon père, he died, and my mother already had passed to heaven. My sister and my aunt remained. Young M. Desmoulins assisted us, for he pretended to love Pulchérie, monsieur; and I, like a fool, went away and left her. His attentions aroused the fears of my aunt and sister. They wrote to me. I was in the south; I could not come. Then they found the wretch Desmoulins had a claim on them; he broke up their home. Oh, monsieur, I wish I had died!"

Peter Witney noticed that the young man felt very bitter against the young Desmoulins, and feared he would proceed to violence, so he said—

"Never mind; I can explain all. M. Bernardin is dead. Julius Bernardin was the partner in my patron's office. I have come to claim the property. I will manage M. Desmoulins. Leave him to me."

A sudden inspiration had seized the middle-aged bachelor lawyer. He had already a romance; he had developed into a romance, and Peter Witney was as eager as a boy.

* * * * *

"Then you do not think the place will suit me," said Mr. Barnstone, after talking the matter over. "It is dull, quiet, not near the sea. No; I will let it to some young couple who want to live and love alone. They may have it for a song. It's no use to me, and only a farm-house after all!"

"SHE AT ONCE GREETED PETER WITNEY" (*p.* 277).

would find Desmoulins and Pulchérie, and then—— So he persuaded the young soldier to return with him, and assume his civilian attire; to quit the army if he liked afterwards, but first to come to England and find Pulchérie and the kind aunt. After much parley, this was all agreed to.

Next day the lawyer called on M. Desmoulins: found him a bully and a *roué;* quelled him by stern threats of exposure in the tribunal and in the village, where he was hated. Finally, he succeeded in getting from him a quittance of all claims, and, with the French *avocat* who had accompanied him, took his leave.

In fifteen hours he was in London. The business

"May—I—have the—refusal, sir?" asked Peter timidly.

"You, Witney, *you?* are you going to be a Benedict, after all? Well, I *am* surprised. My good sir, certainly. You are a faithful, good fellow. Take it as a wedding present. It will cost me little, remember, and may do you good," he added hastily. "No thanks, please."

"Miss Mallys wants to see you, sir," said a lad at this juncture.

"Let her come up," said Mr. Barnstone. "My charming French client," he added; "you shall see her. She is connected with this very house—my tenant. Ah! here she is."

As he finished speaking, Mademoiselle Pulchérie entered with a little woman, whom she called "ma tante." She at once greeted Peter Witney, and in broken English and more voluble French explained to Mr. Barnstone and her aunt alternately how she had become acquainted with the "monsieur."

"Then *you* actually directed mademoiselle here?" said Mr. Barnstone. "If you had known, you might have saved yourself the journey. Have you any news of your nephew, madame?"

"Alas! no; he was in Africa, in the 144th of the line. He will come and find it desolate—our home. We must return, monsieur, to Dieppe. You have been an angel to us, indeed."

"Not a bit, madame, only doing my duty; in this instance a positive pleasure. Have you—pardon me—all necessaries for your journey?"

"Madame need take no journey to see her nephew," said Peter in French.

"How, monsieur? Is it possible—he is—he is dead?"

"No, madame: alive, well, and in London. He returned with me; I will bring you to him. I met him near the old home yonder."

Then Peter, in his plain but sympathetic way, told his story, and the ladies' eyes filled with tears of joy and happiness.

"Go," said Mr. Barnstone, wiping his spectacles. "Run away, good people; I am busy."

So they went and found Antoine, as had been promised, and after awhile the three returned to Dieppe. The following month, plain good Peter Witney again crossed the Channel, and spent three weeks in France near his new friends. Lo and behold! the year after the old farm-house was again inhabited: not by Antoine, who had gone away on promotion to a commission—an officer: not by the kind aunt, for she lay in the village churchyard: but by "M. and Madame Veetnee," as they were called, who had come for "their honeymoon."

So Peter Witney, the "old bachelor," met his fate—a charming wife and some fortune—in Pulchérie Malais—all, as some think, "by the merest accident," but you and I know better.

REFORM IN DIET AND COOKERY.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

IN the days of our forefathers, when it was a by no means unusual thing for an English baron, or even a Scottish laird or Highland chief, to roast an ox or calf on a high day or a holiday, reform in cookery was not so much called for as now. Anybody could dine off a roasted ox. Do not smile, please, and do not misunderstand me; I mean that all kinds and conditions of individuals could seat themselves at a table where roast ox was the *pièce de résistance*, with the absolute certainty of finding a portion to suit both teeth and taste. Desired they fat, or desired they lean, overdone or underdone, tender or otherwise, they would have but to express their wishes individually, and they would be served. And even on ordinary occasions, in olden times, the lesser *animalia*—capons, geese, turkeys, hares, the smaller deer, and lamb—were more frequently served whole than they are in our time. Anatomy was the carver's art, more than the cook's.

But these are the days of economy, of small joints and made dishes; and no small amount of skill, and some degree even of knowledge of chemistry, are needed to make them presentable, palatable, and digestible. Referring again to our "forebears," I do not think I am wrong in saying that, although their span of existence was as short, if not shorter than our own, their digestions were healthier and their nerves stronger. This may be accounted for by the facts that they lived more in the open air, took more exercise as a rule, and had less to worry them, the struggle for bare existence not being so fierce as it is in the nineteenth century. This is only another way of saying they were hardy, and, believe me, a hardy man can live well on almost anything. Your Norwegian sailor will live for weeks on potatoes boiled in their skins, bear's beef, and seal-flesh, with pork and junk as changes; the backwood trapper never complains of the toughness or unpalatableness of the wild animals he slays; the Arab subsists on rice and dates (to a large extent), and your Scottish ploughman of the Northern counties on oatmeal and milk. I have lived with all these, and can testify to the hardness of their muscles, the brightness of their eyes, and the durability of their teeth, all of which, mark me, point to purity and wholesomeness of blood. But where will you find muddier complexions, softer, flabbier muscularity, and dingier conjunctivæ than in New York, London, and Paris—and where, tell me, do dentists flourish better than in these cities?

I say it without much fear of contradiction, that a very large amount of the dyspepsia from which, as a nation, we suffer so much, is attributable to the bad cooking of the food that is placed on our tables. It matters little to my argument who the cook is—mistress or servant, wife, or daughter, or mother—there is the food, and—yonder is the dyspepsia.

And what evils are they, I wonder, that dyspepsia

will not give rise to or lead to? It would be easier far, methinks, to answer that question, than to recount all the diseases, the troubles and sorrows, that indigestion does induce.

And how is this to be altered? Where are we to look for reform in diet and cookery? The labour of reforming a nation's *cuisine* is one from which a Hercules might shrink. You and I, reader, may write on this subject till fingers cramp, back aches, and brain grows giddy; we may preach till we are hoarse and aphonic, and yet do no apparent good. But when we have retired disheartened from the arena, probably there will recur to us the old truism—example is better than precept; and we will forthwith proceed to effect some change for the better at our own fireside. For reform in diet and cookery, it seems to me, is like charity, in that it should begin at home.

The greatest foe that reform of this kind has to fight is fashion. And another enemy is tradition: ways and plans of cooking and serving meals have been handed down to us, and we are loth to give them up, even for those that our judgment tells us are better. As a rule, that has few exceptions, most people in the matter of eating just jog along day after day in the same old style, until perhaps some form of dyspepsia warns them that everything is not right in their method of living: that they either eat too much or drink too much—I'm not referring to stimulants—that the food is served in bad style or at wrong times of the day, that dinner and supper are too late, and that, in consequence, breakfast is a mere passover. It may be the liver that gives the first signal that mischief is brewing: it may be the brain, as evinced by irritability, nervousness, perturbed sleep, or want of sleep; it may be the stomach itself, as proved by slowness of digestion or acidity, or both; or it may be the blood, which is invariably poisoned and clogged by over-eating.

I have no doubt that this paper will be read by many who are suffering from some ill-defined trouble or ailment, with which they half suspect their mode of dieting has a good deal to do. I can tell such, with the greatest confidence, that reform in diet and cookery will cure nine out of every ten such cases, and relieve the tenth.

Let me, then, remind them of a few facts. I use the verb "remind" advisedly, because I would not presume even to hint at the possibility of their not already knowing all I am going to say.

FACTS ABOUT BREAKFAST.

This should be in one sense of the word a hearty meal. But do not misunderstand me: to eat in the morning to repletion seriously interferes with the duties or pleasures of the day. But breakfast should be hearty, so far as a good appetite is concerned. You are not in a state of perfect health if the fluids on the breakfast-table have more charms for you than the solids—if you look more lovingly on the tea than on the toast; and you are not in good health if you sit down languidly and cold-handed to breakfast. Hands, and heart, and brain, and all are warm in a healthy man at the morning meal; he is cheerful, bright, happy, and hopeful, and witty too, if he has any wit in him. He is, moreover, comfortably hungry. It will be a capital plan for a man such as this to begin the meal with a small plateful of good oatmeal porridge that has been boiled only a few minutes, and not into batter unfit even for fowls to eat. When, I wonder, will the unwholesome belief that porridge needs long boiling finally explode? Well, a few minutes' interval should take place between the eating of the porridge and anything else. Then the question should be what ought to come next. A morsel of good bacon, rolled and cooked, not over-crisp, done before the fire, *not in a pan*. A well-made and well-cooked sausage; a herring, kippered or hammed; a tender, tiny steak; a nice curry; a morsel of toothsome devilled beef; a broiled kidney; or a chop. Any of these, and a lightly-boiled egg to follow. How seldom we get good toast! Do not eat that stodgy stuff, damp in the centre, crisp only on the surface, and do not touch with your teeth toast that is brittle. Have it well made, scientifically made, or use wholemeal bread instead. The delightful Elia penned a most brilliant eulogy on roast sucking-pig, which, after all, is food fit only for ploughmen or sailors far at sea, and yet he died without singing the praises of toothsome toast.

Breakfast should not be a sloppy meal; the food eaten should be pretty solid, but easy of digestion—which no meat is that has not been kept long enough to be tender, but no longer—and well cooked. Tea, coffee, or cocoatina should not be taken until the meal is nearly finished.

I wish to take this opportunity of stating that it is my belief—and experience bears me out—that people drink far too much fluid with their meals. This is a triple error, for, first and foremost, the stomach cannot act on food deluged with fluid—the overplus must be got rid of, or absorbed, to begin with; secondly, too much fluid weakens the gastric juice, so the penalties of slow digestion are incurred; thirdly, too much fluid absorbed into the blood gives the kidneys extra work, and extra risk of becoming a prey to some of the many diseases to which these organs are liable.

FACTS ABOUT DINNER.

Luncheon is dinner nowadays, and dinner is nothing more nor less than a ridiculously heavy supper. If people who are beginning to suffer from dyspepsia would only believe what a comfort and happiness it would be to them, they would sit down to luncheon with the intention of making a dinner of it, no matter whether the dishes were cold or hot; they would eat enough, and no more; and they would have fruit with the meal, if fruit were to be had. Then, when the hour for the fashionable dinner arrived, they would take their places at table once more, this time with the determination to call the meal supper in their own minds, and not eat to repletion. There really is no reason why a person should not go through all the fashionable formalities of the dinner-table. None in the least; only if wise he will beware of mixing foods and mixing liquids: he will beware of

wines, and he will again beware of drinking too much fluid of any kind.

Soup and fish are badly borne by most dyspeptics. I mean in the latter part of the day. I do not see any objection to fish for breakfast, and neither do I see any reason why a basin of good soup should not form part of the matutinal meal. It would do far more good in most cases than tea, or even cocoa.

I suppose there are those who will not thank me for saying that there is far too much refinement or far too much Frenchification about the making of soups. I love an honest soup as much as I hate a doctored one. Seasoning, flavouring, and colouring do not assist digestion, and a *purée* is often more wholesome, and far more nutritious, than a clear soup, with or without its tiny morsels of floating vegetation. But, happily for the digestive organs of the community, soups nowadays are merely served to be trifled with; nobody would dream of sending his plate a second time to the tureen.

It is a pity that better and more honest soups are not to be had at large railway stations. A basin of any of the following, with stale bread, is often of more service in a nutritious point of view when travelling than a meal of vegetables and meat would be, especially as the quality of the beef or mutton is seldom, if ever, first-class at a restaurant:—Mulligatawny, ox-tail, hare, giblet, good gravy, kidney, lentil, pea, beef, or Scotch mutton broth. But at railway stations no soup should be eaten that is not beyond suspicion. *Example:* You pay one shilling for a bowl of soup, with bread, at a railway station; but if you find force-meat balls in the bowl, it would be better to pay some one else two shillings to eat the mess for you. I cannot say that railway fare is, on the whole, very appetising, and reform here is loudly called for. Hard-boiled eggs are good for canaries, the refreshment-room pork-pie and sausage-roll an emu might eat with relish; wise travellers avoid them, and give even sandwiches plenty of sea-room.

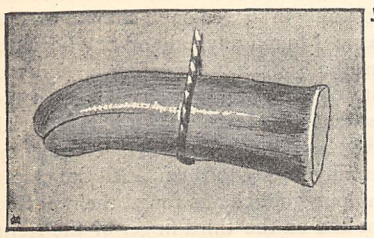
FACTS ABOUT MEAT.

Over-done beef or mutton is quite as indigestible as hard-boiled eggs; it should be well cooked to be healthful, but rather inclining to under-done. Roasting retains the juices of the meat; boiling does not, but the liquor in which meat has been boiled may be used as soup. Made dishes are not so wholesome or easily digested as joints, and if much flavouring or rich sauces be used they are bad indeed for the dyspeptic. Veal does not suit the dyspeptic well. The fat of beef is digestible, that of mutton less so, and that of game is apt to disagree. Much of the flavour of meat lies in the fat immediately beneath the skin.

A word about *vegetables*. The potato is king of them, but very seldom well cooked. Potatoes ought to be very well mashed, then stirred with a little milk till as white as snow and smooth withal. All green vegetables are better mashed, and they should be eaten separately, and not with the meat. They ought to form a dish, indeed, and might often take the place of soup with great advantage to the diner.

A PILGRIMAGE TO BUDDHA'S TOOTH.

BY WILLIAM TRANT.



THE TOOTH.

THE invitation to accompany the Prince of Wales from Colombo, the modern capital of Ceylon, to Kandy, its ancient capital, to see "Buddha's Tooth," reached me along with an intimation that punctuality must be the order of the day, as there was much to do and to see, and little time for the work.

I had looked forward to the pilgrimage to this celebrated shrine with very great interest, over and above that given to it by the presence of the illustrious personage to whom I was indebted for the privilege of forming one of the party. In the first place, there is a sort of mischief-joy in being permitted to see what is denied to most men. There are, too, the extraordinary adventures of the wonderful tooth, that have made it the most remarkable relic ever seen in the world, excepting, of course, the "invisible hair of the Virgin Mary"—which, by the way, being invisible, no one has seen—and the "shadow of Buddha," that, so far as I know, has been seen only by Fa Hian, the Chinese traveller.

Then, too, the sublime grandeur of the Buddha himself, seen dimly through misty ages in the glimmer of the world's dawn, draws one irresistibly to the grand reformer of the past. His mythical birth, his great sacrifices, his meditation in solitude for seven years, his profound sympathies, all lend attractiveness to everything and every incident associated with his name. Above all, his "exceeding great love," that prompted him to request, "Let all the sins that have been committed fall upon me, in order that the world may be delivered," places him in the first rank of men, especially as he pretended to no inspiration or personal contact with God.

Still further, the fact that out of the thousand millions of inhabitants which it is computed people this earth, no less than 450,000,000 are Buddhists—more than belong to any other religion—should attract one

to the shrine which contains all that is left of him, viz., his left upper canine tooth. It is an odd relic, and in this is in keeping with its owner's teachings.

The conception of Nirvana, a "blowing out," an "extinction," as perfect happiness, the reward of the just, is hardly satisfactory.* One would almost prefer that the "series of existences" in which the Buddhists believe should last for ever; for transmigration of souls is the Buddhist's purgatory, through which the soul must pass before being finally "blown out" for ever. It is funny to think that, according to this fantastic theory, your favourite mare may contain the soul of your great-great-grandmother, or that, in stroking a poodle, you may be caressing the Duke of Wellington.

"Atmaram," I once heard a young Buddhist say to his Hindoo friend, "when you die, would you rather your soul entered a horse or an ass?"

Atmaram replied, with some disdain, that of course he would prefer "the noble, the generous, the elegant animal called a horse."

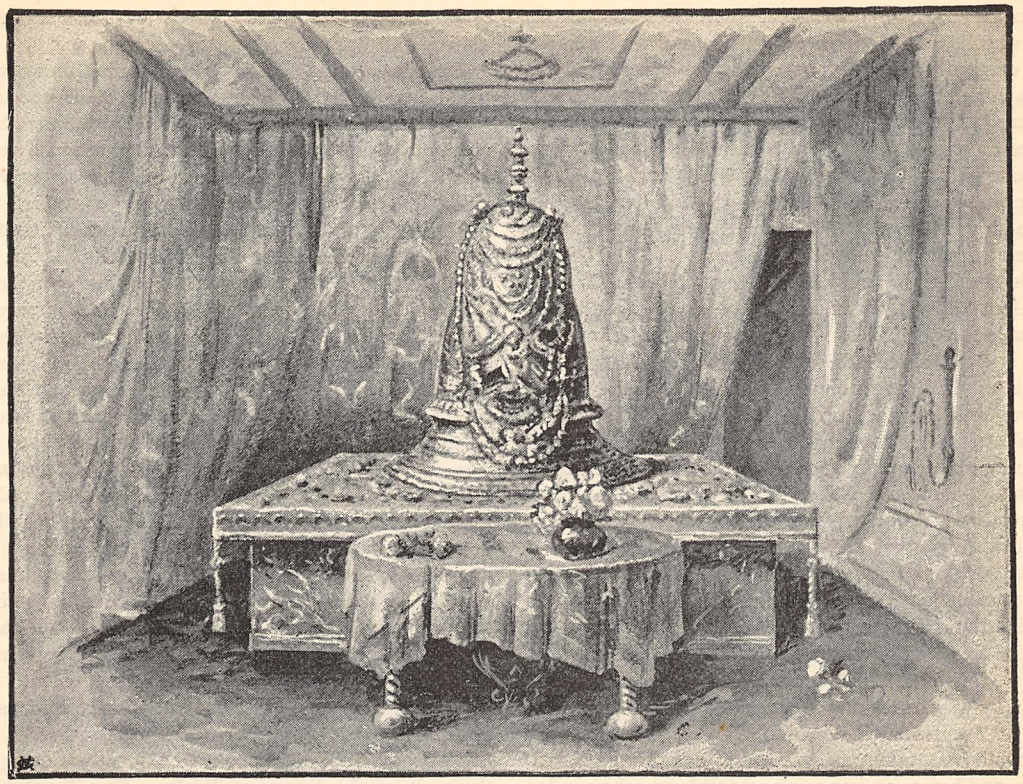
"Ah!" retorted the Buddhist, "I should prefer to enter an ass;" and on being pressed for his reason, added quietly, "Did you ever know a horse made a justice of the peace?"

THE DEWA NILLEME, OR PRINCIPAL KANDIAN CHIEF.
(*From a photograph.*)

* Some scholars state that Nirvana means an "exhaustion" without "destruction," the "close" of life, but not its "extinction." To me, however, these seem very subtle distinctions, and, plainly speaking, Nirvana signifies "annihilation."

In the circumstances above indicated it will readily be imagined that I was early astir on the morning of our departure from Colombo. Indeed, I was up and dressed long before my "boy" brought me my usual morning cup of tea, refreshing everywhere, but especially in Ceylon, where the tea is so good. "It is the best tea I have tasted anywhere, except in Moscow," the Prince was often heard to say.

After a railway journey up the mountains, through magnificent scenery, Kandy was reached, buried in the bosom of the hills, a mountain city, hill-engirdled, and seemingly so secure in its mountain retreat that there is no wonder it was for a long period the impregnable home of the Kandian kings. The next day was set apart for the visit to the Dalada Malgawa, or Palace of the Tooth. Amongst the crowd that thronged the hall were about fifty Ratemahatmeyas (literally, country gentlemen), or Kandian chiefs. These chiefs were peculiarly, though magnificently, dressed. On the head was a huge four-cornered cap, hat, or turban—for I really do not know by which name to call a head-covering resembling a large pin-cushion more than anything else. Some were of scarlet cloth, others of green, others of white, and all were richly embroidered with gold, and from the centre of each rose a plume surmounted by precious stones. The jacket, in keeping with the hat, is very short, and has short plaited sleeves, very full at the shoulders, and fastened with buttons of jewels. On the lower part of the body, over white trousers, which are tight at the ankle and terminated by a frill, a vast number of white muslin and gold-figured cloths are wrapped in cumbrous folds round the waist, being secured by a broad gold belt, profusely set with gems. The Dewa Nilleme, or principal chief (who is also head trustee of the property attached to the Tooth Temple), told me in excellent English that he had no less than three pieces of cloth wrapped round him, each piece being twenty-four yards long. He could give no explanation or reasons for such an accumulation of clothing in so tropical a climate except "custom," nor have I found anybody or any book to enlighten me on the subject. The Dewa Nilleme gave me portraits of himself and some of his companions, from which it is seen that their sartorial encumbrances give them an appearance of corpulency that does not naturally belong to them. All the chiefs wore in profusion long gold chains round their necks, and most of them had on the third finger of the right hand a ring, which had a circle of precious stones attached to it, so large that it extended across three fingers. In conversing with these chiefs, the Prince's good nature had to give way to a peculiar point of Kandian etiquette. His Royal Highness had presented the Dewa Nilleme with a diamond ring (specially valued, as the diamond is the one jewel not found in the isle of gems) and a gold medal, and was anxious to show similar marks of favour to the next in rank, when it was stated that there was no second chief, and after the Dewa Nilleme, none was before or after another. It would therefore have been difficult to select one to honour without arousing the jealousy of the others.



THE KARUNDUA, OR SHRINE OF THE TOOTH.

The "Palace of the Sacred Tooth" is a meagre erection to have such a dignified title. The building is small, has no pretensions to architecture, and is so dilapidated that the rain comes through the roof. The Wihara, or chamber in which the relic is kept, is a small room, about twelve feet square. At the entrance are two sentry-box-looking constructions with glass windows. These are lamps kept perpetually lighted, the flame not having been allowed to die out for many years. The sanctum is very splendid, the roof and walls being lined with gold brocade, and the frames of the door inlaid with carved ivory. The air is oppressive with the perfume of flowers and spices. Flowers especially are a favourite offering at Buddha's shrine, and are always present in great profusion. On one occasion no less than 6,480,320 flowers were counted at the shrine, and it is recorded that in the fifteenth century a royal devotee sent 100,000 flowers a day for a considerable time, and each day the flowers were of a different kind. The karundua, or vessel containing the tooth, stands covered on a table of massive silver, richly chased, in the midst of a profusion of valuable articles of jewellery, which are either relics or offerings. The most beautiful in the collection is a bird with wings spread. It is formed entirely of diamonds, rubies, blue sapphires, &c., set in gold, which is hid by a profusion of gems. While we were all admiring this magnificent offering, the priests or monks removed several folds of muslin from the karundua, and discovered a sort of dome of gilded silver, about five feet high, studded with a few gems. When this was removed, another was found underneath, made of beautifully carved gold. This was festooned with jewelled chains, and literally encrusted with all the glittering gems for which Ceylon is so celebrated—sapphires and emeralds of extraordinary size, cats'-eyes (much prized), rubies, amethysts, and pearls. Another similar covering, and still another, were taken off, when at last was reached a small case of gold, covered externally with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, in which, resting on the leaves of a gold lotus, was the tooth itself. The Prince was about to take up the relic when he was stopped by the Dewa Nilleme (who is associated with the priests as guardian of the tooth), and informed it was too sacred to be touched by human hands.

It was in the year 543 B.C. that Buddha died, and it is then that, to us, the legendary history of the tooth begins. When Buddha was cremated, his left upper canine tooth was, so the story goes, saved from the flames by one of his disciples. He delivered it to King Brahmadatta, in the city of Dantapoora, where it remained an object of veneration in the Temple of Juggernath (then a Buddhist foundation) for eight hundred years, when the Emperor of all Jambudorpa determined to destroy a relic and a religion that were shat-

tering Brahminism. He sent for the tooth, and it was taken with a grand procession away from the people, who watched its departure with weeping and wailing. The emperor ordered the relic to be burnt, and the ashes buried deep in the earth; but, spurning so dismal a home, the tooth re-appeared above the spot in the centre of a gold lotus flower that had grown up in a single night. It was then cast, by order of the emperor, into a deep and filthy pool, which at once became clear as crystal and covered with lotus flowers, on one of which the tooth was resting. It was afterwards decided to crush the relic to pieces. It was, therefore, placed on an anvil, but as the ponderous hammer descended the piece of bone sank into the iron, and remained safe and immovable; from which it afterwards disengaged itself in answer to the supplications and offerings of the Buddhists. These wonderful "miracles" seemed to satisfy the emperor that the relic was genuine, and it was therefore taken back to Dantapoora, and placed in the great temple there. Afterwards, in A.D. 309, a neighbouring monarch determined to possess the tooth, and marched on Dantapoora, but the king and queen (the Princess Kalinga) of that place escaped, the latter with the relic hid in her hair, and they safely reached Ceylon in the reign of Kirti-Sni-Meghawarma, in A.D. 311. For a long time the precious tooth had sundry adventures, was often the cause of wars, and was concealed in various places, until at last it settled down in Kandy. In A.D. 1560 the tooth was taken away from Kandy by the Portuguese, and before an imposing assemblage was pounded in a mortar at Goa by the archbishop of that city.

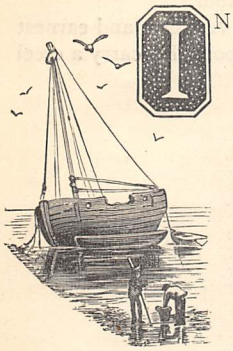
There can be no doubt that, as a matter of history—apart from the foregoing extravagant fable—the tooth, even if it were really genuine, was utterly destroyed. History is very precise on the subject, and informs us that the Kandians offered 400,000 cruzadoes, as well as alliance and services, and a promise to provision the Fort of Malacca whenever required, if only the relic were restored to them. This offer was made, not only on account of the veneration in which the tooth was held, but because it was regarded as a palladium—a belief that still exists, and which reconciles the Kandians to British rule, because our Government possessing one of the three keys to the Palace of the Tooth (the other two being held respectively by the Buddhist priests and the Dewa Nilleme), it is believed that justice and prosperity are with the great Queen across the waters. However, the Archbishop of Goa, to discourage idolatry, destroyed the tooth as related above, and threw the fragments into the sea.

Thus its actual history ends; not so, however, its traditional history. The priests derived too much revenue from the relic to allow it lightly to perish. It was soon given out that the sea had once again yielded up the lost treasure, and that it was duly preserved at Colombo, awaiting an opportunity to restore it to Kandy, which was not long in presenting itself. It soon became literally a bone of contention. In 1566 the King of Pegu was anxious to marry a certain princess, but his suit was not favourably received. Indeed, the king's chamberlain was diplomatist enough to bring that state of things about, and offered his own daughter to the king, adding as an inducement that he would give as her dowry the genuine tooth of Buddha, which he had kept secretly in his possession. The ruse succeeded. At this the King of Kandy was so wroth that he offered *his* daughter and the only acknowledged genuine tooth. The King of Pegu, however, would not acknowledge that he had been duped, so there are now two left upper canine teeth of Buddha held in veneration, though that belonging to the King of Pegu has few worshippers, while that at Kandy, as already intimated, numbers more devotees than any other relic on the face of the earth. It is, however, rarely exhibited, and only on great occasions, such as the visit of the Burmese Ambassadors *en route* home from England, after which it was closed until the visit of the Prince of Wales. The English took Kandy in 1815, since which time they have been one of the three guardians of the tooth.

The sanctity associated with the relic becomes extremely extenuated in the eyes of all but Buddhists when its history and its tradition are so irreconcilable. Whether the relic at any time was Buddha's tooth is, I think, extremely doubtful. An old writer describes it as like the "tusk of a boar," while the Portuguese historians say of the one destroyed by them that it was the tooth of an ape. The present relic, in my opinion, is not a tooth at all, but a piece of ivory yellow with age, rudely shapen to represent a tooth. It is about the size of a man's finger, fully ten times as big as any man's tooth. I am convinced of this—that if the bone I saw was Buddha's tooth, then Buddha never lived; and if he ever lived, then it is not his tooth.

FOURTH COUSINS.

A SHETLAND STORY. BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.



IN the early summer of 1860 I went upon a visit to a distant relative of mine, who lived in one of the Shetland Islands. It was early summer with myself then; I was a medical student with life all before me—life and hope, and joy and sorrow as well. I went north with the intention of working hard, and took quite a small library with me; there was nothing in the shape of study I did not mean to do, and to drive at: the *flora* of the Ultima Thule, its *fauna* and geology, too, to say nothing of chemistry and therapeutics. So much for good intentions, but—I may as well confess it as not—I never once opened my huge box of books during the five months I lived at R——, and if I studied at all it was from the book of Nature, which is open to every one who cares to con its pages.

The steamboat landed me at Lerwick, and I completed my journey—with my boxes—next day in an open boat.

It was a very cold morning, with a grey, cold, choppy sea on, the spray from which dashed over the boat, wetting me thoroughly, and making me feel pinched, blear-eyed, and miserable. I even envied the seals I saw cosily asleep in dry, sandy caves, at the foot of the black and beetling rocks.

How very fantastic those rocks were, but cheerless, so cheerless! Even the sea-birds that circled around them seemed screaming a dirge. An opening in a wall of rock took us at length into a long, winding fiord, or arm of the sea, with green bare fields on every side, and wild weird-like sheep that gazed on us for a moment, then bleated and fled. Right at the end of this rock stood my friend's house, comfortable and solid-looking, but unsheltered by a single tree.

"I shan't stay long here," I said to myself, as I landed.

An hour or two afterwards I had changed my mind entirely. I was seated in a charmingly and cosily furnished drawing-room upstairs. The windows looked out to and away across the broad Atlantic. How strange it was; for the loch that had led me to the front of the house, and the waters of which rippled up to the very lawn, was part of the German Ocean, and here at the back, and not a stone's-throw distant, was the Atlantic! Its great, green, dark billows rolled up and broke into foam against the black breastwork of cliffs beneath us. The immense depth of its waves could be judged of by keeping the eye fixed upon the tall, steeple-like rocks which shot up here and there through the water a little way out to sea—at one moment these would appear like lofty spires, and next they would be almost entirely swallowed up.

Beside the fire, in an easy chair, sat my grey-haired old relation and host, and, not far off, his wife. Hospitable, warm-hearted, and genial both of them were. If marriages really are made in heaven, I could not help thinking theirs must have been, so much did they seem each other's counterpart.

Presently Cousin Maggie entered, smiling to me as she did so; her left hand lingered fondly for a moment on her father's grey locks, then she sat down unbidden to the piano.

On the strength of my blood-relationship, distant though it was, for we were really only third or fourth cousins, I was made a member of this family from the first, and Maggie treated me as a brother. I was not entirely pleased with the latter arrangement, because many days had not passed ere I concluded it would be a pleasant pastime for me to make love to Cousin Maggie. But weeks went by, and my love-making was still postponed; it became a *sine die* kind of a probability. Maggie was constantly with me when out of doors—my companion in all my fishing and shooting trips. But she carried not only a rod but even a rifle herself; she could give me lessons in casting the fly—and did; she often shot dead the seals that I had merely wounded, and her prowess in rowing astonished me, and her daring in venturing so far to sea in our broad, open boat, often made me tremble for our safety.

A frequent visitor for the first two months of my stay at R—— was a young and well-to-do farmer and fisher, who came in his boat from a neighbouring island, always accompanied by his sister, and they usually stayed a day or two. I was not long in perceiving that this Mr. Thorforth was deeply in love with my cousin; the state of her feelings towards him it was some time before I could fathom, but the revelation came at last and quite unexpectedly.

There was an old ruin some distance from the house, where, one lovely moonlight night, I happened to be seated alone. I was not long alone, however; from a window I could see my cousin and Thorforth coming towards the place, and, thinking to surprise them, I drew back under the shadow of a portion of the wall. But I was not to be an actor in that scene, though it was one I shall never forget. I could not see *his* face, but hers, on which the moonbeams fell, was pained, half-frightened, impatient. He was pleading his cause, he was telling the old, old story, with an earnestness and eloquence I had never heard surpassed. She stopped it at last.

"Oh! Magnus," she cried. "Oh! Magnus Thorforth, I never dreamt it would come to this. Oh! what grief you cause me, my poor Magnus, my more than friend!"

What more was said need not be told. In a few moments he was gone, and she was kneeling on the green sward, just on the spot where he had left

her, her hands clasped, and her face upturned to heaven.

Next day Magnus Thorforth went sadly away; even his sister looked sad. She must have known it all. I never saw them again.

One day, about a month after this, Maggie and I were together in a cave close by the ocean—a favourite haunt of ours on hot forenoons. Our boat was drawn up close by. The day was bright, and the sea calm, its tiny wavelets making drowsy, dreamy music on the yellow sands.

She had been reading aloud, and I was gazing at her face.

"I begin to think you are beautiful," I said.

She looked down at me where I lay with those innocent eyes of hers, that always looked into mine as frankly as a child's would.

"I'm not sure," I continued, "that I shan't commence making love to you, and perhaps I might marry you. What would you think of that?"

"Love!" she laughed, as musically as a sea-nymph, "love? Love betwixt a cousin and a cousin? Preposterous!"

"I dare say," I resumed, pretending to pout, "you wouldn't marry me because I'm poor."

"Poor!" she repeated, looking very firm and earnest now, "if the man I loved were poor, I'd carry a creel for him; I'd gather shells for his sake; but I don't love anybody and don't mean to. Come!"

So that was the beginning and end of my love-making with Cousin Maggie.

And Maggie had said she never meant to love any one. Well, we never can tell what may be in our immediate future.

Hardly had we left the cave that day, and put off from the shore, ere cats'-paws began to ruffle the water. They came in from the west, and before we had got half-way to the distant headland, a steady breeze was blowing. We had hoisted our sail, and were running before it with the speed of a gull on the wing.

"MRS. BRINSTER WAS MY COUSIN MAGGIE" (*p.* 285).

Once round the point, we had a beam wind till we entered the fiord, then we had to beat to windward all the way home, by which time it was blowing quite a gale.

It went round more to the north about sunset, and then, for the first time, we noticed a yacht of small dimensions on the distant horizon. Her intention appeared to be that of rounding the island, and probably anchoring on the lee side of it. She was in an ugly position, however, and we all watched her anxiously till nightfall hid her from our view.

I retired early, but sleep was out of the question, for the wind raged and howled around the house like wild wolves. About twelve o'clock the sound of a gun fell on my ears. I could not be mistaken, for the window rattled in sharp response.

I sprang from my couch and began to dress, and immediately after, my aged relative entered the room. He looked younger and taller than I had seen him, but very serious.

"The yacht is on the Ba," * he said solemnly.

They were words to me of fearful significance. The yacht, I knew, must soon break up, and nothing could save the crew.

I quickly followed my relative into the back drawing-room, where Maggie was with her mother. We gazed out into the night, out and across the sea. At the same moment, out there on the terrible Ba, a blue light sprang up, revealing the yacht and even its people on board. She was leaning well over to one side, her masts gone, and the spray dashing over her.

"Come," cried Maggie, "there is no time to lose. We can guide their boat to the cave. Come, cousin!"

I felt dazed, thunderstruck. Was I to take an active part in a forlorn hope? Was Maggie—how beautiful and daring she looked now!—to assume the rôle of a modern Grace Darling? So it appeared.

The events of that night come back to my memory now as if they had happened but yesterday. It is a page in my past life that can never be obliterated.

We pulled out of the fiord, Maggie and I, and up under lee of the island, then, on rounding the point, we encountered the whole force of the sea and wind. There was a glimmering light on the wrecked yacht, and for that we rowed, or rather were borne along on the gale. No boat save a Shetland skiff could have been trusted in such a sea.

As we neared the Ba, steadying herself by leaning on my shoulder, Maggie stood half up and waved the lantern, and it was answered from the wreck. Next moment it seemed to me we were on the lee side, and Maggie herself hailed the shipwrecked people.

"We cannot come nearer," she cried; "lower your boat and follow our light closely."

"Take the tiller, now," she continued, addressing me, "and steer for the light you see on the cliff. Keep her well up, though, or all will be lost."

We waited—and that with difficulty—for a few minutes, till we saw by the starlight that the yacht's boat was lowered, then away we went.

The light on the cliff-top moved slowly down the wind. I kept the boat's head a point or two above it, and on she dashed. The rocks loomed black and high as we neared them, the waves breaking in terrible turmoil beneath.

Suddenly the light was lowered over the cliff down to the very water's edge.

"Steady, now," cried my brave cousin, and next moment we were round a point and into smooth water, with the yacht's boat close beside us. The place was partly cave, partly "*noss*." We beached our boats, and here we remained all night, and were all rescued next morning by a fisherman's yawl.

The yacht's people were the captain, his wife, and one boy—Norwegians all, Brinster by name.

My story is nearly done. What need to tell of the gratitude of those whom Maggie's heroism had saved from a watery grave?

But it came to pass that when, a few months afterwards, a beautiful new yacht came round to the fiord to take those shipwrecked mariners away, Cousin Maggie went with them on a cruise.

It came to pass also that when I paid my very next visit to R——, in the following summer, I found living at my relative's house a Major Brinster and a Mrs. Brinster.

And Mrs. Brinster was my cousin Maggie, and Major Brinster was my cousin Maggie's "fate."

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT MOMENT.

ONE meets now and again with hosts who pride themselves on setting upon their tables delicacies costly in themselves, or expensive because they are just at that time not in season in the ordinary course of nature. Attention is drawn to these viands, and the sums which have been expended in these pleasures for the palates of his guests are mentioned: the price of the salmon, the active search made to secure new potatoes, and that a guinea was paid for the pineapple. To my mind the right moment never comes for this form of boasting, but most certainly its arrival is not when the guests are partaking of these luxuries.

The moments chosen by some people to administer reproofs cannot be said to be the right moments, for in many instances they are given in public. Servants are reproved, wives are found fault with, children have sentences of punishment passed upon them, grown-up sons are censured: all these reprimands may be deserved, and in one sense the right thing is

* "Ba" means a sunken rock.

done, but the right moment to do so is not "before folk."

On one occasion I arrived, after a long journey, at the house of a friend, and was looking forward to having a cosy, comfortable tea; but no sooner had we taken our seats than mine host began to scold a youth, who was his pupil, for an offence committed the previous day. Undoubtedly the youth deserved the scolding, but undoubtedly that was not the right moment for him to receive it. Of course every one present felt ruffled and uncomfortable; the culprit looked sullen instead of repentant, and an awkward silence followed the storm.

Most men have a hobby-horse on which they delight to ride, and no one would wish to rob them of this pleasure if they were tolerably thoughtful of their friends with respect to this, and took care not to persistently bore them by making this particular hobby the one theme of their discourse. Sometimes it is all the details connected with their daily business or profession; sometimes it is the special pleasure or sport which occupies their whole minds. My last experience was with respect to this latter hobby. I went to stay a couple of days with a friend whose husband devoted his leisure hours to the pastime of fly-fishing, when that pleasure could be pursued; and when angling was not practicable, he spent his leisure hours in making, inspecting, and contemplating artificial flies. This absorption in one special subject was somewhat trying to those around him, as the conversation was kept to this one line and its appendages; you can imagine how thoroughly tired I was when, on the return from an evening's entertainment, I was expected to give particular attention, and to be interested in looking through books and cases of artificial flies until midnight, at which hour I was not released by the self-appointed lecturer, but rescued by his wife. You will agree with me that there are right moments on which to ride a hobby, for many, if not all who read this paper, have, I have no doubt, been bored by persons who will ride theirs on all occasions, and by the hour together.

There are innumerable people who do the right thing, but comparatively only a few who do it at the right moment. If we observe the thousand and one things that are said and done every day by those around us and by ourselves, we cannot but come to this conclusion.

The presence and possession of tact, or absence and want of tact, is in a great measure the cause of success or failure. There are other dominant powers, of which we will speak anon.

The faculty which perceives the right moment for doing and saying what we desire to do and say must be of value.

People admire this valuable perception in their friends and acquaintances: they feel its presence, and yet more do they feel its absence; and oftentimes they deplore the want of tact in themselves. Tact—that nice perception, that fine sensitiveness as to the feelings of others—is indeed an excellent quality. It smooths the way over many a difficult and rugged road; it carries people gently over rough stones; it rubs off hard corners without hurting those people who are the unfortunate possessors of hard corners; its glance, though maybe keen, is yet kindly; the eye does not communicate the fact that it has seen what was not intended to come under its observation; the voice may be raised in reproof, but sounds such as these are not heard in public; its hand is stretched out to give a helpful grasp, but in quiet unobtrusiveness, and without ostentation.

On the other hand, want of tact blunders on with closed eyes, and dull ears, and stiff hands, hurting indiscriminately most of those with whom it daily comes in contact; its prickles give little stabs on every side: it treads on tender corns quite unnecessarily; it ruffles smooth waters without any occasion for so doing; it makes turbulent waters more turbulent; it rubs, it chafes—without rhyme or reason, and with no good result—all people who happen to be in its neighbourhood.

Do not imagine from this diatribe that I would advocate the use of guile. Certainly not. We can say our say and be sincere in our converse, and while doing this, we need not spread discomfort, or hurt feelings, or wound hearts unnecessarily.

But I meet with people who make an undue use of this word "tact;" they shelter the unkindly words they say, and the heartless deeds they do, under the plea of want of tact on their part—it is their misfortune, but not their fault, that they hurt the feelings of other people; and this avowal, together with the regret they express in not being endowed with tact, frees them—so they appear to think—from all responsibility, and sets them at liberty to do many little acts which really originate from want of feeling rather than from want of tact.

People retain the use of an easy-chair or a newspaper: people indulge their liking to speak sharp words, or openly laugh at the foibles of another ("the biting jest is the poisoner of friendship"), or they allude to mistakes or errors of the past. All these, and many greater or minor faults, I have seen done, and I have heard the doers of them say, when called to account, "Oh! I have no tact, you know; it is all owing to my want of tact." Tact, forsooth!

Well, enough has been said by me upon this point; please consider it more at length at your leisure, for there are many sides to the subject which may be dwelt upon with profit to ourselves and to others. I spoke of tact as one of the powers which move people to choose the right moment: there are two other forces which, if cultivated and allowed to govern our actions, will suggest and impel us to choose the right moment, and these two motives are kindly feeling and unselfishness. Now these two qualities can be planted and made to grow, and will always stand in good stead for the daily use of those who have not been endowed with tact.

"ON THE TRAMP."

IS there any more enjoyable feeling in life than to be under a bright morning sky, comfortably equipped, on the tramp through a pleasant country: a world of meadows—a rocky dale—a stretch of brown, billowy moorland? The pulse beats freely, thoughts chase each other like summer butterflies, and you seem to annex every pretty or wild bit of scenery, every quaint homestead, every living thing about you, with an enlarged and conquering individuality. Crowds oppress, cities tire, books weary; but, on the tramp, you are free to enjoy, to receive, and to romance. The junior tramp, however, is a limited individual, and he never gets far away from society and civilisation in our island home. The senior tramp, on the contrary, takes ship over sea, and has a wider range. He is everywhere at home. This elder brother is justly entitled a traveller; the junior has to be content with the less ambitious and sometimes shady designation of a tramp. Wandering and little-known tribes are not for him. He foots it at home, with good hope of reaching railways and hotels somewhere, if he turns his back upon them with fine scorn, and a philosophy warranted to endure for twelve or fourteen hours, but good enough while it lasts, and renewable with morning light.

Alas! there are others on the tramp, whose philosophy has little warrant at all, and whose burdens are ever pressing, not gaily left behind. Apart from fine scenery, freedom, and rude health, it is in chance meetings with such specimens of the junior tramp, bright or dull-eyed, that an observing man will find much of the romance of his revolt against acres of bricks and mortar and the elbowing of crowds. The division just made is an induction from a pretty large experience.

The bright-eyed tramp is always a man with an object and a character. He has either a Home before him or behind, to reach or to brighten. He will converse freely with you, tell you his history, and accept little kindnesses in a manly spirit. The dull-eyed man does not like you to look him in the face too closely. Scenery seems to oppress him. He ambles along through the finest bits as if he were passing down a back slum. He is a waif; he has no home—only a native parish. He begs, whines, bullies, and I fear he also steals; so true is it that Home has its subtle effect on the eye, the character, and the conception of Nature. Meeting such men on a lonely moor, we ask ourselves what restrains them from robbing, and perhaps murdering? The answer comes clear—"The other idea that sways their minds, the Law!" Cruel Nature, and almost omnipresent Law—these are the only two ideas that rule them.

Walking across a lonely moor, the white road winding ribbon-like over distant brown hills, I was once thinking, in a dreamy way, over some scenes in Scotch history, wherein the sound of a pibroch suddenly filled an apparently deserted hill-side with human life, when two men, who had been lying on the dry roadway, making a pillow of their boots, started up, and sent my heart into my mouth. I was never so startled in all my life, for it seemed as if my thoughts had been *heard*. Looking straight into their steady eyes, and noting there a hopeful look, though the men were almost as startled as I was, I said—

"Good morning. How's work, mates?"

It was a policeman's hint I was acting upon. To know anything about a man, he had told me—his name, occupation, object—always gives you a certain command over him in a critical moment. Exchanging glances, the tramps answered—

"Bad—awful bad! Do you know of a job, gov'nor?"

I wished I did. They were making a new road seven miles off at P——; they might inquire there.

Work-seekers' stories are often most pathetic.

"What, *you* on the tramp?" was my remark one day to a young fellow, out at elbows, and with frayed garments, who visited me at home, handing me an envelope addressed to him in my own handwriting. Yes; he had lost his situation in a cotton mill in Lancashire, and had trudged south-westward through many counties round to London, and then through the Midlands, without getting a single job. Of late he had not tried; his clothing forbad it. He was clever; a hard, philosophic student; an original man in every way. Yet he had been herding with the meanest, sleeping anywhere, mostly out-of-doors, living in aboriginal fashion on raw vegetables, and occasionally sharing what others begged. His wife and child had gone home to her friends, and he had never heard of them for nine months, though he had written to his wife at first regularly. She might be dead.

How had he endured it all? He could scarcely say. Acute feelings had dulled themselves. He dare not think. Then followed a charming bit. As he had tramped along, it had been his custom to recite all the prose and poetic passages he could remember from his favourite authors—and he had a well-stored memory—to preserve his "identity," to prevent him from sinking to the low conversational level of his queer and casual companions. Occasionally, others would repeat the little poems they had learned as children at school; sometimes "flash" ballads, bought in penny sheets at fairs. One companion had stuck to him for months, and whenever my friend seemed to be dull, or the way was dreary, or people were

uncivil, this seedy-black-coated "chum" would say to him—

"Give us a bit o' poetry, mate."

Can we ever tell to what uses we may put the verses and passages we learn at school and in early youth? They may perhaps save our sanity and self-respect.

"'DEAR SIR, THE BEARER——'" (*p.* 289).

Here is another story. A tanned face, unkempt hair, intelligent eyes, clothes worn into a fluffy softness of texture, boots with loose soles, obviously never made for the wearer, hands dirty and large, announced to me, as I looked at them, a broken-down specimen of the work-seeker. His companion, a suspicious, furtive-looking tramp, a sailor, and not unlikely the inspirer of the journey. Condensing what it took me a couple of hours to learn, this was his story:—

"Respectably connected, had never learnt a trade; had been a shop porter, married a pretty seamstress, lived happily together for years on our joint earnings. No children—didn't want them—hadn't a care. Wife's work fell off, food lessened; she became ill; bit by bit furniture sold, her heart broken at parting with what she had painfully won by her labour. When we had to sell the sewing machine, I could see 'twas all over—she clammed and died. After her funeral, started off. Friends had left the place. I couldn't stand the work. No more happiness for me, sir. Whither bound? To S——. Worked there once—might get a job. T—— the only man I knew. Hard, sir—very hard!"

During this fragmentary conversation, I saw the man greedily grasp at a fragment of newspaper, lying upon the ground, which had evidently been wrapped round something.

"Might have an advertisement on it, you know!"

The sight of a sewing machine always suggests his touching history, told me along a road skirting the sea one misty spring day.

Tramps are mainly men with no definite trade at their finger-ends. There is always a chance for them somewhere, and they lose nothing by not asking for it. The skilled men on the road are much rarer now, since railway travelling has become so cheap and Unionism has developed. A crisis or a strike will, however, act in two ways—sending men out, and drawing them in. A bundle of clothing or tools is generally carried by the skilled tramp, and his gait is more energetic.

To show how gait betrays, here is an odd story. Meeting two brawny navvies in Cornwall one day, I said to my companion—

"Two well-set men. See how they swing in step; ex-soldiers or policemen, evidently."

Two days afterwards we were near one of the barrack-gates at Devonport when, behold, our two tramps coming along in custody. An acute rural policeman had, so we learnt, noticed their military step and bearing, and gone up to them, saying, with a bold guess—

"You are deserters from Devonport?"

Taken aback, as such persons are if you can show you know anything about them, and possibly suspecting the man had a description of them, they admitted they were, and offered no resistance, discipline once more asserting its power. They belonged to a kilted regiment; they had only been five days from barracks; and finer fellows I never saw. They were navvies by occupation.

Foreigners on the tramp are not very common, except on the coast-roads, and they are mostly sailors. They are not communicative, and know little English. The oddest specimen of a foreigner I remember was a German clock-mender I met in the Midlands, who puzzled me greatly. He walked like a drilled man; had well-kept side whiskers, and a bag over his shoulder. We passed and repassed several times. He called at road-side houses, and as I slackened pace, generally overtook me, but I failed to get him into fair conversation.

"Going far? To M——? Long way yet."

His peculiar German accent was coming out more strongly.

"Seeking work?"—"Yes, as he went along."

For several minutes we kept step in silence. Taking out a newspaper I began to read. The man's face relaxed.

"Any news of Garibaldi?" was the sudden question that startled me. A Garibaldian, I said to myself at once. It was just at the time the Italian hero made his last armed venture. I read him the news, and he broke out warmly—

"Ah, bad man—bad, wicked man!" He became more of a puzzle than ever—a nut I must crack.

I waited on his movements, diverted from my intended walk, and devoted myself to getting his story. He became too excited to be very connected, and his German came grinding out at intervals with orchestral effect. A friend had beguiled him into associating with Republicans; he had been in some trouble in the movement of 1848; he had been imprisoned for opinions he did not hold; he was an absolutist and a sceptic. He had lost all his friends, and had come to England. He was a clock-mender, good at Americans or any other make, and he tramped a district from a centre, earning about ten shillings a week. Our conversation became lively; he forgot to call at road-side houses; and to my defence of Garibaldi, all he could splutter was, "Bad man—very—wicked man!" The chat seemed to excite him very much, and at last he ambled into a little shop, got a job, and I went forward.

Beggar-tramps are the honest juniors' aversion. They are full of tricks, and sometimes smart in speech.

"I never give to beggars on the road," I remarked to one of this class, airing a young man's general principle, perhaps with some self-conceit.

"Will yer honour oblige me with yer name and address? and I'll call on yer," was the prompt retort.

Between Coventry and Kenilworth, swarms of beggars had formerly a fine harvest. I once counted twenty. Some were blind and lame; others were singing vagrants, humming snatches of their wailing ballads. One elderly man with his legs in the dyke—a true tramp's way of sitting—was conning written testimonials, or begging letters, written on dingy yellow paper, that Chatterton might have envied. He had a tiny black pipe in his mouth, the kind of thing a tramp carries in his waistcoat pocket, and he was studying his papers with an author's self-admiring interest. I fear he was marking down some country parson for a victim.

"Dear Sir,—The bearer——" was all I could see before he slipped the paper into a pocket in the lining of his waistcoat.

A dingy haversack and dusty garments may make even an honest junior seem like a beggar. Calling at a house in a lonely part of a well-known Yorkshire dale, to ask where I could get refreshment, the girl shut the door abruptly, and said nothing. To a second knock it opened again, and two timid women appeared, the elder in the rear shouting, "Seven miles further on!"—a pleasant answer for a hungry man! A more civil shepherd's wife, to whom I told my story an hour later, said they were not "particular at Beggarsmond" (Beckermonds), whereat I smiled, for the woman was evidently not punning, though at first I thought she was. Over the moor I should soon see "the Settle;" she meant a large viaduct on the Settle and Carlisle Railway.

With food and tobacco, a junior's heart can always be reached. On one occasion, meeting a hungry specimen, I gave him some of my bread and cheese without any request or word from him.

"Thank you, sir," was all he said, in a cold tone; but after he had gone a pace or two, and begun to eat, he turned round, saying, "Bless you, sir, bless you!" as if some new or old chord of feeling had been reached.

The better tramps are often amusing company, and even the worst compel you to moralise anew on the old theme of the universe and the individual. "Chats with a road-side stone-breaker—the true conqueror, because he always rises on the ruins he makes," as a witty prince said—are often pleasant. The turf-cutter, with his long spade pushed before him under the soil, is also an interesting object. Pleasant, too, it is to watch a dalesman thatching his hay with green rushes; to come across strange birds and animals; to note the old village wells and sun-dials, the churches

"'GIVE US A BIT O' POETRY, MATE'" (*p.* 288).

and meeting-houses; to get glimpses of heavy antique furniture through cottage doorways; to be mistaken for a wool-buyer, an artist, "the new exciseman," as I was on one occasion; to spread news of big deeds; to find everywhere that Home is sacred, be it ever so small or so lonely. He scarcely lives, in fact, who always carries with him the burden of society, who never tempts the unknown, except over sea, and who has never enjoyed the full and exquisite pleasure of being "on the tramp."

EDWIN GOADBY.

WHEN MARTENS FOLLOW SPRING.

[To this Song was awarded the Prize of Three Guineas offered by the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE for the best Song, suitable for music.]

ON the roof-tree sparrows chattered,
And the gathering martens cried;
Autumn's gold the glades bespattered,
As a lover's arts I plied—
As I pleaded, "Oh, belov'd one! on my bosom fold thy wing."
"Yea," she answered—looking upward—"when the martens follow Spring."

So I watched the snowflakes falling,
With a gladness naught could chill·
In the warmth of hope forestalling
Joys which patience must fulfil.
For, within, I whispered lowly, "To this breast my love will cling
When the blossoming hawthorn reddens, and the martens follow Spring."

Soon the violet doffed her cover,
And the snowdrop rang her bell;
Catkins tressed the hazels over,
And the gorse flamed on the fell.
Then I knelt, and whisp'ring, pleaded, "Lo, belov'd, the thrushes sing!"
Faint she answered, "For me *never* will the martens follow Spring."

Close I looked, and on her forehead
Marked the pencillings of pain;
Saw her limpid eyes full storèd,
Like fringed pools o'erfed with rain.
And I cried aloud, sore stricken, "Oh, belov'd one! stay thy wing!
For life cometh, cometh surely, when the martens follow Spring."

They are chattering, chattering gaily,
As their nests they mend with care;
And I watch them, watch them daily,
With a dumbly blank despair;
For they home returned from roaming, but my love, on tired wing,
Had just mounted up for ever, when the martens followed Spring.

MARIAN PENDLEBURY.

SWEET CHRISTABEL.

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned," "In a Minor Key," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

ABSENT YET PRESENT.

CHRISTABEL rises the next morning early, and, mindful of the prophecies last night, walks to the window to take a look at the weather. Alas! the window is one sheet of ice, and snow is on the ground. Not very much, only a thin powdering, but still sufficient to spoil the ice, which will be quite thick enough to bear to-day; and then she remembers that she has forgotten to bring her skates with her.

At breakfast she is greeted with the news that skating is to be the order of the day.

"And I, stupidly, never brought my skates with me," she exclaims.

"I dare say we shall be able to find you a pair," answers Lady Lithsdale.

But when, breakfast over, Algy Molyneux brings her all the skates he can find, they are either too large or too small. Piers, standing by, notes the look of disappointment on her face, and before any one can make a suggestion, has offered himself to walk into Crockley, the nearest town—the roads are too slippery for driving—and buy her a pair.

"I want to catch the midday post," he continues, "so I will be off at once."

Christabel's face brightens; at the same time she cannot bear troubling Piers.

A little argument ensues, in which Captain Vanstone comes off victor, and half an hour afterwards he is on his road, promising to come back as quickly as he can, in time for Christabel to get some fun out of her purchase.

Meanwhile she puts on her sealskin, and prepares to go down to the lake and watch the performers, with Mr. Molyneux, of course, in attendance.

But no sooner does Algy appear than he is summoned by Lady Jane; they are going to play hockey, and want all the recruits they can find.

Very sullenly he acquiesces, and whilst he puts on his skates, Christabel starts off on her walk; if she looks at the skating much longer she will do something desperate.

What a horrid day it is! Cold and sunless, with a sky like lead and a piercing wind, that rises higher and higher as she proceeds. There will be more snow before nightfall, or she is mistaken; and then she falls to thinking of Piers. After all, it is rather nice having this unmarriageable cousin; for there is no fear of his doing like the rest, and proposing to her. This theme runs through every conceivable variation, till she is recalled to the present by an unpleasant sensation on her face.

"Dear me! it is snowing!" she exclaims, and puts her muff up to her face to defend it from those pitiless flakes that make her smart as were she being scourged with a hundred tiny whips. Putting her head down, she begins to run, and, reaching the house in a few minutes, appears in the library fresh and lovely from the exercise, joining the watchers at the window, fascinated like them by the dazzling downpour. The little snowflakes hop and jump on the ground, till the many eyes employed in watching them turn away dazzled from their contemplation. Moreover, the air is so thick with them that nothing can be seen, and a semi-Egyptian darkness has set in, depressing to mind and body.

The afternoon wears away a little heavily. Already the first excitement of the snow has passed away, and its consequences are not pleasant to contemplate. Algy alone preserves his serenity, entering with zest into Lady Jane's idea, that they should get up a series of popular entertainments in case—only in case—they should be snowed up, to commence that evening.

"And what shall our man of science, Captain Vanstone, do?" she asks, after having, with Christabel's help, registered the accomplishments of the other members of the party, which vary from playing the bones, or conjuring tricks, to performing on the violoncello, or reciting Shakespeare.

"I doubt if he will come back in this storm, my dear," says Lady Lithsdale sleepily from her armchair. "I should think he would stop at the 'White Hart' at Crockley. Well, we will put him down, anyhow; write 'Captain Vanstone, scientific'—that may mean anything or nothing, may it not, Christabel?"

But Christabel does not hear; she is staring out of window at the fast-falling snow which is coming down like a sheet, and shivering, she knows not why. Will he be wise and stay at the "White Hart"?

Five minutes afterwards she is in her bed-room, her window open, her head thrust far out, regardless of the biting snow. "Oh!" she cries aloud, "he is sure, quite sure, to stay at the 'White Hart'; he is so very, very sensible."

Then why stay shivering at the window, imagining him fighting his way through the snow, inch by inch, trying to fathom the depth of the white shroud that lies on all the earth? Because she is a woman, and some instinct tells her that Piers Vanstone, having promised her the skates, will do his best to bring them. Down-stairs again, she thinks of him continually through all the talk and laughter, turning her eyes mechanically towards the windows, once to meet Lord Henry's glance for a single second. He smiles his own peculiar smile, for it seems to him that fortune is taking a turn, and is just now on his side.

And now the first night's entertainment has begun. Christabel has helped to give out the programmes, and is sitting motionless in her chair, seeing all the time but one object—Piers battling with the snow.

Then some one says, "Miss Vanstone, it is your turn now," and Lord Henry smiles blandly, as he offers himself to lead her to the improvised platform.

"What am I to do?" she asks, turning her bewildered eyes to him.

His slightly astonished look recalls her to herself, brings her for one moment from that ceaseless listening for a voice from the snow.

"You are put down in the programme for a song, 'Absent yet Present'"—still smiling—"Miss Courtenay is ready to accompany you."

She stands up, and takes her song in her hand. Oh! why must she sing now, when every one ought to be wrapt in breathless silence? She begins so low that she is almost inaudible, but the notes swell out with the rush of the words, and the beautiful eyes open wider and wider, as she tries to listen while she sings. She pays no attention to what she is doing, yet sometimes the words come mingling with her thoughts, and "I see thee, I hear thee," twine in with her anxiety. Then at last it is over; there is a storm of applause, so that she fairly hops off the platform to quell it.

"No: but you must not," says Algy; "you are encored. Do give it to us again."

"No; it is a man's song. I only sang it to please Lady Lithsdale. Oh! please ask them not to make such a noise; we cannot possibly hear."

"Hear! hear what?"

"There may be people lost in the snow, and wanting help. You know it would be quite easy to be lost between this and the gardener's cottage, on a night like this."

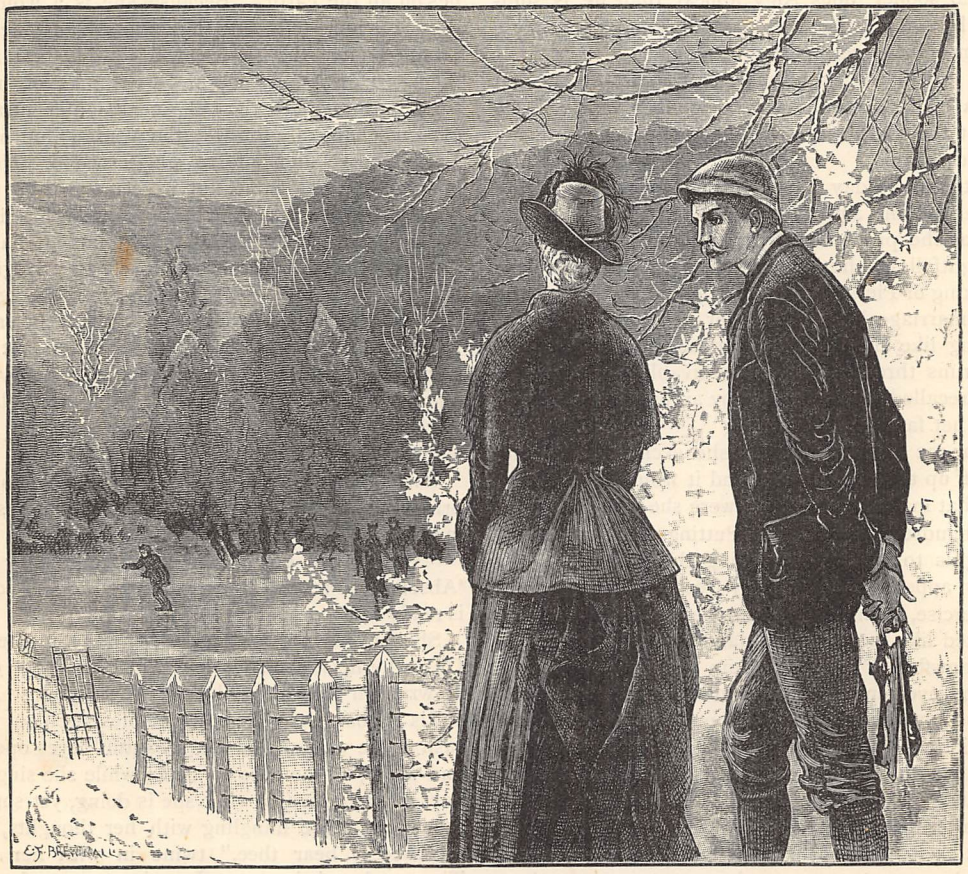
"If you will sing again, the clapping will cease," Lord Henry says in her ear, and she starts, for she did not know he was so close. She draws off her gloves at once, sits down to the piano, and accompanies herself in a little German lullaby, which dies away to nothing, through which the wind can be heard roaring, and the snow beating against the windows.

Somehow or other the evening comes to an end, but still there is no Piers. Of course, he is at Crockley; every one has settled that long ago; why will she alone believe otherwise?

As soon as she has gained her room she unfastens her shutters, opens one of her windows, and seeing that the snow does not drive in, has settled that thus it shall stay all night, whilst in the other she places a candle, destined to gleam through the darkness.

She has dismissed her maid now, and sits by the fire thinking. Her room is piercingly cold, the blazing fire is not proof against the open window, yet still she never stirs, but, with her eyes fixed on the darkness outside, waits and watches.

How long she has been sitting there, she does not know, when suddenly she hears a sound, which sets her heart beating, for it is borne in from outside. She rushes to the open window and listens: there it is again. It is a man's voice, she is certain, and it seems to her excited imagination that she can distinctly hear the word "Help!" In another minute she is beating a tattoo on Lady Lithsdale's door, and explaining, as best she can, her errand. Of course, Lady Lithsdale is incredulous; nevertheless, she follows the girl into her room, and listens too. Yes, there it is once more, fainter than the last, yet a distinct cry. That is quite enough for her ladyship. Five minutes later the smoking-room party is in full action, but the shouts have ceased, and, with their cessation, a fresh terror has fallen on Christabel.



"WITH MR. MOLYNEUX, OF COURSE, IN ATTENDANCE" (*p.* 291).

She never doubts that they have come from Piers; what if his strength should have failed him, and the help be too late to save him?

Wrapped in a long fur cloak, she stands at the window, and watches the procession of six stalwart men start. Although the snow has ceased, it is perishingly cold, but she does not heed it; her eyes are fastened on those six shadowy figures, and a tiny streak of light falls from her candle, which she has forgotten to blow out, on to their path. Lord Henry sees it, and turning round, gives one rapid glance at the outlined figure at the window, then plods on, thinking how this snow may prove his most valuable ally in that little scheme he has traced out, which is to satisfy both his revenge and his cupidity. How terribly slowly they

move, thinks Christabel, as she seizes her opera-glasses and peers through them. But she can discern nothing; only she perceives that the procession is distinctly making for one point in particular, for they go straight towards the hollow. How her heart beats! it seems as though it would burst.

How long it lasts she cannot tell; it may be minutes, it may be hours, till a sudden exulting shout goes up, and the word "Found!" is borne in on the icy air. Is it that same air that strikes her with a deadly chill, and curdles the blood in her veins? Whatever it is, the figure, hitherto so motionless, suddenly collapses, and sinks down on the floor, the fair face deadly white against the dark warm fur.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

PRISONERS.

IT is the next day. An enormous wood fire is burning in the library at Lithsdale; the five o'clock tea-table is spread, and Lady Lithsdale is just preparing a tempting tea to be sent up-stairs, when the door opens, and the object of her solicitude walks into the room, pale, and with undoubted stiffness of gait, but otherwise the same Piers Vanstone whom we saw start on his errand yesterday.

"My dear Captain Vanstone, down already? This is very imprudent!" exclaims Lady Lithsdale.

"I have had my sleep out," he answers, "and thought I would come down for tea."

"Now then," interrupts Lord Lithsdale, rousing himself from a nap, "you'll have to tell us all about it; take an arm-chair and begin your narrative."

"We have been so dreadfully dull," chimes in Lady Jane, "that we want something to wake us up. Mind you make it as thrilling as you can."

"First of all," asks Piers, "before I begin, tell me how you came to hear me?"

"Oh," says Lady Lithsdale, "some one opened a window and heard your shouts."

"My last effort. Did they really hear me from the house? They must have had uncommonly good ears."

Lord Lithsdale smiles. "Yes, indeed, and to whom do you think they belonged?"

"I can't imagine," answers Piers, whilst Lady Lithsdale frowns, and Algy rattles his cup impatiently.

"Now, Vanstone, for your adventures," he says.

"To no other," continues his obtuse father, "than your fair cousin; she it was who heard you and roused the whole house. There, Vanstone, is it not worth while to be lost in the snow to be rescued through such instrumentality?"

"And where is Miss Vanstone?" inquires Piers, slightly flushing. "I should like to thank her."

"She has caught cold," puts in Mrs. Vanstone, "from standing by the open window, and has lost her voice; but I cannot scold her, since it is owing to her imprudence that you were found."

Piers puts down his cup of tea, and only Lord Henry notices the slight tremor of his hand, as he turns to Mrs. Vanstone with a light in his eyes.

"Will you give her my warmest thanks and gratitude, and tell her how grieved I am that she should have caught such a bad cold? It is not serious, I trust?" he says with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Oh dear, no," answers Lady Lithsdale cheerfully; "she has lost her voice, but she will be much better to-morrow. Now, please, for your adventures; you forget that we are on thorns to hear them."

"They are very soon told," he answers. "I started, as you know, and got to Crockley right enough. It was snowing, but not to any extent, and although the wind was getting up, I did not think much about it. I bought the skates, took some luncheon standing at the 'White Hart,' and at once began my return journey. It was snowing hard by this time, but still I kept on, imagining that I could not come to much harm when my route lay along a high road, as you know it does the first three miles out of Crockley. Of course it was very hard work; but I think I should have got back right enough if it had not been for a child in distress, who lured me from the road. I heard it crying, and went off in search of it. That took some time, and the snow was coming down like a curtain, and it was getting quite dark. At last I hit upon the poor little thing, a girl of about eight years old, who had lost her way and was crying piteously, and naturally there was nothing for it but to try and find her home. It lay down some lane, which, however, from what I could make out, would take me in the direction of Lithsdale; but it was a business finding it, with the child sobbing with cold and terror in my arms, and I ignorant of the country. As to the snow, I have never experienced anything like it before in England.

At last, after taking innumerable wrong turns, floundering and plunging in and out of the snow, we reached the cottage; a mere hovel it was—not one of yours, my lord—and there I deposited my burden, and took directions for my route. The father of the child, a surly, ill-conditioned fellow, was very anxious to be rid of me, assuring me I was not more than one mile from Lithsdale, and that if I took a certain line I should get here right enough, so emphatically that I was fool enough to believe him. Moreover, the cottage was anything but inviting, and its owner looked such an unmitigated ruffian that I preferred going on to spending a night in his company. There were dogs, rabbits, ferrets, and all manner of unsightly and unsavoury things in the one room."

"Bill Crack, the rat-catcher," interposes Lord Lithsdale, "the worst character in the county."

"So, after partaking of some very rough refreshment, I plunged back into the darkness and the snow. Well, to cut a long story short, I lost my way and wandered, I fancy, round and round in a ring, until at last, just as I found myself almost buried in a drift, and my strength nearly gone, hope revived, as through the darkness I thought I could discern a dim light twinkling. I was pretty well done by this time, but gathering all my forces together, I gave the two or three shouts you heard, with as much vigour as I could muster, after which I remember nothing more until I found myself

in my bedroom here. There are my adventures. Not very creditable to my understanding, are they? But I have brought the skates right enough. By the way, what light did I see? for that I saw one I am positive."

"It must have been in Christabel's window," says Mrs. Vanstone; "the foolish child opened her shutters and drew up her blind, it seems, when she got upstairs; she must have had a presentiment that you were out there in the snow."

"Ah!" says Lord Lithsdale; "she knew that when a young man promises a lady a pair of skates on a certain day, he is not to be deterred from keeping his promise by a few flakes of snow. Beauty commands and valour obeys."

"Foolhardiness you mean," says Piers, anxious to divert the conversation from Christabel. "I have to apologise to you all for causing so much annoyance."

"No, indeed!" exclaims Lady Jane; "we are all truly obliged to you for giving us something to talk about. We are already weary of each other," and she glances at Algy, who affects not to hear.

"We miss our queen," says Lady Lithsdale. "I shall go and see her before dinner."

But in this resolution she is forestalled by Mrs. Vanstone, who, on quitting the library, makes straight for Christabel's room. The girl is sitting by a magnificent fire, a pile of books and work by her side, but her hands lie listless in her lap, and her whole attitude is expressive of dejection. To begin with, she feels wretchedly ill; the reaction after the excitement of last night has left her depressed, and she is in agonies lest Piers should know or guess how anxious she had been.

"Well, mamma!" she whispers, "any news?"

"Yes, indeed, dear: our hero has appeared."

"Has he?"—indifferently, but already she is sitting more uprightly—"How is he?"

"All right, he says. In reality he is as stiff as a poker, moves as though he were ninety, looks pale and haggard, and altogether interesting; and when one thinks what a narrow escape of his life he has had, one cannot but wonder that he is as brisk as he is—thanks to you, Chris."

"You did not tell him that, did you?" she whispers.

"I said very little about you; we were listening to his adventures, and as you cannot talk, I will tell you all about them," and forthwith Mrs. Vanstone commences such a version of Piers' adventures as causes Christabel to entirely forget her sore throat and aching head.

"Now I must go and dress," says Sylvia, hastily finishing off her narrative, and she quits the room at the same moment as her hostess enters it.

Lady Lithsdale says very little about Piers, beyond mentioning that he seems pretty well. But, with her departure, Christabel's thoughts revert to him once more, as she goes over Mrs. Vanstone's improved version of his adventures, smiling with exquisite contentment as she reflects that *he* is safely at home. The next day dawns bright and beautiful. A brilliant sun rises over the white shrouded earth, changing the whole aspect of affairs; there is a hope that in a day or two the roads may be passable, and the besieged residents free to go away. With every implement that can be produced, the whole male contingent at Lithsdale is working with a hearty will at clearing the paths, all except Piers, who is forced to remain inactive.

Those hours in the snow have left their traces behind, and, racked as he is with rheumatism, his hostess has forbidden him to stir from the fireside, allowing him, as some consolation, the sole use of her own boudoir. Having thus secured one invalid, she goes to her "sweet Christabel," and tells her that, as she is better, she may go down to the library, which she will have to herself, every one being out.

The girl is not slow to avail herself of the permission, and five minutes after Lady Lithsdale's departure, mounted on the library steps, she is exploring the upper regions of those nice old bookcases, that she has been longing to investigate. She has come upon a nest of the Elizabethan poets, looking into now one, now another, when she hears a man's step outside, and the door slowly opens. She does not raise her eyes from her book—one of the footmen come to see after the fire, she supposes—till her attention is arrested by the somewhat halting footfall, and then her book is closed, and she has run down the steps.

"Oh, how are you?" she cries gladly. "I was afraid you were a prisoner to your room to-day."

"And I," holding the hand held out to him, and bending his eyes on her face, "was imagining you also a captive in yours. How is the cold?"

"Very much better, although, as I dare say you perceive, my voice is not as yet very musical. I am thankful to say I have been let out of my bed-room, and have been assigned this room as my cage."

"And I, so that I should not have to go up and down stairs, my lady's own boudoir, where I remembered a certain book I wanted, and disobeying orders, came down here to look for it," and he advances a few steps towards the hearth-rug, where inviting arm-chairs ask to be sat in. "I am indeed sorry to hear you so hoarse," he continues, "more especially when I remember how you caught cold. I have never seen you yet to thank you for your quick hearing, and your welcome light, that first gave me hope."

Christabel blushes crimson, and murmurs something inaudible. But he is not going to let her off easily.

"Tell me," he continues, drawing nearer to her, "what made you think I was out in the snow, when every one else imagined me at the 'White Hart'?"

She raises her head, and looks him in the face. Who has told him she thought he was out in the snow?

"Because—because—Well," impatiently, "you had said you would bring the skates, had not you?"

"Yes—Well?"

"And I did not think you would—would be afraid of the snow, when you had promised—do you see?"

"Yes, I see; but when I was so late, why did not you too fancy me at the 'White Hart'?"

"What a lot of questions you ask. I *have* heard of

people being lost in the snow," and then she blushes again. Ah! if he might thank her as he would like to thank her, hold up that sweet face, look into those eyes and——"Christabel," he says in a voice where there is ever so faint a quiver, "do you know what you have done for me? You have saved my life."

She looks up with one luminous flash of joy that fades as quickly as it came.

"You saved mine once," she responds. "Now we can cry quits."

The answer comes like a cold shower-bath on his gratitude.

"You have more than wiped off the score; the debt is altogether on my side now," he answers coldly, and then a silence falls on them, broken by Christabel.

"Do you know," she says at last, "I think I said something rather nasty just then. I am very sorry."

"No," he answers, "no, not nasty, only natural. We none of us like the burden of gratitude, least of all when you feel yourself beholden to those——"

He stops abruptly, as she, fearful of what he may say next, interrupts him irrelevantly.

"I am so sorry you are so rheumatic," she says, noticing how ill he looks, and with what difficulty he moves, and in her concern she forgets herself, the family feud, all but him. "Sit down," she says, with pretty imperiousness. "I am sure it hurts you to stand."

"Will you sit down too, then?" he asks, and she acquiesces at once, seating herself close to him.

"Have you written to Agatha?" she inquires.

"No, it is not worth while to frighten her, as I shall see her in a day or two, when I leave this. Just now, I can only hold my pen with difficulty."

"Do you think you ought to travel? You must take care of yourself, indeed you must. Rheumatism is so horribly dangerous," she continues, recalling how her father's fatal disease was brought about by rheumatic fever.

"I know it is, if it turns to rheumatic fever," he answers, "but I hope to stop short of that." Then, glancing at her book, "Do you know if there are any foreign books in this library?—any French?"

"Yes, French and Italian; but I will find the catalogue."

"Please do not trouble yourself; I can do as much as that for myself."

"No, you can't," she answers brightly, "for you do not know where it is."

"That is true," laughing. "Then I must accept your good offices, although you know that we have agreed that we do not like the sensation of gratitude."

"Well, then," producing it from a neighbouring drawer, "here it is. Let me see, there are plenty of French, but nothing modern."

"Is Simon amongst them?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall do. I am in the humour for a gossip."

"There is Pepys up there," pointing aloft, "if you would like English gossip."

"No; I prefer French; I contracted a love for foreign tongues when I was a boy, and used to wander over the Continent with my father."

Christabel grows grave at the mention of that incarnation of all that is wicked; at the same time a longing desire to know how much or how little he or Agatha had to do with that father, comes over her.

"Did Agatha wander too?" she asks.

"Latterly; not then. We have all been nomads in turn. The time, however, that I allude to was before Agatha's day, before my father married her mother."

"And did you like being abroad?"

A vision sweeps over him of those days, with their pains and their pleasures, and he answers—

"Yes, and no. There was a great deal that was pleasant, and yet more that was disagreeable; but it laid a good foundation for my knowledge of foreign tongues. Now," rousing himself from the dangerous *tête-à-tête* in which he has been luxuriating—"now for Simon, and a return to my cage, or I shall be scolded by her ladyship when she comes back."

"Simon is in a most elevated position," she says, "I will get him for you."

"You are determined to lay me under an obligation," he answers. "Shall I confess that I am proud to accept the position at your hands?"

"You can't help yourself," as she runs up the steps, and begins handing down one by one the volumes. "Do you want them all?"

"All, please."

"Why," suspiciously, "you can never carry them up-stairs if you can hardly hold a pen."

"I shall manage somehow, never fear; now for another."

She puts the last volume down on a chair. Alas! the process is finished.

"Now," she cries, "how shall you manage?"

"I mean you to help me," imperturbably.

"Well, what am I to do?"

"I must carry some of them up under my arm. Will you kindly give them to me one by one?"

She hands them to him as he requests; it is astonishing how long the task takes, and then she opens the door for him, and he walks out with his burden.

"You see I have managed," are his last words—"Allow me to express to you my deep gratitude for your assistance. I will send the servant for the rest."

With a bantering smile he disappears into the hall, and up the staircase, and Christabel returns to the fire, picks up her book, and tries to lose herself in its pages. But, alas! she has lost herself elsewhere.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

QUEEN'S GATE.

THE winter has passed away, summer has come again, and Christabel and her step-mother are once more in Belgrave Square. They have been there on and off between the numerous visits they have been paying; but now they are settled down for some time to come, and Christabel is glad to be at home once more. She has tried her best to profit by the advantages of London, has had masters, attended classes and

lectures throughout the winter, seeking to dispel the shadow that encompasses her, the while she strives to make a good use of those riches, of which the burden lies somewhat heavily on her young heart.

Mrs. Vanstone, growing daily more indolent, has changed places with her step-daughter. The latter it is who is really mistress of the house, and who has developed an energy of purpose which, as it is always thoughtful for Sylvia, is very acceptable.

It cannot, however, prevent Lord Henry from being a frequent visitor in Belgrave Square; on this subject Mrs. Vanstone is tenacious, and the curious friendship which remains at a certain point is rendered less disagreeable than it otherwise would be by Lord Henry's undeniable tact and *savoir-faire*. Christabel begins to think it purely platonic, and as, with all her numerous employments, her social duties, the disposal of her money, she has not much leisure to devote to his consideration, he has become an institution in the house, and does not fail to notice that Agatha and Christabel are frequently together, and that Queen's Gate and Belgrave Square are easily bridged over, when there is a pair of high-stepping horses to do the work.

Alas! the echoes of Myles' will are becoming fainter and fainter, well-nigh forgotten in the friendship which has blossomed between the cousins, unwittingly fostered by Mrs. Loftus, unwittingly too by Mrs. Vanstone, unaware that she is dancing to Lord Henry's piping.

South Kensington, as every one knows, is the home of the arts, and it therefore soon becomes an understood thing that after Christabel has toiled there all the morning over music or drawing she should be refreshed by luncheon in Queen's Gate, and probably take Agatha back with her to Belgrave Square. It comes about so naturally that no one but Lord Henry suspects that it is the invalid at Queen's Gate who is the real bond of union between the two dissimilar girls.

For Christabel had not been wrong when she warned Captain Vanstone against travelling when so rheumatic. The very day he left Lithsdale he was taken forcible possession of by Cousin Susan and Agatha, and instead of returning to his work was forthwith sent to bed, not one moment too soon. And when, ten days later, Christabel returned to town, and full of forebodings at once hurried to Queen's Gate, the first thing she heard there was that Piers was lying up-stairs ill with rheumatic fever, although fortunately not in its worst form. It took the colour out of her cheeks, and made her large eyes grow wider, and Agatha saw it. She, on her side, had long cherished the idea that if Piers and Christabel were to become husband and wife, how very delightful it would be. Christabel would be the most charming of wives and sisters-in-law, whilst her money would quite repair the fallen fortunes of the family. From that moment Agatha was ranged on the side of the forces that were at work to make Myles Vanstone's will—with the clauses of which she was quite unacquainted—a dead letter.

Meanwhile to Christabel, tired of saying "no" to every one, it is infinitely refreshing to associate with a man who she knows will not ask her to marry him. With him she can be her own unaffected self, can laugh with him, sing to him, talk to him—earnestly enough, too—sure that it will not be followed by those fervent declarations which she has learnt to dread; and meanwhile she sees him constantly. He has got over the fever, and has now only weakness to fight against. In the character of a convalescent, he is the centre of attraction to the whole female portion of the household. Agatha flutters about him all day long, and five o'clock sees him ensconced in the best arm-chair in the drawing-room, with his sister to make tea for him, Mrs. Loftus to beam on him, and sometimes Christabel to sing to him.

At first he gives in utterly, too weak to resist; but strength is coming back, and with physical, moral strength; he must tear himself away or it will be too late, and he will betray that he loves Christabel, has loved her ever since he carried her off the rocks at Furlby, and will love her to the end of time. The long hours of pain and wakefulness that so quickly succeeded his visit to Lithsdale have opened his eyes, and taught him the fallacy of a platonic friendship with a girl whose face has haunted him ever since he first saw it. Little does he guess that Agatha has discovered the secret he is so anxious to conceal; that she has watched his countenance during Christabel's songs, and has laid the foundation of the fair and stately castle to be reared on their joint happiness.

So the days go by, and the cold March winds give place to sweet south gales, and with the south wind's appearance Piers gathers up his strength and bids a grateful good-bye to Queen's Gate.

And now the season has come round once more, and with the first of May have arrived the Lithsdales, and taken the house next door to the Vanstones in Belgrave Square. Mr. Molyneux being safely in Ireland with his regiment, the natural consequence of this arrangement is that Lady Lithsdale and Christabel become inseparables, although each time they meet the older woman grows more sadly convinced that her son's cause is hopeless. Watching the girl as she does, she comes to the conclusion that deep down in her heart Christabel has set up an ideal, and that, moreover, she has met its counterpart. Who can it be?

Mrs. Vanstone drops out of this friendship altogether. Lady Lithsdale does not care for her. On one point alone does she agree with her, and that is in trying to argue her step-daughter out of the idea she has firmly taken into her head that, sooner or later, after she is of age, she will buy a property.

"In these days, my dear child, when every landholder has his farm on his hands, the idea of a woman buying an estate! Besides which, as soon as you have done the deed, you will probably find yourself engaged to be married."

Christabel shakes her head.

"And why not, Chris? Do you intend to live in single blessedness all your life?"

"Rather than be married for my money—yes."

"I understand what you mean, dear, but surely you know yourself well enough to be aware that you are more than sufficiently attractive to be married for yourself alone."

"If one could tell!" she sighs; "but even then, I have never seen any one I could fancy living with for three hundred and sixty-five days in every year."

"Twenty-one next November. Will you come and stay with me when I come of age? and Mrs. Vanstone and I will have a house full, and there shall be a party for my friends, a dinner for all my new poor people, an entertainment for the servants, &c. &c."

"Yes, I will certainly come. And now, whilst we are about it, we will fix the day for going down

"SHE KNOWS, AS BY A SUDDEN INSPIRATION, CHRISTABEL'S SECRET" (*p.* 298).

"Never, Chris?" Lady Lithsdale asks, with her eyes fastened on the girl's face, where a faint pink is beginning to creep upwards—"Never?"

"You know," she answers, evading the question, "my cousin calls me the Lady of the Lea, and prophesies that I shall die, not of a broken heart, but something far more prosaic—an old maid."

"And how do you like the prospect?" asks her friend, satisfied that her conjectures are correct, by that blush, and that evasion of her question.

"I think I shall manage to make myself quite happy," she answers mischievously, "because, you see, I shall have plenty to do, with all my farms on my hands."

"Well, don't quite make up your mind irrevocably to the singular tense yet, for you are—how old?"

to see this wonderful Morselands that you intend, some day, to waste your money on."

"It will not be waste of money if it suits me. Seriously," she continues, with a yearning look in her eyes, "I want a home. I have not had one since I left the Abbey. I can always come to London, travel, or stay about as much as I please, but I must have a place of my own, that I can learn to love; I do not care to live in other people's houses."

"Well, we shall see. But now for the day to inspect Morselands: will next Thursday suit you?"

"Let me see, next Thursday—yes, if it will suit Mrs. Vanstone. I will let you know this evening. By the way, Lord Henry will be one of the party."

"Why do you dislike that man so much, Chris? Oh! I know you do; I can tell it by your voice even

when you speak of him. Do you know he is a favourite of mine, he is so pleasant and agreeable."

"Oh, yes; I know he is both. I can hardly tell why I dislike him, unless it is that I see too much of him, or perhaps it is on the old Dr. Fell principle. I think he is false, although I confess I have no reason for saying so."

"Take care, Chris; don't take unreasoning prejudices, or else when you become the rich old maid you will develop a hundred eccentricities, because you will have only your own wishes and ideas to consult."

"You are quite right," she says gravely, "I feel myself growing more whimsical because I know I have the means of satisfying my fads, and whatever I do every one is sure to say is right. You and—— you are the only person who pulls me up, and shows me what I may become. I often wish that I were poor."

"My darling!" says Lady Lithsdale warmly, sympathising with the loneliness of the girl. "Money, properly spent, is a blessing; though to one so young as you are, it is no doubt a heavy responsibility. But you honestly do your best to spend it well, and what you want is a husband on whom you can lean, and who will keep you in order, and some day I shall see you with one. Now here we are at home; I shall meet you this evening, and you can give me your answer about Thursday," and with these words Lady Lithsdale steps out of her carriage and enters her house, having satisfied her womanly mind that Christabel is in love with some one.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

MORSELANDS.

THURSDAY morning dawns bright and beautiful; it is a day made for the expedition to Morselands, and even Mrs. Vanstone recognises for once the charm of the country, as expounded by Lord Henry, as the scenery grows prettier and prettier, till they reach the little country station where they are to get out.

As they step out of the train some one gets out of a carriage in the rear, and Christabel gives a start of surprise, for Piers Vanstone stands before her.

"Why, Captain Vanstone, how did you come here?" exclaims Lady Lithsdale. "How glad I am to see you! and apparently quite well and strong again."

"Yes, I am quite myself again, thank you. I am come down here to-day to see my brother, who is being tutored by Miss Vanstone's future rector. I had no idea I should see all of you."

"They are come to inspect Morselands," says Christabel, then rather shyly, "If you are going to the Rectory, cannot we give you a lift? We have room."

He accepts, and soon they are driving up a leafy lane, where the trees nearly meet overhead, and there is a scent of new-mown hay in the air. From the lane they emerge on to a high road, which widens out into two arms, enclosing a common, round which stand cottages dropped about as it were by accident, gay with roses, geraniums, and nasturtiums. On one side, on somewhat rising ground, stands the church, whilst from behind it, but considerably above it, a red-brick house breaks on their sight.

"May I get down here?" asks Piers, "that is my way to the Rectory."

"You will come up and join us afterwards, won't you?" asks Christabel, "and bring Myles. We are going to picnic somewhere between one and two."

"I cannot come to lunch," he answers, "but I will stroll up in the afternoon and bring Myles."

"Oh! I am so glad that, at last, I shall see the black sheep," says Mrs. Vanstone. "Black sheep are so much more interesting than white ones," and with that they part. Another three minutes and they have entered the lodge gate, and are driving through a park thickly studded with thorn, beech, and oak. It is a gentle ascent to the house, which occupies a commanding situation on a large plateau, backed by fine old trees, overlooking a wide stretch of the country, which terminates in a broken range of misty blue hills.

As soon as they arrive, they break up into pairs as usual; Lady Lithsdale and Christabel go off together, whilst Mrs. Vanstone and Lord Henry wander about the garden. His lorship is radiant, so Sylvia is the same, as they sit under the trees thoroughly enjoying the *dolce far niente* and talking of Christabel.

"She is a dear girl," says Mrs. Vanstone, "and clever too, but headstrong, and possessed of some funny ideas. Fortunately, she is rich, for the way in which she spends her money would make you stare."

"Indeed? She must be extravagant to cause you surprise."

"I am extravagant, I own; but Christabel outdoes me. She is generous, liberal, and charitable to absurdity, but as she is very sweet to me, and gives me lovely presents, I do not interfere with her."

"By the way, who is Vanstone's black sheep?"

Mrs. Vanstone explains, and Lord Henry grows more and more radiant, so much so that, when the luncheon hour approaches, he and Christabel become quite facetious over the arrangement of the *al fresco* meal.

After luncheon there are the gardens, stables, greenhouses, all to be inspected, and by the time they have reached the woods at the back of the house, Lady Lithsdale is glad to sit down on the moss that lies like an emerald-green carpet at her feet.

Christabel's eyes are peering anxiously among the tall brown stems around her. Lady Lithsdale follows her gaze and discerns in the far distance two figures coming up one of the numerous paths that intersect the wood, sees the dawning smile of gladness trembling on the red lips, and is grieved to the heart. She knows, as by a sudden inspiration, Christabel's secret, and wonders she can have been so blind as not to guess it before. "Unlucky child," she thinks, "what possesses her, out of all the men in the world, to fix on this one?"

But as the two draw nearer, she is obliged to own that it is not unnatural, and in one moment Lady Lithsdale has seceded from her son's cause, and wishes it were possible that these two might come together. Neither Christabel's exaggerated indif-

ference nor Piers' smile escapes her as she shakes hands with the red-haired youth who is introduced as "my brother Myles."

She is quite rested now, she says, and they must get on, for there is still much to be seen; and as the paths will only allow of two walking together, she takes possession of Myles, followed by Piers and Christabel. It is an exquisite afternoon, soft and dreamy, and as the two stroll along they seem to have nothing to say to each other until Piers breaks the silence.

"Miss Vanstone," he says abruptly, "when you are settled here, will you have the charity to ask Myles occasionally to the house?"

"Of course I will. I shall tell him to come whenever he likes."

"No, don't, or you'll never be free of him. Already he owes you an apology for shooting your rabbits and defying your keeper. He must make it, too, and I hope you'll take the matter seriously."

"But I don't want to be serious, and I detest being apologised to. Suppose I give him full leave to shoot as much as he pleases—would not that be better?"

"You do not know Myles," he answers. "What is the good of showing generosity to an utterly ungenerous nature?"

Christabel is silent, feeling vaguely that, although Piers is right, he and Myles will never pull together.

"Let us talk of something more congenial," he continues, "of your plans in this place."

"Do you like it?" she asks eagerly.

"Immensely," with conviction.

"And when I am settled, will you remember your promise, and give me your advice in those little matters that require a masculine mind to be brought to bear on them?"

"Surely, I will."

"I come of age next November, you know," she continues, "when I mean to have a houseful. Will you come and stay then? Mr. and Mrs. Loftus and Agatha have promised already."

He stops a moment, then—

"Christabel," he says, "do you know what you are doing? You are asking the enemy of your house to stay with you. Have you forgotten your father?"

"No," she answers, a wistful light in her eyes, "I have not forgotten him, nor any of his words. But I have learned what he did not know—what he had no opportunity of knowing—and—and—I want a friend."

He looks at her with pity, for he knows, with all her money and all her new-made friends, how really desolate she is. But all he says is—

"Surely you have many friends."

"Mr. Forbes died a year after father," she answers; "it must seem strange to you, but he was the only *old* friend I had. Perhaps I am ungrateful or suspicious. I dare say I am both. Every one is extremely kind to me, dear Lady Lithsdale above all; but—but—cannot you understand how it is with me? I am alone, isolated—hedged round with a golden wall. I am flattered, caressed, my faults turned into virtues, my most ordinary actions magnified into something wonderful. And why is all this? Simply because I happen to have more money than some of my neighbours, who are probably far worthier of all these honours than I am. Is it extraordinary that I should feel the whole thing to be a sham—and——"

"Stop," he says authoritatively, "my dear cousin"—with an emphasis on the "cousin"—"do not go on. I understand what you feel exactly, and I sympathise with you; but I think you exaggerate."

"No, I do not. You alone are the only person who does not flatter me, who wants nothing from me; the only person who never pays me a compliment, who—Don't you see?" with sudden confusion of manner, "I want a friend who will tell me the truth."

Well, perhaps, that she does not look into Piers' face, as she pours all this out rapidly, coming to a stand-still, beautiful as he had never seen her before. Then her hands drop to her sides, and she looks down ashamed of her excitement. All Piers' pulses are beating from the incense of the flattery of her sweet words, even though he has filled up that hiatus—"the only person who cannot and will not ask me to marry him." Is he so weak that he cannot master himself sufficiently to respond to her cry without pushing his own personality forward? Does he not love her enough to be swallowed up in her? Surely he does; to the end of her days, whether she need him or not, he will be the strong true friend she wants. A moment's inward struggle, and he turns to her a countenance calm, gentle, sympathetic, in his voice a new vibration.

"I will be your friend, Christabel, willingly, gladly; and even should I have to leave England, which I most probably shall have to do, we can correspond, can we not? Thank you for your trust in me."

"Then it is a compact!" she cries, somewhat nervously; she is ashamed of her past vehemence under the gaze of his steadfast eyes. He puts out his hand and takes hers, and there, in the green wood, with the blue vault of heaven piercing the tangled branches, they ratify their covenant. Lady Lithsdale and Myles have disappeared long ago; Piers hastily withdraws his hand, and looks at his watch.

"We are late," he says, in the most matter-of-fact voice. "I must be off."

"Once more he puts out his hand, and clasps hers as he would any stranger's, yet some mysterious electricity must have streamed through his fingers, for Christabel's eyes are cast down, and she never raises them again until he is gone.

"How cold it has turned!" she murmurs, as she returns to the house and equips herself for departure.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

CAVENDISH COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

BY ONE OF ITS GRADUATES.

THE honour of introduction to the readers of this Magazine has already been accorded to Cavendish College. More than eight years have flown since the laying of the foundation-stone of the present buildings was made the occasion of a brief, cordial note of welcome to what was then the latest experiment in University extension. Considerable progress has been made by the builders during the interval; and if it has not been long enough to see the final completion of their scheme, it has been more than ample to justify their labours. It is too early to express any definite opinion on the value of the work done; but the seed sown is maturing, and promises at no distant date to blossom, in every sense, into golden grain. The credit of the undertaking, without detracting in the slightest from the merits of those noblemen and gentlemen who have so munificently loosened their purse-strings, must rest with the Rev. Canon Brereton.

Dr. Arnold was happy in his pupils. They came to him with characters ready to be moulded: they listened to his teaching at an age when the mind is most easily roused to a noble enthusiasm on any point. Many thankfully acknowledge their indebtedness to the great Rugby master for all that is lovely and of good report in their dispositions; but in Canon Brereton is seen, perhaps, one of the best examples of the rare power of that personal influence which has borne the fame of Arnold over every sea.

Fifty years ago the tutor was lamenting the miserable condition of secondary education in England, and for more than one generation has the disciple been re-echoing the master's cry. The system of county schools, inaugurated in Devonshire with such satisfactory results, owes its origin to Mr. Brereton, and of itself is sufficient to place him in the front rank of educational reformers. "Limited liability" has been his watchword; and while he has insured to his shareholders a dividend varying from three to five per cent., he has contrived, with the true legerdemain of finance, to blend the endowment with the commercial principle.

Cavendish College is the logical sequence of his county schools. The capital is raised by the County College Association, under limited liability, with a dividend restricted to five per cent. A considerable portion of the share capital, it is anticipated, will form an endowment for scholarships. The title of the association was so chosen because it was hoped that the College, if established, would prove a centre of attraction round which the newly-founded county schools might constellate. Too long have our Universities been fed, with here and there an honourable exception, solely by our great public schools. The local examinations have done doughty service to the middle class, by stimulating the powers of both teachers and scholars. On the authority of the Bishop of Exeter, one of the first examiners appointed, the standard has been raised distinctly higher than it was, and the work is much more thoroughly done. The healthy spur of competition has compelled schoolmasters to shake off their torpor; and as for the pupils, even those who do not propose to submit themselves to the examination ordeal are often encouraged to participate in the studies of intending candidates.

So far the result is good. But beyond making a favourable appearance in the local examinations, the average middle-class school has had neither incentive to ambition nor ideal of attainment. To supply this was the *raison-d'être* of Cavendish. It is believed that the brighter youths of intermediate schools will be tempted to secure the social and educational advantages of a University degree, if it can be procured for them at a cost and on conditions suitable to their means and prospects.

The benefit of a University training is a very threadbare theme; but never was it more pithily put than by Professor Tyndall lately at the opening of the Birkbeck Institution. Relating in charming style an early chapter of his life's story, the eminent physicist tells how he set out in 1848 for Germany, the land of Universities. Sown broadcast over the country, to them he ascribes the source of an important portion of Germany's present greatness. "The strength and endurance which belong to the Germans as a gift of race needed enlightenment to direct it; and this was given by the Universities." But a course, say at Marburg or Tübingen, provided the student can resist the allurements of the *Kneipe*, is a very different matter from three years' residence on the Cam or the Isis.

In the Fatherland every shopkeeper can afford to send his son to College, and many a peasant boasts a boy in the halls of learning. Indeed, the lowly-born furnish a very large proportion of students, and they court their Alma Mater's favour with a steady purpose, and not, as many thousands of their English comrades do, dally with her merely for the external polish which her society imparts. In short, in Germany culture is not the monopoly of the rich: education is universal because it is cheap.

But, offered the same opportunities, will Young England despise them? I protest it is a slur, nay, a libel on British character, even to hint such a thing. Never was greater truth spoken than when Goethe, in one of his moralising moments, attested the yearning of humanity to raise itself above its dull daily level. Cavendish College offers to the merchant and to the non-affluent professional man the

opportunity of satisfying these cravings. It places the advantages of the University course within the reach of the pocket of the one, while it welcomes the other at an age when it will not be too late to acquire subsequently business habits. These are the primary objects; but, in addition, it is pledged to maintain a supply of University-trained masters, consequently special instruction in the pedagogic art is promised to those who intend following the profession of teaching.

The establishment of the College dates virtually from 1873. Three students formed the van-guard of the noble three hundred which the College, when complete, is destined to accommodate. (Mem.: If this dauntless trio ever get their deserts, they will be canonised among the founders as the Cavendish triumvirate.) It was called the County College till 1876, when with the permission of the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University and largest proprietor of the share capital, it took his family name. The change was commendable in every respect. Besides shedding on the fledgling the lustre of his high renown, and connecting himself more closely with its fortunes, the duke by his graciousness conferred on the College a real rallying-cry, both for the Senate House and the towing-path. Again, the very name of Cavendish, recalling, as it does, "claims of long descent," figures in happy unison beside such ancient and illustrious patrons of learning as Margaret of Anjou, May, Countess of Pembroke, Lady Clare, Edmund Gonville, John Caius, Frances, Countess of Sussex, Sir George Downing, and others whose benefactions have made their memories immortal.

At first the progress of the College was slow. Not till January, 1877, when the building was first ready for occupation, and the writer matriculated, could we boast double figures. Since that time, however, the numbers have gone on steadily increasing; and in the last October term, the commencement of the academical year, the muster-roll was verging on the century. Without question the success of the College would have been more rapid if the public generally had been better aware of its existence. But for nine years its students have been included in the non-collegiate ranks, consequently only the initiated knew how large a number were passing the various examinations and proceeding to degrees. In November, 1882, however, it received the honour of official recognition at the hands of the Senate of the University, under the title of Cavendish College Public Hostel. From that date forth it has appeared in all class lists under its own colours.

CAVENDISH COLLEGE.

The Cambridge use of the word "Hall," as synonymous with "College"—exemplified now only in Trinity Hall, but till within comparatively recent years in Clare and St. Catherine's Halls—precluded its adoption, or it would have been chosen in place of the present somewhat cumbrous title. The peculiar phraseology of the Acts of Parliament and Statutes of the University rendered it unadvisable, in the opinion of the Senate, to bestow thus early the technical title of "College" on Cavendish and other candidates for admission to the University. Had the title been conferred, some extra dignities would have fallen on the head of Cavendish, and the College would have been subject to certain duties and liabilities too onerous to be desirable. As for the undergraduates themselves, no difference whatever is made between the members of Cavendish and those of any other College; by Grace of the Senate, all enjoy equal University privileges, and are subject to the same obligations.

To proceed now to the special features of Cavendish—its economy of time and money. A College tutor of great experience, writing for the information of parents, has fixed £138 as the lowest possible, and £202 as the average, cost per annum at any of the older foundations. But this, be it understood, includes no provision for private "coaches," and presumes the minimum of residence, about twenty-four weeks. At Cavendish, board, lodging, firing, washing, and tuition, for thirty-two weeks—covering a term in the Long Vacation—and all University fees, except the matriculation and the B.A. degree fees, can be obtained by the aspiring Bachelor for eighty guineas. During his first two years each student is allowed one room; and in the furnishing of this apartment care has been taken to merge, as far as possible, the bed-room in the study. For a trifling extra payment, the third-year student obtains two rooms. All meals are taken at one table; and spacious common rooms have been provided for reading, recreation, and social intercourse.

As to the incidental expenses, they will, of course, vary with individual idiosyncracies. What Dr. Arnold said of a public school—"A certain power of self-government is pre-supposed in all who come to it"—is equally applicable to Cavendish. No pressure is brought to bear on any of the students in regard to their personal expenditure; but both by precept and example it is sought to impress upon them that plain living and high thinking should be the motto of their lives. Personally, I was not extravagant; yet, on the other hand, I never denied myself any reasonable gratification. I indulged in almost all the sports of flood and field, and very soon became an active member of the Union. The fees and subscriptions for these purposes, my books, my academicals, and my travelling expenses, were all paid out of my allowance. My studies were never neglected; but when they were done, the social joys of College life found me no recreant knight. In relating these details my object is to convince parents and guardians that if they are prepared to expend £120 per annum, they will find that sum will cover at Cavendish all the necessaries and most of the legitimate pleasures of University life. For those from whom necessity demands a little self-denial, £110 would suffice, perhaps even £105. Allowing the same amount for incidental expenses at the older Colleges, which would in most cases be found inadequate, the reader will see that residence in Cavendish means an economy of at least £50 a year.

The age (16) of admission must commend itself to all who are compelled to begin the battle of life early. And now that the University has taken measures to foster the study of modern languages, this College ought specially to attract those intended for a commercial career. The course of examinations for the Ordinary Degree need not deter any one of ordinary abilities and average perseverance. Nor does the fact that the Cavendish students undergo, as a rule, their final ordeal three years earlier than their comrades in other Colleges, have any appreciable effect in increasing the number of failures. This may perhaps be explained by the stricter discipline and closer supervision of studies which exists in the new institution. But, after all, its practice in regard to the reception of youthful students is no modern innovation, but merely a revival of the ancient usage of our seats of learning. Cranmer, the fiery martyr, matriculated under fourteen years of age, and received a Fellowship before his majority. Spenser, author of the "Faerie Queen," donned the Bachelor's hood at nineteen, doffing it four years later for the Master's gown. Philosopher Bacon, when a mere boy of thirteen, was pacing the cloisters of Trinity, and three years later quitted the University in disgust at the low state of learning which prevailed there. At sixteen, Milton was already meditating in the gardens of Christ's; while Pitt—but the list is inexhaustible.

WILL. M. SAUNDERS, M.A.

OUR MODEL READING CLUB.

FIFTH PAPER.

ONE of the difficulties which beset the heads of households in this age of books is to decide what works in the lighter literature of the day—poetry and fiction—are suitable for the general reading of the younger members of the family. So strongly has been felt the want of some authoritative guidance in this direction, that we have received numerous communications from parents urging us to do something to fill the gap, and from time to time to give lists of stories which are not only entertaining, but may be read with real advantage, on account either of the information they afford, or of the lessons for good which they inculcate. After thoughtful consideration, we have determined to extend (if possible) our "Model Reading Club" papers as desired, and to give some account of all the best books for young people as they are published. It should, however, be clearly understood that these stories are not to be read during *club* hours, and that fiction should never be allowed to interfere with the necessary thoughtful study of good works of history, biography, literature, science, and travel.

In this paper we do not propose to speak of any of the new books of the year (these we shall hope to notice from time to time), but it may be useful to give a list—though of course in no way a complete one—of stories already published which may with safety be put in the hands of all young people.

Leaving books for children out of the question for the present, we subjoin two lists, one especially for girls of from fourteen or fifteen years of age upwards, the other for boys of about the same age; although it must be premised that many of the books in the first list will be appreciated by boys also, while several of the boys' stories will have plenty of attraction for young ladies.

Here is the list of selected books for girls :—

"A Woman's Kingdom"	*Miss Muloch.*
"John Halifax, Gentleman"	,, ,,
"A Noble Life"	,, ,,
"Christian's Mistake"	,, ,,
"Ministering Children"	*Maria L. Charlesworth.*
"The Ministry of Life"	,, ,,
"The Draytons and the Davenants"	,, ,,
"Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family"	*Mrs. Charles.*
"Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan"	,, ,,
"The Heir of Redclyffe"	*Charlotte Yonge.*
"The Pillars of the House"	,, ,,
"The Daisy Chain"	,, ,,
"The Trial"	,, ,,
"The Dove in the Eagle's Nest"	,, ,,
"Little Women"	*Miss L. M. Alcott.*
"Little Women Wedded"	,, ,, ,,
"An Old-fashioned Girl"	,, ,, ,,
"School Girls"	*Annie Carey.*
"Working to Win"	*Maggie Symington.*
"The Wide, Wide World"	*Miss Wetherell.*
"Queechy"	,, ,,
"Woman's Patience"	*Emma Jane Worboise.*
"Grey and Gold"	,, ,, ,,
"Husbands and Wives"	,, ,, ,,
"The Arundel Motto"	*Mary Cecil Hay.*
"The Court and the Cottage"	*Emma Marshall.*
"Coulyng Castle"	*Agnes Giberne.*
"Nellie's Memories"	*Rosa Nouchette Carey.*
"Barbara Heathcote's Trial"	,, ,, ,,
"Better than Good"	*Annie E. Ridley.*
"Esther West"	*Isa Craig-Knox.*

Of the above, "John Halifax, Gentleman," "A Noble Life," "The Heir of Redclyffe," and "The Arundel Motto" afford capital reading for both sexes.

The list of good stories for boys and young men might easily assume undue dimensions, but probably the following will be found to be a fairly representative selection :—

"Eric; or, Little by Little"	*Dr. Farrar.*
"Julian Home"	,, ,,
"St. Winifred's"	,, ,,
"The Three Homes"	*F. T. L. Hope.*
"Tom Brown's Schooldays"	*Thomas Hughes.*
"The Channings"	*Mrs. Henry Wood.*
"Roland Yorke"	,, ,, ,,
"Westward Ho"	*Charles Kingsley.*
"The Days of Bruce"	*Grace Aguilar.*
"The Scottish Chiefs"	*Jane Porter*
"Frank Fairleigh"	*F. E. Smedley.*
"Lewis Arundel; or, The Railroad of Life"	,, ,,
"Treasure Island"	*R. L. Stevenson.*
"Vice Versâ"	*F. Anstey.*
"The Three Admirals"	*W. H. G. Kingston.*
"The Three Midshipmen"	,, ,,
"The Gorilla Hunters"	*R. M. Ballantyne.*
"The Young Buglers"	*G. A. Henty.*
"Schoolboy Honour"	*Rev. H. C. Adams.*
"Wood Magic"	*Richard Jefferies.*

In connection with our "Home Reading Division," we now recapitulate the books already selected, dividing them into groups, and distinguishing with an asterisk those which are especially recommended for abstracts :—

* Milton's "Paradise Lost."
* Tennyson's "In Memoriam."
* Tennyson's "Idylls of the King.'

Dean Church's "Life of Lord Bacon."
* Picton's "Life of Oliver Cromwell."
Carlyle's "Life of Schiller."
* John Forster's "Life of Goldsmith."
Dean Stanley's "Life of Dr. Arnold."

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* Farrar's "Early Days of Christianity."
Professor Seeley's "Expansion of England."
Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic."
John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy."
Buckland's "Curiosities of Natural History," First Series.
* Tyndall's "Sound."
Tyndall's "Heat: a Mode of Motion."
Carpenter's "Energy in Nature."

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* Mackenzie Wallace's "Russia."
Lady Brassey's "Voyage of the *Sunbeam.*"

Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."
Smiles' "Self-Help."
Macaulay's "Essays."
* Bunyan's "Holy War."
* Butler's "Analogy of Religion."
Trench's "Study of Words."

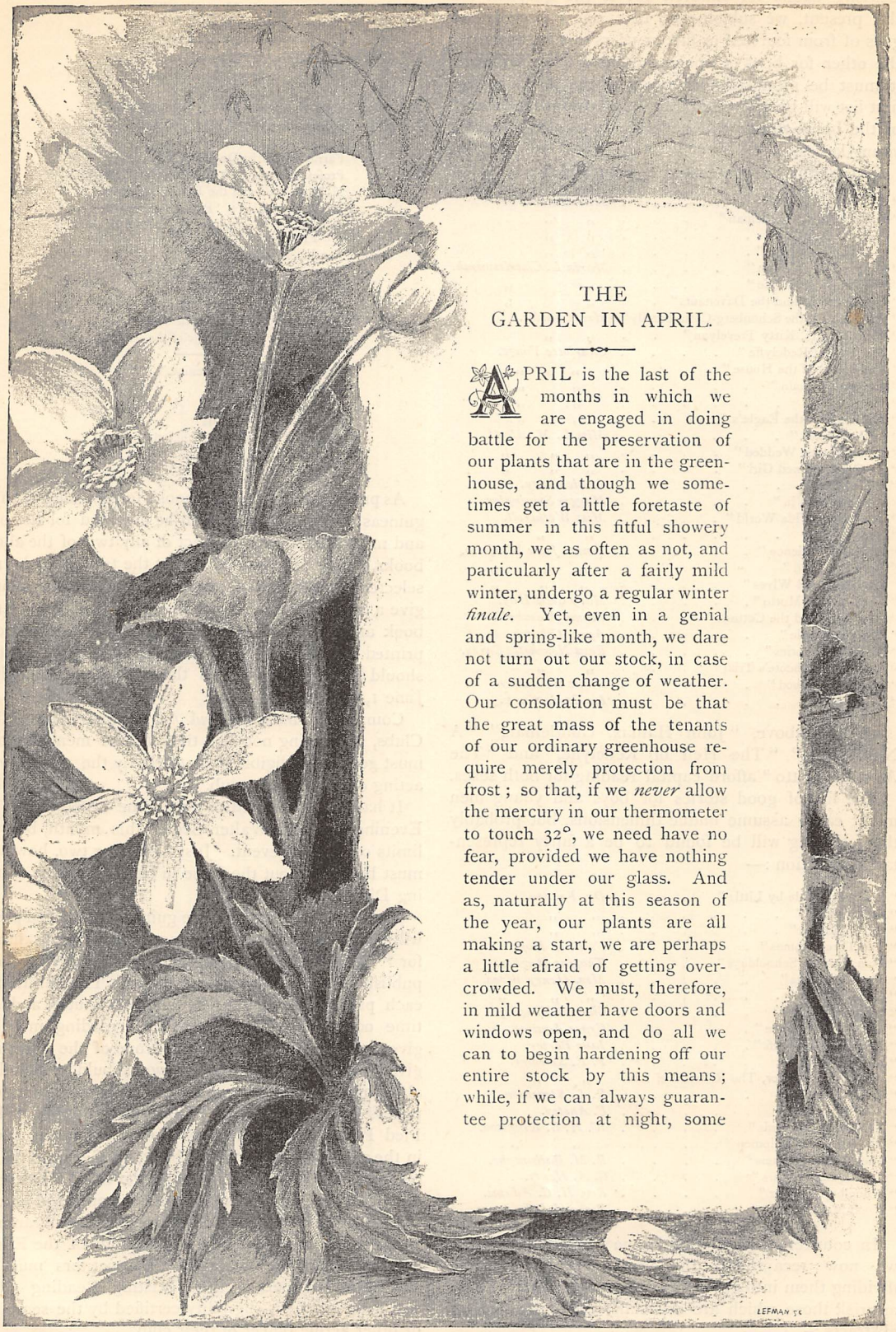
As previously announced, books to the value of three guineas (published price) will be awarded for the best and most satisfactory abstract of any two of the above books. It is recommended that the two books be not selected from the same group. Each abstract should give a concise account of the object and plan of the book and of its contents, and should not exceed one printed page of this Magazine in length. All abstracts should be in the hands of the Editor not later than June 1, 1885.

Competitors must be *bonâ fide* members of Reading Clubs, numbering not less than *twelve* members, and must get their eligibility certified by the secretary or acting officer of their club.

It had been intended to give some account of "An Evening with Sir Walter Scott" this month, but the limits of space prevent. Just a word or two, however, must be said about the Prize in our "Company Reading Division."

Books to the value of three guineas (published price) will be awarded for the best set of three programmes for "Variety Readings," similar in character to those published in our December number. The duration of each programme should be ninety minutes, and the time occupied in each individual reading must be given as closely as possible. None of the selections given in the published *programmes* should be included, although any of the *suggested readings* in previous papers may be utilised. Thus, for example, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," by Robert Browning, given in the programme for "Our Children's Evening," is excluded; while "How we brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," by the same author, mentioned among the verse selections, might form part of a programme.

All programmes must be in the hands of the Editor not later than June 1, 1885. Competitors must be *bonâ fide* members of any existing Reading Club, and must get their eligibility certified by the secretary or other acting officer of their club.



THE GARDEN IN APRIL.

APRIL is the last of the months in which we are engaged in doing battle for the preservation of our plants that are in the greenhouse, and though we sometimes get a little foretaste of summer in this fitful showery month, we as often as not, and particularly after a fairly mild winter, undergo a regular winter *finale*. Yet, even in a genial and spring-like month, we dare not turn out our stock, in case of a sudden change of weather. Our consolation must be that the great mass of the tenants of our ordinary greenhouse require merely protection from frost; so that, if we *never* allow the mercury in our thermometer to touch 32°, we need have no fear, provided we have nothing tender under our glass. And as, naturally at this season of the year, our plants are all making a start, we are perhaps a little afraid of getting overcrowded. We must, therefore, in mild weather have doors and windows open, and do all we can to begin hardening off our entire stock by this means; while, if we can always guarantee protection at night, some

of our hardiest plants—our calceolarias, for example—may be stood outside under a wall or in an outhouse, so as to give us a little more space for carrying on our operations inside. On the other hand, the presence of actual frost will involve the presence also of a fire in our stove, and then comes the risk of allowing the temperature of the greenhouse to rise too high; and this we have to check by the admission of air at the top, which, unless done with caution, will certainly involve more or less of risk.

A good syringing is very useful in our greenhouse when we are getting at all crowded; and of our tender annuals, successive sowings should be made this month—such, for example, as some of our balsams, cockscombs, &c. These will do very well in the frames which at the early stages of our cucumbers we are so well able to utilise for a variety of plants by standing them all round against the side of the frame. As for our half-hardy annuals, towards the end of this month a great number of those that we have raised in pots or in slight heat may be planted out—of course, putting those out first that we consider the hardiest, and planting, as far as we can, first of all in sheltered situations. And then a little attention may be paid to our Neapolitan violets—ever-popular favourites as they are. Runners of them may be taken now, and planted out for the summer in good rich soil; but towards the end of September they should be taken up, and, if you can spare the room, planted in frames.

And, beginning with this month, a little further progress may be made in our window gardening. During the past winter months we have not been able to do much more than have a bright display of berried evergreens in some of our windows, with the exception, perhaps, of a few crocuses, hyacinths, and tulips; but if we have been trying to save or cultivate a few greenhouse plants, they ought now to be placed daily out of doors, except during rough or stormy weather, and should be taken in to their customary shelter at night. And, for window exhibition, plant out now, in pots of considerable size, some of the early-sown annuals or of the ordinary summer bedding-out plants. Give a little water in the evening, avoid overcrowding, and at day-time give all the air and light you can. Your fuchsias for the windows will do better with plenty of pot-room. Choose those with good straight leading shoots, and if you manage them well, they will throw out little side shoots all round, and these, when they droop in their usual graceful way, are very effective. Many of the verbena tribe also do well for window shows, but choose well-marked and distinct colours; and, of course, if you can train a few climbers round your balcony or window-frame, so much the better. Of these we may name the varieties of the Maurandya or the Lophospermum, &c.

In the flower garden we are still busy finishing off, or, rather, we should be more accurate in saying, continuing our seed-sowing. For this successive sowing carried on every month up to the middle of July will insure an unbroken display of flowers, especially when sown in rich soil. Biennials, if not already sown, should be got in at once, and those who are fond of an old friend should sow the Canterbury bell now for next year's blooming; and if a sowing be wanted of hardy perennials, it may be made this month. The plants of these will not flower this year, save in some exceptional circumstances—such, perhaps, as a prolonged summer, &c. But the advantage of having a good and well-chosen stock of hardy perennials in our garden is very great, as it makes us much more independent at times when we are at all pushed by other work, as we have not then the thought that our beds are entirely destitute; and this, where the bedding-out system is alone carried out in the flower garden, must sometimes occasion a fear.

The kitchen garden ought to be looking in good order by this time, as, independent of the fortnightly successional pea-sowing, many of our beds should be already laid out; the potatoes put in last month will be showing now, but in the event of a terrible spring frost, protect them if possible, as they have been known to turn black in a single severe night, such as we sometimes experience even in April. And now that we are on vegetable subjects, we may notice that many complain at times that tomatoes very often fail to ripen as the season advances, but turn mouldy and wither away instead. They certainly thrive better in a hot summer than in a wet or chilly one; we must have noticed, for example, how abundant they were in 1884. It is best, then, to sow them in a hotbed in April, and have them thoroughly well forwarded in pots before they are planted out against a wall, where they will eventually thrive and ripen the best, provided, of course, that they have plenty of sun.

In our fruit garden we shall soon be wondering if the gooseberry caterpillar is to be very voracious this year; we have so often hinted at some of the remedies for this calamity, that we shall not at any rate advert to it now. As the month wears to its close and spring is more set, see to the strawberries: the runners must be got carefully off if the fruit is to be of any size or merit—a tedious and a stooping operation, but very necessary—and when your runners are all off, scatter some grass from your mowing-machine between the rows, or some tan. When the fruit is set, a little liquid manure is a good thing, carefully administered at the root.

AN OLD MAID'S FRIENDS.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

UT Maurice had a harder task than he could have conceived. When the ruling passion happens to be selfishness, that ruling passion is the strongest there is. An unselfish person has no chance against it.

He had Rachel's secret to respect, and he had Rachel's obstinate determination to consider. His only chance was to get Katie to give him up of her own accord, for Rachel would not build her happiness upon her sister's unhappiness.

He was cold to Katie. She did not notice it. He tried to undervalue himself—to paint himself in most objectionable colours. She didn't mind.

He told her he wasn't so very well off after all, and that he might be a good deal poorer soon. She was staggered, but her mother made a little private inquiry, and she told him not to be foolish.

He said he thought they had been rather hasty—that they were both too young to know their own minds. She said, "Nonsense! mamma was much younger."

He said he thought she deserved more love than it was in his power to give her. She said she was quite satisfied.

He asked her if she loved him very much: supposing anything happened to separate them, would it make her unhappy?

Of course it would—dreadfully. What disagreeable subjects he always talked about! Why couldn't he be nice, as he used to be?

He was baffled at all points. If Rachel would only let him speak out and tell the truth! But no. She judged Katie by herself. She was sure Katie would instantly give him up and fret secretly, and that she would not have.

Perhaps she was a little blinded. That any one should once possess Maurice's love and then lose it was to her such a crushing calamity as she would not bring upon her sister's head.

Weeks passed on, and the chances of escape were narrowing.

From Mrs. Ward's point of view, the first hope to fade was the double marriage of her daughters which she had set her heart on. Rachel became better—most strangely better—restlessly active as she had never been in her life. She visited amongst the poor, taught in the Sunday-school, painted vigorously, read hungrily every book she could lay hold of, but put a stitch in her trousseau she would not. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed, but she would very soon tire, and would sometimes close her eyes and lie back in her chair, deadly pale and utterly exhausted.

One evening, about six weeks before the wedding-day, even Mrs. Ward began to feel that, unless there was an alteration, Rachel's share in the ceremony would have to be postponed. It was getting rather dark in the little sitting-room, but we liked to talk in the twilight. Maurice Chester was there, sitting by Kate, but he made no transparent excuses to touch her hand or establish any perfectly obvious secret telegraph after the manner of lovers; he had lost his brightness and elasticity. I did not feel inclined to kiss the boy and give him an old woman's blessing as formerly; I would rather turn away in reverence from the anguish which haunted his eyes, and respect the sorrow which so tightly closed his once smiling lips. But he was gentle and courteous to all, especially to Kate: he was careful and anxious to be to her all he ought to be—but without the soul. At Rachel he scarcely ever looked: he gave the necessary greetings with eyes cast down, and just touched the tips of her fingers with his own, which thrilled at the contact. This evening we were sitting in a circle round the window, watching the fascinating sea. Rachel was nearly opposite Maurice on a low chair, with her head back, awfully pale. I keenly felt the electric state of the atmosphere. How Kate and Mrs. Ward could be unconscious of it I couldn't imagine.

We had been silent only for a moment or two when Mrs. Ward, so to speak, struck a match. She said, calmly—

"I really shall write to Mr. Talbot, and request him to come home for a day or two. I should like him to see Rachel."

I heard Maurice draw a deep breath, and his face was set hard and stern.

"Mother," Rachel said softly, "I ought to have told you before. I—I have written to Mr. Talbot to tell him that—that—I—I—— Don't be vexed with me, mother—don't be disappointed. Let me stay with you always—let me always stay at home;" and she buried her face in her hands with a sob.

"What do you mean, my dear?" said Mrs. Ward, too stately and icy for a mother; but she was a proud woman as well as a mother.

I saw Maurice had looked towards her eagerly, and a great gulp of hope swept over his face; but Kate struck in—

"I wouldn't be an old maid if I were you—at least" (suddenly remembering that I was one) "I wouldn't unless I had plenty of money and could go about—at least" (suddenly remembering again that I had not even plenty of money)—"Don't be absurd, Rachel; you're out of sorts."

"Mamma, you must forgive me, but I wrote to tell Mr. Talbot that I found I could not give him that affection which I should, and I hoped he wouldn't think anything more about me."

"*Well*, Rachel, and what next?"

"Oh, don't be vexed with me, but I could not—no I would not—marry him. He wrote to say that he did not care about affection—that I was a lady whose

appearance and accomplishments he always admired, and all that, you know—and—in short, he would not let me off."

"I am glad to hear he is such a sensible man."

"Oh, yes—yes; but, then, it's no use—I cannot help it. I would sooner die—ten thousand times sooner! I wrote and positively told him that nothing on earth should induce me to marry him; and nothing on earth *shall*," she said, sitting straight upright, and clasping her hands.

I felt it was a binding vow. Some one else felt it was a vow.

Before any one had time to speak, Maurice, with a touch of his old boyish impulsiveness, asked Kate to come out into the garden with him.

"And leave Rachel to come to her senses," said Kate. "But I shall catch cold," she added, with pretty childishness.

"Put something on, then," he said, rather sternly.

Kate fetched an elegant shawl, which she prettily adjusted in a *négligé* and becoming manner.

There was something about her very prettiness inexpressibly irritating at this supreme moment.

He took her into the garden, where they walked up and down the path, out of sight of the house.

"Katie, do you know what I wanted to speak to you about?"

"What an absurd question! How on earth should I know?"

"Have you no suspicion whatever, Kate?" he said earnestly. "Is it possible that you have not in the least guessed my state of mind?"

"My dear Maurice, I have something else to think of than your 'state of mind,' as you call it. Don't you know what a lot I've got to do? You men really have no idea of things!"

He stopped and stood opposite her, face to face, looking down upon her with such commanding power, that her little butterfly attention could not fail to be arrested.

"Kate, I think it right that you should know that I love some one better—far, far better—than I love you."

Kate fidgeted a little; she felt very uncomfortable—*more* than uncomfortable—piqued.

"I don't think you ought to say that sort of thing to me, Maurice."

"You must know—you must hear. If I marry you, I can give you none of my love whatever—the very fact of your holding me to my engagement will alienate me in heart even more than now. I will marry you still if you wish—if you insist upon it—though I am convinced it would be wrong. The woman I love would not have you sacrificed, so I place myself in your hands entirely. You shall please yourself—I will do as you wish. You surely cannot wish me to marry you after what I have said?"

Kate flushed up and stamped her foot angrily. "Nonsense, Maurice! I hate to hear such nonsense! All young men are a little wild: I have often heard so. I don't expect everything. I am sure I am very reasonable indeed: you could not have any one more considerate than I am. *Most* girls would have thrown you over after speaking as you have done!" And she began to cry.

"Don't be considerate, then; consider only yourself. How will you like to have a husband whose best hopes and best ambitions are dead—whose warmest affections he is obliged continually to crush—who can never look at you without wishing you were *not* his wife: who can give you *nothing*, in short, but a name and a house and a park? Think, oh! think what a cold, dreary, and loveless future you are preparing for yourself."

She went on crying. "You are very unkind, Maurice. I've a great mind to tell mamma. Of course I can't give you up now, and all my things got ready. Besides, whatever would people say?"

"What does it matter about your things—what does it matter what people say—so long as I have no love for you, and you have so little love for me? Let us agree to be friends. You could be my sister; I would be a good brother to you."

"I believe it's Rachel you like. I shouldn't wonder if you two have made it up together."

"Supposing it is—supposing your sister's very life depends upon it: would you not give me up for your sister's sake?"

"I tell you, Maurice, I will *not* give you up now things have gone so far, and I think you most dishonourable and wicked to ask it. I shall go in now, and I hope you will never mention such a subject again."

And thus the year went slowly by.

The wedding came off—with the pretty bride, the cold, stern bridegroom, and the pale, quiet, quivering first bridesmaid so near him. He could easily have taken her hand instead of the bride's, and all the noble vows he could have made to her how much more easily!

When the excitement was over, and Maurice came no more, and there were no more preparations to occupy her thoughts—no more high-strung nervous efforts at self-control, and, alas! no more the sound of his voice, though it was addressed to another: the echo of his footstep, though it was accompanied by a lighter tread: or the sad glance of his eyes, though it told of nothing but farewell—the natural reaction came, and from being bright and over-active, Rachel wearily dragged through the dull, unoccupied, eternal days, more wearily and more slowly as the summer faded into winter, and the dull November and dark December shut out the little outer life there still remained in this deserted summer watering-place.

It was too much for Rachel, who had a vigorous mind and strong feelings, but a frail, delicate body, to be suddenly pulled up with an agonising blow and thrown on one side, feeling herself useless and life a burden.

Maurice Chester knew the blessing of a mother-in-law, for Mrs. Ward spent quite half her time at the Hall. It was a handsome house in good style, which she quite appreciated; besides, poor woman, she was

anxious about Kate, who was little better than a second edition of Dora Copperfield; and she really could not forgive Rachel's outrageous folly in throwing over a good match.

Rachel was left very much to herself, and when the east winds cut their way through the country, she caught cold—*nothing much*, but it did not seem to pass off. Then cold again. At last she was laid up altogether.

She went out one fearful day in February to buy some very fine and very soft flannel, and the silk to sew it with. In the evening, sitting by herself over the fire, she cut out and fashioned a very small, small garment, and as there was no one by to see, she put the soft flannel up to her cheek sometimes, and up to her lips, and looked a far-off look into the fire with tender, wistful brown eyes.

But as the clock struck eight she put in her needle, folded up the work, and took it up-stairs; for her head was hot and heavy, and she felt too ill to do any more.

A week later, and the needle was still in the work in the same place, and Rachel was lying in bed, breathing in little, short, painful gasps.

The old doctor came in many times a day. Mrs. Ward had come back from the Hall in a hurry, for Rachel was her daughter, after all, as much as Kate, and Rachel was dying.

It could only be a question of days at the most—possibly hours; but no one had told the patient, so far, that her hours were numbered: she must go—into the dark. For it is dark, after all; revelation does not clear up contradictions. Perhaps an angel from heaven can "roll away the stone," but we can't: it is so "very great."

"'WELL, DOCTOR?' MRS. WARD SAID ANXIOUSLY."

Dr. Fawcett went up to see his patient—but a very brief visit. He had gradually ceased sitting down to chat. Now he made a sign to her mother, and went down into the sitting-room.

"Well, doctor?" Mrs. Ward said anxiously, "I think she looks a trifle better to-day—don't you?"

The doctor had been standing with his back to the fire. He turned round, stirred it absently, went to the window, altered the blind, and went back to the fire.

"I think she's rather better, doctor: don't you?—don't you think she is?"

"It is said, 'while there is life there is hope,' you know, my dear Mrs. Ward, but in these cases it is well to be prepared. I need not remind you, I am sure, that we are all in the hands of God."

Mrs. Ward's lips quivered, and her hands were tightly clasped.

"But you don't say there's any immediate danger, doctor? I've seen people worse than that—much worse. Dear Rachel has always had good health; she is not strong, certainly, but by no means sickly. Don't you think if we take the greatest care——? I will do everything for her myself."

He continued very grave, his eyes on the ground.

"I will do anything, doctor—anything at all you can suggest. Is it so *very* serious? Dear doctor, it can't be *very* serious."

"I cannot hold out false hopes"—then, after a pause—"hopes which I *know* would be false."

Mrs. Ward buried her face in her hands with a groan. There was no sound but the ticking of the clock, the falling of the ashes, and far in the distance the call of the fishermen.

"One word more. When will it be?"

"Any time."

She covered her face and sobbed; but the doctor knew that those who feel the most deeply often make the least sign.

"I will send for your other daughter and her husband; they should lose no time."

"Thank you, doctor."

Dr. Fawcett found them both at home. Katie cried profusely—so much, she had to lie down, and the doctor feared any further agitation would be unsafe. So Maurice had to go alone.

He had not shed a tear. He was surprisingly calm. He was even surprised at himself. He felt absolutely turned to stone.

Mrs. Ward came, crying, and clasped his hands.

"She has been asking for you: go up."

He went up, still stunned and hard. There was the nurse leaning over the bed, moistening the lips, and on that white face the unmistakable look of death.

He signed to the nurse to leave them, and knelt down, laying his head on the pillow by that dear one now fading fast away, never—never again to be quite the same Rachel he had learnt to love.

"And when this mortal shall have put on immortality——" Well, what then? Shall we even *know* our beloved?

"Maurice," she panted, "here!" She put a little parcel into his hand. "I should have given it to Katie. It isn't finished. It's for your——"

He didn't speak, only clasped her hand, and she lay quietly for some time, her eyes fixed upon him.

"You won't leave me? I should like your face to be the last I see."

Silence again, only the common sounds of the street and the house.

"There is Jane getting tea ready—strange, I shall never hear that again!" She smiled. "I wonder what it will be like!"

"You are in the hands of God, darling."

"Yes, I know—I know!"

She lay quite still and contented for some time.

"Maurice, come nearer; it's getting dark. Put your arms round me; it's getting cold."

"Let me call your mother."

"Good-bye!"

* * * * * *

Two years after, in turning over Maurice's desk, his widow found a baby's flannel shawl, half made, with the needle sticking in it.

"How very odd!" she thought.

A. A. EYRES.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

"Methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain—
To sit upon a hill as I do now."

TO muse I, lying in the warm moss on the wind-swept summit of Meon Hill, this lovely twenty-third of April, Shakespeare's birthday, and drink in the beauty of the scene, which stretches all around me like a map, of the "dear, dear land" of Shakespeare's country. Often, I think, he must have climbed this hill and gazed on the peaceful landscape below; for great minds have ever been lovers of the hills, the very spot where the poet's eye might "glance from heaven to earth—from earth to heaven." Meon Hill is a familar resort of the Warwickshire pack, and many a grey fox has his cover in the thick shelter of the golden gorse on its steep side.

Passengers by the Great Western Railway, after changing at Honeybourne, and creeping lazily up the little branch line to Stratford, must have noticed it, nearly opposite the straggling village of Long Marston, a sharp spur jutting out from the Cotswolds, overlooking the Avon valley, the Feldon, and the Arden of Merrie England.

Shakespeare's country it is indeed, replete with the magic imagery of the scenes of the poet's plays, from the extreme north, where twenty miles hence the three tall spires of Coventry rise faintly, but clearly, against the distant horizon, reminding one of that exquisitely humorous picture of Jack Falstaff and his ragged troop; to where, far away south, a stately abbey tower looks down on the peaceful meeting of the waters of Avon and Severn, by the

ill-fated field of Tewkesbury. Yonder dark patch is the remnant of the Forest of Arden, for ever impressed with the delights of *As you Like it*, where, under the greenwood tree, Rosalind and Orlando, Touchstone and Awdry, listened to the sweet bird's note. Behind the hill lies Wincot, where Master Christopher Sly drank too much of Dame Hackett's home-brewed ale; and below me, scattered about the pleasant land, hidden among lofty elms, sleeps many a rustic hamlet, bringing to one's mind Perdita and the sheep-folds, with all the simplicity and beauty of a country life in *A Winter's Tale*.

Here, too, centre all the familiar spots of the poet's life. Through the rich vale at my feet Avon creeps dreamily down among its pollard willows; the eye, following its course, rests on a grey spire, rising from a circlet of trees—the Holy Trinity Church of Stratford-on-Avon—where sleeps, lulled to rest by the ripple of the river, all that is mortal of the great bard, "whose like we shall not look upon again." Clustering round this solitary spire are the haunts of his youthful days: the quaint house in Henley Street, where he first saw the light; the thatched cottage at Shottery, where Anne Hathaway lived and was wooed, whose garden is filled to-day, as it was three hundred years ago, with gillies, violets, and all sweet spring flowers.

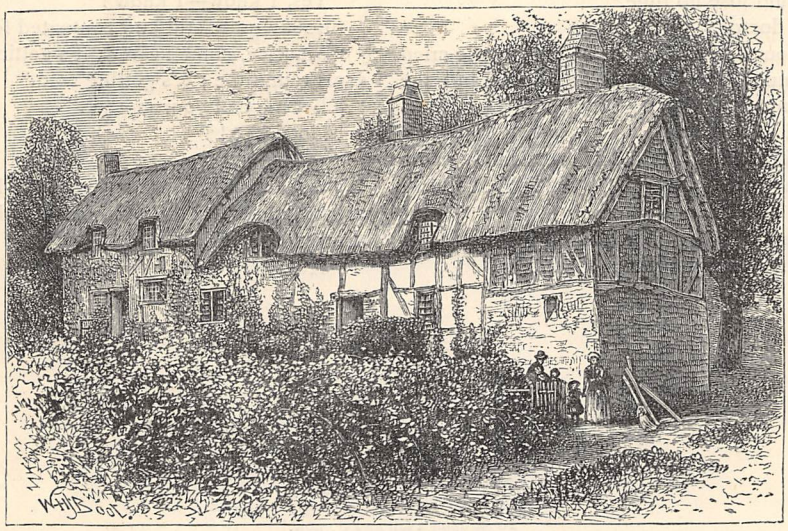
Behind the town rise the wooded heights of Welcombe, where the common land was; and beyond, sheltered by the hills at Ball's Rough, sleeps the quiet hamlet of Wilmcote, where still stands the rustic moss-roofed cottage of his mother, Mary Arden. Hidden from view on the other side, the red mansion of Charlecote nestles in its deer-park by Avon's side, the scene of the adventure which, tradition states, induced the youthful Shakespeare to leave his home for London. Down below, almost in a circle, cluster the six villages which the rhyming couplet has made famous in connection with his name:—

> "Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
> Haunted Hillborough, Hungry Grafton,
> Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
> Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bidford."

The "sweet south" sweeps o'er my head, redolent with the fragrant odour of the Scotch firs on the hillside, and musical with the soft cooing of the woodpigeon, the free laugh of the woodpecker, the happy twitter of the home-come swallow, and all the wealth of sounds which fill the air in the merrie spring-time.

Happy, twice happy does it seem that he, who of all others felt most deeply the warm throbbings of the great heart of Nature, should have been born here, in the heart of England, at this season of year too, when the heart of Nature throbs most palpably, "and the red blood reigns in the winter's pale."

Listen how deeply and lovingly he drank of its pulsations—hear it bubbling out in "the sweet bird's note," "the throstle, with his note so true," the full melody of "the ousel cock with tawny bill," the tirralirra of "the lark at heaven's gate," and the incessant song of "the wren with little quill."



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

Or see how freshly it gushes out in the sweet allusions to the spring flowers with which his works abound, especially those common to this neighbourhood—"the pale primrose," with which the woodbottoms here are so richly carpeted that you can readily understand the passage in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

> "And in the wood, where often you and I
> Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie;"

the "nodding violet, dim but sweet," the "tall cowslips, with their gold coats," and the "bold oxslip."

Note it, too, in the overflowing exuberance which bursts out in the songs of the early plays :—

"It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring ;"

and the exquisite cuckoo song in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

"When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight."

And although in the songs of the later plays the same joyous spirit is apparent—as when, in the *Winter's Tale*, Autolycus the pedlar trudges along, and trolls out :—

"When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;"

—yet, further on, there seems a tinge of sadness in his mention of these flowers, as if, tired of the excitement of London life, his heart longed for the scenes of his early days and the companionship of the spring flowers, when Perdita so touchingly says :—

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength."

ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

But writing again in the peace and calm of his native place, under the shadow of the old Guild Tower, the tempest of life over, his purpose in it achieved, he reverts again to his old boyish spirit when, in his last play of *The Tempest*, that jovial sprite Ariel sings :—

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

The setting sun reminds me that this, the anniversary of his birth, was also the day when, at least on this earth, in the quiet house at New Place, he last saw the light. Who knows? it may have been such an evening and such a glorious sunset. Gradually the beams descend, lighting up the distant Malverns, touching with gold the windows of the great house at Clopton, and glancing brightly on the flags which flutter over the little town of Stratford. So it delights to honour the memory of its great poet; but so long as the cuckoo's note ushers in the smiling season, with its wealth of early flowers, so long will Shakespeare's memory live, and be fragrant as the "violets in the new-come spring."

E. G. HUMPHREYS.

THE BICYCLE BELL.

HE was only a clerk, a clerk in the City,
With a bicycle mania, which some thought a pity,
As now in his old haunts he never is seen,
And no one can find out where he has been.
Every evening away from his office he steals,
And quickly whirls off on his glittering wheels ;
Through Knightsbridge and Brompton his feet never rest,
And his eyes brighter glow as he rides further west.
The maidens at Fulham and Mortlake know well
The silvery sound of his bicycle bell.

The grass was not green, when he first came that road ;
He has not missed a day, now the grass has been mowed.
The girls at their windows all wonder why
He never looks up as he flashes by.
But they cannot see a neat cottage at Sheen,
Where a sweet little maiden looks over the green,
And, brimming with love, sings away like a lark,
As she watches and waits for the City clerk.
Like a rose-bud she blushes, for, oh! she knows well
The silvery sound of that bicycle bell.

How sweet were the hours when, her head on his breast,
They talked, two young love-birds, of building their nest,

Till the stars lit their lamps in heaven's blue dome,
And warned him 'twas time to light his, and spin home!
They both thought the Great Bear a very great bore,
Though they knew very soon they would need part no more.

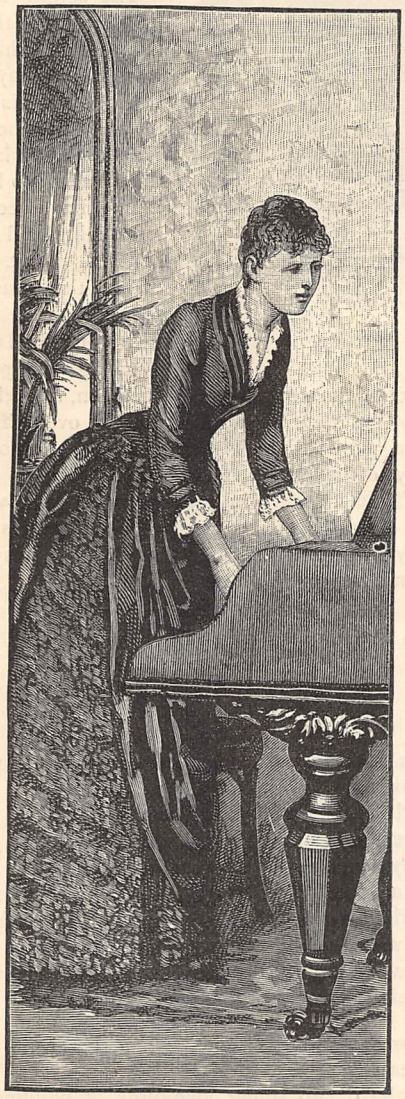
A handsomer couple had never been seen,
Than when the bells rang for their wedding at Sheen.
They are off for the honeymoon—so farewell
To the clerk, and his bride, and his bicycle bell!

J. JEMMETT-BROWNE.

ENGLISH FASHIONS IN PARIS

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

NEVER was Anglomania so rampant in Paris as it is now. Not only do the men betake themselves to English tailors, hair-dressers, hatters, and even laundresses, but the women follow the same lead, and nothing is more thoroughly *à la mode* now than a tailor-made gown. April is the month of all months for such costumes. You cannot do wrong in choosing a dark-coloured, light make of cloth, well braided. A month ago I should have said, be sure and have fur of some kind, Astrachan or other by way of preference; now the season is too advanced, for in the treacherous English climate there are days all the year round when such gowns are comfortable wear, and it is not good taste to appear in fur when June roses blow, notwithstanding inclement weather. A new and stylish garment in cloth is a close-fitting redingote. It is single-breasted, with buttons placed diagonally across the front, and beyond these (which, by-the-by, are the veritable fastenings of the garment) there is a pointed lapel of velvet. The bodice fits like a dress and ends at the waist, the long skirt joined to it. In front the seam is partially hidden by velvet pocket-flaps. The skirt at the back is gathered on as full as it can be, and is left plain and untrimmed. But it follows the lines of the figure so well, and to a tall thin woman is exceptionally becoming.



NEW MUSIC.

I am inclined to think cleaners and washerwomen must have a hard time of it, and look back with the embittered sorrow caused by remembering happy days gone by, and their long bills, when white frilled skirts were not only worn on full-dress occasions, but were drawn over grass and gravel paths, and required an immediate return to the wash-tub. Now a short stuff petticoat, or at best a frilled soft silk one, does duty all day, and there are people who dress well too who abjure all but wash-leather under-clothing. Fewer laces are to be seen. There are no frills and tuckers so much worn as the canvas ones, with silk spots, and these when dirty are done for. Coloured stockings are against the washerwoman. A little hint to those who like to wear balayeuses in evening gowns at little cost. Buy some stiff muslin at a low price, tear it into strips of eight inches, fold it with the edges in the middle, and box-plait it. This keeps the skirt well out, protects the edge of the dress, looks neat, and costs little, for when out of condition it is thrown away.

What further absurdity Dame Fashion is going to impose upon us in the matter of coiffures it is difficult to say, but I do hope English women will make a stand against the ugly catogan, which has had its day in Great Britain some years since, and, alas! is being revived in Paris. Why should a woman desire to tie up her locks like the tail of a cart-horse? The hair is still curled in front, whether the catogan is worn or not. It is to be hoped with the revolution of Fortune's wheel bonnets may cover the head. How

many a sorrowful hour of neuralgic headache is due to the exposed condition of some of the most sensitive nerves in the head!

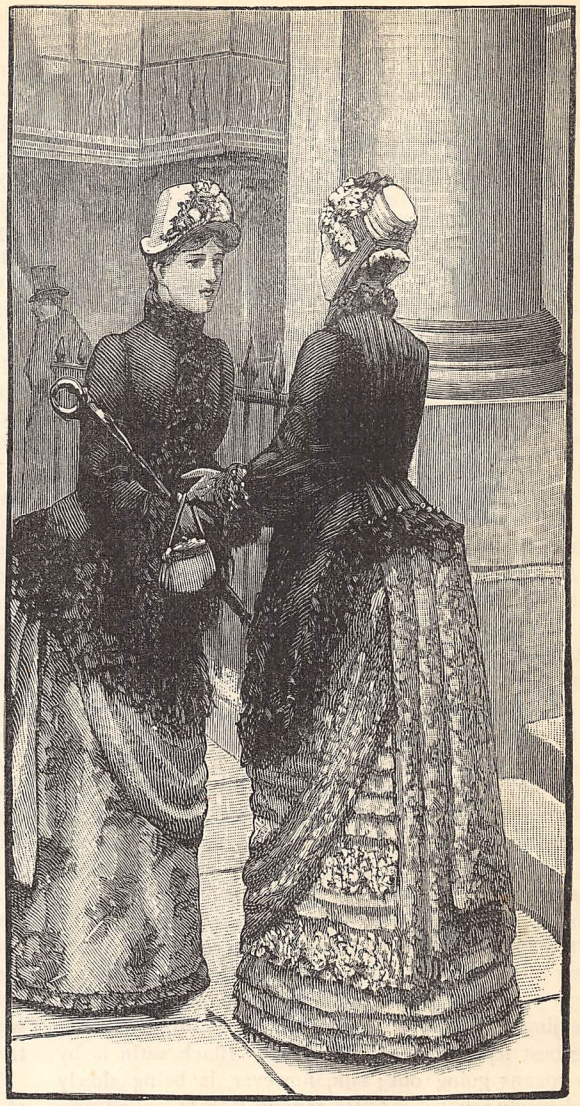
We should be neither wise nor prudent to advocate a love of dress in women, but there are two sides to all questions, and a preference for graceful attire has its bright aspect; it is a sign of that civilisation which is the pioneer of so much that is good, and, moreover, it is the first glimmer among savage nations of better things when their women begin to realise that their personal adornment is of consequence.

It is much to be regretted that the national and peasant dresses are rapidly becoming things of the past. It is due in a great measure to the fact that no one nowadays likes to have their position in society definitely laid down as it is by a distinctive dress; every one wishes to be taken for other than they are. It is unfortunate, for most of such costumes are peculiarly well suited to the wants and requirements of those who wear them. What bonnet was ever so becoming as the Belgian women's neat white caps?

What could be more thoroughly serviceable and good-looking than the long gathered black cloth cloak, with its satin hood, kept out at the edge by whalebone, worn by the women of that country? It cost a good many pounds to buy, but lasted more than a lifetime. I have often wondered that it has not been converted into an evening wrap by one of the many enterprising men-dressmakers, who are always ransacking their fertile brains for something new. The peasant women used to have a rare pride in these cloaks.

The subject of dress is one that naturally occupies much of my time and thoughts, and I have come to the conclusion that what is the main distinguishing feature of the dress of the upper class, is the perfection of neatness and great care bestowed on its preservation; its suitability, not its costliness, nor fashion. Now, in such a small matter as the wearing of real flowers, nothing is prettier when they are fresh, nothing more unbecoming than when they are faded. Bear in mind they should be gathered before the sun is on them; better too if the dew is still about. They should be kept in a shady place until put on, and at the last minute cut off the tips of the stalks with scissors, and seal them with sealing-wax. A drop of strong gum in the centre of the flower will help to preserve them.

Umbrellas we know originated in the sunny climes of the East, but England is the land of their adoption. A tent-pole is said to have suggested their form, and it has remained pretty much the same since long before the Christian era. Now the frames are nearly all metallic, and hail from Birmingham. Lapis lazuli ball handles, with gilt claws, are much used just now, and antique and highly-carved ones. White muslin parasols, matching the muslin bonnets, are to be the newest things this year. What a blessing that we have at last found something not too costly!



A CHANCE MEETING.

I will now do my best to give you an inkling of what is going to be the direction that fashion will take during the coming season. Paris has adopted a new woollen material, called "voile de Misaine," which is the shade of Russian leather. Felt holds its own, and just at the present moment felt bonnets are being more worn than any other. The spring bonnets are going to be trimmed with the gauze ribbons, striped with satin, which used to be *à la mode* fifty years ago. They can hardly be too wide, and indeed some measure from four to six inches in width. But decidedly the novel material in millinery is écru or unbleached étamine, a sort of cotton canvas that admits of much ornamentation, and already ingenious French taste has printed it in heraldic designs, and with Bayadère stripes, has

drawn silver and gold threads through its meshes, and further enhanced these laminated stripes with lines of red, blue, and pink silk. This étamine is not pretty in itself, but with tasteful additions it can be made to look so; it is, in fact, very capable, as the French say.

There is infinite variety in straw bonnets, and much fancy displayed therein—such as silver and gilt threads introduced in each braid, and beads powdered over the crown and brim of other straws, especially those in dark shades. Very fine straw bonnets will be worn in such colours as porcelain-blue, red, lichen-green, and drab. The shapes are either Princess, coronet, or the small poke, and several have the pointed-gabled brim. When étamine or gauze is used for the soft crowns, the brims are generally made of velvet.

For young girls who care to wear inexpensive but dressy materials, crêpe oriental is worth remembering. It is soft and light and crêpé, but has a certain amount of resistance which insures good wear. It is made in a long list of light colours, and for summer and demi-toilette bids fair to rival the favourite nun's-cloth.

A fashionable article is a tea-jacket, made in soft silk, with lace or gold and silver trimmings, as dressy as possible. It is a thoroughly comfortable article, intended to be worn for home dinner, either with any convenient skirt, or before a low bodice is put on, with a full-dress evening skirt. Of course the tea-jacket is made loose.

A new trimming is Archangel, viz., a fur, if one may so speak, made of wool, very soft and natural-looking, resembling blue fox. It is being largely used on spring mantles. You cannot do wrong by investing in any striped material, for according to present notions everything is to be in stripes—regular and fancy. Jet, too, is to appear in all kinds of new forms, and the jetted trimmings are quite a sight to see. They have their disadvantages. Woe be to the lining of the carriage when a mantle is much bedizened with jet! And the jingling noise jet drops are apt to produce is not the best feature in a lady's garb. Black satin is by no means going out; silk, however, is being slowly and surely revived. Little zouave jackets, much embroidered in gold and silver, made in light velvets or plush, are a very dressy addition to evening gowns. In making up dress skirts, I find that no two sides are arranged alike, otherwise there is nothing distinctly new as yet.

There is great novelty in cottons this spring; there is no dressing in them. The newest is called "China crêpe," because of its crinkled surface with small raised figures, and it is as soft as the real crêpe that hails from the Flowery Land.

The sateens have less gloss on them than last year; the patterns are either close copies of brocaded silks, or they are tapestry designs that imitate cross-stitch patterns. The repped cottons, called "siciliennes," are again to be worn, and also Scotch ginghams, which are now embroidered all over by machinery—white on blue, red on écru, red on blue, &c. &c. There is another novelty in ginghams, which consists of stripes of uneven thickness. Take as an example blue and white stripes: the latter have the threads doubled and are woven as thick as jean, while the alternating blue stripe is of the texture of ordinary gingham. Roman stripes are also produced in this useful fabric, several bright colours in one broad stripe being printed on a white or cream ground.

A glance at the engravings will show some simple styles of dress for in-door and out-door wear. The figure at the piano wears a toilette that might suit either a young matron or an unmarried girl. For the former either velvet, satin, or plush might be the material, and the trimming should be chenille or jet fringe, the frilling at the neck and sleeves being finely pleated crêpe lisse, edged with exceedingly small beads—either pearls, gilt, or crystal. For a more youthful wearer the material may be either China crêpe, or the new embroidered nun's-veiling, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and velvet. The style is quiet, yet fashionable.

The mantles on the two out-door figures are both of dark colours, for black mantles will not be so fashionable this season as dark olive, brown, grey, drab, and blue ones. The trimmings are the woollen guipure laces introduced, but not much affected, last season. They are substantial, and wear a length of time without becoming flimsy, which silk laces have a habit of doing, unless very carefully worn. Black fancy silks for mantles have had their day; veloutine and sicilienne, and plain velvet, will take their place for spring wear. Chantilly lace with wire ground, made at Lyons, and called "point d'Orléans," will be in favour for trimming. The newest coloured materials for mantles are called "Japanese crêpe cloth" and "brocaded cashmere," and the woollen guipures match them in shade.

A pretty novelty in jackets, likely to prove a favourite with young ladies, is made of stockinette, which is embroidered by a new patent process after the jacket is made up. It appears both in black and colours, and has the effect of being braided all over with silk cord and tambour-work. There is no other trimming, but the result is a handsome-looking jacket.

The silks for the coming season are veritably new; of course brochés and satins will be worn, but the distinctive novelties are soft ribbed silks, which drape well, and have almost the brightness of satin. Some of the most fashionable colours are sage, leather, bège, petunia, salmon pink, bronze, yellow, Indian sky, and lichen.

The richest brocades have the frisé effects like terry velvet, and many of these, in large geometrical patterns, will be worn with the new "veloutine."

Broad decided stripes are a feature in the fashions; the ground matching the plain material used for the bodice and tunic, the stripes being now principally employed for the petticoats, which are made very plain.

Canvas cloths worn so much on the Continent last season have found their way over here, and are being largely made up over striped velvet skirts—which material appears on the cuffs and collars, and as a broad lining to the sides of the draped tunics. Any embroidery you may have by you can now be let into the sides of skirts as panels.

THE GATHERER.*

A Telegraph Lamp-Post.

The city of Temesvar, in the South of Hungary, which has a population of 36,000, has had its streets lighted by electricity on the incandescent system. There are 731 glow-lamps employed in this work, and these are mounted, some on ornamental brackets attached to the walls of the houses, others on posts like that illustrated, which serve equally for carrying telegraph wires. The telegraph insulators are carried by short curving brackets at the top of the pole, and the lamps in glass lanterns as in the engraving, where two glow-lamps are visible inside the lantern. The post is of cast-iron, and the wires run up inside it to the lantern. A reflector having its under side of enamelled iron covers the lantern, and being in the form of a hollow flat cone, throws the light of the lamps down on the pavement below. The lamps are of the Lane-Fox type, and are each placed at an angle of 45° to the vertical.

A Shell with Eyes.

Professor Moseley has announced the interesting discovery that the shells of the *Chitonidæ* are endowed with eyes. No other mollusca appear to have any sense-organs in their shells. In some of the *Chitonidæ* as many as 11,000 eyes have been counted. Each eye has a calcareous cornea or bicornea, a lens of soft tissue, with a retina like that of the common snail. New eyes are constantly being formed at the edge of the shell as the latter grows. Besides eyes, there are organs of touch throughout the shell, each organ being capable of protruding at the surface through pores in the shell.

Purifying Water by Air.

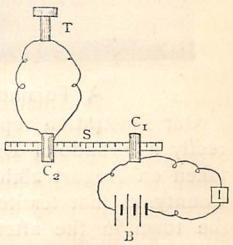
Water is now being purified at Philadelphia by mixing air with it under pressure. The process is due to Dr. A. R. Leeds, and the pressure assists the absorption of oxygen by the water and its consequent purification. At Philadelphia a Fairmount turbine has been transformed into an air-pump, which forces 20 per cent. of free air into the water-main, or, in other words, sufficient to surcharge the water. Analysis shows that the quantity of free oxygen in the aërated water is 17 per cent. greater than before aëration, while the quantity of carbonic acid is 53 per cent. greater, and the total of dissolved gases 16 per cent. greater. The percentage of free ammonia is diminished to one-fifth of its former amount. The results are held to show that aëration is quite practicable as a successful means of reducing the percentage of organic impurities in water.

New Grottoes.

The Fish River Caves near Sydney, in Australia, are among the most remarkable limestone grottoes in the world, and take rank with the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and the Luray Cavern in Virginia. The Fish River Caves, which have been recently explored, are remarkable for a kind of filigree glass-work and stalactite drapery, which hangs like arras from the walls and roofs. In one part of the cave a pond of clear water was found, "its bottom glistening with pearls and other concretionary forms like nodules, marbles, birds' eggs, &c., interspersed with patches of diminutive coral forms." In the Shawl Cave there are curtains from ten to twenty feet long, some nearly white, others beautifully striped with pink, yellow, and brown. A fresh grotto has also been discovered quite recently at Dorgali, in Sardinia. The grotto commences with a large hall with sixteen columns rising from the alabaster floor, and apparently sustaining the pure white roof, which is wreathed and festooned with flowers and figures of animals in limestone. The most wonderful thing in the hall was, however, the petrified skeleton of a majestic stag, which was partly destroyed by visitors, and the spine of which has been sent entire to a professor of natural history in Cagliari. The grotto consists of six other large chambers full of natural curiosities.

A Test for Hearing.

To the testing instruments already in use in the United States, one for testing the hearing has been added by Professor Grahame Bell, inventor of the telephone. Professor Bell's instrument consists of a telephone and an arragement of two coils with a battery and a rotating current interrupter, which causes the telephone to emit a musical note of a definite pitch and loudness. The loudness of this note is diminished while the person whose hearing is to be tested listens at the telephone. This diminution is effected by drawing the coils apart, and the distance as indicated on a scale is a measure of the intensity of the sound. When the person can no longer hear, the number on the scale



* Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply. The Editor, however, cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information.

gives the acuteness of his hearing. Judging from the somewhat imperfect description of the apparatus which has reached us, we should say that the telephone was in circuit with one coil, and the battery and interrupter in circuit with the other; the note being excited in the telephone by induction between the two coils, and diminishing in loudness as they are separated. Thus, in the accompanying figure, if S be the graduated scale, and C_1 a coil in circuit with the battery B and an interrupter I, the induction of the intermittent current in C_1 upon the other coil C_2 will evoke a musical note in the telephone T, and the loudness of this note will diminish as the distance between the coils C_1 and C_2 is increased. A properly graduated scale will therefore form a measure of the acuteness of hearing. The arrangement is almost the same as that devised by Professor Hughes, discoverer of the microphone, who measured the Prince of Wales' hearing with it some years ago. It was called by him the "audiometer," and was duly chronicled in the GATHERER of that day. Professor Bell has obtained some useful results with the apparatus: for example, he finds that about 10 per cent. of the children in the New York schools have slight defects of hearing, and about 1 per cent. are what may be called "deaf."

A Four-footed Bird.

An American naturalist, Mr. E. M. Brigham, has announced the discovery of a four-footed bird on the Anabiju river, in the island of Marajo, at the mouth of the Amazon. Curiously enough the bird (*Opisthocoma cristata*) is four-footed only in early life, and after a few days one pair of legs develop into wings. The bird resembles a pheasant, and frequents the beds of "aninga," a semi-aquatic aroid with large leaves, which grows in dense masses in the low, flat, muddy margins of the island. The "cigana" or gipsy, as it is called by the natives, builds its nest in the aninga, and rarely flies far from its peculiar haunt.

A Tornado Photographed.

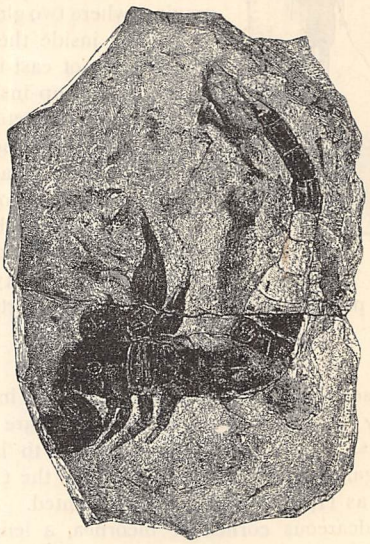
Our illustration represents a cyclone, or more correctly a tornado of Dakotah, United States. It was taken on August 28th, last year, at Howard, Miner County, in that territory. The tornado passed over the town in the afternoon of that day, and killed several people, besides destroying all the property in its course. The lower line of the photograph represents the plain or prairie over which the storm passed, the upper dark mass is the cloud-belt accompanying it. The resemblance of the storm to a waterspout will be obvious to the reader.

Disinfecting Rooms.

Experiments have been made by a committee of French experts, including M. Pasteur, in order to ascertain the best means of disinfecting chambers in which cases of contagious affections have been lodged. The committee report that sulphurous acid gas is the best disinfectant; but recommend that instead of simply burning sulphur, as is done in barracks and such places, bisulphide of carbon should be burned in rooms, as it is less injurious to furniture or metals.

A Silurian Scorpion.

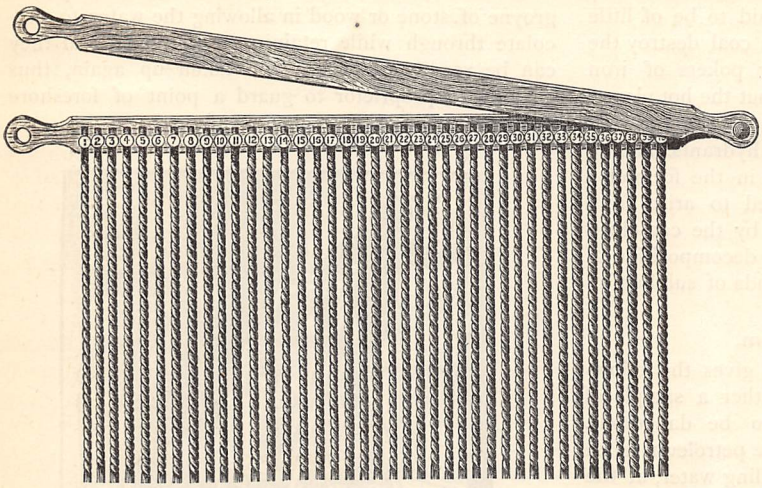
Last summer, in the Swedish island of Gothland, Professor Gustav Lindstrom, of Stockholm, discovered a fossil specimen of a scorpion in the Silurian rocks there. Our illustration shows this remarkable dis-



covery, which proves the existence of air-breathing land animals in that remote geological part. The scorpion is of a lower organisation than fossil forms of the same animal previously found in the Carboniferous rocks, or than those of more recent times. Its most peculiar feature is perhaps the four pairs of pointed feet, which jut out from the throat, a feature which is wanting in later scorpions. It is somewhat curious that Dr. Hunter, of Carluke, a Scottish geologist, also found a fossil Silurian scorpion in the Upper Silurian rocks of Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, in 1883, but did not realise its full importance until after the more recent discovery of Professor Lindstrom. It resembles that of the Swedish rocks in general aspect, but is about half the size of the latter. A fossil beetle has also been found quite lately in the Silurian sandstone of Calvados, in France, thus furnishing more evidence of the existence of air-breathing land animals in Silurian times, and, perhaps, answering for us the question—What did the scorpions find to prey upon?

A Test of Colour-Blindness.

Dr. William Thomson, who originated the system now adopted by the Pennsylvania Railway Company for testing the eyesight of their servants employed



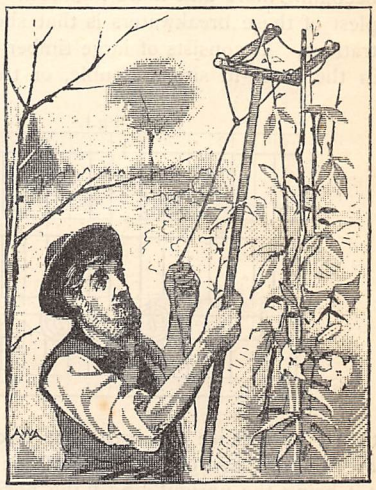
on the line, has devised the simple appliance which we illustrate for testing the eyesight and detecting colour-blindness. It consists of a rod or frame of wood having a fringe of 40 hanks of coloured wool depending from it. These test-colours are green, rose, and red. The hanks from No. 1 to 20 are for green, from 21 to 30 rose, and from 31 to 40 red. Within these colour-zones it is the *odd*-numbered hanks which are green, rose, or red, the *even*-numbered hanks being what are called "confusion colours"—that is, colours placed there to confuse the sight of the person being examined. Thus, "rose" makes a good confusion colour, being composed of red and blue in equal quantities. It appears as a tint of blue to the red-blind. In using the "colour-stick," a green skein is placed before the person at a few feet distant, and he is told to select those of that colour on the stick and throw them over it. The same process is gone through with the rose and red zones. This is done for every hank of wool, and the numbers are examined and recorded on a blank form. The testing is usually done by the divisional superintendent of the line, and he has but to remember that only *odd* numbers must appear on the blanks, since even numbers mean the selection of "confusion colours." When an employé is reported against in this way, he is further examined by the medical expert of the line, and if the defect is such as to be likely to lead to accidents, or interfere with his particular work, he is, if possible, accommodated with another post where the defect will not spoil his working capability.

Drawing Wire from Fluid Steel.

Wires and bars are now produced direct from fluid steel by pressing it out through dies in a manner similar to the production of lead pipes from lead. An iron vessel, lined with refractory material, is provided with a man-hole and a cover at the top, and securely closed. At the bottom opposite the man-hole there is a cast-iron outlet pipe, through which passes a steel tube with water circulating round it exactly like a "tuyere," by which the steel pipe or die can be cooled. The inner end of the steel tube is lined with fire-clay, where the very hot fluid steel meets it. The tube is plugged up by a steel stopper, and the liquid steel is filled into the vessel with liquid carbon dioxide above it. The stopper being withdrawn, the liquid steel is forced out by pressure of the carbon dioxide in a red-hot rod or wire, which goes from the vessel into the rolling-mill while still hot, and is there finished off. We may also add that steel is now produced direct from the ore by a new process of a French engineer. The ore in a powdered condition is submitted to the action of carbonic oxide gas at a high temperature in a cupola or blast furnace, where it is reduced by the incandescent gas to pure iron or steel.

A New Tool for Gardeners.

In tying up plants at a height which cannot be reached by the hands there is often considerable difficulty in holding the cord. To obviate this an American inventor has patented the new tool which we illustrate. The centre-piece is T-shaped, and its upright may be of any length, or even jointed like a fishing-rod. At the end of each arm of the cross-head of the centre-piece are projecting rods of about the same length as the cross-head, and inclined upwards at a slight angle. Slight spring clips are attached to the points of the cross-head and the two projecting rods, all opening inwards. The cord, having been tied in a running noose, is secured by the clips and passed round the plant at the desired point by means of the tool, and, on being pulled, escapes from the clips and draws the parts of the plant together. The object of the clips is to hold the cord in its extended position, that it may be passed round the plant.



Spontaneous Combustion of Coal.

A number of fires have recently broken out in America in stores of bituminous coal by spontaneous combustion. The fires originated at wooden pillars sunk in the coal, which had been stored about five months. Electric fire-alarms are said to be of little use, as the corrosive liquids in the coal destroy the wire connections. Pointed rods or pokers of iron thrust into the coal are used to find out the hot places. To prevent the evil, it is proposed to saturate the coal from time to time with water from hydrants, and to make the bottom of the store-place in the form of a basin. The combustion is believed to arise from absorption of the oxygen of the air by the coal-dust, or, when the coal is damp, from the decomposition of iron pyrites and the organic compounds of sulphur.

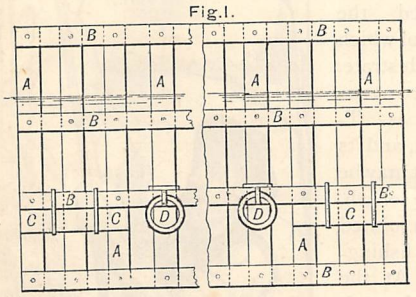
A Test for Petroleum.

Herr Montag, a German chemist, gives the following simple test for ascertaining whether a sample of petroleum is sufficiently volatile to be dangerous. Fill a glass three-parts full with the petroleum to be tested, and fill up the glass with boiling water, at the same time holding a flame over it. If the vapour disengaged becomes ignited, the petroleum should not be considered a safe liquid to leave exposed to the air.

A New Floating Breakwater.

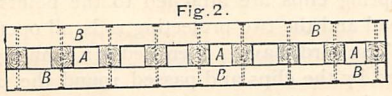
The value of floating breakwaters to afford harbours of refuge and shelters for our numerous coasting craft, to protect engineering works and bathing-places, is becoming more and more manifest. One of the simplest of these breakwaters is that shown in our illustrations. It consists of large timber frames anchored in the water in single, double, or treble lines, so as

Fig. 1.

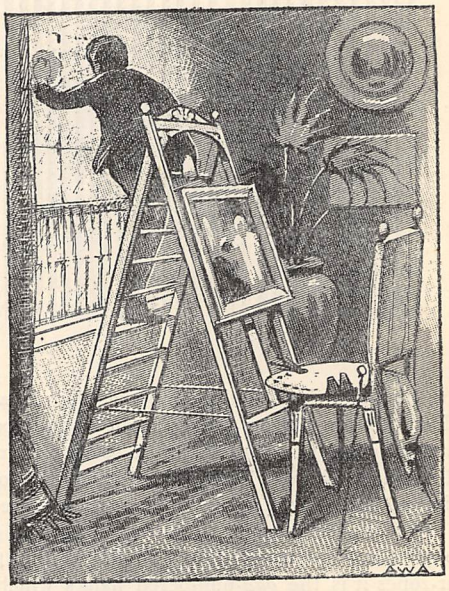


to act as a fence and break the force of the waves. Fig. 1 shows part of the length of one of these frames, A A being the upright, and B the horizontal baulks of timber composing them. Rings are provided for anchoring the frames, and strengthening pieces, C C, are

Fig. 2.



added at certain points. Fig. 2 is a section through the frame. These floating frames can be laid down on any part of a coast, and taken up again if need be. They can be made either of timber or tubular metal, and readily adapted to the exigencies of the locality. While upon this subject, we may mention the iron frames or groynes introduced by Mr. Dowson at St. Anne's, Blackpool, and at Brighton for protecting the foreshore. These frames differ from the ordinary solid groyne of stone or wood in allowing the water to percolate through while retaining the shingle, and they can be readily put down and taken up again, thus enabling a proprietor to guard a point of foreshore in stormy weather.



A Step-Ladder Easel.

Our figure shows a combined step-ladder and easel which will prove serviceable in many homes. The steps are made of different woods according to taste, and either bare or covered with plush or velvet. The height of the steps is six feet, and they fold up in a compact manner.

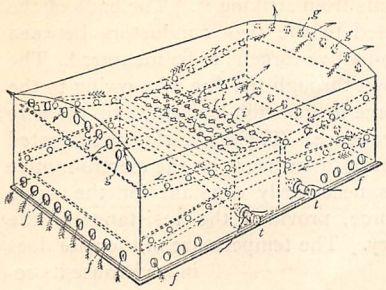
Magnetising the Lodestone.

Dr. Antonio Paccinotti, the inventor of the Paccinotti dynamo, which preceded the better-known Gramme machine, has recently made a number of experiments to increase the magnetic power of natural lodestone, by artificially magnetising it like steel between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet. Dr. Paccinotti finds that small-grained lodestone can be magnetised in this way until its magnetic power is equal, if not superior, to that of the best hard steel. Lodestone is the magnetic oxide of iron, as is well known, and that used by Dr. Paccinotti was obtained from Elbe Island. He proposes to use magnetised lodestone for the poles of small dynamos, good hard steel magnets being more expensive.

An Electric Foot-Warmer.

The accompanying figure is a sketch of a foot-warmer proposed by a well-known inventor, and re-

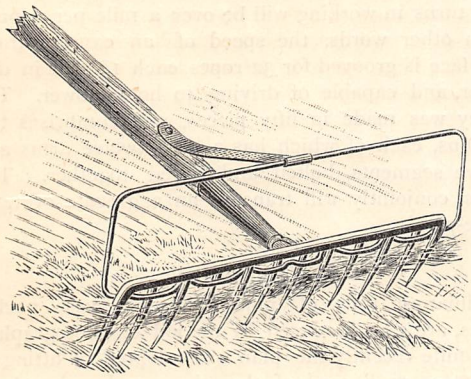
cently adapted for his own private use as a bed-warmer. It consists of a large metal box or hot-air chamber, perforated with air-holes, *g g* and *f f*, the latter being inlet and the former outlet holes. In the middle of this box is a smaller one, consisting of a block of fire-clay perforated with holes, *i i*.



These holes contain coils of bare wire connected to the outside terminals, *t t*, by which the electric current is sent through them. The current, by a well-known law, heats the coils of wire, and thus the air circulating through them in the direction of the arrows is warmed up, and escapes by the outlet-holes *g g*. The whole box is placed in the bottom of the railway carriage, and the feet can be rested upon it. The inventor also proposes to heat up acetate of soda in metal cases by this plan; the acetate retains its heat for an exceptionally long time, and serves very well for this purpose. The fire-clay heater can be applied to ordinary ventilators in chambers to heat the cold air entering a room, and it can also be fitted into a bed-room stove. When electricity is supplied to houses and railway carriages for lighting purposes, such devices may prove serviceable.

A Self-Cleaning Garden Rake.

The garden rake shown in the accompanying illustration is provided with a cleaning frame of bent wire,



attached to the head of the rake by means of a spring, which keeps the frame away from the teeth while the rake is in use. The frame can readily be pressed down over the teeth, which it clears at once while passing over them.

Quicksilver and Phylloxera.

San Francisco journals report the discovery that quicksilver triturated with clay in equal weights, and placed in the hole where a vine is planted, will prevent the attacks of phylloxera. Half an ounce of quicksilver to each vine is the proportion recommended. The clay should be free from grittiness. Trials made on vines already affected by phylloxera are said to have been very successful.

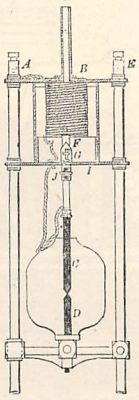
Asbestos Hat-Linings.

Hats are now being made in the United States with an asbestos lining to the crown. Asbestos is so well known as a non-conductor of heat that the advantage of its use for this purpose will be readily seen.

A New Arc Lamp.

The arc lamp which we illustrate is the invention of Mr. F. M. Rogers, and its action is based on the well-known "parallel ruler" used by draughtsmen. Fig. 1 shows the general form of the lamp, and Fig. 2 the details of the ruler device. The current enters by the terminal A (Fig. 1), and after passing through the solenoid or hollow coil of copper wire B, traverses the upper carbon C and the lower carbon D, then leaves the lamp by the terminal E. A core of soft iron F, carrying the stem or holder of the upper carbon C, is pulled up into the hollow of the solenoid, and lifting the upper carbon with it, makes the arc and starts the light Near its lower end the core F is formed square, and one-half of it, G, is cut out, but attached to the rest by four straight links H, two of which are shown in Fig. 2. When the core is lifted by the current, the linked half, G, drops down upon the stem and clips it securely, thereby holding the latter in its place. When, however, the arc lengthens, and the current is weakened in the solenoid, the core drops, and the clutch G, touching the plate I, releases the stem and shortens the arc. The lower end of the core is fitted with a screw-nut J, by which the normal length of the arc is adjusted. The clutch G, having a considerable gripping surface, acts as a brake upon the stem without scoring it. This ingenious clutch is applicable to most electric lamps with a little modification in them. The new lamp has been successfully used for colour-testing and photography, its simple action making it easily managed.

Fig. 1.



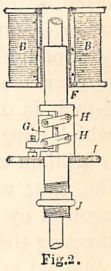


Fig. 2.

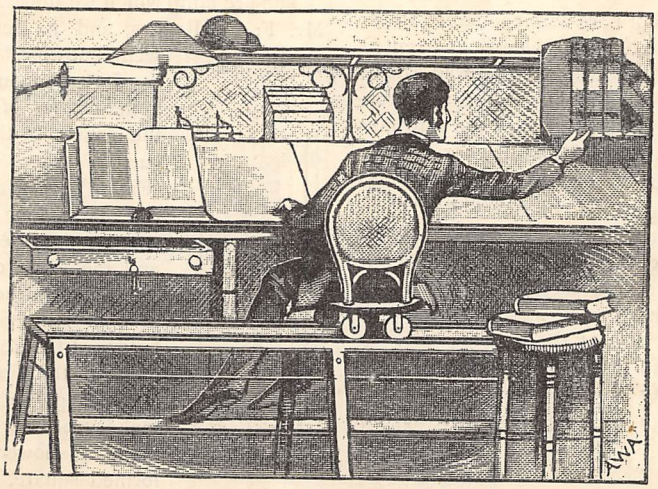
A Simple "Magic Mirror."

The magic mirror of Japan is a metal mirror which, on being looked into, discovers in a quasi-magical kind of way the presence of figures and mottoes, though all the surface appears equally bright. Various theories have been advanced to account for them; but the latest is that the figures are due to a difference of

density in the metal, caused by hammering. Thus Dr. Muraoka, of Tokio, recently took a half-crown piece and rubbed down one surface till it was smooth and polished. The reflection of a strong light from it on a white paper screen then showed the outline of the figure on the other side of the coin. The real magic mirrors of Japan also have on the back the figures and mottoes which are seen on the face.

A New Light for Spectrum Analysis.

The electric light is now so generally used for spectrum analysis, that there is some novelty in a light sufficiently good for the purpose which is produced without the aid of electricity. Such a light was shown recently by Mr. E. Clemenshaw at a meeting of the Physical Society of London. A small quantity of the salt to be examined by the spectroscope is put into a flask, in which hydrogen is being evolved by the action of zinc upon dilute hydrochloric or sulphuric acid. The flask is provided with three necks, one being fitted with an acid funnel, one with a jet, and by the other is introduced a current of coal-gas, or, better still, of hydrogen, by which the size of the flame can be increased and regulated. The jet, which is about $\frac{1}{8}$-inch in diameter, is surrounded by a larger tube, by which oxygen is admitted to the flame. The result is a brilliant oxy-hydrogen light, giving the spectrum of the salt, which is carried up mechanically by the evolved hydrogen. Mr. Clemenshaw exhibited to the meeting the spectra of sodium, lithium, and strontium obtained in this manner.



A TRAVELLING CHAIR.

A Travelling Chair.

An American inventor has taken pity on the book-keepers and clerks whose duties compel them to make frequent changes from one book to another at the same desk. He has devised for them a chair running on a kind of miniature tramway, in such a manner that a push of the foot upon the foot-board will move the chair to right or left as may be desired. This enables the worker to move from one book to another with greater ease, and far less confusion than is occasioned by the getting down from his seat and into it again.

A New Voltmeter.

Captain Cardew, R.E., has devised a very simple voltmeter for measuring the electro-motive force or "pressure" used in electric lighting. It consists essentially of a very fine wire of platinum-silver alloy, ·0025 inch in diameter, enclosed in a brass tube to prevent air currents from striking it. The ends of the wire are connected to the two conductors between which the electro-motive force is to be measured. The current which flows through the fine wire owing to the electro-motive force in question heats it, and the wire expands in consequence. This expansion is indicated on a dial, and forms a measure of the electro-motive force, since it is necessarily constant for the same electro-motive force, provided the resistance of the wire does not vary. The temperature of the wire does indeed cause its resistance to vary, but under ordinary circumstances, and with platinum-silver wire, this variation may be neglected. Platinum silver alloy only increases ·035 per cent. in its resistance with a rise of temperature of 1° Centigrade.

A Giant Pulley.

A grooved wheel or pulley of gigantic size has been made by an English firm of engineers. The diameter is 34 feet, and the weight 83 tons, while the velocity of the rim as it turns in working will be over a mile per minute, or in other words, the speed of an express train. The face is grooved for 32 ropes, each $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter, and capable of driving 40 horse-power. The pulley was made in fifty pieces, and comprises two sections, each of which has a boss, twelve arms and twelve segments, bolted and keyed together. The ropes conjointly will transmit an aggregate of 1,280 horse-power.

Miniature Music.

Miniature rolls of music, forming vest-pocket books, are now produced by the aid of photography; and quite recently the plan was adopted of fitting to violins a small card of the piece to be played, by means of a spring clip, on the left-hand side of each instrument near the neck of the player, and out of the way of the left hand and the bow. The commercial gelatine-bromide of silver paper is used in taking the copy by the help of a camera.

1884 GAVOTTE COMPETITION.—*The Editor hopes to publish the Award in this Competition in the next issue.*

"AMBER COWSLIPS FRESH AND SWEET, AS A FIRST LOVE-TOKEN,
CORYDON AT PHILLIS' FEET LAYS—NO WORD IS SPOKEN."

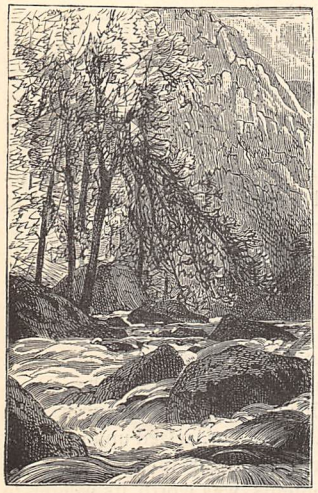
"SPRING'S THE TIME" (p. 347).

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

By ALICE O'HANLON, Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," "No Proof," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

NEWS FROM HOME.



FOR the next two days Idalia, on different pretexts, excused herself from sitting to Charlie Nunnerley for her portrait. The young man noticed, moreover, that she avoided him, or, at least, that she took care not to remain in his company except in the presence of her father and brother. Also he observed that the change which had come over her so suddenly on the morning of the picnic continued to be more or less manifest. Now, at first, this change greatly disquieted him. Mr. Charles Nunnerley's conscience was by no means an easy one, and many torturing misgivings troubled him. Had Idalia found out anything to his disadvantage? If so, what was it? And how had she discovered it? He felt as though he were sitting on thorns, and he had to work to hide his anxiety and chagrin. To stand well with those about him was for Charlie a necessity of existence. His love of approbation was even more strongly developed than his self-conceit. There was nothing really aggressive about his egotism. Under ordinary circumstances, indeed, it only displayed itself in an agreeable assurance, an amiable self-complacency. Charlie, in fact, was nothing if not amiable. To know that he was disapproved by any one in whose company he happened to be was sufficient to crush his spirits. In the case of Miss Bretherton, whom in truth he loved with all the passion of his nature, it was gall and wormwood even to suspect that she might be losing her good opinion of him. But by that harrowing suspicion he was not long tormented.

His anxious study of her manner soon began to convince Charlie that Idalia was not really either displeased with or contemptuous of him. On the contrary, this new shyness on her part began (when once conscience had ceased to make a coward of him) to strike him as flattering rather than otherwise. Why should Idalia blush, as she sometimes now did, when he approached or addressed her? Did she guess at his devotion? Was it possible, he asked himself, that he was not indifferent to her?

With a rapid rebound, the young man's spirits rose from zero to boiling-point. His secret wretchedness presently gave place to an elation almost as difficult to conceal as his former depression. Encouraged by the most sanguine hopes, he redoubled his assiduous, but unobtrusive, attentions. He ventured also to let his eyes express more and more ardently the love which he had not yet dared to put into words, and the embarrassment wherewith his unspoken confessions were received did not serve to discourage their repetition.

Thus, growing bolder, he took courage, on the third morning after the picnic, to follow Idalia into a small conservatory opening out of an apartment which she had adopted as her own private sitting-room, or boudoir. In another part of the grounds stood a long range of hot-houses and vineries (left, of course, to the gardener's care), but of the plants in this little greenhouse the young mistress of Monkswood Hall had taken special supervision, and insisted on watering and tending them with her own hands.

"I beg your pardon," apologised the young man, seeing Idalia start as he approached. "I ought to have asked permission to come in."

"Well, I didn't want any assistance, particularly," she returned, blushing slightly, though smiling at the same time; "but since you *have* come in, you may make yourself useful. Please lift down that begonia. I want these orchids to stand in its place."

Charlie obeyed this request in silence, and arranged the orchids where she directed him. Then, bending over her, he asked, in a voice much more low and pleading than the occasion warranted—

"Miss Idalia, may I not have a sitting to-day?" It was the first time he had dropped the more formal "Miss Bretherton."

Idalia moved a step or two away, and again her colour rose. "Why, yes; I suppose you may," she rejoined, in assumed carelessness—"if it is necessary."

"It is so far necessary that I cannot get on with the likeness without it," he answered. "And till the work is finished, you know, I shall have to stay here," he added, with a smile. "I could not go away and leave it incomplete."

"No; to be sure. I never thought of that," she protested. "We must not be so selfish as to keep you here too long. I will give you a sitting this morning, and every morning you like till the painting is done."

"Oh! I am no such great hurry to depart!" exclaimed the young man. "I"—he began to pull nervously at his moustache—"in fact, I should be only too happy to remain under this roof for ever. Surely you must know——"

"Yes, of course, I know that it will not do for you to neglect your profession," interrupted Idalia hurriedly. "If you go now and look out your brushes, I shall come to the studio immediately."

"Very well." Charlie understood that he was dismissed. But since the banishment from her presence was only to be momentary, he took it in good part.

"And I'll get father to come and sit with us," she observed, "so that we shall not feel dull."

"*Dull!*" He paused on his way out to echo the word. "Have the sittings, then, been very dull for you? To *me* they have been—I dare not say what they have been."

Again Idalia's expressive face betrayed some embarrassment. She turned it away from her companion, and began to pick some dead leaves from a plant.

"Ah, well! I expect you do get interested in your work," she said: "that's pretty natural."

"I am interested in *this* work, at any rate. But I am not satisfied with it. Miss Idalia, I never can be satisfied with it," he went on, returning a few steps towards her. "I can never do you justice."

"Oh! Well, I don't care one thing about the likeness myself," she replied, checking his fervour by a sudden coldness. "I didn't want it taken. Father, however, is very pleased with it so far as it has gone, so you may feel quite satisfied."

That Mr. Bretherton *was* pleased with the unfinished portrait was very true, as also that he was greatly impressed with young Nunnerley's abilities as a painter.

"I don't know how ye kin do it!" he exclaimed many times, standing in an admiring attitude before the canvas, and expressing renewed astonishment at each point of resemblance which he perceived to the original. "Ef that thar ain't the very turn of her chin, now! An' the little dimple—you're a-goin' to put the little dimple in? It's kinder wonderful, bein' so smart is; an' it's a gift as you'd oughter be proud on."

"But you hain't done much at it—not jest this last day or two, hev you?" he asked, surveying the painting this morning with a critical air, and his head very much on one side.

"I haven't done anything at it," rejoined Charlie. "But I must work more industriously now, or you'll say I'm taking it out of you in board and lodging," he added jocularly.

"Takin' it out on us?" repeated Mr. Bretherton. "I don't understand."

"Another artist would have got it done more quickly, and not trespassed so long on your hospitality."

"Well, now, I call thet thar real mean!" expostulated his kindly host. "It's mean, ain't it, Idalia? Ez ef we wasn't mighty pleased to hev a nice young feller like you around! You know right well thet you kin stay as long as you please, an' welcome. Thar ain't no hurry fur the pictur. But when it's finished I'll be glad to trade fur it. An' the price," he pursued. "Now, ef the price was five hundred pounds, it wouldn't be not to call dear, an' I'd 'low to pay it willing."

The price of the portrait had already been fixed at one-fifth of this sum; but Mr. Bretherton, who had learned from his son that Charlie's circumstances were not flourishing, meant thus to insinuate, as delicately as he could, that the young artist was at liberty to raise his demand for the work.

Charlie blushed. Before Idalia he did not care to be reminded of this purely business side of his engagement. Moreover, the reflection that poverty, even in simple Mr. Bretherton's eyes, was scarcely likely to score as a point in favour of any suitor for his daughter's hand, struck him just now with unpleasant force. In the beginning of their acquaintance, Idalia's fortune had constituted for him one of her chief attractions; and though passion was now getting the better of cupidity, it was difficult to conceive of any one under-valuing what he rated himself so highly. Once more, under the pressure of this consideration, the young man's mercurial hopes began to give place to fears, and he set to work in rather a depressed state of mind. His companions, however, did not observe the fact. Scarcely had Idalia resumed the position required of her before a servant entered with the postbag.

Mr. Bretherton, whose correspondence consisted almost entirely of communications from Jabez Dean about the business of his farm, and of an occasional line or two from an old neighbour, seized upon the bag with avidity. A letter from Clear-Water Valley, no matter how brief its contents, was worth its weight in gold to honest Abner. The slightest news concerning any of his friends there would afford him a topic of conversation for days. But, as his daughter had also noticed, the reception of a letter from "home" invariably rendered him restless and excited. Of late, too, she had noticed that her father, when thus excited, had got into a habit of wandering up to the Fold Farm, whence, after a chat with Mr. Basset, he would return, evidently more composed in spirit.

The bag this morning contained only one letter, but it proved to be a bulky one.

"It's from Cousin Jabez, deary," remarked Mr. Bretherton; "and it's sorter thickish. I'm afeard there ain't nothing much in it but accounts."

On opening the envelope, however, there appeared, in addition to two sheets of blue paper dotted over with figures, another of different tint.

"Why, who kin this be from? It ain't Jabez's writing. It's—yes, it's from his wife! It's from Kezia, Idalia! Well, now"—turning over the letter with a beaming countenance—"it's kind of Kezia, this yere is, an' it's friendly."

"Read it aloud, father," urged Idalia, knowing that the request would please him.

"I will, honey—that is, ef Mister Charlie don't take no exceptions to it?" he observed, in polite appeal.

Charlie, of course, returned a suitable disclaimer, and Mr. Bretherton, having paused for a few seconds to rub his knees in joyous anticipation of his task, proceeded to make out the letter. In the matter of orthography it was a literary curiosity which we dare not transcribe. Read by Mr. Bretherton, it ran thus—

"DEAR COUSIN ABNER,—This comes with my best respects, an' hopin' you an' Idalia 'n' Peleus is keepin' your healths. We are all keepin' our healths wonderful—particularly Ethelinda, who's as peart

an' lively as a young kittling, an' no wonder, fur what I've set down fur to write to you, Cousin Abner—it's a secret about Ethelinda—fur she's a-goin' to be married."

"Ethelinda a-goin' to be married!" interpolated Mr. Bretherton. "Think of thet! Now, thet thar's interesting—thet thar's powerful interesting, ain't it, Idalia?"

Idalia appeared to think that it was very interesting.

"Go on, father," she said, reflecting his genial smile. "Go right on, please. I want to know who she is to marry."

Mr. Bretherton followed the lines with his finger until he recovered the place at which he had left off. The letter contained no stops whatsoever.

"You'll be a bit surprised, I dessay, when you hearn who it is, fur once we all thought he'd a hankerin' arter some one else, an' I make no doubt that was so—fur thar ain't no wonder ef a young feller couldn't look at no other gall 'n' Idalia by—an' so ye'll know it's Silas Thornton——"

"Silas Thornton? Why, come to think of it, deary, though he warn't fit, not in the way of education an' that, fur to hold a candle to you, I do believe ——"

"Never mind, father," interrupted Idalia, turning her face away from Charlie Nunnerley's inspection—"Never mind that."

"No, no," he acquiesced, perceiving her confusion. "No, I oughtn't ter hev said it, honey. It wasn't, p'r'aps, not to call delecate——" he apologised, searching, as he spoke, for the place he had again lost, and hastily continuing—

"An' so ye'll know it's Silas Thornton. An' we're all in a muss a-gittin' the house fixed, fur the weddin' it's to be next week, an' the young folks, they're a-goin' to live down to Silas' father's for a spell, till the house gits up ez he's settled to build for 'em. He's behaved mighty handsome, old Pete Thornton has, an' him an' Jabez 'll hev to stock the little farm betwixt 'em. An' Ethelinda, she says ever so often in a day, 'I'd give a heap, mother,' says she, 'ef Uncle Abner was yere to be at the weddin' ——"

"Bless her! an' so would I—I'd give a heap myself," burst forth poor Abner. "I'd give a heap myself to be thar, an' to see all the old folks agin, an'——" He stopped short, his voice broken by emotion.

"Father"—Idalia forgot all about the attitude which Charlie desired her to maintain, and, for the moment, all about Charlie himself—"Father," she repeated, leaning forward to grasp and kiss his large red hand, "dear father, we'll go back to the Valley. I didn't know you felt like that. We won't stay in England another day if you are unhappy here."

"Thar, now, how foolish I am! Idalia, honey, I'm gittin' old, an' I'm gittin' foolish, an' you musn't mind me!" exclaimed her father, hastening to undo the effect of his speech. "I was kinder wrought up jest for an instant, 'n' I wasn't thinkin' what I was a-sayin'. It wouldn't do fur us to go back, child. It wouldn't do at all!"

"But why not? It *shall* do—it *must* do, if you wish it!" she cried impetuously—all the more impetuously in that the idea was insufferable to her.

"I *don't* wish it, though: thar's whar it is," he returned cheerfully. "Would you hev me behave as ef I hedn't no duty to my own children? Would you hev me take you an' Percival away from yere, jest when you're a-gittin' a nice set o' young friends, with polish and bong-tong, as suits you? Would you hev me kinder force you to live among folks as you could never feel natrel an' sociable with, through them bein' so different? Why, Idalia, you ain't doin' me jestice, honey—you ain't doin' me no sort o' jestice ef you think I'm sich a hard an' selfish father as that."

"You're the best father in the world!—the best and dearest father in the whole world!" exclaimed his daughter. "But you ought not, and you *shall* not, sacrifice your happiness to ours."

"Now, thet's foolishness, Idaly, talkin' thet-a-way is," resumed her father, softly caressing her hand. "Ain't my happiness yours, and ain't yours mine? Lor! do you think I *could* be happy ef I wasn't considerin' your happiness—if I wasn't a-tryin' to do my duty by you both? Besides," he continued eagerly, "I'm gittin' to like England myself. You musn't think nothin' more of what I said. I was kinder carried away by my feelin's fur a moment—that was all, child."

Idalia studied his face, but half satisfied with the renewed cheerfulness of his tone.

"And thar's this nice house! Surely you wouldn't hev us leave this nice house?" he asked, as though combating an idea of her own suggesting.

"I hope, indeed, that Miss Bretherton does not wish to leave Monkswood?" put in Charlie, regarding her with a glance expressive both of pain and reproach. To his vanity, no less than his love, it had been very mortifying to find that Idalia could so completely—as was apparently the case—lose sight of his presence. Further, the young man felt almost indignant at the display she had just made of affection for her father, at the look of tender solicitude wherewith she was still scanning his wrinkled and homely face.

Was it really possible that she could love that "old bog-trotter" so passionately as she seemed to do?—that in thought for him she could grow oblivious of a handsome, gentlemanly fellow like himself?

Surely she, who was herself so different, must be alive to the difference between them—to his own immense superiority over that rough, commonplace man? And yet, what would he not give to have her glorious eyes bent upon *him* with such an expression as that!

It made him feel quite jealous, as well as indignant. Whatever else was perfect about her, he decided, Idalia's taste could not be so. Otherwise, she could never show herself so entirely satisfied with this father of hers—so utterly blind to his many imperfections of manner, speech, and appearance.

She must sometimes feel ashamed of him, as her brother did, and blush for his *gaucheries*. With Percival's contempt for, and growing dislike of, his father, Charlie Nunnerley had the strongest sympathy.

In his friend's place, he felt that he should himself entertain very much the same sentiments, and he had acknowledged this fact to Percival when the latter had ventured to make him, to some extent, his confidant upon the subject.

Even now, when he addressed her, Idalia took so

little notice of the young artist that she did not even reply to his question.

"Come out into the wood with me, father, and let us have a nice little walk together," she said. "Mr. Nunnerley, you won't mind, will you, if I run away for a spell?" She turned to him at last with a friendly enough aspect, and even, as she continued to speak, a return of her new, sweet shyness. "You can get on for awhile, I dare say, and we won't be long. We'll come back, both of us, in an hour, or perhaps less."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

"THEY MUST COME HERE."

IDALIA kept her promise. A few minutes within the hour she and her father, both looking the happier for their absence, returned to the "studio." But Charlie was not destined to-day to enjoy any renewal of the sitting. Hardly had his "subject" resumed her place upon the dais he had arranged for her before a second interruption occurred.

This took place through the entrance of a footman to announce a visitor, who was immediately admitted. The visitor was Sir Arthur Ledsom.

"Thank you for letting me come in here, Miss Bretherton," observed the baronet, laying down his hat and the riding-whip he carried. "I have brought some news which Nunnerley will be concerned to hear as well as yourselves."

"Concerned!" repeated Mr. Bretherton. "Why, I hope now thet it ain't bad news?"

"It is not good news," Sir Arthur answered. "Still, I hope the matter will not turn out to be anything serious. Victor is ill—Victor McNicoll. The doctor says it is, or *will* be, typhus fever."

"Now, thet's bad!" exclaimed Mr. Bretherton—"Such a nice young feller ez he is! I hope it ain't a-goin' to be a hard spell of sickness. How long has it bin on him?"

"Oh, he was only taken ill last evening," returned Arthur. "I called this morning at Upton Lodge, and have just heard of it. I thought you might be interested, so I rode straight on here to tell you, and, of course, Nunnerley," he appended hastily. "I promised Mrs. McNicoll to let you know about your cousin, Nunnerley."

"Thank you," said Charlie; "but I hope, as you say, that it may turn out to be nothing serious. What makes the doctor suppose it to be typhus?"

"Well, the fact is that there are two or three cases of the fever just now in Bennett's Hollow—where so many of the mill hands live, you know. And yesterday morning, it seems, Victor, knowing nothing about this, went down there to inquire after one of the engine-tenters who had been absent several days from his work. A little girl showed him into the room where her father was rambling in a high state of delirium; and the wife, who must be an awfully stupid woman, allowed him to remain there a considerable time before she informed him of the nature of the disease; and the very same evening, you see, Victor began to feel ill."

"But is it certain that he has caught the infection?" demanded Idalia. "Perhaps it is not really that."

"I am almost afraid that it must be," rejoined the visitor, shaking his head. "Dr. Everton, at any rate, thinks so, and he has recommended that the girls should be sent from home. Neither Dora nor Jessie wishes to go. Their father and mother insist, however—I think very rightly—upon their doing so."

"But where are they to go?" asked Charlie. There was very little sympathy in his accent, and as he spoke the young man busied himself with mixing some colours upon his palette. He was sorry, as a matter of course, that his relatives should be in trouble; but if the truth must be told, he was a good deal more put out by the fact that this untimely visit had occasioned a new interruption of his work—that work that had become to him such a fascination and excitement.

Moreover, Charlie did not regard the visitor himself with a very favourable eye. It had struck him that Arthur Ledsom was beginning to call a vast deal too often at Monkswood Hall. He was growing suspicious of him, and even a little alarmed. A rich young baronet, with an estate like Feldhurst Court, would be no unformidable rival for a struggling artist, whose fame lay yet in the lap of the future, and whose settled income was £200 a year.

Sir Arthur's haste to constitute himself a messenger this morning, even though of tidings which could scarcely be agreeable to himself (Victor's chief friend) to bear, seemed to Charlie very like impertinent officiousness.

"Where are the girls to go?" he repeated, twitching, as he was in the habit of doing when mentally disturbed, at his long moustache.

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Arthur, who had delayed to answer the question for a moment whilst stooping to caress Pippin, Idalia's little dog, that had followed him into the room. "Mrs. McNicoll had thought at first, she told me, of sending them to her sister-in-law in Perthshire. But, naturally, they would not hear of this plan. They are both, as you know, very much attached to their brother, and although they will consent to leave the house (as to that, in fact, they have no option), they will neither of them consent to leave the neighbourhood. And, of course, there will be no necessity for it. They can stay at the Courteneys', or at the Rectory, or with any of their other friends. There will be no difficulty in finding them an asylum."

"I should think not," broke in Idalia. "They must come *here*. Father, *do* let us have them here."

"Why, to be sure we will, child, if you'd like it, an' ef they're in the notion of comin'," responded Mr. Bretherton warmly.

"I *should* like it very much. I think that Dora McNicoll is just about the nicest girl I ever met. And Jessie is nice, too—very. I'd like to go straight away and ask them."

"Thar ain't no reason why you shouldn't, then, Idalia. Thar ain't no reason agin it at all," said her father. "They'll be company for you, an' it'll be sorter gay an' cheerful hevin' more young folks around

Bless you! I wouldn't mind how many young folks thar was around!"

"It—it is very kind of you!" stammered Sir Arthur Ledsom. He hardly knew why the proposition sent, as it did, such a thrill of excitement through his veins. He hardly knew why he felt half wishful, yet half alarmed, lest it should be carried into effect. "Dora—both of them, I am sure—will feel greatly obliged by the generous suggestion; will they not, Nunnerley?"

Charlie nodded assent. "That goes without saying, of course," he replied. "But my aunt will probably have made her arrangements already. No doubt, as the matter is pressing, she will have gone to Mr. Courteney's this morning. The house is so near, you see, and besides, they are such old friends." Charlie Nunnerley, at all events, had no hesitation in deciding within himself as to whether he should like such an invitation to be given and accepted. Nothing could please him less than that his cousins should come here. He had little enough opportunity at present, he reflected, of seeing Idalia alone. With two other girls in the house trespassing on her time and attention, how was he ever to get her to himself?

"Really," he went on, "I think they should go there—to their *old* friends," with a suggestive stress on the adjective.

"But *I* don't!" exclaimed Idalia; "I don't see why

"IDALIA FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE ATTITUDE WHICH CHARLIE DESIRED HER TO MAINTAIN" (*p.* 323).

old friends should have all the privileges. If we are new ones, we want to get to know each other better, don't you see? That's all the more reason they should come here: anyhow, I mean to have them, if I can get them," she added, with decision. "Do you suppose Mrs. McNicoll will really have gone out to settle it yet?" she asked Sir Arthur.

"No, I think not—in fact, I am sure not," he answered—"She happened to say to me that she should go immediately after luncheon—By-the-by, you will understand that there is no danger, as yet, of any one taking or conveying infection from Victor."

"Thet's so, is it? Now, it had jest come into my mind to wonder how it would be thet-away. I was jest a-goin' to ask you," said Mr. Bretherton, betraying a little anxiety—not, it need scarcely be said, on his own account.

Sir Arthur's positiveness re-assured him. "Indeed, there is not the remotest danger, sir; otherwise, you may be sure I would oppose their being asked here, with all my energy. The disease, the doctor declares, will not properly develop itself for another day or so, and will not be contagious for a considerable time. Still, though there is no question of danger, Miss Bretherton, I think, perhaps——"

"It's no use your thinking anything," interposed Idalia laughingly, but with rather an imperious little gesture. "I'm going right off now, this minute, to invite them. You can walk there with me, if you like."

Sir Arthur coloured with pleasure. This frank proposal might possibly have embarrassed, or even shocked him, had it come from an English girl. But the young American's easy, matter-of-fact way of claiming his companionship, whilst it delighted, did not flatter him. He was fully aware that in Idalia's native country intercourse between young people was characterised by more freedom than in his own.

"Thank you, I shall be most happy." The stock phrase, for once, was true. "I rode here, but I will leave my horse, and send for him later."

"Then I'll get ready at once."

Idalia threw the words over her shoulder. She had approached Mr. Nunnerley, and, evidently regarding it as due to him, she now proceeded to offer him once more an apology for her defection.

"You won't be cross about it, will you? I'll make up for it another time; and, you see, it can't be helped."

She looked at him as she said the words with a deprecating, almost an humble air.

Charlie had the good sense or the tact to make a gracious rejoinder, though inwardly he was fuming with vexation over the turn of events, and filled with envy on account of the favour she had so artlessly offered to Sir Arthur.

The edge of his ill-humour, however, was a little taken off when, having left the room, Idalia suddenly returned to ask after her brother.

"He might walk with us," she added. "I should like him to go with us, and help me to persuade the girls to come."

"Why, to be sure!" ejaculated her father. "Where kin he be now? I wasn't jest a-thinkin' of him; but I know he'd be vexed, Percival would, ef we wasn't to call him in, an' *you* here," to Sir Arthur. "Now, wheer kin he be?" He rose to go in search of his son. "Might you happen to know, Mr. Charlie?"

Charlie knew pretty well where Mr. Percival Bretherton had arranged to spend his morning, but he did not choose to say so.

"I have not seen him since breakfast," he rejoined.

"No; come to think of it, I hevn't neither. But he'll be in the house, mebbe. I'll take a look around," said his father.

"No, no; allow me?" interposed Charlie, glad of an excuse to quit the room and indulge his chafed feelings alone. "If he is in the house, I will soon find him, Mr. Bretherton."

Percival, however, was not in the house. Idalia and Sir Arthur presently started on their mission alone, and Mr. Bretherton shortly afterwards set off to make a short call at "The Fold Farm."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

IN THE ORCHARD.

THE acquaintance which he had so unceremoniously commenced with pretty Susan Basset had been followed up by Mr. Percival Bretherton, before his visit to London, with considerable ardour; and since his return from the capital, the young man had been even more assiduous in his hole-and-corner courtship—for such Percival took care that it should be. Scarcely a day now passed but that he managed to have some chance conversation with the girl, and day by day his fancy for her increased, or, at all events, his desire for her companionship.

It has been observed by a careful student of human nature that, as a rule, men are more susceptible to the flattery of open and undisguised admiration than are women. However that may be, it is certain that Peleus Bretherton's self-love was delightfully tickled, and his vanity constantly stimulated, through his meetings with Susan.

The poor girl had given him her whole heart—and a very foolish and idolatrous little heart it proved. From the first, Peleus had seemed to her like a sort of young god. In her idea, he was not only wondrously handsome, but amazingly clever—the *ne plus ultra* of fashion and culture. She looked upon his notice as a signal honour, and on the affection he professed for her as a transcendent favour, no less than an unspeakable happiness. In short, the innocent child had learned to adore this very poor piece of human clay with a fervour that might have been ridiculous, had it not at the same time been pathetic. And, in her ignorance and simplicity, she took no pains to hide her adoration from its object.

Young Bretherton, for his part, accepted graciously

all the admiring homage that she rendered him, and sunning himself in its warmth, felt pleasantly like the superior being she so evidently considered him.

His manner betrayed this fact. Even when most carried away by enthusiasm for her rounded, childish kind of beauty, he treated Susan a little *de haut en bas*, judiciously mingling patronage with homage.

To-day he had spent in her company a much longer time than usual. Leaving home shortly after the morning meal, he had made his way round by the base of the wood at the back of the Hall, and had struck thence across some fields belonging to his father's estate. From the furthest of these fields he had climbed over a hedge into a grazing-meadow which composed part of Mr. Basset's farm, and on reaching the other side of this meadow he had scrambled up a grassy bank, surmounted a somewhat rickety wooden fence, and so found himself in an orchard.

This orchard was an extensive one, and, with one solitary exception, filled only with apple-trees, the fruit of which Farmer Basset was accustomed to sell each year to a cider manufacturer. Lying in a quiet corner of the farm, and out of the way of such portions as were under general cultivation, the orchard was rarely, if ever, invaded by either the proprietor or the farm-labourers.

It had always, however, been a favourite haunt of Susan's, and she had coaxed her father (who, indeed, needed little pressing to comply with any of her desires, wise or foolish) to build her a tiny summer-house in one of its most sequestered nooks.

Little had she imagined, poor child, when, in the hot summer afternoons, so short a time ago, she had carried thither her work or her book, and the little tabby kitten which was then such a pet with her, what moments of excitement and rapture she should spend in this arbour before the year was at an end or the trees had lost all their leaves.

For here it was that Peleus Bretherton, having impressed upon her the strictest secrecy in respect of his visits, was now in the habit, almost daily, of meeting her alone—alone, that is to say, with the exception of Luke, who, in Susan's estimation, counted for nothing, but whose presence, as he lingered about the orchard, and passed to and fro at intervals before the open door of the summer-house, seemed often very unreasonably to irritate Peleus.

"He won't say a word to any one so long as I let him stay near me," Susan had over and over again assured her lover, "because I've made him promise not to. But if I be cross and drive him away, 'tisn't safe what he might do. Sometimes I be almost afraid he might even try to hurt *you*. He's got some notion into his silly head, poor fellow! that I can't make out, but which makes him set upon watching your comings and goings, and not leaving me alone when you're by. But you needn't mind him, for he's a softy, with no more sense than a child of four years old."

"We'll shut the door on his imbecile prying, at any rate," Peleus had once said, suiting the action to the word. But the result had convinced him that the idiot, if only a child in understanding, was a powerful man in strength, and one not to be offended with impunity.

Uttering a single low cry of rage, Luke had burst open the door, which fastened within only by means of a latch, and had then, without a word of any sort—but with a glance at Peleus which effectually prevented that young man from offering any interference—proceeded to wrench the door off its hinges, and to carry it away to another part of the orchard.

The loss of her door did not trouble Susan, for she had not desired that the structure should possess one, and it had only been attached through a mistake of the joiner employed in its construction. But at first she had felt very much alarmed at the vindictive aspect of Luke's hatchet-shaped visage as he silently effected this work of demolition, and had only recovered her sense of mastery over him when she had seen her brother return with his normal expression of fatuous stupidity, and seat himself on the ground at some distance, with his back to Peleus and herself.

As a consequence, howbeit, of this little scene, young Bretherton had understood that he must, for the present, at all events, be content to conduct his intercourse with Susan under supervision of her imbecile brother.

On gaining the orchard this morning, he had, as usual, found the two together, but he had found them engaged in an unexpected fashion. Luke, mounted amongst the branches of that one tree which formed an exception to the rest—being a pear, not an apple-tree—was busied in knocking off the fruit with a stick, whilst Susan, standing below, was collecting and depositing it in a basket.

At the approach of her lover (if Peleus may be termed so, when certainly he loved himself a good deal better than the farmer's daughter), Susan, with a sweet, shy blush, hastened to explain.

Her mother, it appeared, had decided that the fruit of this tree was to be gathered this morning, and had given orders that Molly, one of her two maids, was to undertake the task, in conjunction with a young farm lad.

Reflecting that Peleus had arranged to visit her to-day, Susan, at first, had felt "dreadfully fluttered," but the idea having speedily occurred to her, she had hastened to propose herself and Luke as substitutes for the work, and, as it happened to be a busy day indoors, the offer had been eagerly accepted. As Peleus already knew, Miss Susan was not expected by her indulgent parents to engage in any labour for which she was disinclined.

Applauding her thoughtfulness, Peleus condescended for some time to lend his assistance by catching the pears as they fell under Luke's blows, and depositing them in the basket, and also by eating a goodly number of the ripest and most tempting.

Presently, however, growing weary and satiated, he persuaded Susan to leave her brother to finish the task, to which his feeble intellect seemed quite competent, and retire with him into the arbour. October having now reached its second or third week, the weather was growing chilly, and this shelter became each day in greater request.

From his perch in the pear-tree, which stood almost in face of it, Luke could command a view of the interior of the summer-house. He retained his position, therefore, and allowed the pair to leave him

Happily, however, for himself, Peleus remained in blissful ignorance of the strong antipathy inspired in that witless cranium, and of the significant gestures and grimaces wherewith he was now being favoured.

"HE HAD FOUND THEM ENGAGED IN AN UNEXPECTED FASHION" (*p.* 327).

without remonstrance. Had Peleus chanced, however, to turn and glance upwards, his composure might have received a somewhat rude shock. Behind his back the idiot was 'pulling faces," as ill-bred children will sometimes do, mowing and gibing at him. But that expression of malignant dislike was such as no child's face could have worn. It disfigured his already sufficiently hideous countenance until, really, for the moment, the poor "softy" bore scarcely a closer resemblance to a human being than to an ape.

Drawing Susan to that corner of the summer-house most protected from the wind, which every now and then kept sweeping in, bearing with it little eddying clouds of dead leaves, he proceeded to give utterance to an idea that had struck him.

"I say, little girl, there is something the matter with you this morning. You look shy and troubled, and you don't talk as much as usual. I have noticed you opening your pretty lips once or twice as though you were going to speak, but you have shut them again

without saying anything. Come, now; tell me all about it, Susie, my pet." He stooped to kiss her. "There *is* something, isn't there?"

The girl hesitated for a moment, blushing under his caress, and then answered, "Yes, sir."

"Sir," he repeated. "Haven't I told you not to say 'sir'?"

"But it sounds so bold to call you by your name," faltered Susan, blushing again.

"Well, I want you to be bold with me, little Susan," he rejoined, by no means displeased with the remark, and drawing her closer with his encircling arm. "Be as bold as you like."

"Oh! do you really, *really* love me?"

Asking the question with a sudden eagerness, Susan drew a little way from him, and gazed into Peleus' dark eyes. As she did so, the young man noticed, for the first time, that within the few weeks of his acquaintance with her a subtle change had passed over the girl's face. Her pretty long-fringed blue eyes had acquired a new depth and intensity; her small babyish features, a more womanly expression. And this exterior change, too slight to have hitherto attracted his attention, was but a faint reflex of the far greater change which had taken place within—a change which amounted, in fact, almost to a revolution in all her ideas and sentiments, but of which Peleus suspected little.

"Of course, I love you, you silly child!" he answered. "Why else should I be here? Why else should I want to kiss you like this—and this?" again saluting, as he spoke, her brow and lips.

Susan's face broke into joyous dimples and smiles. She put on a coquettish little air, and nodding her head meaningly, observed—

"Ah, well! but there's somebody else loves me too."

"Somebody else!" he echoed. "What on earth do you mean, Susan?"

"You won't be angry, will you?" she asked.

"Not if you tell me everything. Is this what you've been wishing to say all the morning?"

Susan replied by an affirmative gesture.

"Well, I'm waiting to hear all about it," resumed Peleus.

"He isn't a gentleman, like you," began Susan.

"Oh, indeed! Well?"

"'Tis James Carey—the stupid!"

"And, pray, who may James Carey be?"

"His father owns a corn-mill by the river-side," explained Susan, "and James helps him. 'Tis a first-rate business, father says; and James, he be tall and good-looking, only he be fair, and I can't abide fair men," she subjoined, with an admiring glance at young Bretherton's dark hair.

"But how do you know that this fellow, whoever he may be, is in love with you, Susan? He hasn't said so?"

"Yes, but he has! He said so last night to father," affirmed Susan, "and he be coming again to-night. He has been coming ever so long," she went on, "two or three evenings a week, and sitting in the chimney-corner gafting at me. And he has brought me little presents—posies, and such-like. But I never thought anything of it—not till just lately. I thought 'twas because we had gone to school together when we was both little. I didn't think I was grown up—not properly grown up, you know—or that any one could think of me like that till—till I'd got to know you."

"But he has no right to think of you 'like that'; confound his impudence! What did he actually say to your father?"

Susan blushed hotly. "Why, he told him that he was terribly fond of me, and—and that he wanted me to promise I'd be his wife some day. And he be coming again this evening to—to see me, and get his answer."

"And what will the answer be, Susie?"

"*You* know," she murmured reproachfully.

"But tell me," he persisted.

"It'll be *no*, of course! Do you think I can love two people at once?"

"Then you don't care for him? You love *me* best?"

"Yes, a million, million times best!" exclaimed the girl, nestling confidingly against his shoulder. "I shall never marry any one else but you, if you're *quite* sure you want to?" she appended, with a return of her innocent coquetry.

"If I'm sure I want to *marry* you, do you mean? My word, you're a cool young woman!" responded Peleus.

Susan turned to look at him. Then a sudden pallor overspread her face, and springing from his arms, she stood confronting him.

"Why do you speak like that?" she cried. "I don't understand. I thought you loved me because you said so. Don't—don't people always marry when they love each other?"

"Susie, Susie! must I *kill* him?" It was Luke who asked this question. On the instant he had observed his sister's act of repulsion he had dropped from his tree, and he now stood glaring at Peleus with a look of savage malevolence, evidently only awaiting a word of command to fall upon the object of his instinctive distrust—his curious hatred.

"Oh, Luke! You horrid, wicked, hateful thing!" exclaimed Susan, interposing herself between them in terror. "Get away this instant, or I'll never speak to you again! I'll never let you come near me! How dare you? I—I've a good mind to beat you!" she concluded, impotently raising her little hand with a threatening gesture towards the great fellow, who could have crushed her with his iron fist.

But Luke did not smile at the threat. On the contrary, his wide mouth dropped with an expression of abject distress and humility, and casting towards her one vacantly appealing glance, he slunk away like a dog with its tail between its legs.

Peleus Bretherton was not a coward; but he had certainly been startled and alarmed by the idiot's conduct, and he had scarcely recovered himself when Susan again turned to him.

"That fellow ought undoubtedly to be shut up," he

stammered, looking after him with a countenance to which the blood was only just beginning to return. "He is a dangerous madman!"

But this statement Susan hastened to contradict. Her brother, she declared, was really as harmless as a baby. She had never seen him look so or behave so before, and he had never hurt any one in his life, nor anything, excepting that dog she had once told him about.

Re-assured by this asseveration, but still more by the reflection as to how poor Luke had cowered before the expression of his sister's displeasure, Peleus presently began to feel in a measure himself again, though he could not quite succeed in throwing off the effect of what had occurred.

"Well, little one, what were we talking about before that unpleasant interruption?" he asked by-and-by.

Susan returned no answer. She had again placed herself in front of him, and with her hands hanging down and tightly clasped together, she was looking into his face with an eager scrutiny.

For some moments Peleus also remained silent, apparently turning something over in his mind. As a result of his meditations, he broke shortly into a laugh, and slightly shrugging his shoulders, observed, "You wished to know, my dear child, whether people in love with each other do not usually look forward to matrimony as the appropriate end of their courtship, or something of that sort, didn't you? Well, yes, Susan; I suppose they do. At the same time, if you will excuse me saying so, it is, as a general rule, considered the province of the gentleman to allude first to this subject. Do you know, Miss Susan, that you have proposed to me?—absolutely proposed to me!"

Whilst her companion had, very deliberately and with somewhat satirical emphasis, been uttering this speech, poor Susan's face had grown crimson.

"Oh!" she ejaculated, "I didn't mean to be so bold! I wasn't thinking. It—it only seemed——" She paused, overwhelmed with confusion.

"Come here, my pet." Peleus stretched forth his hand and drew her nearer. He had regained, he felt, his due superiority and ascendency over her, and a satisfied smile curled his lips. "Come and let us talk the matter over. You are not in such a great hurry to assume the *vinculum matrimonii*, are you, Susie?—the chains of marriage, I mean," he interpreted condescendingly.

"No, no, no! Of course I don't want to be married yet. I be far too young. 'Twasn't that, indeed! It was only that I couldn't abide the thought that you mightn't love me always and always. But you *will*, won't you? I don't want to be married, not for years and years, nor ever, if you don't like. But if you were to give over loving me now, I should die. If you were ever to love any one else, or to marry any one else, I—I should just kill myself, I believe!"

"You are a silly girl, Susan, a very silly girl, to talk in that way," rejoined Peleus, feeling both annoyed and bored by her earnestness.

This style of thing was not at all to his taste. It was all very well to have inspired a grand passion, so long as it expended itself in unselfish adoration of his own person. But when it came to be exacting—to look for too serious a return—bah! it became a bore. Peleus himself had certainly never looked on the affair as a serious one. He had merely meant to amuse himself with this pretty Susan—to indulge in a flirtation with her—rather too strong an one, perhaps, but still nothing more.

Though it was no excuse for the young man, it must be said that he had never really looked ahead in the matter at all, or considered how it was to end. He had been content with his present enjoyment in playing the *rôle* of a gallant, and he had insisted upon Susan's secrecy in regard to his visits for two simple reasons: first and foremost, because he had thought his dignity as a gentleman would suffer if he was known to be paying court to this little plebeian. (Peleus did not allow himself to admit the fact, even to himself, that Susan was, in reality, his superior as to birth and lineage.) Again, his desire for the concealment of his attentions had been influenced by the fear of interference on the part of Susan's relatives, especially of her father, who, he rather thought, might feel inclined to spoil his pleasant sport.

And so far, with the sole drawback of the idiot brother's obtrusive presence at their interviews, all had gone well. Peleus had abandoned himself to the agreeable present, and had given no thought to the future. At least, he had not done so explicitly, for there is no doubt that there had all along existed in his consciousness an implicit intention of dropping the whole affair when he was tired of it.

Certainly, at all events, the young fellow had never once dreamt of offering marriage to the daughter of a farmer—to a girl who did not always speak correct English. Peleus had very lofty notions as to the style of person on whom it would be due to himself to bestow the honour of his hand, should he decide upon marrying at all. His wife, at any rate, should be a lady who would do him credit.

Yet, here was this simple child—this ignorant and quixotic Susan—venturing to own that she had actually aspired to such a position. Peleus felt quite angry and indignant at her assurance.

Still, he had not, as has been seen, thought proper distinctly to repudiate this morning any such intention as she credited him with. Several considerations had moved him to a policy of delay in explaining his true views. Susan must be taught by degrees to see the folly of which she had been guilty—to appreciate the absurdity of her notions. But for the moment he dared not say anything that might bring on a scene (Peleus was dreadfully afraid of a scene), or that might cause a rupture between them.

Her intensity had put him out and bored him, certainly, but he was not tired of his amusement yet, and did not wish that it should come to an end.

Besides, there was this lover. If he were to quarrel with her now, was it not possible that Susan, in spite of all that she had said, might be led into giving him encouragement?

The idea awakened in Peleus' manly bosom a re-

sentful, dog-in-the-manger kind of jealousy. No, he was not going to stand any chance of losing the girl in that way, and he forthwith proceeded to lavish upon her many fervent expressions of endearment.

"And now, my darling, I must run away," he concluded. "But you'll promise me again, before I go, not to have anything to do with that fellow Carey—won't you?"

Susan looked hurt again. "Oh, Percival! how can you ask?" she remonstrated. "You *know* I shan't."

She had given him his name almost for the first time, but, somehow, Peleus did not feel quite so pleased with her obedience in this respect as might be imagined. Already, in fact, the re-action against his fondness for this innocent girl had set in, though he did not as yet recognise that such was the case. Promising to meet her again on the morrow, in order to learn how she had sped with "that cheeky young miller," he quitted her, to return home by the way he had come. As he traversed the fields, he felt a little cross and disappointed, but no scruples of conscience troubled the young man as to the injury he might be doing this girl who loved him, by keeping her from marrying another, whilst at the same time he was fully resolved not to marry her himself. As for poor Susan, she sat still in the arbour, after he was gone, to dream of him a little longer, lost in the sublimity of her passionate devotion. Then, as she made her way to the house, she began to meditate over the words in which she should reject the offer of an honest, noble, generous heart—the love of a man whose little finger was worth the whole of her dandified Percival's body.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

"BUT I MAY SPEAK AGAIN?"

IDALIA returned to the Hall just in time for luncheon, and she returned triumphant. Dora and Jessie Mc Nicoll, after bringing forward various objections, only to have them eagerly over-ruled by Idalia, had at length yielded to her persuasions.

They had agreed to become guests at Monkswood Hall pending the illness of their brother, and they had promised to arrive this afternoon. Sir Arthur Ledsom, moreover, in accordance with an invitation unconventionally extended to him by Miss Bretherton, had arranged to be the girls' escort, and afterwards to spend the evening here in their company.

These facts Idalia communicated to her companions as they sat down to the mid-day meal (which meal, to his son's annoyance, Mr. Bretherton usually spoke of as "dinner," and at which, indeed, he always made his own principal repast, sitting at the later and more fashionable hour almost without tasting a morsel), and by each of the three the news was received with characteristic difference of manner. Genial, hospitable Mr. Bretherton felt heartily pleased at the notion of welcoming the "young folks" beneath his roof, and, as a matter of course, he allowed his satisfaction to appear. Charlie Nunnerley, on the contrary, felt heartily vexed both by Idalia's success with his cousins and at the invitation accorded to Sir Arthur; but this vexation he did not allow to appear. Peleus, for his part, was gratified to learn that the young baronet was to be their guest—he made a point of cultivating Sir Arthur as a highly creditable acquaintance—but he exhibited entire indifference as to the advent of the Misses McNicoll. These plain young ladies, with their pallid, freckled countenances, had by no means attracted his fancy.

"I hope, however, that their coming won't interfere with our ride this afternoon, Idalia?" he asked his sister.

"No: certainly it will not need to," she returned. "Let us start early, and we shall be back in plenty of time to receive them. You will ride with us, will you not, Mr. Nunnerley?"

"I should have liked to do so immensely" (Charlie unquestionably would have liked it), "but I am sorry to say I cannot," he replied.

"You cannot? Why on earth not, Nunnerley?" demanded Peleus.

"Because I have another engagement, unfortunately," Charlie answered. "I"—he hesitated for a second—"I arranged to call upon my uncle this afternoon at the mill, and I feel all the more bound to keep the appointment on account of this unpleasant news about Victor."

Peleus regarded his friend with a passing suspicion.

"Seems to me that you are marvellously fond of your uncle, my dear fellow," he observed, "considering what a cross old buffer he is! This is the second time you have been to see him since the picnic."

Charlie laughed, but he also reddened. "Oh, it is not out of pure love for him," he protested; "I have to consult him about a little matter of business. My mother left him trustee to her small property. It is simply a matter of business."

Perfectly satisfied with this reply, Percival muttered a sort of apology for his remark, and the conversation drifted into another channel.

When Idalia presently left the table, with the intention of at once preparing for her ride, Charlie sprang to open the door, and, after holding it for a minute or two in his hand, he followed her from the room. He was about also to mount the stairs behind her, in order to reach his own apartment, when he was stopped by a voice addressing him. The voice came from Mrs. Briscoe, the housekeeper, who was hurrying towards him with a discomposed mien.

"Oh! Mr. Nunnerley, if you please, sir, where is Miss Bretherton?" she panted. The worthy woman was growing stout, and haste or emotion disturbed her breathing.

"Here I am," called out Idalia, leaning over the banisters. She had not gone very far, and her quick ears had caught the query. "What is the matter, Mrs. Briscoe? Do you want me?"

"Oh, miss, I'm so sorry! Something has happened—something very dreadful!"

Idalia was down the double flight of stairs in a moment. She cast an inquiring glance towards the room she had just quitted. Then, re-assured by the reflection that the misfortune, whatever it might be,

had nothing to do with her father or brother, she turned towards Mrs. Briscoe, half smiling at her excitement. "Well, what is it?" she asked again.

"Oh, miss, 'tis the little dog!"

"Pippin, do you mean?" Idalia's smile vanished like magic. "Why, what is wrong with him?"

"He has been hurt, miss, very badly. Indeed, we are afraid he is dying. Bates has just brought him into the kitchen. Oh, Miss Betherton! I don't think you should go there."

But Idalia was already across the square entrance-hall, and running down a long passage which conducted to the domestic regions. Nunnerley followed her closely—a light in his eye, which was not kindled by grief at the dog's disaster. A group of servants were standing around the fireplace as their young mistress entered the kitchen, but at her approach they moved aside, and disclosed to Idalia's view her little favourite stretched on a mat at their feet. A cloth covered the spaniel's body almost to his pretty silken head, and his long-drawn, gasping breath showed plainly that he was in the act of death.

Miss Bretherton uttered an inarticulate cry of dismay, which, however, she immediately suppressed. But her mobile features became marked by an expression of extreme distress.

"You mustn't touch the cloth, ma'am, if you please," advised Bates, the respectable elderly coachman, who had placed the injured animal where he now lay. "'Tisn't no sight for you, underneath. The poor little fellow has been nearly cut in two."

Again Idalia stifled a cry, and her face turned very white.

Charlie thought she was going to faint, and he put out his arm towards her. Before he could touch her, however, she had sunk to her knees by the dog's side.

"How did it happen?" she demanded, almost in a whisper.

Bates proceeded to explain. The previous night had been a wet one, and the heavy rain had found its way into a bed-chamber where two of the maids slept. Plumbers had been sent for this morning to repair the roof. For the purpose of re-lining a spout, they had carried up the ladder with them a large sheet of lead. This, when they had finished with it, they had cast down from the roof. Bates, who chanced to be standing by the stable-door, had perceived their intention, and at the same moment he had noticed that Miss Bretherton's little dog lay curled up, fast asleep, on a workman's bass directly beneath the spot. He had shouted to warn the men, but it had been too late. The sheet of lead had descended right on to the dog's body, and striking with its thinnest edge, it had—as he unnecessarily repeated—"nearly cut the little chap in two."

"Oh, Pippin! Pippin!" At the sound of Idalia's voice the spaniel moved his head, and his eyes brightened, even beneath the film of death. Ever since she had possessed him, Pippin had manifested the strongest partiality for his mistress, and of late his attachment had so increased that he would follow at her heels from morning till night, only suffering himself to be tempted away at feeding-times. Idalia, in return, had been exceedingly fond of him, and she had taught him several amusing tricks. As she now approached her hand to caress his head, the poor dog gave her fingers a feeble lick. It was his last effort. The next instant a shudder passed over his frame, and he was dead.

Idalia remained kneeling for some minutes, without uttering a word or sound; but, from the trembling of her lips and other signs, Nunnerley saw that she was greatly moved.

"Come away, Idalia—Miss Bretherton"—he corrected himself hastily—"come away! Let me take you away." He stooped as he spoke, and took her hand.

Idalia allowed him to raise her from the ground. Also (whether she was conscious of the fact or not, Charlie could not feel sure) she left her hand in his whilst he led her from the kitchen, and drew her, without asking permission, into the first room they came to. This was the library, a handsomely furnished apartment, well lined with book-shelves, the varied and valuable contents of which had been principally collected by the late General Curtis.

Still, apparently but half sensible of his attentions, Idalia suffered Charlie to place her upon a chair. Then all at once she gave way, and covering her face with her handkerchief, sobbed aloud.

By nature extremely sensitive and sympathetic, the girl's feelings had received a trying shock through this sudden and horrible death of her canine pet. Before the servants, however, she had managed to control her emotions, and even now, though it was a relief to cry, she felt ashamed of breaking down. She struggled hard, therefore, to regain her self-command.

Nunnerley, meanwhile, secretly overjoyed by her distress, was encouraging himself in the wildest hopes as he witnessed it.

The spaniel, it will be remembered, had been his gift, and it had always delighted him to see her petting it. It delighted him still more to see the trouble which its loss was now occasioning her. Surely it was not upon the dog, merely as a dog, that all this affectionate regret was being wasted.

"Dear Miss Idalia"—Charlie ventured to sink on one knee by her chair—"do not grieve so; I cannot bear it! Let me find you another dog just like him? I can do so easily."

"No, no! I don't want another dog," she faltered. "It would not be Pippin—poor little Pippin! But I am quite ashamed to behave like this," she went on. "I shall be better directly. You will think I have not much self-control."

"I think you have an exquisitely kind and tender heart," rejoined the young man, summoning courage to lay his hand on hers.

Idalia withdrew her hand, but not, Charlie thought, either very hastily or very angrily.

"Please don't kneel there, Mr. Nunnerley," she said, ceasing now to sob, and returning her handkerchief to her pocket. Charlie, however, felt emboldened to disobey.

"Just one moment," he begged, his voice tremulous with the strength of those feelings which he had hitherto with such difficulty repressed. "Do let me say something; do let me ask you one question. Miss Idalia—dear Miss Idalia—did you care for the gift just one wee, *wee* bit because of the giver?"

Idalia's face now flushed crimson. "What do you mean?" she stammered. "Are you—— You are not talking of Pippin? *Do* get up, please!"

But Charlie still kept his place.

"Oh! if you would only——" he re-commenced.

She interrupted him with an imperative gesture.

"Don't say anything more! I can't listen, Mr. Nunnerley; at all events, not now."

"Not *now?*" he echoed. "Then I may *some time?* Oh, Idalia! do you mean that I may speak some time?" In his delight, he caught once more at her hand, and raising it to his lips, kissed it several times with eager warmth.

Idalia snatched it away, and sprang from her chair. "You ought not to have done that!" she exclaimed; "you had no right to do that!" There was displeasure in her tone, but not, it seemed to Charlie, very deep displeasure.

"Forgive me?" he pleaded; "pray forgive me? I offer the most abject apology. But if you only knew—oh! if you only knew how I love——"

"Hush, hush!" She stopped him again with uplifted hand. "Leave me, Mr. Nunnerley. I must ask you to leave me at once. I wish to be alone."

"But"—Charlie debated within himself for a moment—"but I may speak again?" he entreated very softly.

Miss Bretherton walked away towards the window. From there, with her back to him, she answered—

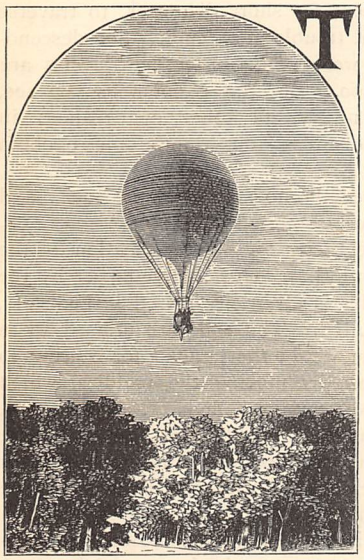
"Perhaps; I don't know. Go away now."

Charlie went without another word.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

THE BALLOON OF THE FUTURE.

(THINGS THAT ARE GOING TO BE.) BY HENRY FRITH.



THE lecture was over! The audience had been attentive, then interested, and finally enthusiastic. The lecture had been a success. As a lecturer, we—that is myself—had been firmly persuaded that the employment of balloons as a means of locomotion was not only a feasible but a necessary innovation. Full of my subject, we had stumped the provinces—we, that is my son and myself—lecturing. Many audiences had been convinced; many others had not been convinced; some people had even laughed! But had not all great men been laughed at or scorned when they first promulgated a new idea?

On this particular evening the lecture had been given near London. Weary, we returned home; and after a light supper retired to the little *sanctum* wherein we transcribed our notes of lectures, or at times, if it must be confessed, dozed!

"There is a gentleman wishing to see you, sir."

"Who is he?" we asked, as we laid down our pen.

"Don't know, sir," replied the parlour-maid; "he didn't give his name. He only said, 'Tell your master a gentleman wants him.'"

"Show him in, Mary, please, if he is not a begging-letter carrier!"

In two minutes the individual was ushered into the small apartment that we, in company with our books, occupy as a study. Our visitor was a tall, rather stern-looking man, with hair turning grey. He had piercing black eyes, and a rather protuberant forehead. In his hand he carried a small box, which he laid very carefully upon the table.

We rose at his entrance, and asked his business. Might we have the honour of knowing his name also? We might.

The visitor's name was Eneas Klampenberger. He was an inventor, a machinist, a dabbler in electrical science, and a student of "currents," atmospheric chiefly. His card declared him to be a "Professor;" and, indeed, it struck us that he did profess too much.

"I have come," said he, "to direct your attention to my model balloon. You, sir, I see by the papers, have been lecturing on balloons. They are useful things, but misunderstood. You must humour them. My balloon is of the future—the great future—which is rapidly approaching."

"Then I am afraid your invention is no use at present," we answered. "Wait till the future comes."

"Then it will no longer be future," he replied—"the present will have arrived—the present *has* arrived—in this box—for you. See!"

That my visitor was a madman I had little doubt, and to get rid of him was my first object. But this was more easily imagined than effected.

Disregarding all hints and suggestions, the Professor unpacked his box, and took out a small balloon neatly folded. From a corner he next extracted a pair of

bellows, then a small battery, finally a cylinder, which he informed me contained a supply of "electric motive-power," stored and hermetically sealed, ready for use. This was his patent, and he retailed it in tins for the use of balloonists, as soup and meats are sold to families.

"My dear sir, there is scarcely time for any experiment to-night. I have an article to write."

"I have an article to exhibit," said the Professor, interrupting. "Do you see this balloon? Watch me. You must; you shall; you do!"

I did! I could not help it. I was fascinated, even as the prey of the snake is fascinated by the reptile—the mouse by the cat. I watched my visitor closely.

The Professor half inflated the balloon with the bellows; he then lighted a match, and with it a taper; this prepared gas-taper he held under the toy, and it swelled to all its graceful, rounded form. In the little car he fixed a twin-screw, and inside the car he placed a gas-stove, on which he heated some water. Steam was quickly generated, the twin-screw revolved with tremendous rapidity, and agitated a pair of side wings, or sails, like windmill sails, which beat the air furiously and regularly.

We were speechless. The balloon, now released, ascended half-way to the ceiling, and then round towards the window. The Professor ran round the table with the bellows and blew against the model, but it still made its way against the wind, which, indeed, by feeding the sails, assisted the power of the downward stroke, and propelled the balloon upwards, as a kite is sent up, but it still went on!

"There," said the Professor triumphantly, "is not that the balloon of the future?"

There could be no doubt about it. We said as much, but would it answer in practice?

"Certainly," said the inventor. "You shall see. Do you wish to be convinced?" We did.

"Very well, then," continued our strange visitor, "you *shall* be convinced. One moment, please; tell your servant not to interrupt you for an hour."

"There is no fear of that."

"Very well. But you will not be here if they do come."

"Not here!" we exclaimed; "where then?"

"In the great future," replied the Professor. "Are you afraid?"

"No."

"Grasp my hand, tighter; so. Now hold the balloon. Turn that stop-cock. Hold fast. There!"

Where? Where, indeed! The room had disappeared. The study was no more. The Professor and I were seated in the cosy car of a locomotive balloon, sailing placidly along over the Thames, as I fancied, near Richmond, but the bed of the stream was dry, or nearly so; a thin rivulet trickled down the ditch—that was all!

"You are now in the conveyance of the future," remarked my companion. "We can go anywhere—ascend or descend as we please. See, there are numbers of others."

So there were! Everywhere balloons! Large balloons, middle-sized, and small! They sailed with the wind, beat against the wind, tacked, stopped, and drove "down wind," just as the occupants pleased. Wonderful! wonderful!

Many had numbers painted on them; these, we understood, were the licensed balloons—the public carriages, in fact. Some held two individuals; some four. Some merely "tacked" about, directed by the aëronaut or driver, who wore a badge. There were some large omnibus balloons, which also carried a dozen outside passengers, hanging on seats let down from the car, as painters hang outside houses, or inside churches. These balloons had streamers, on which were printed names, and we discerned the words "Bank," "Bath," "Windsor," "Bristol," "Reading," on the flags of one swift, or "Express," balloon.

"Now," said the Professor, "did I deceive you? Here you are in the future. What do you think of it? Do you like the picture?"

"Passably," we answered. "But more remains to be seen and explained. Where are the trains, the steamers, the carriages, and cabs?"

"They run still, but in summer are little used. The few railway companies left have now only one class of carriage, made like train-cars, and worked by electricity. Steamers are laid up generally; carriages are seldom used, except for short distances, to traverse which would entail trouble in ascending and descending if a balloon were used. Electric tricycles are much in vogue too. But the balloon, as you see, has superseded nearly all other conveyances in fine weather for distances outside the metropolitan district."

"But," we asked, "who suggested the idea? and how is this balloon locomotion managed?"

"Simply by electricity and an application of the primitive laws of physics. Our motive-power by the twin-screw propeller is electricity stored in canisters, and used as required. The sails are utilised when running before the wind; the paddles for beating to windward. I steer by moving the paddles, which catch the wind and sway the balloon. See!"

One of the great fluted paddles was, for a second, turned, and the balloon's course was altered sideways instantly, as the wind acted with greater force in one particular direction.

"Very simple, indeed," we said. "But the application must have cost you much time and labour. I always believed in it."

"You did, but there are varieties of my plan and patent. Other men have copied my method (as I appropriated your *idea*) in everything save some unimportant detail, and have called theirs "Safety Patent" balloons. Mine is simply the Locomotive Air Machine, as you perceive. Some balloons are luxuriously fitted up, and people go about in them for days and nights, travelling over the Continent. There is no trouble concerning passports or sea-travelling. We can also go as we please on certain tracks in England."

"On certain tracks! Roads, do you mean?"

"Yes. Did you think they were loose?"

"Certainly I did. Then these balloons are free captives, so to speak—balloons on parole."

"Quite so. Here you see a wire. This can communicate with a weighted wheel, or cog arrangement, which runs freely in the groove made below in the ground. These little grooves intersect like train-lines, so you can be shunted anywhere you please, and go as fast as you please. This guide obviates, in a great measure, the difficulties of steering the licensed balloons which run on the public tracks, and ply for hire, at certain places."

"But *we* are free now?"

"Oh, yes! All private balloons *are* free if they please. They can be put on the line at any time, but then they must run on it till they reach a station. There is very little confusion, as nearly every one has his own balloon. On a half-holiday—we have two each week now—you will see hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, young people, and family parties, in 'Sociables,' 'Wagons,' 'Household,' or 'Family' balloons. They steer themselves almost, but if free there is no danger, for you can go up or down, and avoid a collision easily."

"The rule of the atmosphere then is 'up' and 'down,' not 'right' and 'left'?"

"Precisely. See yonder. Up goes the machine which is going *down wind*. Going *with the wind* you *must* get out of the way; that is the law, because you have less trouble in moving under the latter circumstances."

"Very strange. Tell me how your balloons are propelled against the wind. It seems impossible."

"Impossible! My dear sir, did you not go about lecturing on the possibility of steering the balloon, the formation of a vacuum, the perfect simplicity of the whole mode of progression? Impossible! why, you *almost* told us how to do it!"

"Yes, true; but you see we lecturers tell our audiences many things which we fancy *might* be done if conditions were changed. However, I was convinced we could steer and navigate the balloon if we could form a vacuum."

"That is precisely what we do," replied the Professor. "The screw underneath forms a vacuum in the air. The atoms rush in, a breeze, or current, is created, and the machine progresses, in fine weather."

"Yes, only in fine weather, of course?"

"Well, we do not want to go out in a thunderstorm, or in a gale of wind. You soon lose your way in the clouds, I can tell you. I think of having 'indicators' put up—indicating balloons, so that any one who loses his way in the clouds may ascertain where he is."

"Fixed balloons, I suppose. But will they remain stationary?" we asked.

"Certainly. They will be anchored as buoys are anchored. They will be illuminated at night by electricity, for the thin wires which anchor them will supply the current."

"Really you have revolutionised locomotion."

"Yes, considerably; of course we are not perfect; your old railways even were not perfect. Ballooning is rather a luxury, but our 'compressed gas,' at half-a-crown a package at the 'stores,' enables many people to keep a balloon, which is much cheaper than a carriage. Besides, the balloon elevates one!"

"Precisely; and it must tend to peace and friendship amongst nations. No army can fight in balloons."

"There is a 'balloon corps' organised. The late Mr. Coxwell was a great advocate for this. A practical man, sir, who lived too soon. I never saw him. He lived eighty years too soon. But we have a floating army instead of a standing army. The navy merely changes its 'elements,' so to speak. We perform all our business operations on the same principle. We sustain a floating debt, and suspend payment without going into liquidation."

The Professor was becoming a little "light," we fancied; and as such an "airy" tone was unbecoming, we suggested a descent to the earth again. He at once agreed, and the descent was accomplished in safety for some distance.

But, alas! for our balloon, an immense "omnibus" came racing along recklessly, and we found it impossible to turn aside, as the larger balloon was coming with the wind. We managed to get out of the way, but our vacuum screw, in some mysterious manner, became entangled in the furious current which the larger balloon created. We drifted aside, and, unfortunately, caught the thin wire of another conveyance.

A rippling, rending sound; then a furious whizzing noise. A fearful flash of lightning succeeded. The electric store had blown up! We were falling with awful rapidity to the earth. Lost! lost!

The Professor caught my hand and shook it.

"Farewell," he said. "We shall meet on earth, but shall not again recognise each other. The balloon is, at any rate, as safe as the old train. Take care of yourself!"

All very well, but the fall was terrific. We gasped, and clenched our hands. The momentum even increased, and then came a terrific bump!

Eh?—what?—where am I? In my study, and on the floor! Where is the Professor? The balloon of the future—where is it? Had I been dreaming? I rang the bell.'

"Mary."

"Yes, sir."

"Has any one called—any gentleman with a bag?"

"No, sir."

Then the balloon of the future was a dream; but, as a lecturer, I am quite convinced that balloons will eventually become universal means of locomotion, though I may not be here to see their application as the conveyance of the future.

A RIVERSIDE REVERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL ABOUT DERBYSHIRE."

I AM sitting, on this stilly summer afternoon, in a vagrant and altogether idle sort of way, by the side of an English river north of the Trent, of which, in fact, it is one of the tributaries. It is a little river, but fuller of philosophy than all the folios—richer in vocal expression than operatic scores; more picturesque in wild and rocky beauty than any vision that poetic painter has placed upon canvas, although many artists of sympathetic feeling have given us choice transcripts of its romantic stream. It is a river with a winning individuality and many phases of character. It chatters with the cheerful loquacity of Tennyson's Brook, but there are varying modulations in its voice. It is communicative to the loiterer by its banks, and gives to his soul the confidences shared by bending foliage, reflected flower, flitting insect, and tangled fern. Sometimes the voice is tender and tremulous; now it is eager and whispering; anon loud in laughing jubilance as the current tears in breathless hurry past the ruggedly sculptured rocks, bearded with moss, and the projecting limestone tors that look, in their setting of green, like pinnacles carved out of snow; in other places it sings a slow and murmuring lullaby as it rushes over the pebbles, and makes harp-strings of the bladed weeds that bend to its play. In the night time, under the ivory moonlight and beneath the gaze of the mysterious stars, the music is plaintive, with subdued tones and eloquent minor chords, that seem in constant keeping with the silent and listening darkness. But the soliloquising stream is never silent, from her birth in the hills to her betrothal with the big river beyond. Whatever key the music may be pitched in, there is everlasting song.

Next to the vocal attributes of this northern river, come its reflective powers. Although having its home amid the morose grit-stone wilds of Axe Edge, and trickling from rill to rivulet, and rivulet to river, brown with the stain of the moorland peat, the water in its subsequent passage through the lonely limestone dales has changed its local colour and become crystalline. The deep translucent pools shine like liquid glass, mirroring the hanging shore bough for bough, leaf for leaf, flower for flower, and duplicating, with unbroken line, lichened stone and limestone tor. The bright-winged insect that skims over the clear surface sails double in its flight; the birds that flit from bank to bank have their journeys recorded in the water; even the white clouds that move slowly in the great dome of blue sky so far away above are brought down to the river-bed, and float there as if they were argosies of pearl. The reflective power of this pellucid river is not confined to its surface, but at the bottom of the water you behold the trout and grayling repeated upon the sand and pebbles, darting

from under gnarled roots and rising with a splash to a fly, just as in a shadow pantomime. There is almost as much landscape *in* the water as above it. And the landscape that is above it! The green solitude; the wild life, especially of birds; the study of flowers and foliage in these woods, which are so many fern-paradises; the encroaching hills; the old baronial castle just at hand, with its feudal traditions and its love-legends; and, almost as near, the famous modern palace, whose windows flash like diamonds in a setting of emeralds.

How can the impotent prose-writer with a few feeble pen-scratches hope to picture this changeful feeling and varied beauty? As Mr. Ruskin says: "It is like trying to paint a soul!" Mr. Ruskin has, indeed, depicted "the floretted banks and foam-crisped wavelets of this sweetly wilful stream;" and the very glen in which I am spending this summer day, listening to the voiceful water, is a favourite haunt of this high-souled man. I recall the rapture of his description of this "beauty-spot." He thus addresses us: "Learned traveller, gentle and simple—but, above all, English paterfamilias—think what this little piece of mid-England has brought into so narrow a compass, of all that should be most precious to you. In its very minuteness it is the most educational of all the districts of beautiful landscape known to me. The vast masses, the luxurious colouring, the mingled associations of great mountain scenery, amaze, excite, overwhelm, or exhaust—but too seldom teach; the mind cannot choose where to begin. But Derbyshire is a lovely child's alphabet; an alluring first lesson in all that's admirable, and powerful chiefly in the way it engages and fixes the attention. On its miniature cliffs a dark ivy-leaf detaches itself as an object of importance; you distinguish with interest the species of mosses on the top; you count, like many falling diamonds, the magical drops of its petrifying well; the cluster of violets in the shade is an Armida's garden to you. And the grace of it all, and the suddenness of its enchanted changes, and terrorless grotesque! It was a meadow a minute ago, now it is a cliff, and in an instant is a cave; and here was a brooklet, and now it is a whisper under ground; turn but the corner of the path, and it is a little green lake of incredible crystal; and if the trout in it lifted up their heads and talked to you, you would be no more surprised than if it was in the 'Arabian Nights.' And half a day's work of half a dozen navvies, and a snuff-box full of dynamite, may blow it all into Erebus and diabolic night for ever and ever!" Has Mr. Ruskin, even, given us a more pregnant passage than this?

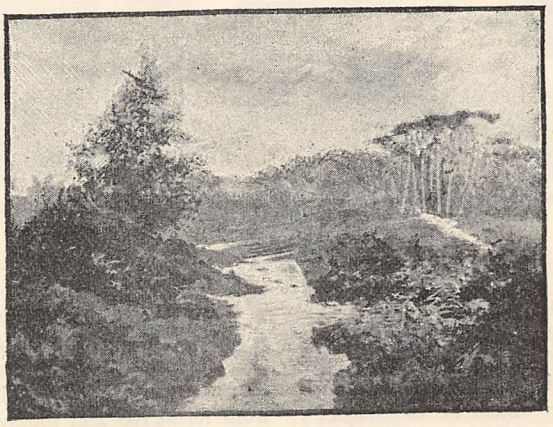
But there are other people, who would not like to be denominated navvies, who do much to profane this virgin beauty. The higher reaches of the river where we are loitering are unspeakable because of the refuse that a gas-works and sewage-tanks throw into it, and it is only given it to recuperate itself along the limestone bed further down the stream, where it becomes clear and radiant again. The pagans had a reverence for their rivers. They did not cause a laughing and leaping stream to be smudged into sobriety by street-sweepings; nor did they regard transparency as a defect to be improved by the addition of dyes, chemicals, the *débris* of tan-yards, and the contents of the cesspool.

But to return to our little river. I have mentioned the fact that it owes the lambent light of its water to the deep and devious limestone dales which it threads like a narrow ribbon of silver. Many a tributary rill from fern-cave and mossy dell is added to it on the way, mere tricklings from fissures in the alabaster-like

crags, and wayside contributions from the steep and wooded slopes, in whose green gloom you hear the soft "coo-coo—co-co—coo-oo" of the ring-dove, and see the startled pheasant rise from the undergrowth and take to flight with a velocity which reminds you of a bomb-shell with a tail attached to it. On the bleak moorlands, that rise high and marshy above these hanging woods and winding valley, there comes the "pee-wit" of the lapwing; and now and again comes the vibrating whistle of the "whaup."

But it is nearer the river-margin that the bird-life is most interesting. The tors are alive with jackdaws, with their incessant "caw, craw"; from the hidden cliffs, protected by tree or bush, comes a harsh, chattering note, that calls attention to the flight of a jay of resplendent plumage. The river-brink is the haunt of the kingfisher, whose burnished breast throws a patch of opulent Oriental colour into the liquid looking-glass in which he regards himself, a solitary sentry, perched on a little moss-grown promontory of rock, to fly away, when disturbed, like a flash of fallen rainbow, to the next bend of the stream. The water-ouzel, or "dipper," stands upon a "lepping-stone," ready for a dive, dropping suddenly into the water to re-appear further down the stream. A moor-hen gathers her brood together with a sudden "chirp-chirp," for she has detected a water-rat, most dexterously amphibious, making across the current to her home among the reeds and rushes. But more dangerous vermin than water-rats exist in the valley. Both the otter and the badger are common, though not so numerous as the stoats. A dozen or more captured members of this ferret and weazel family are nailed on a board by the Duke's forester as a warning to other furred and ferine poachers who infest these preserves. There is another board, for the existence of which I hope there will be no excuse the next time we visit these secluded dells. It is from a Ducal House, and on it is posted a notice begging tourists who picnic in these picturesque retreats not to take away flowers and ferns *by the roots*. The request is surely a very reasonable one; for the heedless "cheap-tripper" will "harry" as many choice ferns and wild-flowers as he can carry away with him to the excursion train, only for these gems of nature to pine away and die dismally far from the pure air, the unpolluted water, and the idyllic surroundings of their native home.

I follow the radiant river in all its wilful wanderings and wanton bendings, noticing the action of the limestone water here and there upon the bed of the river, where a tree-trunk, or other forest growth, has in flood-time been washed down and stuck fast in a submerged position at some acute angle it was unable to pass. It has been converted by the petrifying action of the water into "tuffa" stone, a beautiful product peculiar to these parts—a white and congealed mass of rock, in which fern and leaf and branch are welded into fantastic and capricious forms. Presently the dale widens, and there are breadths of green meadow as level as lawns, on which fairies might dance in the moonlight. There is not a soul about, and the sweet herbage is covered with rabbits, for the afternoon is spent, and it is early evening. Rabbits by hundreds; yea, thousands. A shout, a clap of the hands, and what a scurry and scamper there is: what a vision of little white tails in full retreat! I wander down the stream. The evening air is sweet with the perfume of hay and the scent of the snowy elder-tree. A loaded wain of newly-mown hay stands in relief against a mass of dark and shadowy elms. Further still I wander by the water; past the hoary walls and historic battlements of the feudal castle I spoke of just now; past the ivy-clad gables of an hostelry almost as ancient as the baronial hall; and now our little river leaves us to join company with a deeper and stronger stream. The lambent light has left the face of the small current, for the larger river is brown with the peat-stain of the Hallamshire moorlands. Our streamlet altogether loses its individuality, and there is no more singing. At this "meeting of the waters," this Mesopotamia of the Midlands, I must arouse myself from my riverside reverie, and return once more to that world which Rosalind found "so full of briars."



AN EVENING WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(OUR MODEL READING CLUB.—VI.)

MANY and many a pleasant evening's reading may be made up from the works of "the Wizard of the North," and plenty of variety may be found, although, of course, there is more or less of an air of romance in all his writings. One plan—and that a good one—is to take a single book, and to tell its story briefly, interspersed with extracts. These extracts need not necessarily be read by one and the same person. The following will be found very suitable works for this purpose:—"The Talisman," "Ivanhoe," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Kenilworth," "Woodstock," "Rob Roy"; and among the poems, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "The Lord of the Isles."

Perhaps, however, a miscellaneous selection from the whole of Sir Walter Scott's works may be more generally approved by the members of "Our Model Reading Club," as affording a wider scope for individual tastes. With this end in view, a few suggestions may be useful to those who are not thoroughly acquainted with the author's works.

Taking the poems in due order, the following extracts may be recommended:—

The Death of Musgrave . .	*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*	Canto V.	stanzas	19–23.
Apostrophe to Scotland	,, ,, ,,	,, VI.	,,	1, 2.
Albert Graeme (complete ballad) .	,, ,, ,,	,, VI.	,,	11, 12.
Lochinvar (complete ballad)	*Marmion* .	,, V.	,,	12.
Roderick Dhu's Summons to the Clans	*The Lady of the Lake*	,, III.	,,	8–24.
Alice Brand (ballad) . .	,, .	,, IV.	,,	12–15.
Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu . . .	,, .	,, V.	,,	12–16.
Allan-a-Dale (song) . .	*Rokeby* . .	,, III.	,,	30.
The Abbot and Bruce .	*The Lord of the Isles*	,, II.	,,	23–32.
The Death of De Boune	,, ,, .	,, VI.	,,	14, 15.
The Chase (complete ballad; after the German).				
The Erl-King	,, ,, ,,			

To attempt in one short paper to give a list of the readable extracts from the prose works would be an impossible task, but taking the books at random, the following will give some idea of the wealth of material available.

In "Old Mortality," the shooting at the popinjay makes a good scene; it is to be found in the early part of Chapter III. In the same book, "A Narrow Escape" is a thrilling episode, telling of Henry Morton's appearance before Claverhouse, his sentence to death, and subsequent reprieve. The reading might commence with this passage from Chapter XIII.—"Henry Morton cast upon Edith one glance, in which reproach was mingled with sorrow," and might end with the Sergeant's speech as he leads Morton away.

In "Guy Mannering" there is the description of the attack by smugglers, told in Julia Mannering's letter (Chapter XXX.), and the humorous scene between the Dominie and Meg Merrilies (Chapter XLVI.).

In "The Antiquary" (Chapter VII.) is the story of "The Rising Tide," and the rescue of Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter from their perilous position under Halket Head.

The meeting between Sir Kenneth and Saladin in "The Talisman" (Chapter I.) makes an interesting reading; and so does "A Highland Feud" in "The Fair Maid of Perth" (Chapter XXXIV.), where Hal o' the Wynd fights for the Clan Chattan against the Clan Quhele.

In "Woodstock," a good scene may be found in the interrupted duel between Charles Stuart and Colonel Everard (part of Chapter XXVIII.).

In "Kenilworth" (Chapter XV.) is the story of the first meeting of Queen Elizabeth and Walter Raleigh.

"Rob Roy" contains many capital scenes. Among these is the humorous account of Bailie Nicol Jarvie's fight with the Highlander (Chapter XXVIII.), and the story of Rob Roy's escape in Chapter XXXIII.

"How Caleb Balderstone catered for Wolf's Crag" is a good extract from "The Bride of Lammermoor" (Chapters XI., XII., and XIII. compressed for the purpose).

Quentin Durward's mishap when crossing the ford, and subsequent adventures with the King of France, may well be condensed to make an interesting reading ("Quentin Durward," Chapters II. and III.).

In "The Fortunes of Nigel" many readable extracts may be found; amongst others, "Nigel's First Appearance in Alsatia" (Chapter XVII.).

"Peveril of the Peak," "Anne of Geierstein," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Waverley," "The Black Dwarf," and other works, may also be searched for selections.

The following may be useful as a skeleton programme for an evening's entertainment:—

Allan-a-Dale . . .	*Marmion*	5 minutes.
A Narrow Escape .	*Old Mortality* . . .	15 ,,
The Chase (ballad)		10 ,,
Bailie Nicol Jarvie's Fight.	*Rob Roy*	15 ,,
The Abbot and Bruce.	*The Lord of the Isles* . .	10 ,,
Sir Kenneth and Saladin .	*The Talisman* . . .	15 ,,
Lochinvar (ballad)		5 ,,
How Caleb Balderstone catered for Wolf's Crag . . .	*The Bride of Lammermoor* . .	15 ,,
The Erl-King (ballad)		5 ,,
		95 minutes.

Intending competitors for the Prizes offered in connection with "Our Model Reading Club" are reminded that the abstracts and programmes must be in the hands of the Editor not later than June 1, 1885 They should be properly certified by the Secretary or other acting officer of the club, and should be addressed to *The Editor of* CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.*

At the Trysting-place.

Words by G. WEATHERLY. *Music by* J. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus.D.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Do you know the lit - tle stile, Just a quar - ter of a mile From the cottage wreath'd in ro - ses on the hill?
2. Now be - side the lit - tle stile I love to rest a - while, Just to think of Will so far a - cross the sea;

There, a - mid the tan-gled ma - - zes Of the meadow sweet and dai - - sies, I have wait - ed ma - ny, ma - ny a time, ma - ny a time for Will,..... Ah!
And I pic-ture his dear..... face, With its hon - est, man - ly grace, And I'm sure that he will soon re - turn, soon re - turn to me,..... Yes!

più animato.

ma - ny a time for Will..... And 'twas heigh - o! heigh - o! but his song it
soon re - turn to me..... And 'tis heigh - o! heigh - o! but his laugh will

colla voce.

riten.

was so cheer - y, Joy - ous as the lark's, Joy - ous as the lark's in the sun - ny, sun - ny sum - mer
be so cheer - y, As he meets me there, As he meets me there, in just the same old

sky, And 'twas heigh - o! I love you so, I love you so, my dear - ie! And we'll mar - ry,
way, With his "Heigh - o! I love you so, I love you so, my dear - ie! And we'll mar - ry

stacc. e leggiero.

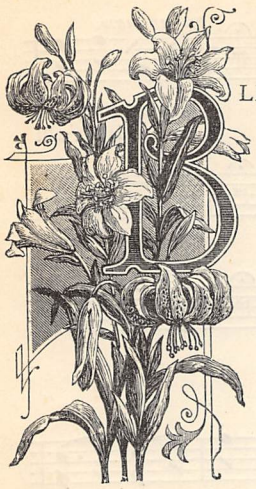
1st ver. *2nd ver.*

lit - tle las-sie, by - and - by— And we'll mar-ry, lit - tle las - sie, by - and - by!
if you on - ly name the day— And we'll mar-ry if you'll on - ly name the day!"

1st ver. *2nd ver.*

JANET'S FORGERIES.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS



CHAPTER THE FIRST.

BLIND!

Nothing else would have mattered much, but he was blind—hopelessly blind.

He was an artist, and had caught cold while out sketching. Inflammation had set in—gone to his eyes; and it was as if a dead wall had been built right across his path of life.

Ten years later it might have mattered less, for the children would have been "out of hand;" but now, with six of them—the eldest but nineteen and only a girl; the youngest seven—and no provision, it was a black look-out indeed.

For Charles Lloyd was not a genius. He had not even audacity, which does almost as well. He painted very nice pictures, true to nature; but who on earth is satisfied with nature? One might as well offer people uncooked meat.

Christmas came, and the ready money was gone. There were some pictures in the studio, but not any finished; however, finished or not, they must go. They packed them up, and sent them to Mr. Lloyd's picture dealer, with a note to say they would be willing to take a low price, as the pictures were unfinished, and they were the last they would ever be able to send—a touch of tragedy Janet thought they would feel. She added she would be happy to send some of her own drawings for their approval; and awaited their orders with the calm confidence of one who has not the faintest idea of the struggle for existence.

Incredible! impossible! It couldn't be true!

"Messrs. Pink and Son are returning the 'Woodland Scene' and the 'Morning Walk,' by Mr. Charles Lloyd, as they are sorry to say the pictures are unsaleable in their present condition. They also beg to inform Miss Lloyd that they are unable at present to send her an order, as trade is very bad, and they have a large stock on hand."

Janet sat stupefied, with the letter in her hand—"Mother, the pictures are coming back! Pinks' won't have them. What in the world are we to do?"

"Won't have them! Whatever do they mean?"

"I don't know; oh, I don't know—it's dreadful—it's dreadful to think of!" and she started up distracted.

Jack was kneeling on a chair, his elbows well on the table, and a newspaper before him. "Don't run away, Jenny; stop a minute. There's something here. Listen. 'To artists.—Wanted, pictures for exportation. Price must be moderate.—Apply, Moses and Co., Borough.'"

"Oh, Jack, let me see—how providential! What a magnificent opening! Oh, I am so thankful! For exportation! Why, they'll want dozens. Let's write at once; or perhaps we had better go, and then we can see them and get to know all about it, and buy the canvases and things." The reaction was tremendous. Janet felt abundantly happy.

"But, my dear, it's hardly the thing."

"Oh! with Jack it will be all right, mother; besides, we shall really not have to mind 'the thing' any more."

So Janet and Jack went, and they found "the Borough;" then they turned out of that, and up a court found "Moses and Co."

Talk about the improvement of taste! Whoever will buy all the tea-trays, wax flowers, gorgeous timepieces which those warehouses contain is a puzzle.

They were ushered into a little back office to interview the buyer.

"Pictures?" said he shortly. "Yes, well, I'll just look at them. I can tell at a glance whether they will do for us." He seemed very rude and abrupt; but if they had only known how tired the poor man was of pictures!

"There," said Janet, picking out two of her father's, and putting them up with some pride—they were so infinitely better than those in the room.

They all looked at them a minute—the man doubtless lost in admiration. At last the girl looked round smiling, but there was no admiration to be seen; the man merely screwed up his lips and shook his head.

Presently he took up one of her own sketches—the worst a long way. "This might do; only it would want a deal more work in it."

"Certainly," she said anxiously. "I could put any amount of work into it. I don't mind work."

"Don't you? Then I dare say we shall come to terms. You must throw a bridge across the river."

"But there wasn't one."

"That doesn't matter; and you must put an old woman in a scarlet cloak in the foreground. Our customers like a bit of life; and the canvas wants covering. There's too much sky; they like it well filled up—plenty for the money. You might put a range of mountains in the background: it would be a great improvement, would a mountain or two. What's your price?"

"I thought three guineas," she said, not liking to ask too much.

The man shook his head. "Forty-eight shillings is our price, and we never give a penny more to anybody."

The sister and brother looked anxiously at each other, but forty-eight shillings was better than nothing; it was rather a queer price though.

"You find your own canvases?" said the man sharply.

"Of course."

"You had better sign them—not your own name,

of course; besides, a lady's name wouldn't do. Sign them—er—let me see, our last man signed himself Montague White; suppose you call yourself Matthew—no, Mark Black; no, perhaps Black would hardly do just after White. Say—er—er—Barrett—Mark Barrett. Don't forget, and bring 'em in next week: forty-eight shillings, and find your own canvases."

"You want more than one, then? It is hardly the thing to do the same subject twice."

The man looked horrified at such unbusiness-like ideas. "It's a dozen I'm ordering, just for a sample—forty-eight shillings a dozen! and if I like them, you'll have to do dozens and dozens all alike."

"Oh!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MARCH. Haverstock Hill. "Show-day" amongst the artists. Carriages, critics, and well-dressed people going from studio to studio.

A rising young A.R.A., Mark Barrett, was looking at his own pictures before the arrival of his visitors, with that "divine discontent" which, unfortunately, is not very common amongst inflated young artists.

Some ladies came in—people he knew quite well and had sent cards to, but he couldn't for the life of him remember their names. He tried to make up for it in "gush." "So glad to see you. How kind of you to come!"

"Not at all; delighted! Dear, dear, how very nice!" and the elder lady put up her glasses. "What a very fine picture! Worthy of Millais, I declare!"

Mark Barrett went red, not with gratification—it was a portrait of a provincial mayor, and he had not put his best work into it, as he ought to have done.

More people came in; amongst others, some friends of the mayor. "How do you do, Mr. Barrett? Very happy to meet you again, sir. Saw you last in our council chamber. You remember me: Mr. Alderman Whitley, sir. Now let's have a look at our worthy mayor. Very good, very good; just like him, isn't it, my dear?" turning to his wife. "Eh?"

"Well, it's like him in the face," said the little woman doubtfully; "but I think myself that the waistcoat buttons are a trifle too small."

"So they are, so they are. Trust a woman for telling you your faults, Mr. Barrett, eh?"

A City man came up to him. "I could have picked up one of your pictures for an old song the other day, Mr. Barrett," in a loud, cheerful voice, as if it was a good joke that all the room would like to hear—and perhaps they did.

"Indeed! what was that?"

"River scene; bridge, mountains, old woman in scarlet cloak. I should have bought it, being yours, only the frame was such a gimcrack affair."

"You are mistaken. I never did such a thing in my life."

"It had your name on, I'm perfectly certain."

"What were they asking for it?"

"Five-and-twenty shillings."

"You *must* be mistaken," in deep disgust.

"Very well; if you don't believe me, you can look for yourself. I have the address in my pocket."

Mark was so much annoyed, that the very next day he made a pilgrimage to the City. He determined to get to the bottom of the mystery. Most likely it was a name that was something like his; but it might be a forgery, in which case he would have the fellow punished. He found the picture-dealer's—at least, it wasn't a picture-dealer's, it was a draper's—and there, sure enough, amongst oleographs and rubbish of all sorts, were three pictures, fearful things, signed "Mark Barrett."

However, the shopman directed him to Moses and Co., Borough.

He hurried on there; it was dinner-time, between twelve and one; only a boy in charge.

That was fortunate; he got the address without any trouble: Miss Janet Lloyd, Ivy Cottage, Hoxton, Surrey.

"A woman, after all. What pests those women are!"

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"NOW, Jack, I'll put in the bridges while you follow with the old woman. We must hurry along. If we don't get these off to-night we shall be in a fix for money to-morrow."

"Well, never mind, Jinney; don't let's worry more than we can help. Do you think this old woman will do?"

"Ye—es; put plenty of colour on and smooth it down well. Whatever would the public do without 'Mark Barrett's' works of art? "I do hate calling myself 'Mark Barrett,'" signing the name in a corner, as the door opened.

She didn't turn round—she was too busy—until their little servant said, "Mr. Mark Barrett, please, miss."

Poor, white, over-strung Jane dropped her palette "butter side" down on the only decent carpet in the house as she turned horror-struck to face a gentleman—a Mark Barrett in the flesh. Curly-haired and blue-eyed certainly, but ferocious. She simply could not speak for a moment.

Even Jack was speechless; he turned very red and tried to stand in front of the pictures with the name on, but as there was a whole row of them all alike, the feat was beyond his powers.

Mark had come straight down from London in a furious rage. Every "pot-boiler" he had seen of poor Janet's only made him more angry.

He marched into the house as soon as the door was opened; it was quite possible such a person as that might lock him out; however, the little servant was evidently not up to it, and most fortunately showed him into the very room where the forgeries were going on.

There was the fictitious "Mark Barrett" herself—caught red-handed, literally red-handed; she had been signing the name in vermilion, and the palette in falling had smeared her hands. Mark was rather taken aback as he looked at the pale trembling culprit, with her great horror-struck dark eyes. He looked at the

row of wretched daubs, twelve of them all alike, and at Jack's red face, short trousers and shrunken jacket, and his agonised attempts to hide the twelve staring "Mark Barretts."

But it wouldn't do to give way to sentiment and have his judgment warped by a pretty face, like a British juryman in a breach of promise case. The very thought made him stern.

"I will not apologise for my intrusion," he said; "for I have no doubt you have some idea of the cause of my visit."

Janet, who would have broken down at a kind word, resented this unjust harshness.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to explain. I am not aware that I have done anything so very wrong."

Jack felt very angry. He was longing to defend his sister, but couldn't think of a telling speech. "Oh! to be a man—a cool, self-possessed man."

"Not done anything wrong, do you say, madam? Are you, then, so ignorant of right and wrong as not to know that you have committed the grossest forgery? Don't you know that it is actionable?"

The sister and brother looked at each other, not very clear as to what "actionable" meant. An idea flashed upon Jack. "You don't mean to say you are going to send my sister to prison? because it wasn't her that did it—it was *me!*" he said eagerly.

"No, no, Jack, that won't do. It was I, sir," turning proudly and contemptuously to Mark, "if you refer to my having signed what I suppose is your name. It is fortunate that I did not happen to sign 'John Brown,' or I might have had a hundred *gentlemen* threatening me instead of one."

"If you had signed your *pictures*"—sarcastic emphasis and wave of the hand towards the twelve—"'John Brown' it would have mattered very little, as that is not a well-known name."

"Indeed!"

"In the art world, I was about to add," furiously; "but it so happens that my name is rather well known, as no doubt you are aware."

"Indeed! I never had the pleasure of hearing it before."

"Indeed?" He really was surprised, and not much flattered.

"No, really, isn't it surprising?" said Jack rudely—his clumsy way of defending his sister.

Mark coloured up, but he was obliged to accept the extinguisher. He couldn't explain what a great man he was, from an artist's point of view.

"Well," said he, willing to be magnanimous, "since the offence has been committed in ignorance, I will not prosecute this time, on condition that you immediately obliterate all these"—pointing to the twelve names—"and call in all the—er—*pictures* you can possibly get hold of and re-sign them."

Jack whistled. "Think of Moses!" he suggested.

"I don't suppose the people who buy them will like that," said Janet. "They've got a trade for 'Mark Barretts,' they say. I don't know what to do. Whatever shall we do, Jack?"

There was a despairing ring about the voice that struck Mark. She turned to him again. "If you would just let us send off this dozen it would give us time."

"Not another picture! You have done me incalculable injury already."

"I'm very sorry. Will you wait just a minute? I should like to consult my father. He was a painter himself, but last winter he became blind. That's the reason we have had to do all this," she said simply.

"Is it so?" sharply. This little key gave a clue to the whole situation, but he could hardly believe it yet, it was so different from his idea. He rose and opened the door for her, and was left alone with Jack.

Then there was an awkward pause. Jack, with his hands in his pockets, looked out of the window. He had no intention of being civil to this "brute." Mark looked at the pictures.

"Does your sister do many of these things?"

"A dozen or two a week."

"You don't say so! Why, she must work night and day!"

"She does, pretty nearly."

"You shouldn't let her work so hard. She'll kill herself."

"Can't be helped. We've nothing else to live on," and he whistled to keep down tears unbecoming in a man.

More and more shocked and distressed, Mark ventured to hope they got a good price.

"Four shillings each, and find our own stuff."

A howl in the passage. "It's only the children," explained Jack.

"Are there some children?"

"Six of us, and father and mother. I say, I think you might have left 'Mark Barrett' alone. Perhaps you would if you knew everything."

"I am very sorry—very sorry indeed! I didn't know all this, you see. Of course, I cannot possibly let your sister go on using my name; but if you will tell me all, perhaps I can help you a little."

But Janet came back into the room very grave and sad. Mark's heart smote him painfully. He vowed he wouldn't lose sight of this poor family. Janet apologised humbly for the mistake she had made, said how sorry her father was to hear of it, and he would like to see Mr. Barrett for a few minutes.

A few weeks later, when the Academy was getting stale, the town hot and wearisome, Mark Barrett felt it was really his duty to get a little country sketching before the spring tints quite faded away.

A day or two later, and he found himself looking out of a farm-house window not far from Ivy Cottage, and wondering if he might venture to call. The country is rather dull without any one to speak to—"a healthy grave," Sydney Smith called it. So not many days—in fact, only a few hours—elapsed before he was chatting comfortably with Mr. Lloyd, talking art, nay, "shop," soul-refreshing to the ex-artist, although so tedious to the "Philistine."

Mr. Lloyd was so delighted to meet with a brother of the brush again that he became quite confidential,

told him about his own unfinished work, and what a pity it was. "You know, Janet can paint in a fashion, but she can't do good enough work for that; besides, I am afraid these wretched things she seems to be doing now won't have improved her style. You've seen them, of course? Tell me, as an artist, are they really so very bad?"

"Those I saw were certainly rather—rather—crude, but perhaps she has something better in hand now. I should like to see what she is doing, if you think I might venture. Perhaps I could give her a few hints, you know."

"Thank you very much. I am sure we are greatly indebted to you for your forbearance altogether; but come into the next room and tell me what you think of their work."

Mark was surprised to find his heart beat strangely at this mild remark. "It must be a touch of indigestion," he impatiently assured himself; but he couldn't help feeling it was a moment that would stand out in his life when he held Janet's nervous hand in his for a second, and she glanced up at him with proud shame.

"'I WILL NOT APOLOGISE FOR MY INTRUSION,' HE SAID" (*p.* 344).

For ranged along the wall were twelve more pictures, exactly like the others—twelve ranges of mountains, twelve bridges, now in course of construction, and twelve old women awaiting their scarlet cloaks.

"Still busy, I see, Miss Lloyd."

"She's always busy," said her father, with a sigh.

"I do wish she could get out a little more—not only for the sake of the fresh air, but I am sure if she does not get more sketching from nature her work will deteriorate."

"Mr. Barrett will tell you that that is impossible, father," said Janet, half in fun, half in sarcasm.

Mark coloured a little. He could not deny that it was impossible for anything in the painting line to be much worse; but he caught a faint little sigh from Janet, and Jack looked out of window with longing eyes.

"It's a jolly afternoon," he said. "I say, Jenny, don't you think we might drop it for once? There'll be such a breeze on Ripley Head."

Janet gave him a look. "We'll see when we have done our work, Jack."

Sighing not a little, but prodigiously, Jack took up his brush again. "That means 'never!'" he said. "These beasts will take hours."

Mark hesitated a minute before he descended to the bottom of the professional ladder. "If you will allow me to help you," he said presently, "I think we might finish in time for a walk before dusk. I am very anxious to see Ripley Head myself, and your father was kind enough to say you would show me the way," looking at Jack, "if Miss Lloyd would allow me the pleasure of accompanying you?" looking at Janet.

"We shall be most happy," she said; "but I can't think of troubling you with these. I dare say Jack and I can finish in two or three hours."

"But I enjoy painting, and I have nothing in the world to do this afternoon. Here, Jack, lend me a palette. I'll go on with the trees."

A month or two ago, Mark wouldn't have believed it if he could have seen himself now, diligently working in trees by the dozen, trying to ingratiate himself with an overgrown boy, and manœuvring for a look from a "brazen forgerer."

The little maid brought them in some tea, and they worked away cheerily—Mr. Lloyd looking in now and then, enjoying the fresh life in the house.

When the sun was beginning visibly to sink, and the last old woman was fitted with her red cloak, the young people got ready for their walk.

Janet, from some undefinable instinct, put on her most becoming, though by no means her newest, hat, and plucked some scarlet geraniums for her neck, which burned bright against her black dress and pale face.

But not so pale. As they stood on Ripley Head, watching the sun quickly sinking on the horizon, long out of sight from the valleys, the reflection of the red and golden clouds wrapped the girl in a halo of glory. "What a wonderfully beautiful creature!" thought the artist, entranced with the "effect." She was by no means beautiful, but he thought her so, which was enough. It was sunrise for Janet, not sunset.

Jack had many a time helped his sister down the steep side of Ripley Head. He was going to do so now, of course (even the biggest of brothers are not very "sharp" where their sisters are concerned); but Mr. Barrett happened to be nearer, and offered his hand, and, though Jack was a dear boy, there was, strange to say, something firmer, and warmer, and closer in this grasp.

The mother, dulled perhaps by her troubles, was vexed with her daughter about this time. She was so unreasonable. She actually cried—not openly, but quietly and unseen, as she hoped—because she could not have a new gown, and Janet was foolish enough to spend a shilling on ribbons, which might have been much more profitably spent on stockings.

But Janet's instinct was right. Though nothing on earth will sunder souls that are fast and firmly knit, the merest trifle will turn aside the first inclination. Besides, to attract is a natural, healthy instinct, and to be attracted—why, no one would if they didn't like it.

One day it dawned even upon Jack's brotherly understanding that Janet was different somehow, and it wasn't only the geranium in her dress and ribbon at her waist.

They were painting as usual, and, as was now not unusual, Mr. Barrett was helping them, when the bungling, well-meaning brother struck in—

"You've been an awfully good friend to us, Mr. Barrett, especially to Janet and me—getting us orders and all that; but there's one thing you've done that I don't believe anybody's noticed but me, and that is, you've made a great alteration in Jenny."

"Nonsense, Jack, nothing of the kind!" she burst in, horrified as to what he would say next, her face almost as red as the geraniums.

Mark, standing by her, looked down on her, bit his lip, and began to wish Jack would go out of the room.

"I know what I'm talking about," said Jack, with the calm confidence of ignorance, and blundering like a big bluebottle fly; "she's as happy and cheerful as anything now, and I know it's you, because she's so disappointed when you don't come."

"Jack, be quiet—it's all nonsense. Don't be silly!"

"She was very down at first about the name, you know, and Moses was very mad with her because she wouldn't sign 'Mark Barrett' any more."

"Of course not! I shouldn't think of such a thing," she burst in passionately, "after all you said," turning to Mark. "You may be sure I shall never make use of your name again."

"Won't you?" he returned. "Do you know, I was rather beginning to hope you would."

In great surprise Janet looked at him, but something in his eyes made her drop hers.

"With a little addition," he said, in a low tone.

"Oh, my!" struck up Jack, enlightened at last. "I never thought of that. Here, I'll go and get some dinner—tea, I mean. You can come when you're ready."

A. A. E.

SPRING'S THE TIME.

VIOLETS in the hazel copse,
Bluebells in the dingle;
Birds in all the green tree-tops
Joyous songs commingle.
Phillis through the flowery ways
Strays from dawn till gloaming.
Oh, the happy breezy days!
Spring's the time for roaming.

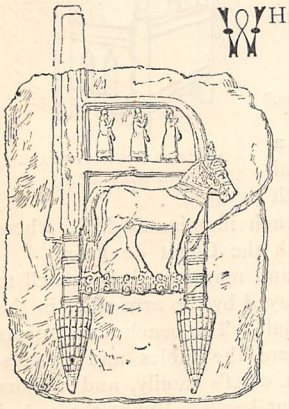
In the budding of the year,
In the daisied meadows,
Where the brooklet ripples clear
Through the willow shadows,
Corydon, among his sheep,
Sees fair Phillis roving,
Feels a rapture new and deep—
Spring's the time for loving!

Merry moments swiftly pass,
Corydon and Phillis
Wand'ring through the dewy grass,
Through the daffodillies.
In the woodlands faint and far
Tender doves are cooing;
Flocks and fields forsaken are—
Spring's the time for wooing!

Amber cowslips fresh and sweet,
As a first love-token,
Corydon at Phillis' feet
Lays—no word is spoken.
Oh, you brooklet! dance along,
Whirling, dimpling, spinning;
Babble out your sunshine song—
Spring's the time for winning!

M. C. GILLINGTON.

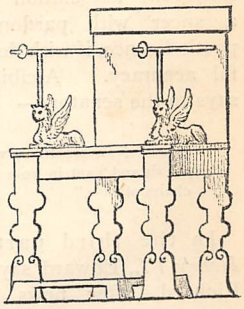
ARM-CHAIRS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.



ASSYRIAN ARM-CHAIR OR THRONE. (*From Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains."*)

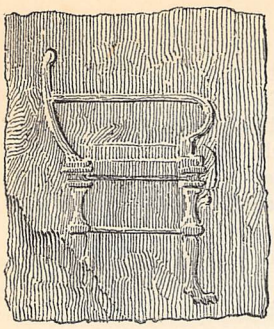
WHEN Charles Dickens looked at an arm-chair, once, it grew into the featuresome likeness of a crabbed monster. It would be cruel in us to take a modern arm-chair and distort its lines and proportions in any such fashion, and then call it "a study of the antique." An easy-chair ought to make us lose or recover our individuality, just as the need may be, without impressing us with anything very startling about itself. Yet it is such a simple, familiar, and indispensable part of a room, that it seems an affectation to talk about its history or its "evolution," though it has a record dating back to the earliest civilisations. The arm-chair and the easy-chair are not, however, of equal age, rank, or importance. They are distinct things, in a way; and our modern makers have blundered into the discovery by constructing arm-chairs that are not easy, and in pleasing us with reviving the ancient in form and forgetting the modern in ease. The arm-chair is very ancient; the true easy-chair is not more than five hundred years old.

The arm-chair is the seat of kingly power, of judicial authority, of lordly pre-eminence, of ecclesiastical rule, of professional instruction. In a word, it was the throne. Our word "throne" is from a Greek word meaning a chair, or single chair, as distinct from a *diphros*, or double chair, in which two persons could sit. But we now reserve the word "throne" for official and State chairs. Layard found on some of the tablets of Nineveh "representations of chairs supported by animals and by human figures, sometimes prisoners, like the Caryatidæ of the Greeks. In this they resembled the arm-chairs of Egypt, but appear to have been more massive." We give a representation of one from a Khorsabad slab. The throne of Solomon, as described in the First Book of Kings, was of ivory, inlaid with gold. "There were stays [or arms] on the place of the seat, and two lions stood beside the stays." The throne had steps and a canopy. The Persian throne was of gold, with light pillars of gold, encrusted with jewels, upholding the canopy. The Egyptian thrones were of the arm-chair type, the arms formed of figures of captives or subject princes. The ordinary Egyptian household chairs were armless, though Wilkinson gives one with a frail morticed bar; and even the fauteuils from the tombs of the kings at Thebes, rich and elegant as they are in form and upholstery, had merely low padded ridges, scarcely deserving of the name of arms.



POMPEIAN CHAIR.

The Greeks had reclining couches and thin-barred arm-chairs in domestic use, but they reserved the true arm-chair for other repre-



GREEK CHAIR.

sentative purposes. Mr. J. A. St. John says :—

"The thrones of the gods, represented in works of art, however richly ornamented, are simply arm-chairs with upright backs, an example of which occurs in a carnelian in the Orleans collection, where Apollo is represented playing on the seven-stringed lyre. This chair has four legs with tigers' feet, a very high upright back, and is ornamented with sculptured car and horses. They had no Epicurean notions of their deities, and never presented them to the eye of the public lounging in an easy-chair, which would have suggested the idea of infirmity. On the contrary, they are full of force and energy, and sit erect on their thrones, as ready to succour their worshippers at a moment's warning. In the Homeric age these were nobly carved, like the divans, adorned with silver studs, and so high that they required a footstool."

Lofty straight backs and low straight arms were common in all these chairs of authority. The use of the footstool was rendered unnecessary in later times, because such chairs had their seats lowered; but as long as it was required, reference is often made to it as in itself suggesting sovereignty, or completing the picture of it. Isaiah was thinking of some grand earthly chair of state when he suggested the magnificent image—"The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool." Our Pompeian chair shows the more simple form of the Roman state chair.

From Roman to our own times, through various forms and local peculiarities, the association of authority with the arm-chair has continued. Shakespeare makes Coriolanus, in expressing his good wishes, say—

> "The honour'd gods
> Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
> Supplied with worthy men."

In *Timon of Athens* he turns the association into a sneer with pardonable poetic licence, if with doubtful accuracy. Alcibiades says to the senators—

> "Now breathless wrong
> Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease."

In the third part of *Henry VI.*, Edward says to Richard, after news has come of the death of "sweet Duke of York"—

FALDESTOL.—(*From the Trinity College Psalter.*)

> "His name that valiant duke has left with thee;
> His dukedom and his chair with me is left."

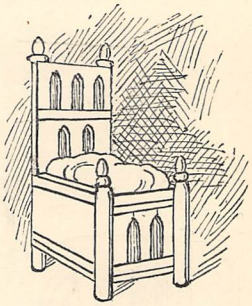
A French duke's chair of the seventeenth century, with upright back, carved arm, and flat cushionless seat, is represented in one of Abraham Bosse's prints. The "Chanson de Roland" describes a *faldestol*, or elbow-chair, for princes. Charlemagne had one of gold, and the Egyptian Emir one of ivory. The Trinity College Psalter contains two representations of the *faldestol*, and in one of them two chiefs are seated.

To call for a chair for a guest, when such articles of luxury were rare, was a mark of special respect. In the English romance of "Sir Isumbras," the queen pays him, in his guise as a palmer, this special honour—

> "Bryng a chayere and quschene [cushion],
> And sett yone poore palmere therein.
> * * * *
> A rich chayere than was sett;
> The poore palmere therein was sett;
> He tolde hir of his laye."

Occasionally the term "chair" was applied to what we should call a sofa, with ends and arms alike. In the early English romance of "Horn," a gentleman is invited to be seated—

> "A riche cheir was undon
> That seiven might sit thereon."



ANGLO-SAXON EASY-CHAIR. (*Harleian MSS.*)

It was covered with a baldekin, a mark of royal dignity. A similar couch is represented in a French illuminated MS., where Charles V. is dining with the Count de Foix.

In visiting old castles and mansions, it is as well to bear in mind the part played by the arm-chair in the dining-room or banquet-hall. The benches and stools were of oak, and so were the tables and trestles. Retainers, members of a chief's family, and visitors even, sat on forms without backs. But at the end of the hall, says Lacroix, "there was a large arm-chair overhung with a canopy of silk or golden stuff, which was occupied by the owner of the castle, and only relinquished by him in favour of his superior or sovereign." A raised bench at the end of the hall, with carved back and arms, was a later form of this state chair in some countries, and an earlier one in others. There is a survival of the fact in such terms as "Benchers" and the "Bench," magisterial or ecclesiastical. In the slang of Shakespeare's time, however, a bencher was a tavern-haunter, from which circumstance we may infer that such places were better furnished than ordinary houses, where forms were general.

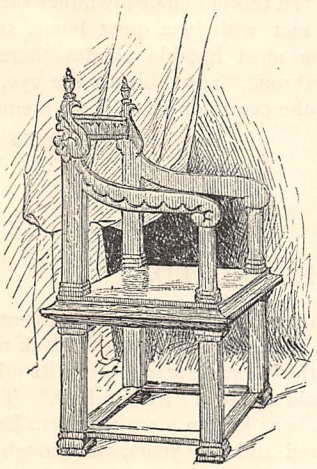
In later times the state chair was reduced in size, but it was always constructed so as to give erectness rather than repose to the body. Old inventories constantly mention such chairs as precious things, for it became common to use leather, silk, velvet, and

cloth of gold in France, Spain, and England. A canopy and state chair are still shown at Chatsworth. The chair is square-backed, straight-armed, and richly embroidered. Sauval describes the Princess of Orleans' chair as having "four supports painted in fine vermilion, the seats and arms of which are covered with vermilion morocco or cordovan, worked and stamped with designs representing the sun, birds, and other devices" (all symbols of sovereign power), "bordered with fringes of silk and studded with nails."

It is much to be regretted that when more luxurious notions began to prevail, the fine oaken chairs of our castles, halls, and country-houses were banished to the servants' hall or to the lumber-room, or sold as worthless antiquities that few persons cared to preserve. It is possible that some of them were put to even lower uses. When Sir Roger de Coverley had seen the two coronation chairs in Westminster Abbey, Addison says he "whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them."

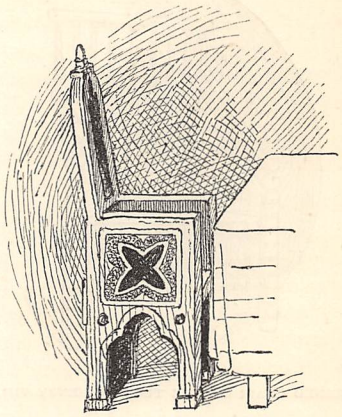
When Sydney Smith entered upon his newly-built parsonage at Foston, near York, he gave a carpenter who came to him for parish relief a cart-load of deals, and a barn to work in, with the laconic injunction, "Jack, furnish my house." One of the chairs Jack made stood for some years in Sydney Smith's "justice room," then found its way into the kitchen, was then given to Mrs. Kilvington, and is now in possession of his new biographer, Mr. Stuart J. Reid. It is a rustic chair of justice, and as such it is worth a passing allusion.

The transition from the arm-chair to the easy-chair was not made all at once. When men and women wanted real repose, they formerly found it in divans, couches, sofas, and what in Shakespeare's time were somewhat reproachfully called "day-beds." A loose



DUKE'S CHAIR (A.D. 1587).

cushion was made for wooden chairs, and it was sometimes placed upon, at other times underneath, a richly embroidered cloth or an animal's skin. It is doubtful whether for many hundred years the easy-chairs of Western Europe were anything more elaborate. The fixed seat and padded back and arms did not come into use in England until Queen Elizabeth's



BLOCK-CUT CHAIR.

time. An arm-chair was, in fact, an article of costly luxury, and sometimes of reproach. In Wiclif's New Testament, he makes the scribes fond of the "first chaieres in Sinagogis." Marston, an English dramatist, describes "a fine-fac'd wife in a wain-scot carv'd seat" as "a worthy ornament to a tradesman's shop," but he is lashing the practice with his whip. Ben Jonson, satirising the way in which women spend their time, writes—

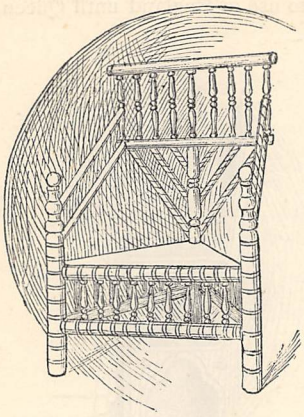
> "At twelve o'clocke her diner time she keeps,
> And gets into her chaire, and there she sleeps
> Perhaps till foure, or somewhat thereabout."

By a very picturesque phrase, Shakespeare conveys the impression that chairs were only fit for the aged. In the second part of *Henry VI.*, when the Duke of York has slain Clifford of Cumberland, the son comes upon the body of the father, and exclaims—

> "Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
> To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
> The silvery livery of advised age,
> And in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
> To die in ruffian battle?"

The turned and fanciful chairs, some of which are still in use as survivals, or as imitations, were originally made in Flanders, and persecuted Huguenots brought the art of making them to London in their brains and fingers. A good many of them had triangular seats, and arms, backs, and legs were what we should now call imitation bamboo. They were usually called "joined chairs," to distinguish them from the heavy oaken chairs, carved out of one solid piece, which they were replacing. Illustrations of the block-made chairs are found in some of our old ballads. In the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford is a very curious example of the "joined chair," said to have been used by Henry VIII. More elegant and elaborate chairs followed our colonial extensions, and the wealth and knowledge they brought. Eastern

types were multiplied, and golden cloth of Spain and India, won from captured caracks, was employed to adorn the chairs of nobles and merchants. The most

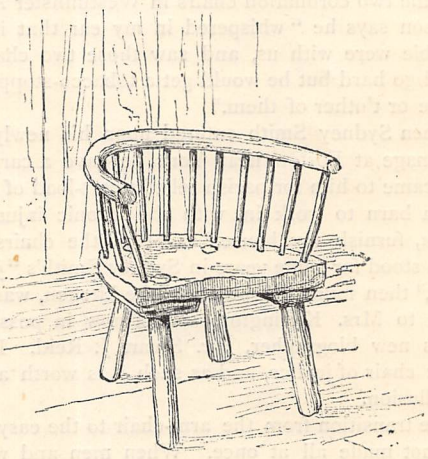


JOINED CHAIR OF THE TIME OF HENRY VIII.

fantastic art in chairs, however, did not come to us until the *ancien régime* was in its glory in France, and the drawing-room had become the centre of a dazzling and artificial kind of existence, all fine sentiment and frippery.

It is clear that in early ages the double chair without arms, on which man and wife sat, each on the side, and not on the front, was the domestic chair. The chairs in Anglo-Saxon MSS., though not positively double, retain some features of the type, as they are long in the seat, with a back on which the sitter rested his arm, as he sat sideways on the bed-like structure, projecting knobs on the real front making the common plan of sitting uncomfortable. The couch without arms or back was Oriental. In old English families we may yet meet with huge double arm-chairs, in which man and wife used to sit. They are sometimes called "courting-chairs."

A description of varieties in modern arm-chairs from the early part of the last century downwards would be tedious and out of place. The throne type and the semi-reclining type are freely used and mixed, without any regard for the fitness of things, though the first should be reserved for the dining-room, and the second for the drawing-room. The use of oak, English and foreign, has been extensively revived, though without any apparent reason; it is more costly than less common wood. Brass nails for ornamentation are being discarded, like very fantastic carving, because they tear the clothing. Chairs are much less massive in their woodwork—the seat is longer, the general design less ornate. Physicians do not recommend stuffed and spring chairs for habitual use. Artistic furniture is now lighter, more Flemish, with a tendency to follow squarer lines of structure. Combinations of lightness and strength, even with rush bottoms, are not uncommon. "The old arm-chair," in fact, has not only all Eliza Cook's tender memories about it, but it is clearly returning to older English types. A



SYDNEY SMITH'S CHAIR OF JUSTICE.

plain wooden chair with the golden-lettered inscription on it, "In this old chair my father sat," which the writer has met with in a quiet home, suggests that even in the most humble abodes there may be a domestic "throne," agreeable to the eye, convenient to use, and the centre of affectionate memories.

EDWIN GOADBY.

THE LARGEST ISLAND IN THE WORLD.

NOW that there are steamers on the Upper Congo, and a telegraph wire runs right across the middle of Australia, few parts of the world remain so unknown and mysterious as the great island of New Guinea, lying between the equator and the north of Australia, part of which has just been annexed to the British Empire. New Guinea, which is the largest island in the world, or at any rate in the habitable part of the world, is considered to be about as big as Great Britain and France put together. It owes its name probably to the early Portuguese discoverers, who were struck with the resemblance of the black natives to the negroes of the West African coast; its other name of Papua is said to mean "frizzled hair." Though New Guinea has been known more or less to Europeans for three hundred and fifty years, and though the western half of it has for some time been claimed as Dutch territory, while within the last few years missionaries have settled on its shores, and much of its coast has been carefully surveyed, yet the vast interior is still almost untouched. Few of its inhabitants have ever

seen a white man, or perhaps know that such a being exists. What white men have heard of them is for the most part to their disadvantage; but this only makes the prospects of exploration more exciting.

Gold-fields may be discovered in New Guinea or not—according to the latest evidence, probably not—and those who see rich fortunes awaiting the planter there may perhaps, through unwholesomeness of climate or difficulties with the natives, be disappointed; but the lovers of science and adventure have every reason for confidence; the naturalist perhaps most of all. For New Guinea, which is separated from Australia only by a shallow strait not a hundred miles wide, has animals of the kind peculiar to the Australasian region, strange forms unlike almost anything else in the world, which have only become familiar to us since the settlement of Australia.

But the sandy deserts and scrubs and waterless plains of Australia are very different from the rivers and mountains and tropical forests of New Guinea, and we must expect to find the animals modified to suit these different conditions of climate. Already kangaroos have been found in New Guinea which, instead of hopping along the ground, live overhead among the branches.

New Guinea is a long island stretching from north-west to south-east some 1,500 miles, and it consists of a broad, solid mass of land in the middle, with narrower peninsulas at each end. Such explorations as have been made have for the most part been in these peninsulas, which are very mountainous and inaccessible. The English missionary settlement of Port Moresby is on what is now British territory, the south coast of the eastern peninsula, in long. 147°. No one has as yet been able to cross this peninsula except at the extreme end, nor even to reach the great chain of mountains running along its middle, one of which, Mount Owen Stanley, is more than 13,000 feet high.

In the great central portion of the island are mountains much higher than this. Glimpses have been had of great ranges which are believed to run right along the centre of this country, coming at their western end to the south coast at Cape Buru, in long. 135°, near which their summits have been seen out at sea, white apparently with snow, and rising to a height of nearly 17,000 feet—higher than anything in the Alps of Europe. They may join the Albert Mountains, which seem to run into the heart of the island west of Mount Owen Stanley, and the great Finisterre Mountains on the north coast, in long. 146°.

Almost all the north coast is very mountainous, with a steep shore and a deep sea; but at the western corner, east of the great opening called Geelvink Bay, there is flat country, with the mouths of what seem to be a mighty river. For ships many miles out at sea have sailed through masses of driftwood, swept down from the unknown forests.

South of the mountains there is a much wider expanse of level country; indeed, from Cape Buru eastward to the head of the Gulf of Papua, the coast is low and swampy, and there are many mouths of large rivers, generally choked with timber. But the Fly River, which enters the sea on the western side of the Gulf of Papua, has been ascended for many miles, till the central mountains were seen at a great distance. Behind Port Moresby, and further east, the south coast is hilly.

Earthquakes are common in New Guinea, but no one has as yet discovered an active volcano there, though there are several in the islands to the north.

Several travellers have risked themselves alone, or almost alone, on New Guinea in the interests of natural history. One of them, Meyer, has actually crossed the island, though only at the head of Geelvink Bay, where it is but a few miles broad. The famous English naturalist, Wallace, lived alone at Doreh in the north-west; and the Russian, Maclay, at Astrolabe Bay. Neither of these penetrated far from the coast; but the Italian, D'Albertis, who devoted several years to travel in New Guinea, wound up by ascending the Fly River to lat. 5° 30′, and is thus the only person who can claim to have really gone far into the heart of the country. But he saw little of it beyond the banks of the river on either excursion, and being in continual conflict with the natives wherever he met them, he has probably not improved the chances of future explorers who may wish to travel that way.

Since the establishment of the missionaries at Port Moresby, a great deal more has been known of the adjacent coast-lands. A search has been made for gold; but the gold-diggers have as yet got little but fever for their pains. In 1883 two expeditions from Australia left Port Moresby to explore the interior. One was unlucky enough to fall out with the natives, by whom it was driven back with loss. The other and more successful party got on well enough with the natives, whom the leader declares to be "no more savages than we are;" but it encountered a still worse enemy in the fever, which killed one man, and drove back the rest before the Owen Stanley range had been reached.

Another expedition is now being organised, to start from the same part of the coast; and we have every right to hope for at least a stirring tale of adventure when it returns.

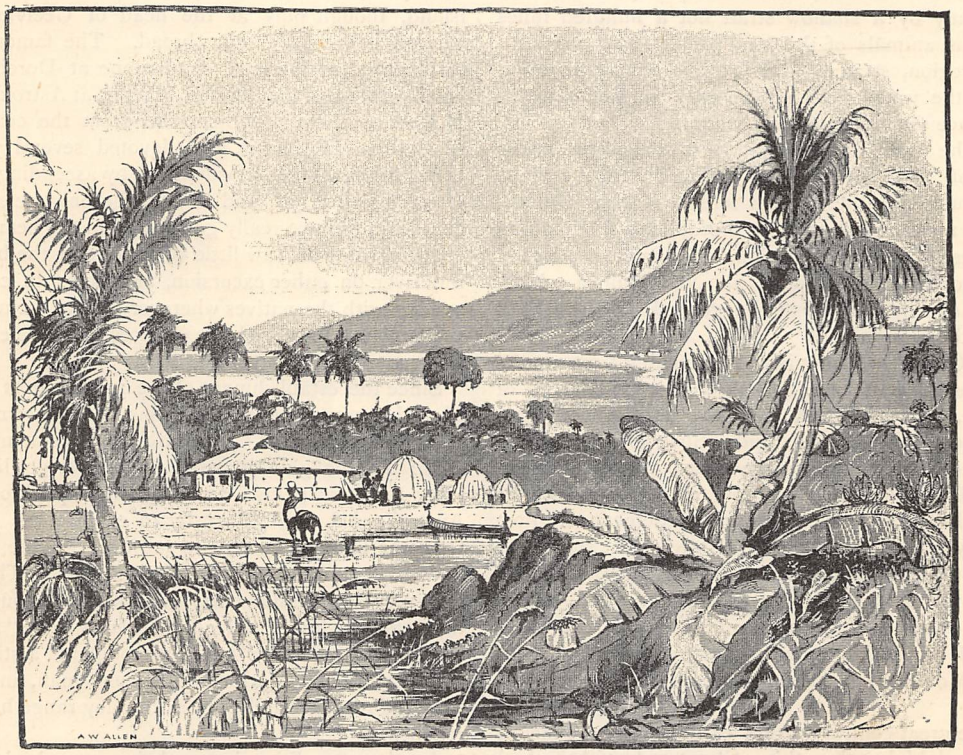
Some few years ago an ingenious writer produced a fictitious tale of adventure, wherein New Guinea was made the home of various strange beasts, including a very fearful new kind of tiger. This was fiction; but there are really local legends of unknown monsters existing in New Guinea; rumours of prodigious footprints at the edge of the forest, and of a huge bird like the roc of Marco Polo's Madagascar, which can hide the sky with its wings. These stories are not entirely drawn from natives or uneducated sailors, since Captain Moresby, of H.M.S. *Basilisk*, has reported that he found traces apparently of a rhinoceros.

Now tigers and rhinoceroses have no right to exist in New Guinea, which belongs, as has already been said, to the region of Australasian animals. In this region four-footed beasts are comparatively scarce; and those that there are belong, as a rule, to the order of marsupials, creatures like the kangaroo, which carry

their young in a pocket: an ancient and old-fashioned race, only found as fossils in other parts of the world. Australia has no big marsupial beasts of prey, though such existed at an earlier epoch; but there still survive in Tasmania two curious animals of the kind. One is a big beast, somewhat like a wolf, with brindled flanks; the other is the stumpy diabolical-looking creature which is best known as the "Tasmanian devil."

In Australia the only big animal which is not marsupial is the dog, and this was probably first brought over by man. New Guinea has not only dogs, but pigs; and it seems to us an odd thing that the natives, though they have dogs, should make pets of pigs. Papuan women will nurse and fondle a pig as an English lady caresses her dog—though the dog, too, has been considered an unclean animal. Dogs are sometimes sacrificed in New Guinea.

Australasia has another kind of strange beasts, lowly organised, and ranking even below the marsupials. Of these the best known is the famous "Ornithorhynchus paradoxus," the platypus or duck-mole, which its first discoverers hardly knew whether to class as a beast or a bird. After a time another animal of the same order was found, a kind of prickly ant-eater, and two species of this creature are found in New Guinea. There is, therefore, every hope of finding new and strange beasts, to say nothing of other animals. The birds of New Guinea are beautiful in the extreme: some of them have been known longer than their country; for hence come the wonderful birds of paradise, which were brought long ago to Europe, though living specimens, such as those now in the Zoological Gardens, have been seen there but seldom. The skins were sent to the West with the legs cut off, whence arose the fable that these lovely creatures were inhabitants of the air alone, and never settled on this dull earth at all. The splendid crowned pigeons, great blue birds with the stateliest crests, several of which may be seen at the Zoological Gardens, also come from New Guinea, where they were first noticed by the famous English navigator, Dampier.



DISCOVERY BAY, NEW GUINEA.

The natives of New Guinea have for centuries had a bad name; and it is certain that they are not feeble savages like the Australians. Some are undoubtedly cannibals; but the examples of the Fiji Islanders and New Zealanders teach us that a cannibal race must not by any means be assumed to be utterly barbarous and incapable of improvement. The Papuans are divided into a number of tribes, mostly at war with each other, and differing much in customs. Some cultivate the land with very great skill; most of them have weapons and ornaments of great beauty. Some of them live in houses resting on piles at a distance from the shore, like the ancient inhabitants of Switzerland; others have been found dwelling in houses 50 feet from the

ground, among the branches of trees. They are not all of the same race: there is an admixture of Malayan blood at one end of the island, and of Polynesian at the other. It is by no means certain that the purer Papuans are all one people. Throughout Melanesia there are legends, among the natives, of another race of men, or creatures like men, which inhabited, or do still inhabit, the islands; and these stories, like those of dwarfs and fairies in Northern Europe, may perhaps refer to the real existence of aboriginal peoples in out-of-the-way places. In New Britain, close to the eastern end of New Guinea, there was recently a superstition that men with tails exist somewhere in the neighbourhood. This legend has been encountered in several parts of the world before now, but the subjects of it hitherto have not; nor need we expect to find it true in New Guinea.

But that a strange race may be found in the mountains is probable enough. Already some observers have fancied they saw proofs that a dwarfish race of Papuans either lives or has lived; though, perhaps, no pure specimen of it has yet been seen. Such a race would no doubt find its last refuge in the hills, as the little black Negritos of the Philippine Islands have done. Perhaps we may find in New Guinea relations of the now extinct Tasmanians, who were a peculiar people, differing from any known Papuans, but still more from the native Australians. These Australians themselves are a race unique both in appearance and to some extent in customs, and it has been thought that the nearest relations to them hitherto discovered are some of the aboriginal hill tribes in the mountains of India. Whether we find any new races or not in New Guinea, we shall certainly have much that is interesting to learn of the strange customs known to prevail among the peoples which do exist there. Concerning the disposition of these peoples there is much disagreement among travellers, arising partly, no doubt, from the differing character of the tribes, but partly, also, from the varying habits of the visitors themselves. One cannot expect a Papuan to distinguish at sight between a missionary and a kidnapper. As has been seen, the latest account is the happiest, that in Eastern New Guinea, at any rate, the people are no more savages than we are. And if, according to the saying, that nation is happiest which has no history, then New Guinea, the home of the paradise birds, must be a paradise indeed.

SWEET CHRISTABEL.

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned," "In a Minor Key," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

MYLES.

SUMMER—if summer is to be called the three months that go by that name—has passed away, and a cold, bright October is drawing autumn to a close. Round about Morselands the woods are brilliant with gold, red, and green; the sky is gloriously blue, flecked with fleecy white clouds; and day after day the sun goes down in jewelled splendour, promising fresh loveliness for the morrow.

During these three months Christabel has loyally fulfilled her promise to Piers.

Hardly a day has gone by but Myles has been at Morselands. All the resources of the grounds have been placed at his disposal; he may shoot the game, fish the lake, ride the horses: in short, he may do what he likes there, so long as he turns his footsteps thither in preference to Hawbury—the neighbouring county town—where hitherto he has spent most of his spare time in amusements worthy of Grenville Vanstone's son.

The girl has set her whole heart, and her strong will, on the hope of awakening any gleams of a higher nature that may lurk in this cousin of hers, who is also Piers' brother. It is an effort to her, for she does not like the boy; when with him, she understands and sympathises with her father's detestation of Grenville Vanstone, of whom Myles is an inferior reproduction. Nevertheless she holds on steadily to the course she firmly believes to be the only one to win him to better ways, and, whilst supplying him with innocent amusements, is always the same to him—always sweet, sympathetic, and generous, in spite of his many vicious qualities, which are as repugnant to her nature as were ever Grenville Vanstone's to her father's. And she has her reward. In a short time she has gained an ascendency over him, such as no one has ever acquired before, which is rendered none the less complete that he has quickly discovered that, though generous, she is not less clear-sighted than Piers, and in her own sweet womanly way almost as firm. Many a lecture, many an admonition does she give him, for he will bear from her what he will not from any one else, and his love of physical

beauty, inherent in all the Vanstones, makes him tolerate any rebuke from her red lips, the while the knowledge that she is not to be taken in only increases his admiration for her.

And all this time that she thinks she is only bent on reforming Myles, she is hardly aware that her real motive-power is Piers. During the last month she has grown singularly quiet and dreamy. Whether it is the impending shadow of her wealth, or Piers' occasional visits to the Rectory, certain it is that she lives in somewhat of a maze, going about her duties with a far-away look in her eyes, taking long exploring rides with Agatha, in which she goes for miles in total silence, or breaks suddenly into aimless talk; lying down at night to toss almost till dawn, with the one name "Piers" for ever in her thoughts. Agatha sees it all, and puts it down to its right cause; Miss Reynolds, who is also at Morselands—Mrs. Vanstone being away—sees it, and attributes it to the restlessness born of too much power and too much money; whilst Myles, boy-like, confides to Agatha that he is certain Piers and Christabel are in love with one another; whereupon Agatha confirms his view of the case, and the two agree that nothing would be more delightful—Myles from the monetary, Agatha from the romantic point of view.

And now it has come to within a month of Christabel's coming of age. Never does she remember such an autumn as this one, which heralds her twenty-first birthday, and which has brought out all the beauties of Morselands to such perfection.

"Another lovely evening," she murmurs, as she stands in her riding-habit at the library window, watching the glowing sky, and caressing the two dogs that are her constant companions. "This day month I shall be of age," she continues softly to herself—"my own mistress, with heaps of money," and sighs heavily, as a tear falls on the black nose of the St. Bernard she is bending over. "With heaps of money," she repeats with a shiver, "and everything to make life sweet, and yet—and yet—Oh, Piers! why did I ever know you?"

She glances furtively around as she utters the exclamation, as though she expected some one to start out of the dark corners of the room, but all is still, all is silent. So she stands, with a mute sadness on her face, mechanically stroking her dog, and looking at the sunset, thinking over these three past months, so full of joy and pain—joy when Piers came down to the Rectory, as he was forced to do three times to see after Myles—pain sharp and intense when, at their last parting, so quiet and commonplace, she knew that her "unless" was fulfilled, and that "through behoving and unbehoving—with the breadth of heaven between them," she loved him. And at the same moment that she knew it, the dream was past, or rather, it had never attained even the height of a dream. As far as she knew, it was all on her side, and yet in his presence it seemed as though all her cares, all her troubles—how small they were—disappeared before that quiet practical sympathy, which, in its thoughtfulness for her, filled her sometimes with an exquisite sense of reciprocity. If it were so, all that stood between them was her money—her twice-hated, detested money. He could not in honour ask her to be his wife. They might never come together, but to the end of her days he would be enshrined in her heart as the one man she would have married.

But at this juncture in her meditations she is roused by a confused noise, a scuffle of feet, an opening and shutting of doors. Alarmed—she knows not why—she rushes out into the hall, and encounters Agatha with a face as white as a sheet.

"What is it, Agatha?" she asks, and then she gives a start of horror, for behind her cousin come two labouring men, and between them they bear a youth's unconscious figure—Myles.

"We found him in the wood," pants Agatha—"Miss Reynolds and I; his gun had gone off. He is wounded—badly, I fear."

In one minute Christabel has taken in the situation, and at once assuming the command, gives all the necessary orders with a quiet decision that makes poor flurried Miss Reynolds comprehend what years lie between Christabel of the Furlby Rocks and Christabel the heiress. She thinks of everything, and in an incredibly short space of time the doctor has been sent for, and Myles is lying in the largest and airiest room in the house.

He is still insensible when Mr. Lockyer, the doctor, arrives, but it does not require any deep examination to discover that his wound is a fatal one. He may last a few days, says the surgeon, but he should advise that any relation who would wish to see him should be summoned at once. So telegrams are sent to Piers, to Clare, Helen, and Grenville, and till they come an awed hush falls on the house; the two girls speak only in whispers; doors are closed with a muffled sound; and the rector and his wife come in and out with a noiseless tread.

Myles has recovered consciousness now, and is suffering agonies of pain, in spite of which he requests Miss Reynolds, who is sitting with him, that Christabel should immediately come to him. The sight of her face, the touch of her hand, the sound of her voice, seems to soothe him as nothing else can, and he opens his lips to ask her—

"Have you sent for Piers?"

"Yes," she answers, and is thankful to see a smile of contentment flicker across his face.

Determined that no chance shall be lost, she has telegraphed to London for a nurse, and when the next day is but breaking she and Piers arrive together.

Myles has never yet seen his brother as Agatha has so often portrayed him until now. Now, for the first time, he learns the tenderness, the gentleness, that underlies his severity and strictness, and no longer hates him. The two little girls and Grenville come later, and the weary work of waiting for the end begins. Piers and his cousin are constantly together in Myles' sick-room—at meals, in the evenings—and at times it seems as though the thin veil between them must fall in the presence of death, were it not upheld by such a firm, strong hand as Piers'.

His mental suffering is not much less than Myles' physical pain, as he watches the girl he loves in a new

aspect, which renders her, in his eyes, more perfectly lovely than she was before, and knows that in a few days' time he will have to tell her, with unquivering lips, perhaps even with a smile, that he has effected an exchange to India.

Myles alone, from his sick-bed, notes the transient gleams of anguish that cross his brother's face, certainly but rarely, as he looks at Christabel, and wonders what causes them. The poor boy is full of remorse and penitence for his short but, alas! so misspent life, and if he can contribute in any way to the happiness of the brother whom he has hitherto hated, he will. Perhaps Piers fancies that Christabel does not care for him; if that is the case, he will soon disabuse his mind on that subject, and thus perhaps, in his last moments, be able to do some little good. It is a boyish idea, but a better and truer one than many that poor Myles has entertained. His sand of life is running very low; a few days—perhaps a few hours, and he will no longer be alive to make or mar any one's happiness.

"I want Chris," he says to his brother, who is sitting with him; "there is no one like her."

"I will fetch her," answers Piers.

"Then mind you come back yourself," in his faint, hollow voice.

"Yes, certainly," as he leaves the room to seek his cousin. He finds her busy at her writing-table.

"He is very ill, Christabel," he says, "and very restless. Do you mind coming again? He is asking for you."

"Mind?" she says reproachfully.

"I need not have asked you the question," he says sadly. "You have been the boy's good angel. To you perhaps in His mercy—God grant it may be so—those words may be applied, "He who saveth a soul from death shall cover a multitude of sins."

With ready intuition Christabel guesses what he is thinking of, for they have spoken of this before. Impulsively she puts her hand on his arm.

"You must not reproach yourself, Piers," she says; "I know you think you have been too harsh with Myles. I do not think you were, for his was a most difficult disposition to deal with, and one most antipathetical to your own from its lack of truthfulness. Remember, I am a woman, and you a man; a man *must* be firm and strong."

He looks at her, reading the sympathy in her face, and quickens his steps. Such looks are dangerous.

"Thank you, Chris, for coming," says Myles, as she enters his room, sits down by his side, and puts her hand, so soft and cool, on his burning one, whilst Piers walks to the window and looks out. Why does he always do that, wonders Myles, when Christabel is present?

"Piers, come here," he says in his hollow whisper, grown fainter since yesterday; and his brother obeys immediately, coming round to the disengaged side of the bed, and standing opposite Christabel. The latter feels a nervous tremor run through her. What does Myles want?

"Piers," says the boy, suddenly raising his voice so that it sounds almost strong, "you and Christabel are both fond of each other; why don't you marry one another? I should so like to know you were engaged before I die. What are you shilly-shallying for?"

"Oh, hush, Myles, hush!" says Christabel, breaking the kind of spellbound silence that has fallen on her and Piers during this speech; her face—just now white—scarlet. She dare not look up; she is overwhelmed with shame. Oh, what has Myles said? There is no response from Piers, only the gentle muffled sound of a closing door, and then she knows that she and Myles are alone.

"Oh, Myles, dear boy!" she exclaims, "how can you say such things?"

"Why, Chris, you speak as though I had said something terrible," feebly trying to pull her hands from her burning face, and horrified at the tears that trickle through her fingers; "if you love Piers, he loves you; what are you waiting for? Unless, indeed, it is that Piers is a poor man. I should have thought your money would be enough for both."

"Myles," she answers softly, feeling that this is a nature to which the quality of delicacy is as a sealed book, "look here, dear. Will you promise me faithfully never again to mention this subject to a single soul, and, above all, neither to—to—your brother or myself? You cannot understand how you have pained me, but I know you will not do it again."

She turns away from the bewildered face, calling the nurse into the room, to prevent all further discussion, and having thus closed the invalid's lips, retires to her own sitting-room.

Tears of mortification and of shame stand in her eyes. Has she then so openly shown her love that a boy like Myles can detect it? But he said that Piers loved her; can that be true? and if so, what then? His tongue is tied, his lips are sealed for ever, and thus her father, who loved her, at any rate at the latter end of his life, has raised up a barrier which can never be thrown down between her and happiness. She sits on and on in her room; she hears doors opening and shutting, sounds of hurrying to and fro; the sun is gone down; she is sitting in the dark; her love and her grief have made her selfish. Then there is a knock at the door, and Agatha comes in with tear-swollen eyes.

"Chris, will you come to Myles? He is—he is—oh, Chris, he is dying!"

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

"WHY DO YOU GO TO INDIA?"

A WEEK has passed away—a week which seems to have aged Christabel like seven years instead of seven days. Yesterday Myles was laid in his grave in the quiet peaceful churchyard, in the shadow of the great cedar-tree, and to-day Piers goes away.

During this week he has necessarily been frequently at Morselands, but has so contrived his visits that he hardly ever sees Christabel, and then only in public. If he avoids her, she equally avoids him, and thus Myles the second has put an extra battlement to that wall that Myles the first had raised with so much care.

The platonic friendship has vanished, the counsellor and the counselled have been held up in their true colours, and darkness has fallen on both.

Christabel sits in her sanctum, with an elaborate array of account-books before her, trying to do business; there are dark shadows under her eyes, but an air of painful determination about her mouth—henceforth she must live alone. Piers is out of doors with Agatha; she met him in the woods some time ago; they are talking business together—they are brother and sister, and she—— She rises and stands at the window, looking out at the autumnal landscape, beautiful with the beauty that precedes death. She cannot see them, but she can fancy them, walking together over the pine-needles, conversing as once she and Piers conversed.

She turns round suddenly, upon hearing the door open, and there stands Agatha before her, in her deep mourning, but no mourning in her attitude. Her large eyes are sparkling with wrath, her sallow cheeks have two bright spots of colour on them, and as Christabel looks her surprise, it seems to exasperate her into speech.

"Ay," she says viciously, "look surprised. I am not made of marble like you. I have a heart, and I am miserable."

"What in the world do you mean, Agatha?"

"Oh, of course you don't know," mockingly. "Well, if you don't, I will not hide it from you. Whatever other people may do, I will tell you the truth. You are driving Piers," approaching a step nearer, and bringing out her words with measured emphasis, "to India—to India—do you hear? as you have driven scores of men before away from you, because you have a heart of ice."

Christabel has grown as pale as the marble that she is accused of resembling, but her voice is full of haughtiness.

"Leave my heart alone, if you please, and explain to me what you mean."

Her non-understanding seems to frenzy Agatha.

"What I mean?" she cries, "why, that Piers loves you, as you know he does, and that you have behaved to him as you do to every one, and told him to go about his business. He has obeyed you; he leaves for India next month, and he will not come back here again. Now do you understand what I mean?"

"Sails for India next month! No, I don't understand," wearily; "but—but—I suppose it is best."

"Ah, of course it is best. Best for you, no doubt; but for me—me—how is it for me?"

"Don't cry, Agatha, but listen to me. You are under a misapprehension, I think. What has your brother told you? No, I ought not to ask that. I mean," in a whisper, "did he say it was my fault?"

"He said he was going to India next month; that he had made an exchange, and had not told me about it before, because he thought it needless to prolong my sorrow. I asked him why he had done it, and he answered that poor Myles and Grenville had cost so much money, that he was going out there, for a time, for the extra pay; that he did not mind; one country was the same as another to him. I then asked him if it were necessary, now dear Myles was gone, and he said yes, he must go anyhow; it would be better that he should. I felt certain then there was something in the background. 'Is it Christabel, Piers?' I said, and—well, he ended by saying I was never to mention the subject to him, that it was utterly impossible that he should ever marry you. I could not help it, I continued to pester him until he turned round on me quite angrily, and said, 'How can you or I either wish her to take me in poverty?' He tried to pass it off with a smile, my poor Piers, my dear, dear brother, but I understood it all then, and knew that because he is not rich you will have nothing to say to him. All I can say, Christabel, is that some day you will repent having made wretched the best man that ever breathed."

Agatha stops, out of breath from fast speaking and vehemence, and looks fiercely at Christabel; the girl is deadly pale.

"I too understand now, Agatha; nevertheless you are wrong. Now let us never mention the subject again—please."

She sinks down on the sofa, and Agatha, seeing the pain in her face, comes nearer.

"Chris—dear, dear Chris," she cries, "you like him, I am sure you love him; who could help it? Is it because he is poor, and only a captain in the army, that you will have nothing to say to him? Surely you have money enough for both! Oh, Chris!" throwing herself beside her, "oh, Chris, don't let him go—don't! it will break my heart!"

"I have nothing to do with it, Agatha," in a low strained voice, "it is none of my doing; he goes because—because—he thinks it best to do so. Now, dear, leave me. Stop, though," as Agatha rises from her seat—"will you ask your brother if he will say good-bye to me before he goes? I should like to see—him—again."

Agatha leans forward eagerly. "Yes, I will tell him. He starts by the 5.10 train. When shall I say, Chris?"

"In half an hour I shall be here."

Agatha departs at once on her errand; she half closes the door very gently, and then looks back. Christabel has fallen forward on the sofa, and buried her face in the cushions; and, with something like hope, the girl rushes down-stairs to find Piers in the garden. Much as she adores her brother, yet she stands in wholesome awe of him, and there is none of that vehemence with which she has just approached Christabel in her tones to him. She puts her arm through his coaxingly and softly, for she has a task before her which requires very delicate handling.

"Christabel wants to say good-bye to you," she says, "in half an hour, in her sanctum—you will go of course;" then, changing her matter-of-fact tone to one of gentle entreaty, "Piers, may I say something?"

"Yes, if you like: only don't try and make me alter my mind, for it is made up."

"It is this. I do not know what passed between you and Chris——"

"Agatha, I forbade you to mention that subject."

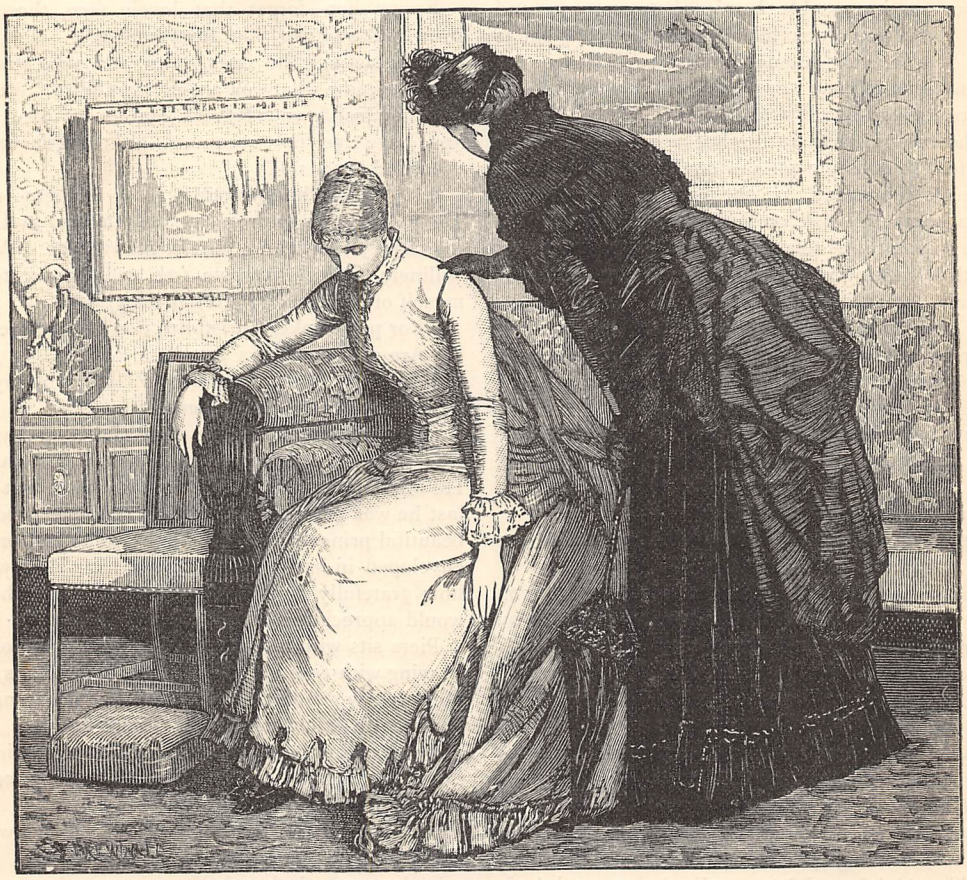
"I *must* say this. Whatever it was, she cares for you. Ah! now you are angry."

"I am," he answers—"very angry! A pretty friend you are to Christabel, to surprise her secrets, and then come and tell them to me. It is dishonourable, to say the least!"

Agatha looks penitent, but in her heart she is far from it. If she can assist in the adjustment of this dilemma, and in keeping Piers from going to India, she will use all the means that suggest themselves to her, and ought not Christabel's love to act as a powerful lever to move him from his purpose? She leaves him to think over her words, and retires with a beating heart, but a hopeful smile, to her room, to await what those adieus may bring forth. May they not bear some fruit?

Meanwhile Christabel sits on in her room, with Agatha's words dancing through her brain, and with the recollection of those words come alternate smiles and tears—smiles that he loves her, tears that that love bodes no good. Is she driving him to India? Are, indeed, those thousands of hers interposing between him and happiness? Suddenly a light breaks over her face—a ray of illumination. For a moment she looks glorified as it were by a flood of sweetest sunshine, then it fades again. How can she do this thing?—she a woman! With her head in her hand she sits and thinks till there comes a knock at the door, and Piers comes in.

"Agatha will have told you my errand, Christabel," he says abruptly. "An unpleasant one. It is always disagreeable to say 'good-bye,' but of course you understand how we can none of us be present at your coming of age now?"



"AGATHA, SEEING THE PAIN IN HER FACE, COMES NEARER" (*p.* 356).

"Yes," she answers softly, with her eyes on the carpet, and making a supreme effort to prevent that pain at her heart from rising in tears to her eyes. There is a silence after this, broken suddenly by herself.

"Piers, why are you going to India?" looking him full in the face.

He is obliged to return her gaze.

"£ s. d.," he answers laconically.

"Not now. Once, perhaps, but not now. Why do you do this and break Agatha's heart?"

"Because I have made the exchange and must abide by it."

"And you cannot revoke it?"

"Why should I?" he asks gloomily. "*You* surely must know why I prefer to put the seas between England and myself?"

"I don't, Piers," softly; then, looking up, "I want you to tell me. Why must you go to India?"

He turns and faces her sternly. "Christabel," he says, "don't torture me by asking me questions. I go because honour tells me to go, because the woman I love is as beyond my reach as the sun, because I must put an impassable barrier between you and myself. Now you know all, so good-bye. What is the use of prolonging adieus?"

"None—none," she answers mournfully. "Yes, it is torture. Good-bye, Piers."

All the colour has fled from her face; even her lips are white. It is as though she could scream with the pain she is repressing, for she knows when Piers is gone darkness will fall on her—Egyptian darkness, through which the glitter of gold will shine, filling her soul with a loathing repulsion. He sees her pale face, and recalls Agatha's words.

"My poor child," he thinks to himself; "it will be over for her soon, and for me too. Hers is a strong nature. When I am gone she will get better. Meanwhile for a speedy end to our mutual pain."

"Good-bye, little Chris," he says. "My very dear cousin, remember our covenant. May it not still hold good? If you are ever in trouble, in sorrow or anxiety, and I can help you, write to me."

Her great eyes look at him. "Agatha said I was driving you away, and it is true."

"Look here, Chris. Agatha has talked both to you and to me as she never should have talked, but you and I must be strong, and forget what she has said."

"I don't forget—I can't forget, Piers."

"But you *must*, I tell you. I mean to, and you will try? I know you will."

She shakes her head, and he draws closer.

"Christabel, you remember 'I could not love thee, dear, at all, loved I not honour more.' It cannot be otherwise."

"I am like King Midas," she answers, "starved with gold. Ah! how I have realised that myth! It is my case, Piers."

"But you could not get on without it," he answers. "Look at all the luxury around you. In this room alone, look at the furniture, the pictures, the china. I have known and watched you some time now, Christabel, and your money becomes you; and, moreover, you revel in what it gives you. Yours is a royal, generous nature, that would pine under the restrictions, the petty narrowing cares of poverty. Yes, I know you better than you do yourself."

"Do you?" she cries, with curling lip. "I doubt it. I have spent my money because I had it to spend; but is that any reason that I could not get on without it? I know that I dearly love all beautiful things, but I need not possess them to admire them. How do other people get on who have not money? They use the brains and hands and feet that God has given them, and so could I—yes, and be the happier for it."

"You could be poor?" he asks. "But this is all nonsense, Christabel. What is the use of our spending our last moments together in arguing? I must go."

"Wait. You asked me a question, and I will answer it. I could be poor, just as well as you could be rich. Now, good-bye."

"I don't understand you."

"No? Then forget what I have said. You can forget, you know."

Forget her—forget that lovely face, those divine eyes that are luring him from honour!

"Christabel," he cries, "why do you tempt me? Do you know what you are doing, child? Would you have me justify your father's opinion of me? Would you have me the scoundrel he thought me? A thousand times no!"

"My father knew nothing of you, Piers—nothing. He judged you entirely by your father, and erected my money to act as a barrier between us. What if I willingly, and of my own free will, choose to divest myself of my money? What then?"

"For pity's sake, Christabel, don't tempt me!"

"Are you afraid of a penniless wife?"

"Afraid? No! But how do I act if by my deed I render the woman I love penniless?"

"Do you remember the fairy tale of the white cat who asked the prince to cut off her head and tail? He was very unwilling to do it, you know; but when at last he was persuaded to do so, the cat turned into a beautiful princess. I am like the white cat, only I am enveloped in hard gold, and it hurts. How willingly, how gratefully would I get rid of it all to those who would appreciate and enjoy it as I do not!"

Piers sits with his face in his hands, his whole frame heaving with emotion. What a woman this is! How noble! how generous! and is he to take from her all her wealth—that money that becomes her so well, and reduce her to be the wife of a poor soldier? He raises his eyes to hers. The usually calm cool eyes are full of tears.

"Christabel, my darling, my love," he whispers, "why do you not leave me to the course I had resolved upon? I thought I was strong, but your dear words have shaken me. I had hoped to carry out my part bravely to the bitter end, but if it cost you suffering too, I cannot."

"I could not let you go, Piers."

The sweet face is covered with crimson blushes, the golden head is bowed lower and lower till hidden in her hands. Like a wave of shame and horror, it comes over her what she has done. Love is quick, and Piers divines her thoughts. Proud himself, he feels for pride in others.

"My love—my own love," he whispers, and puts his arm round her waist. "Oh, Chris! if the devotion of my whole life can atone for what I am to rob you of, it is yours. My sweet, I am content to beggar my future wife since my love is sufficiently great to accept a benefit. But once more, darling, do you forget your father and his horror of me and mine?"

"He did not know you, or he would never have acted as he did. I cannot bear to go against his wishes, I loved him so, Piers. I have been so lonely, so lonely since he died; but I feel sure if he had only known you he would never have made such conditions. I think he would like me to be happy rather than rich. You are so like him. That is what first attracted me in you."

"And yet we are such distant relations. My poor little darling, you shall never be lonely again as long as I am with you. But, sweetheart, before we go any further, or you and I consider ourselves engaged, I must insist on your consulting your friends. I cannot act the part of the thief in the dark; and till you receive their answers, we must be nothing more than very dear friends—eh, darling?"

Christabel murmurs something about its not mattering to other people what she does, which makes Piers smile, but does not alter his decision. For another quarter of an hour they sit on, talking as only lovers can talk, till the door opens, and Agatha comes in.

"Piers, the trap is at the door. Chris, may I drive him?" and then comes a flood of glad light over her face, but she has the discretion to say nothing.

Christabel looks up as from a happy dream.

"Drive him?" she asks.

"I am going, Chris," he answers.

"Oh, yes, I remember. You came to say good-bye, did not you, Piers? We will both go with him, Agatha, and then you will have me to drive back with you;" and with a happy blush she runs out of the room to put on her hat.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

GATHERING UP THE THREADS.

IT is the twelfth of November, and to-day Christabel comes of age. She wakes very early—so early that it seems like the middle of the night to her, and all that she has gone through during the last ten days rises to her memory and keeps her from falling asleep again. Countless letters, full of reproach, blame, sorrow; visits in person from Cousin John and various other relations; angry epistles from trustees, friends, acquaintances, all with but one object—to try and deter her from her determination to marry her cousin; epithets of abuse, of opprobrium, heaped upon Piers. She recalls them all, and trembles as she thinks of the ordeal before her to-day—that of proclaiming openly that he is her chosen husband, and that, of her own free will, she prefers him to her money. He will be there, though; and with him by her side she feels strong enough to face any amount of opposition, sneers, anger, sarcasm, all of which she feels sure she will have to encounter.

And other support she will have, too. Lord Henry and Mrs. Vanstone are here as an engaged couple, having, strange to say, made up their minds to become man and wife two days after Piers and Christabel had on their parts arrived at a similar conclusion, just as the news had been communicated to Mrs. Vanstone, but before ever it had officially reached Lord Henry's ears. That he might have guessed something of the kind—seeing he had travelled with Piers up to town, and that that guileless individual had asked him if Mrs. Vanstone was sure to be in Belgrave Square, as he wanted particularly to speak to her—was probable; but at any rate he had wooed and won Mrs. Vanstone as a woman who, on marrying him, would lose all her money, and had been duly surprised when the fair widow had produced Christabel's letter from her pocket announcing what had happened. They have both urgently remonstrated with the girl, using such arguments as would necessarily strengthen her in her determination; and having thus done their duty, they are prepared to enter with fortitude into those good things which her folly secures to them; and their support, though unspoken, Christabel knows to be as strong as her own and Piers' determination. Then there is Mrs. Loftus, who cannot be persuaded by her husband to regard her "dear little cousin," as she calls her, as a sinner; and last, but by no means least, Lady Lithsdale has ranged herself on the side of her favourite, and insists on keeping to her bargain and being at Morselands for the coming of age.

No; it will not be so very formidable, after all; though Christabel, like most nice women—alas! their number grows fewer every day—shrinks from creating a sensation, and dreads the nine days' wonder her action will entail. She dreads it even more for Piers than for herself. She guesses rather than knows all that he has had to endure for her sake; the very rough treatment he has received at Cousin John's hands; the many hard things that have been said to him; and she longs for it all to be over.

She and Piers have agreed that, after all, they will go to India together. They are not rich, although Christabel is not penniless, as she has her mother's fortune of £5,000; they are young, and Christabel especially, inheriting something of her father's vagrant propensities, is most anxious to see the world. They have incurred odium in England, and forfeited the regard of some of their relations; and, further, Mr. Loftus refuses any longer to give Agatha a home. It has cut the girl to the heart, and has wounded Mrs. Loftus as her husband has never wounded her before, but the result is that Agatha is to accompany the newly-married couple to India.

There are, therefore, take it altogether, more clouds than sunshine in the horizon, yet Christabel has never felt so happy before. She rises at last, dresses, and goes down-stairs, more beautiful in her new happiness than she has ever been in her riches. So thinks Lady Lithsdale, as she kisses her warmly, wishing her many, many happy returns of the day; so thinks Mrs. Vanstone as she does the same; and so thinks Lord Henry, priding himself on how truly he has gauged the soul that looks out of those lovely eyes. Nearly every one, however, wishes her "good morning," and gives her their congratulations as they would to a victim about to be sacrificed, which awakes Christabel's sense of the ludicrous, and makes her respond with extra cheerfulness.

Later in the morning comes the business of the day.

First appears Mr. Loftus from the hotel at Hawbury, having declined Christabel's hospitality; next comes Piers from the Rectory; and, lastly, the two lawyers from the firm of Smith and Evans, by an early train from London. They have all been informed of Christabel's resolution, but in so far as she is not yet married to Piers, the money is still hers, and she has to go through all the necessary legalities, at the same time announcing, in a low and trembling voice, that it will only be hers till next month, when she will forfeit it on her marriage with Captain Vanstone.

The formal announcement produces formal remonstrances. Mr. Loftus loses his temper, and amazes the company by the roughness of his speech, in the middle of which Christabel rises, with all the dignity of which she can, when necessary, display so large a share.

"Come, Lady Lithsdale," she says, with a smile at Piers, "we have done our part; we will go."

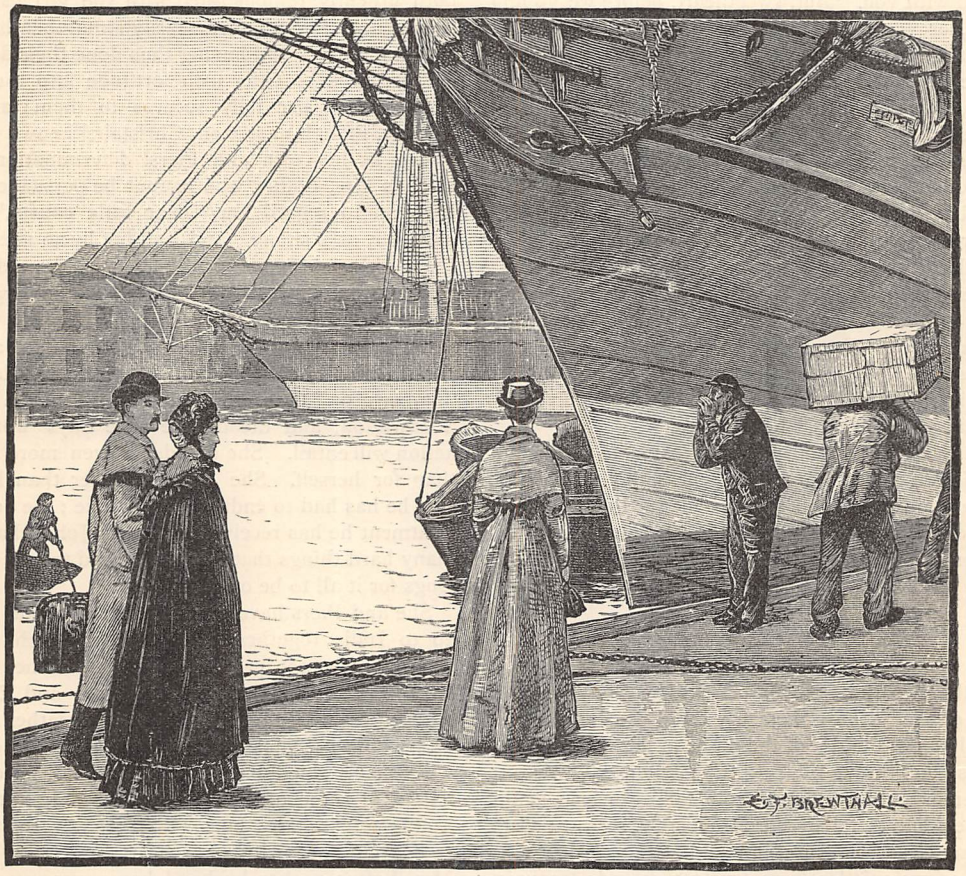
She moves towards the door, and before Mr. Loftus has recovered himself, disappears, followed by all the ladies of the party.

"She was always so headstrong," murmurs Lord Henry; "so very, very headstrong."

"Headstrong!" says Mr. Loftus; "had she been my daughter I would have kept her on bread and water."

So much for "charming Cousin Christabel!"

It is over now; the guests are all dispersed, and Piers and Christabel have enough to do to prepare for their wedding. Fortunately, the departure is delayed for a fortnight, which gives the two girls time to make all necessary arrangements and procure their outfits.



"THE WEEK FOLLOWING SEES THEM, ACCOMPANIED BY AGATHA, EMBARK FOR INDIA" (*p.* 361).

Mrs. Vanstone is most kind and thoughtful. To do her justice, much as she is rejoiced at the turn affairs have taken, priding herself on her extremely judicious behaviour throughout, still she is sincerely sorry to rob her step-daughter. Indeed, she would like to come to some arrangement with her, but Lord Henry will not consent to such a thing, nor will Christabel and Piers hear of it. They have, with their eyes open, disobeyed Myles Vanstone's wishes, and they must bear the consequences. Mrs. Vanstone wonders at their philosophy, wonders at Christabel's spirits, wonders at everything, but yet understands faintly the explanation given:—

"You see, mamma, I shall have Piers."

So one cold day in December they are married, with Agatha and the two little girls for bridesmaids, and a select party of friends present. It is a quiet wedding, for the trip is to be to India, and circumstances are not altogether *couleur de rose*. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Loftus is present as a guest, but in the gallery of the church sits a lady in a shabby black dress, who cries all through the service, and prays fervently for blessings on the bride's head.

Nothing can separate them now: no hard words, no guardians or trustees. They go to Lithsdale for a three days' honeymoon, and the week following sees them, accompanied by Agatha, embark for India, Christabel with a look of happiness on her face, such as Christabel the heiress, with all her brightness and high spirits, had never worn.

A month afterwards Mrs. Vanstone sees her heart's desire accomplished, and herself united to Lord Henry Musgrave. If money and connections make a woman happy, then Sylvia Musgrave is happy, for she has plenty of both; yet those who know her best are wont to say that the fretful expression has deepened considerably on her face, and that Lord Henry as a husband is not quite the same as Lord Henry as a lover. Be that as it may, Lady Henry sufficiently retains her own way to send out twice a year to India a box from her and Christabel's former dressmaker, containing all that a woman's heart can desire in the way of dress, regardless of expense, and to feel some pleasure in reflecting that, although Christabel is now poor, she will, at any rate, be properly attired. She keeps up a fairly active correspondence with her step-daughter, and so far overcomes her natural indolence as to send her out some of the numerous newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets with which Lord Henry fills the house; and sometimes, as she reads the thin sheets of paper that come in response from India, full of bright contentment, she sighs. By-and-by arrives the news of Agatha's marriage to one of Piers' brother-officers—satisfactory to all parties; later, Piers himself writes to announce the birth of a son, to be named Myles, after Christabel's father; and then comes a hiatus—they are moving from one station to another, and have their hands quite full. But the next letter is a long one from Christabel, chiefly about her son, but relating how, curiously enough, they have run against the General Marston to whom Piers' grandfather had left all his money, consequent upon his daughter's behaviour. He is a delightful old man, she writes; so attached to India that he cannot make up his mind to leave it, having lost his wife and only child there, and dreading the return in his desolation to England, where he will find everything altered from what he left it. So he lingers on and on, in spite of the doctor's warnings, in his beautiful home at Simla, where Piers, she and the baby are to spend their leave with him. He has taken immensely to Piers, and Piers to him, and is her devoted slave. Lady Henry smiles as she reads this letter, and hands it to her husband.

"It would be very nice, would it not, if it were to come so? They might even afford to live at Vanstone, which appears to be Christabel's ideal of bliss."

"There is many a slip," growls Lord Henry, for every time he reads Christabel's letters it strikes him more forcibly that his revenge for her former disdain has somewhat missed fire; "and Christabel is not a woman who will deliberately go in for a winning game—else, with her face, she might cajole the old man out of anything, unless her temper gets in the way."

"You are always talking of Chris's temper. I never saw it."

"Didn't you?" he sneers; "then you must have been both blind and deaf. I saw it very considerably the day of her coming of age, for instance; and so, I fancy, did John Loftus."

But Christabel's temper apparently does not come in the way, for when, four years afterwards, General Marston dies, he leaves the whole of his large fortune to his cousin, Piers Vanstone, and to his eldest son after him, as restitution for what he had formerly involuntarily deprived him of.

And when the lease of seven years, for which the tenants of Vanstone Abbey hold it, expires, Piers and Christabel and their children take possession of the old home, none the worse for the days of their poverty spent in India.

Save that she is much paler, Christabel comes home more beautiful than she went out, and almost the first person she goes to see with her two children is Mrs. Loftus. Cousin Susan receives her in a flood of contrite tears, and calls her husband into the drawing-room. He comes in, looking somewhat ashamed of himself, but quickly recovers his old serenity and facetious manner.

"It is forgive and forget, eh, Christabel?" he asks, and she laughingly assents—

"On condition that you allow that I was right," she insists, in her old manner.

"Of course you were, fair cousin, and I was a fool. You and Piers are matched as well as paired; there is no doubt about that. Come and dine with us to-night."

And they go.

THE END.

AN AMERICAN PRISON.

THERE are three great prisons in the State of New York, those of Sing Sing, Clinton, and Auburn. Each is a so-called State prison; that, is one in which only those convicts are confined who have offended against the State laws. The criminals convicted in the United States or Federal courts have special prisons provided for them—as, for example, in New York State, the penitentiary at Albany.

Every one, from the highest to the lowest—and we have such in America—even the most ignorant feels competent to discuss the subject of convict contract

labour. The other phases of the question, involving prison discipline, punishments, and the solution of that difficult problem—In what degree shall a prison be made a reformatory? are relegated to the experts.

It was the privilege of the writer some time ago to inspect the great prison at Auburn, and from what he saw on that occasion, added to subsequent study of the subject, he feels convinced that the prison system there in vogue, while admitting of certain modifications and improvements, and confessedly weak at several points, is on the whole as efficient, as nicely adjusted in its various parts, and as humane in its operation, as any other in the world.

A difficult question, this of our prisons. It must never be forgotten that a large majority of the convicts will eventually gain their liberty and be turned loose upon society. They are presumably the most depraved element of the population, and their presence in any community is fraught with the gravest danger. The nice adjustment of prison discipline so as to inflict the necessary punishment, and at the same time lead to a reformation of the criminal, at least to send him forth a man who shall not thereafter be a constant menace to society, demands not only a keen and intelligent judgment, but also a wise and broad philanthropy.

Auburn is one of a number of those fair cities which are the pride of central New York. To all Americans it is especially interesting as being the home of the late William H. Seward, Abraham Lincoln's Secretary of State. Broad avenues, beautiful homes, prosperity, and even luxury visible in every direction, it is an odd fortune that has placed a great prison within her limits. Entering by the great gate, we passed through a broad courtyard into the waiting-room of the Warden. A keeper was detailed to conduct us through the prison, and point out to us its various features. What with its numerous factories and workshops, the whirl and noise of machinery, the bustle and activity all about us—for all must work whose health permits—it was hard to imagine that all the operatives we saw were criminals, outcasts from society, handicapped on their discharge in every walk of life by the stigma and ignominy of their present servitude. But one quite forgets the crime when looking at the criminal. We ask the keeper, not what did this one *do*, but *how long* is he in for? Human nature is full of sympathy.

"That man over there working so industriously at his last, when will *he* come out?" I ask our guide.

"He is in for life," was the reply. "But," he added, "do not waste your sympathy. The life men fare the best." By which he would have me understand, not that they receive different treatment in the prison, but that, as a matter of fact, which statistics prove, very few life sentences are ever served. The power of pardon vested in the Governor, the supreme authority in the State, is too often exercised after a few years to open the prison gates to the life (?) convict. Indeed, this sentimental discrimination is so well known that a sentence of fifteen or twenty years is far more dreaded by the criminal classes. The abuse of the pardoning power is a crying evil in many of the States to-day. Several have gone so far as to deprive their Governors of this prerogative and vest it in a Board of Pardons, composed of five or seven members, of whom the Governor is one *ex officio;* and to this Board all applications are referred, and decisions are rendered by a majority vote. But in New York State the Governor still holds this really kingly power. It is a strange anomaly in a republican form of government, only equalled by the veto power lodged in the same official, and exercised—be it said to his honour—with remarkable discretion and wisdom, yet still exercised and often proving a formidable obstacle to bad legislation. Upon the completion of his term of office it is not unusual for a Governor to signalise the event by bestowing three or four pardons on some particularly deserving convicts. It is a bad practice, and can be defended only upon purely sentimental grounds.

Having completed our tour of the workshops, we were next conducted to the dining-room, which also serves as a chapel where divine service is held each Sunday. This room is large and airy, neatly whitewashed, and furnished with long deal tables running in parallel rows its entire length. The food provided is plain and wholesome: bread and coffee for breakfast, soup and potatoes for dinner (with an occasional bit of meat as a substitute for soup), and tea and bread for supper. The men are absolutely forbidden to speak with one another, either at work—except as their labours demand—or at meals. Imagine a dinner without conversation! They march single file to and from meals, to and from work, and finally to their cells at night. They are always attended by keepers heavily armed. Insubordination is very rare, and always severely punished.

Our attention was next directed to the cells of the prisoners, the holes—they seemed scarcely better—into which these fifteen hundred men are locked at night, and left to their own meditations. Hitherto, the general air of the place had not been that of a prison; but now, as we beheld corridor after corridor of these peep-holes in the walls, and knew that they were the nightly habitation of human beings, we began to realise how unspeakably awful it is to suffer the merely physical penalties of wrong-doing. Each cell is in dimensions about seven feet by four, and contains a bunk and a stool. It is neatly whitewashed, and its inmate is required to keep it perfectly clean. It was touching to note the rude attempts at decoration in which several occupants had been allowed to indulge. Here was a cheap picture pasted on the wall; there a little knick-knack, that probably came from some loved hand, and was hallowed by a score of tender associations. Yes, these are but straws, I know, but they certainly show a great truth, that in every human heart there is one soft spot; and though crime and wickedness cover it up until it seems, indeed, as if nought could penetrate their flinty tissue, yet there it is, and it may be only a simple love-token that can prove it still exists. So please, stern keeper, do not begrudge the little decoration of your prisoners' cells. It will do no harm.

The sanitary arrangements of institutions such as this present a very difficult problem; but at Auburn it is overcome by the best methods that can be devised by constant watchfulness and rigorous discipline.

On our way from the cells we passed through an inner waiting-room, and there beheld a touching scene. A convict, in the presence of a keeper, was receiving a visit from his wife and little daughter. Oh, rare glimpse of happiness to the wretched man! Oh, humane system that permits even so little to cheer a broken heart! I cannot but feel that it is an evidence of the highest wisdom, on the part of the prison authorities, in thus allowing an occasional visit from the nearest relatives of a prisoner; it is carrying out the reformatory idea in the best and most beneficent manner. A woman's tears and a child's laughter will do more to touch that soft spot in the heart than all other human means put together. The convict is shut out from the society which he has wronged, but by these brief moments of happiness, permitted to him by a justice that is also merciful, he is made to feel that he is not utterly cast down—that there is still one link that binds him to his fellow-men.

I will pass quickly over the dark side of prison life—the punishments, which seem to many, unacquainted with the subject, so barbarous and inhuman—the solitary confinement, the shackles, the heavy iron cage or muzzle, which we saw one poor fellow bearing on his shoulders for some infraction of prison rules. But in general the men are all on their good behaviour. And they have something more than the negative reason of immunity from cage or shackles to keep them so; they have the positive incentive of a commutation of sentence. By a recent law of the State of New York, the good behaviour of a convict, duly certified to by the prison authorities, reduces his term of incarceration in a certain definite ratio to the term of sentence. The working of this law has proved most happy. It was another long advance in the reformatory spirit of prison administration.

We bade farewell to the Warden, walked again through the broad court, and heard the great gate clash behind us as we passed into the street; and, looking up at the walls of the gaol, as we saw the sentries pacing up and down the ramparts, each one of us felt that during that brief visit to Auburn Prison he had learned something new of human misery and woe, and, at the same time, had discovered that in this mighty working of the State's strong arm there was everywhere the plainest evidence that justice was tempered with Christian charity.

WALTER SQUIRES.

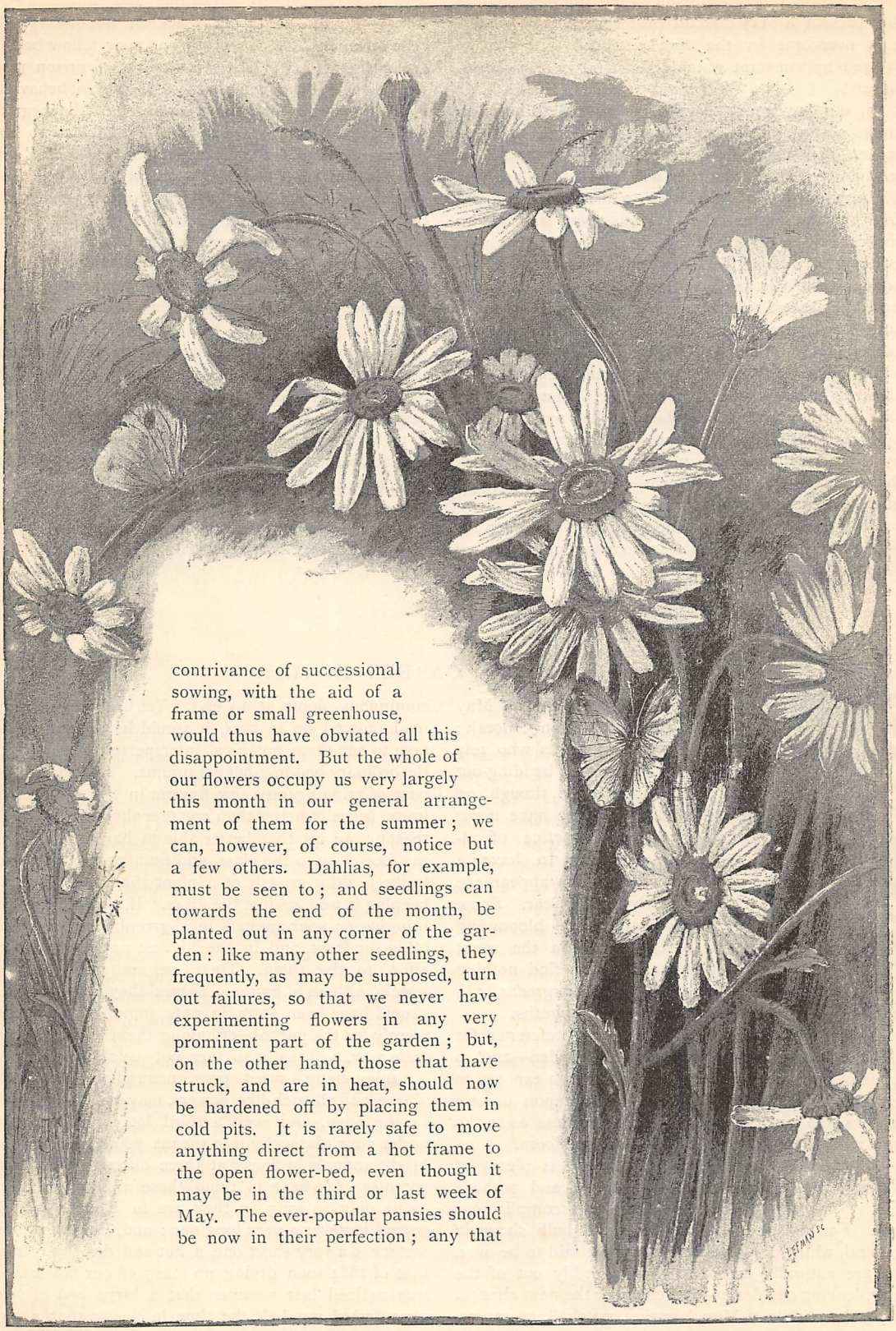
THE FLOWER GARDEN IN MAY.

WE gardeners may fairly call May our transformation month; certainly those of us who rely wholly upon the bedding-out system may do so, though, on the other hand, we have never held to the practice of allowing a garden to have a dreary, desert-like appearance for nearly half a year. Some sort of consecutive bloom and brightness, even though in the worst season of the year we can find nothing better than variegated evergreens, can be maintained through the twelve long months.

Having in view, then, our decided preference for plenty of prolonged brilliancy in the garden—and in some of our small gardens that are much exposed to view this is almost forced of necessity upon us—we may as well give at the outset a few hints as to the best method of maintaining consecutive bloom.

What we want, then, for our purpose is plenty of pot culture, and our small greenhouse, and perhaps single frame, may be well utilised to accomplish our end. For instance, our hyacinth and bulb shows in general, which about this time may be said to be over, we are naturally anxious to get speedily out of the way, leaving our flower-beds clear for the next change.

By the middle of May, however, we shall, of course, for some months, find most of our difficulty to obtain continuous bloom at an end. Yet had we a few annuals forced on in pots, it would be a great advantage to set them out now, interspersed with a few of the ordinary bedding-out geraniums. And for the purpose of bringing on a few flowers in pots, an ordinary frame is really better than our greenhouse, and for this reason: we are then better able to have our pots with the face close to the glass, and nothing conduces more to the healthy growth of a plant than the practice of keeping it well against the glass. If, however, you are bringing on your annuals in a greenhouse, grow them all in the front, and in the highest part that you can afford to give them. There are many flowers, then, which, although by their nature they do not need it, should have been sown in pots some little time back, merely for the purpose of having them in an advanced state now, and ready to turn out—such, for example, as mignonette, sweet peas, nemophila, stocks, &c. These, and all such-like flowers, may also be sown now in the open, and even a third lot forced on again under your glass: by this means you will have these bright annuals in flower at three different times of the summer; for, bear in mind, these annuals are useful to us only so long as they are in bloom, and this period is never a very long one; and, indeed, in some instances a very short one, a hot and dry summer like that of 1884 soon drying up many of our flowers. It was noticed last summer that a large bed of sweet peas lasted not half the time in flower that a similar bed did in 1883. A little management by this



contrivance of successional sowing, with the aid of a frame or small greenhouse, would thus have obviated all this disappointment. But the whole of our flowers occupy us very largely this month in our general arrangement of them for the summer; we can, however, of course, notice but a few others. Dahlias, for example, must be seen to; and seedlings can towards the end of the month, be planted out in any corner of the garden: like many other seedlings, they frequently, as may be supposed, turn out failures, so that we never have experimenting flowers in any very prominent part of the garden; but, on the other hand, those that have struck, and are in heat, should now be hardened off by placing them in cold pits. It is rarely safe to move anything direct from a hot frame to the open flower-bed, even though it may be in the third or last week of May. The ever-popular pansies should be now in their perfection; any that

are blooming finer than the rest should have a mark set on them for seed, as it is far better to have your seed from a few flowers that have bloomed finely than by-and-by to take off seed-pods indiscriminately. And the heartsease, again, can be kept in flower for a longer time if you pull off at once any bloom that you see at a glance will be a failure, as by this means you strengthen the whole plant, and no doubt add size and beauty to those blooms that have yet to come. And, moreover, unless you positively want some seed for another season, it is best to allow no seed-pod to ripen itself on your plant, as every one that is allowed to remain on much weakens your whole plant. And these pansies are well worth a little painstaking, as any one who has seen a garden where thorough attention is paid to them could testify.

Then, next, about the roses we must have a few words. Stocks which last autumn we planted for budding will now be throwing out shoots. Now all these shoots, with the exception of the top two or three shoots, should be carefully and thoroughly cut off or rubbed off close to the stock, so as to throw all the strength into the upper ones on which you intend in July next to bud. And these, again, should be carefully chosen, for only the really strong shoots should be selected for budding purposes.

And roses of all kinds that are already growing on your stocks must this month be carefully examined, the stock shoots rubbed off, and the suckers got up, as these, if allowed to remain on, will soon exhaust, and perhaps altogether destroy, your standard rose. And sometimes, especially where bedding-out plants—geraniums, &c.—are planted out among the roses, and in close proximity to the stocks of your standards, you will find that the foliage of your bedding-out plants has managed to conceal from your view two or three obstinate suckers, which have on that account gone on growing a long time, and damaging your standard roses without your being aware of it. A little diligent search, then, for suckers, under these circumstances, should be made at intervals all round, and at some little distance from the base of your stock.

By the end of the month, the double wallflower will be out of bloom, and will then throw out a good many shoots. These, when they are large enough to handle easily, should be stripped off, and can then be struck under a hand-glass in a shady border. But then these young shoots should be got off whilst they are young, and when, at the outside, not more than an inch and a half long.

Sweet Williams, too, may be similarly served. The shoots, when taken off quite young, will strike more readily, and make better plants. Indeed, all biennials may well be sown now, as well as perennials, if you think of raising them from seed. More often than not, however, we propagate the latter by parting the roots when they have gone out of bloom. The pieces, when parted, should not be too small; but a good heart and piece of root ought to give you a good plant. And bear in mind that in our system of gardening we attach much importance to our perennials.

FAITH.

WHAT thing is faith? Ask thou the gleesome boy
Who for the first time breasts the buoyant wave;
'Tis faith that leads him with adventurous joy
To follow where they plunge, his comrades brave.
Ask thou the boor who eats and drinks and sleeps,
And loves and hates and hopes, and fears and prays,
Fishes and fowls, work-day and Sabbath keeps,
And, where life's sign-post points his path, obeys.

Or ask the sage, with subtle-searching looks,
Well trained all things in heaven and earth to scan;
Or ask the scholar primed with Greekish books:
All live by faith of what is best in man.
Or him, sharp-eyed, with fine atomic science,
The loves and hates of lively dust pursuing;
Who tortures Nature with all strange appliance
To drag to light the secret of her doing.

Ask thou the captain who with guess sublime
Mapped forth new worlds on his night-watching pillow,
And saw in vision a fresh start of time,
Big with grand hopes beyond the Atlantic billow.
Ask thou the soldier who on bristling lances
Rushes undaunted, breathing valorous breath,
And, where his leader cheers him on, advances
To glorious victory o'er huge heaps of death.

Or ask the patriot who, when foes were strong,
And faithless friends had sold their rights for pelf,
Waits till harsh need and shame rouse the base throng
Into the high-souled echo of himself.
Ask thou the statesman, when the infuriate mob
Brays senseless vetoes on his wisest plans;
Unmoved he stands, his bosom knows no throb;
His eye the calm evolving future scans.

Or ask the martyr, who, when tyrants tear
His quivering flesh, with calm assurance dies;
Sweet life he loves, but scorns to breathe an air
Drugged with the taint of soul-destroying lies.
In such know faith, faith or in man or God,
In thine own heart, or tried tradition's stream;
'Tis one same sun that paints the flowery sod,
And shoots from pole to pole the quickening beam.

God is the Power which shapes this pictured scene,
Soul of all creatures, substance of all creeds;
Faith intuition quick and instinct keen
To know His voice and follow where He leads.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

VEGETABLE COOKERY—ENGLISH AND FOREIGN.

IT must, we think, be granted that the English are sadly behind other nations in the preparation of vegetable dishes, especially when it is remembered that thousands, every year, when touring abroad, partake of them served as separate courses. It is certainly strange that they fail to introduce them in the same way at their own tables on their return home. Without desiring to preach vegetarianism, we must own that vegetarians of the well-to-do class do set upon their tables very daintily-cooked products of the vegetable kingdom, though it must be added that their consumption of eggs and butter is by no means limited. It needs but a passing thought of the truly delightful delicacies which are served daily by American hostesses; of the savoury stews, fragrant with herbs, made in such perfection by even the humblest French peasant; and of German cookery, with its long list of soups, in which milk plays so prominent a part, to assure English housewives that they may, if they will, gain many hints which, if put into practice, cannot fail to materially reduce that bugbear—the weekly meat bill.

Many of the most popular American vegetables, including green corn, and several kinds of beans, may, fortunately, be bought in tins, thus enabling all to enjoy a real treat, as all good grocers keep or will get them for their customers. New York is *the* place for tomatoes; wonderful concoctions owe their basis to this health-giving vegetable (fruit, some call it), a favourite recipe being *Tomatoes and Cheese*, the former cut into halves and seasoned highly, then spread with grated cheese, covered with bread-crumbs, sprinkled with salad oil, and baked in a hot oven.

A hot-weather refresher is a dish of thinly-sliced tomatoes, seasoned with pepper, salt, and sugar; crushed ice being laid over it just before serving. A tasty morsel is frequently concocted from minced game, a little good gravy, and sliced tomatoes, baked in a pie-dish. Sometimes macaroni is added to the rest.

Tomato Salad must not be overlooked; as served in the States it is a real luxury. The dressing of hard-boiled eggs, vinegar, oil, and the usual condiments, made thick, receives the addition of a lump of ice, stirred in long enough to make it very cold. The thinner the tomatoes are sliced, the better the salad will be. The dish is then set upon ice until required.

Celery Salad is made in the same way; the choicest and crispest morsels being chosen. It should be prepared just before it is eaten, or the vinegar will detract from the crispness.

Tomatoes, as well as many other vegetables, are very delicious fried in batter. A true French method of cooking cauliflowers is to divide them into pieces of an equal size; parboiling, then dipping them, when cold, into thick batter, and frying them to a delicate brown. Celery and asparagus are particularly good this way. A reliable recipe for French batter, for vegetables, is as follows:—Dissolve two ounces of butter in a quarter-pint of hot water; add the same quantity of cold water to make it lukewarm, then mix it with half a pound of fine flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Lastly, add the white of one egg, beaten to a stiff froth.

Cauliflower à la Française is very nice; the vegetable is divided before boiling, then arranged in the dish to resemble one large one. It is covered with good melted butter, with which a little lemon-juice has been mixed. The same dish makes its frequent appearance in France with a thick layer of grated cheese—Parmesan as a rule—over the melted butter. A coating of bread-crumbs covers it, with liquefied butter poured over. A few minutes in the oven completes it.

Vegetable marrows do duty on the Continent as cases for vegetables of many kinds. For instance, small marrows are boiled as usual, then cut in half lengthwise, a slice being taken from each to make it stand even in the dish. The seeds and soft part are removed, and the inside filled with a rich mince of vegetables: turnips, carrots, celery, or cauliflowers; or a mixture of any kinds in season, which may be stewed in gravy or white sauce, or, as is often the case, curried. The top should be garnished with parsley and boiled beetroot, when the effect is very pretty.

We would urge on our readers the great advantage they would derive by cooking vegetables (the cabbage family excluded) in butter, instead of water, thus retaining, instead of throwing away, the greater part of the flavour and nutriment. The cost and trouble are not great, and the result—well, we ask any housekeeper to try the plan and judge for herself. Turnips, or parsnips, should be peeled, and thinly sliced, and to each pound add about three ounces of butter; set on the range where they will cook thoroughly and gradually, and, when nearly done, season nicely, adding, if liked, chopped parsley. The French put in a few drops of lemon-juice as well. Carrots, unless very young, had better be parboiled; but quite small ones may be cooked in this way. The same process—it goes without saying—may be adopted for green peas; they require three or four ounces of butter to a quart of peas, measured after shelling. The addition of a tea-spoonful of white sugar, a quarter ditto of salt, and a sprig of mint, completes this dish, a truly delicious one if the peas are young.

A nice way to cook French or kidney beans, is to boil them in water in the usual way for about five minutes, then to finish the cooking as above, adding a spoonful of lemon-juice and a sprinkling of white pepper just before serving. Some cooks like the addition of minced parsley, and either the peas or beans may be moistened with gravy or stock thickened a little.

An American mode of cooking white cabbage (and

it answers equally well for brocoli) is to boil it, then to chop it up, adding an egg and a little milk, with seasoning to taste. Spinach may be served as above; another nice way is to boil it, drain, chop fine, and return it to the saucepan with a spoonful or two of cream or butter, and a bit of salt and sugar; turn into a dish, press the top flat, and serve with poached or fried eggs.

Asparagus and *Sea-Kale*, very nice plainly boiled, and served with melted butter or white sauce, are suited to great variety in their treatment. One good way is to mince the best parts and cook them in a little milk; when done, thicken with flour and butter, and fill pâté cases with the mixture; they may be of pastry, or fried bread, hollowed before frying, by scooping out the middle, so as to hold the mince. *Asparagus Omelettes* are delicious; only the points should be used, previously boiled of course.

Salsafy, or *Oyster Plant*, deserves to become better known, especially by lovers of the oyster, the flavour of which it much resembles. It is particularly nice parboiled, then dipped in batter, or egg and bread-crumbs, and fried crisp; or it may be scalloped in the same way that oysters are. Our remarks on the cooking of vegetables in butter apply with force to *Artichokes*. When they are required for soup it will be found a vast improvement to stew them until tender, in a small quantity of butter, before adding them to the stock.

Though we may not stay to speak of soups in detail, we should like to give a Continental hint about *Green Pea Soup*. Always cook the shells in the stock, and extract all the flavour; then, when the peas are put in, add also a little well-washed spinach, rubbing it through the sieve with the peas. Some of the latter should be boiled separately, and put in whole just before the soup is served. Some like a lettuce added with the spinach.

Very few people, maybe, however much they have relished watercress in its natural state, have made trial of it cooked; yet it will be found very delicate—especially nice with a roasted chicken—and only requires a few minutes' boiling in water slightly salted. It should be drained and pressed just as cabbage is. *Sorrel-leaves*, equally good in the same way, are a valuable addition to salads; so is borage. *Nasturtium-leaves*, too, will render almost any salad appetising; they may be mixed in a plain lettuce salad, or in one composed of boiled vegetables. One of cauliflower, beans, peas, and chopped nasturtium-leaves is excellent.

It may be news to some people that in Germany caraway-seeds and other spices are frequently added to onion sauce. Another delicious dish in that country is prepared as follows:—Moderate-sized onions are peeled and boiled until half done; then some of the inside is taken out, and a stuffing composed of bread-crumbs, grated cheese, herbs, &c., to season, hard-boiled eggs, and a little milk, is inserted. The onions are then stewed in nice gravy, or fried brown in a mixture of butter, three ounces, and sugar one ounce. The sugar gives a glazed appearance, and improves the flavour considerably.

A *Carrot Purée*, served with mutton cutlets, is very good; the outer part only of the carrot should be used for it. It requires to be grated while raw, and put into a stew-pan, with enough water to cover it. A good lump of butter, a pinch each of sugar, salt, and pepper should be added. When done, rub through a hair sieve, add milk and a little flour, and boil up; it ought to be a thick pulp. When milk is not liked, let stock take the place of the water at first, and thicken with brown roux or flour. In boiling carrots (unless meat is cooked with them) a lump of butter or dripping should always be put into the water, as it mellows them very much. Parsnips may be mixed with carrots in a purée when liked, and cold parsnips fried are very nice. Abroad, chopped parsley is frequently stirred into a dish of mashed parsnips, which also receives the addition of a little hot milk or cream, as well as salt and pepper.

Beetroot, except as pickle, is not much used, though it is very good baked or stewed. For stewing, young ones should be boiled until nearly cooked, then peeled and sliced into a stew-pan with a little vinegar, minced shalot, and gravy, and simmered until tender; they require to be rather highly seasoned. To bake them, wash, but do not peel, cook in a gentle oven, then peel, and serve with gravy or melted butter.

Mushrooms need but little mention, as the chief point to remember in cooking them is not to overpower their natural flavour. Just a dash of lemon-juice develops it, and is therefore an improvement.

Italians, famed the world over for their skill in cooking *Macaroni*, serve delicious purées of tomatoes mixed with macaroni; or the latter may be boiled in milk, then piled in the centre of a dish, and tomato sauce poured round. Grate cheese over the macaroni, cover with bread-crumbs and oiled butter, and make hot in the oven. Onion sauce, either brown or white, may be substituted for the tomato sauce.

Haricot Beans, so valuable a substitute for meat, must close our paper. We have often noticed recipes for boiling them, in which directions for straining were given; this is the one thing that should *not* be done; they should never be cooked, whether boiled or stewed, in more water than they will absorb; neither should salt, which has a hardening tendency, be put in until they are almost done. The water should be added to them cold, and the slower they are cooked the better they will be. If mashed while warm, and mixed with herbs, a beaten egg, and milk to a thick batter, *Haricot Fritters* may be easily made from it, and will form a welcome dish in cold weather. They should be small, and fried on both sides.

A TALE TOLD UNDER THE SNOW.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

THERE was man of the world, or seafarer, written in every line and lineament of his bold brown face. Nothing of the "Jack" about him, however; nothing of the "common sailor." Though dressed from cap to boots in pilot cloth, you could see at a glance he was a gentleman. We met on a cold, snowy winter's forenoon at the corner of King Street, Aberdeen. It was a rough meeting, for a gust of nor'-east wind caught me and flung me against him. I apologised, and was cheerfully forgiven. I had time to cast one glance at the lady who leant on his arm before they went on. How much out of place she seemed, abroad in such weather! I mentally remarked upon her seeming fragility and—pardon me—her beauty; but her face was very pale, and her dark eyes shone like diamonds. Yet hers was a beauty of another clime. Was she Spanish, Tyrolese, Italian? I could not guess; but how different she looked from the rose-lipped lasses that passed up and down the street, whose fresh complexion biting Boreas seemed but to brighten and purify!

"I shall meet that pair again somewhere in the world," I said to myself as I wrapped my plaid more tightly round my chest and walked on.

I did meet them again, and sooner, than I had expected.

Business was taking me to Peterhead the very next day, and I had hardly been seated a minute in my second-class compartment before my friends—for I had really begun to look upon them as such—entered and, with a pleasant nod and smile of recognition, sat down opposite.

At Dyce, where we changed carriages, we again got into a compartment by ourselves. Indeed, there were but few passengers in the train at all. The "storm" was deep in the country. That portion of Aberdeenshire that skirts the German Ocean is flat and bleak at all times, but I had never seen it look so dreary as it did to-day. The snow-laden wind howled across it, and the leaden-blue sky could seldom be seen. It made one shiver to look out through the carriage window, especially when one thought of the storm-tossed sea that lay just beyond the woodland yonder, its foaming waters breaking ceaselessly on the frozen sands. The short afternoon wore to a close, and night was falling dark and swiftly when the train perceptibly slackened speed. The breathing of the sturdy engine became more and more laboured, and finally ceased.

We were stuck in a great wreath or bank of snow. Now we could hear the terrible raging of the snow-tempest and the sad wail of the wind. We waited and waited a weary time—it seemed quite two hours—before a creature, more like a Greenland bear than aught else, so furred with snow was it, opened the door and peeped in. It was the guard. We were miles from a station, he told us; we could not return, and it might be many hours before we were relieved—dug out. The prospect was far from cheering; but the man brought us hot water for our feet, and a lamp. We must keep the lamp warm, he said, or the oil would freeze; so we rolled the top of it up in a spare shawl and put it in a corner. It was a kind of company to us, as the guard had said it would be.

We talked for hours. Then we curled up in corners and tried to sleep. In vain. The window rattled, and the snow sifted in. We were obliged to tear up our newspapers and stuff the crevices.

I dozed at last, and awoke, shivering, in the dark. The oil was frozen. Luckily I had my travelling reading-lamp, and I lit that. But how intensely silent it was! The wind had surely gone down, nor was it so cold. The truth was, as we afterwards discovered, we were snowed over—indeed, the cutting was filled in which the train had stuck. When we pulled down the window, there was the snow. We could thrust our arms through it, or rather far into it.

We had some tea, which we tried to heat for the gentle lady over the candle of the lamp, and succeeded. I pitied her; but, wrapped in her plaids and rugs, she seemed happy and smiling.

Was it strange that, so situated, this seafarer and I should begin to talk about the sunny shores and blue sparkling seas of the Indian Ocean?

"It was there, on the coast of Africa," said the seafarer, "that I wooed and won my wife here. My wooing culminated with a bit of an adventure."

"Do tell me," I said; "and make it as long as you possibly can. Spin it out. Dwell longest on the prettiest parts of it."

He laughed and complied. But I must here make his story shorter.

"Although," he said, "I am by profession a sailor, still I believe I could make my living on land—indeed," he added, glancing affectionately at the pretty face that peeped out from the bundle of plaids and shawls in the corner, "I am not sure that I have not promised to try to do so, at all events. But four years ago I was not a benedict. I was free to rove anywhere in all the world, and rove I did. I had command of a tiny steam ocean-yacht, of which I was also half-owner. She was broad in the beam, but of no great draught—precisely the kind of vessel to explore the big rivers of Africa with.

"Ah! sir, there is money to be made by that sort of trade, and pleasure to be had, too. What was my cargo? A very pretty one, I can assure you; it consisted of ivory, lions' and leopards' skins, gum copal, spices of all kinds, and, last but not least, gold-dust.

"In addition to these oddments, I need hardly tell you that we laid in a good store of 'curios' and speci-

"HERS WAS A BEAUTY OF ANOTHER CLIME" (*p.* 368).

mens of all kinds. It was in the collecting of these latter that most of my enjoyment lay. We always filled up, however, with our paying cargo first; then, leaving our yacht at anchor in some cosy reach of the river—almost hidden, perhaps, by the trees that overhung the water—accompanied by one or two of my men, I would journey inland in search of the beautiful. Or we would drop down the river, cross the bar, and,

putting out to sea, spend weeks in and about the numerous lovely little lagoon islands that lie everywhere near the coast south of the equator."

Just at this point the seafarer appeared for a time to forget entirely that he had promised a story of adventure. He let himself drift, as it were, hither and thither on the tideway of his recollection: he gave Memory the tiller-ropes to hold, and permitted her to steer him wheresoever she pleased.

It was strange to sit there in semi-darkness and silence, buried beneath the snow, on this bitter January night, and listen to the graphic description which this stranger had to give of far-off sunny lands, of crystalline seas slumbering under noonday heat, and reflecting the blues and purples of the skies above them; of coral islands fringed with green, that seemed to float on the liquid horizon; of marine gardens, wide and wild, deep down beneath the translucent waters, where shells of every shade and colour, marvellously painted fishes, and creeping things, grotesque and horrible, had their homes amid foliage for ever gently waving to and fro as if instinct with a mysterious kind of life; or in groves of sub-oceanic shrubs, whose very stems were opalescent and their branches and fronds radiant with more than rainbow beauty; of the broad-bosomed rivers rolling seaward from the interiors; and of the great forest-lands that stretched like an ocean from horizon to horizon, silent as the grave by day, awakening at night to shriek of wild bird and hungry roar of lion. It was strange, I say, to listen to descriptions of this kind in such a situation—strange, yet pleasant.

"The first mate of my little craft," continued the seafarer, "was a man whom I had always trusted. Judged physiognomically, none would have said that guile lurked in that handsome, open face of his, with its laughing eyes of blue, and fair soft beard. I know now why this fellow played me false, and all I have to say is that if there be an excuse for such villainy as he was guilty of, Lawson—that was his name—had it.

"Just at a bend of the river Lamoo, some ninety odd miles from the sea, stands a beautiful little Portuguese village and settlement. It has its governor's house, its few white inhabitants, its fortification, and its small detachment of soldiers. The woods and forests around are constantly scoured by bands of armed Somali Indians, who bear no goodwill to either Portuguese or English.

"My welcome to this little village had been a very genuine one. Seated in the hospitable and almost European-like drawing-room of my friend, Colonel Lucas, enjoying a quiet game of draughts of an evening, or listening to music, his daughter—who now sits beside us—presiding at the piano, or accompanying her own song with the sweet, dreamy notes of the guitar, I could seldom get myself to believe that we were indeed in the centre of a savage and all but hostile country. It was so, however. You had but to go to the verandah of a night to hear the lions roar. Away over there, in the depth of the gloomy forest, they lived and prowled; and, too, on the plains and hillsides beyond the woods, burned the camp-fires of the Somalis—the most treacherous Indians that the earth holds."

"I know them well," I added.

"I came in time to look upon the village of Gil as my African home, and upon Terésa here as something dearer even than a sister. When my yacht was laden at last with everything valuable and negotiable in New York, I used to be off, but in six months' time I was sure to be back again. For two whole years I never changed one of my officers or men.

"Terésa has told me since that she used to look out for me and count the days and hours that must elapse before the week of my probable return. Well, you know, sir, I used always to bring her little presents of plants and flower-seeds, the last new books, and the latest music out.

"Next to myself—don't think me vain in saying so—Lawson was the most welcome guest at Colonel Lucas's bungalow. I cannot even give Lawson the credit of not knowing the state of my feelings towards Terésa, for, indeed, I had made him my confidant. I treated him almost as a brother, and so too did Terésa. He had a different kind of regard for her, and I dare say he came to look upon me as the only barrier to his hopes and happiness.

"I was much surprised one morning, just before setting out upon a long expedition inland, to hear Lawson express a wish to become one of our party. He was usually more inclined to enjoy the *dolce far niente* than anything approaching to an active life. I was not sorry to take him with me, however. He would be company, and besides, his servant, or boy, was an excellent guide or bushman, and mine at that time was laid up—ill.

"All went well with us; we bagged many skins; we were well armed, and could defy the Somalis, whether by night or by day. The fifth day had been a very toilsome one, and almost immediately after supper I stretched myself with my feet to the camp-fire, and fell soundly asleep at once. Treachery! treachery! When I awoke, sir, all was dark; the fire was out; I was alone—deserted. I shouted till hoarse. The only response was the echo of my own voice and the sullen roar of a lion at no great distance from me.

"I passed the night in danger and fear, and was thankful when the stars gave place to the sunlight. I am a fair woodsman, and I now commenced at once to follow the easy trail left by Lawson and the treacherous negroes. I went on and on eastwards all day. I had no arms, and had to feed as the monkeys fed, on fruits; and at night took refuge in a tree, where, fastened by my scarf to a bough, I slept, from sheer weariness, an uneasy, dreamful slumber. Next day I was so weak and ill that I could hardly walk, yet I dragged myself along till evening; then laid me down, helpless and fever-struck, beneath a tree.

"Lawson had returned and reported me dead.

"Days went past—I know not how many. I never moved from the spot where I had fallen. I have a dim kind of recollection of lying looking up at the cloudland of green foliage above me, through which the warm sunlight shone one moment—so it seemed

to me—and stars shimmered the next; and I often appeared conscious of terrible shrieks and noises near me, and of strange black shapes leaping and gibbering around. These might have existed only in my fever-dreams; but what I next remember did not. It was a sweet face bending over me, and dark eyes, tear-filled, that looked wistfully into mine. Something was held to my lips, which I swallowed; then I saw white uniforms gliding about in the bush; then I slept, I suppose, for I next opened my eyes in the bungalow.

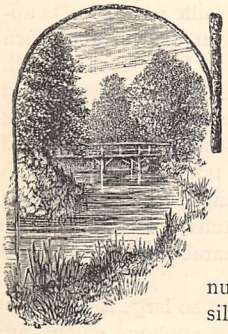
"Need I say, sir, who my rescuer had been, or who nursed me back to life? But Lawson, sir, took French leave of me and my yacht, and I have never seen him again."

Curled up in my corner, as soon as the seafarer ceased to speak I fell asleep and dreamt that I myself was back among the coral isles of the Indian Ocean.

My waking was a very matter-of-fact one. We had got clear of the snow-bank, and the train was going: puff—puff—puffing slowly on its way to Peterhead.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.



I REALLY must tell you a little more about the new silks of the season, for to me they are quite a novel departure, and worth having, as well as good to look at. If you pay a long price, you will get a stuff that you may fairly hope to hand down to posterity. But for a reasonable price there are a number of very pretty kinds of silks which may be bought with every confidence that they will last as well as you have any right to expect. For young people, especially, there are some inexpensive figured tussores, having stripes upon them of such interblended colouring as red, green, and blue, quite infinitesimal in pattern; and, seeing how fashionable everything of the nature of canvas is, I should strongly suggest that any would-be purchasers of such materials should turn their attention to the canvas tussore, which is very firm, and has an excellent appearance.

Shot silks, whatever the manufacturers who have a good stock in hand may please to say, are very little in demand, save and except shot surah, which, from the softness of its make, shows up the shot to the best advantage; it is employed to make up with cashmeres, and a great deal may be had in mixtures of greens, reds, browns, and other prevailing tones.

There are many new season silks, only intended to be used for blending with other stuffs, in the way of trimming. I will describe a few, which are likely to prove very useful with other fabrics. They make a cheap woollen gown into a rich-looking one. A red or brown ground throws up the small flower designs, which are woven in stripes; then there is a brown, blue, and pink gros-grain, with geometrical designs upon it, which is more costly, but of course more durable. A gros-grain with satin stripes of two colours is a most effective trimming, as is corded silk with satin stripes of unequal widths; the shades employed in this will give an idea of what are the fashionable tones, for in these trimming silks we do not show this season any predilection for simplicity. Green, brown, and red are blended; pink, brown, and blue; grenat, green, and blue; black and red; mousse, yellow, and moss-green.

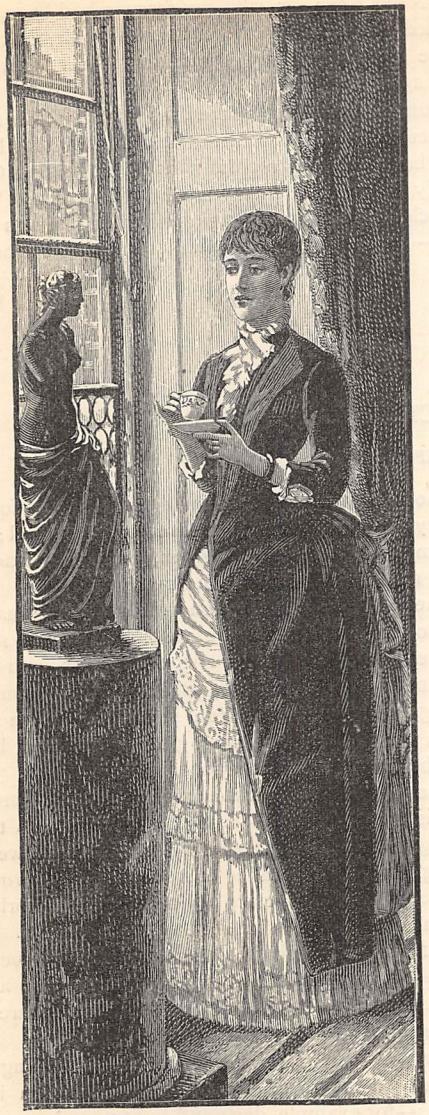
The gros-grains are woven with a closer thread than heretofore, and one of the most fashionable silks of the year has close thread stripes all over, with an exceedingly small design of fruit. In this particular silk, grey, mousse, chaudron, pink, and bronze; drab, navy, and pink; and brown, grenat, pink, and bronze, are the happiest combinations.

The sole novelty that I can discover in silk brocades now is the "shadow"—that is, the pattern is thrown on a gros-grain, surrounded by an additional weaving, that gives the appearance of a shadow, and throws out the pattern well. We are beginning all the world over to find new markets and new manufactures. England herself is coming to the fore with very beautiful brocaded silks. Switzerland, too, is making a great reputation, especially in light tones, which are worn in the evening.

For *fête* dresses, printed Bengalines are being much ordered; a favourite design is a sort of fan in two shades—for example, dark and light porcelain; brown and beige; bronze and reseda; and brown of two shades. Other makes of silk for the same purpose have serge grounds, with a lozenge-shaped pattern upon them, blue on brown, or cardinal and brown on golden brown, electric blue with brown, grey on cardinal.

Italy comes to the fore with a large selection of lining silks, made of the best of materials, but somewhat bright in colouring; they are used for the inside of silk mantles. I would advise those to whom economy is an object to look into this class of silk; there might be a pattern that would answer; if so, it is cheap, and would wear well.

The newest velvet brocades are on satin canvas grounds, which are not transparent; then there are herring-bone stripes in terry or uncut velvet on gros-grain canvas. Figured broché velvets are woven now in charming mixtures of colour; one of the most expensive is a gros-grain, with tiny pin-spots



THOUGHTS.

of velvet all over, intermixed with a Gothic pattern. Satin broché damask is the next in order; the designs are large conventional flowers. Remember in buying that there is a variety of cheap, good-looking silks to be had, which wear well for a time, but will not last long; they are either a mixture of wool and silk, or wool and cotton; the former wears the best, but cockles; the latter loses its colour, and soon begins to look shabby.

This season's brocaded gauzes have the pattern outlined in beads, some put on with the hand, but the majority interwoven, so that they do not easily unravel. There is also a gauze which has a pattern in frisé, but so close-set as to have the appearance of astrakan, and it goes by that name.

I have kept the *bonne-bouche* to the last. The new ribbons and a vast number of gauzes have been brought out in a style of mediæval colouring which is a most startling innovation, quite different from anything we have had in our generation. The ground-work is generally stone; on this are thrown mediæval patterns in green, yellow, red, blue (light and dark), and what is now called "terre," closely allied to terra-cotta; a gold thread runs through the material, sometimes a conventional flower is printed upon it. The ribbons display borders in which mediæval shields and many very heraldic-looking devices are printed, with a predominating gold element in them. Neither the materials by the yard nor the ribbons are cheap; some of them cost over a pound a yard.

This fabric is the chief novelty in this year's millinery. Many of the Byzantine scarves have been prepared for hats; scarcely one of the new hats is to be seen without them. Narrow ribbons in bows are a great deal worn, and moiré ribbons. Gauze ribbons, with and without satin stripes, have come in again, much as our grandmothers wore them. The soft corded make of silk, as in the "faille française," is applied to ribbons. There is a great deal of gold worn—gold cord, gold braid, wings of birds covered with gold, and aigrettes spangled with gold. Gold, and gold and cream silk canvases are used for the crowns of bonnets, and with these gold-threaded gauzes and chenille are often blended, also tufts of the same with crêpe. The grasses used in millinery are spangled with gold, so are the marabout tufts. The fashionable aigrettes are a mixture of marabout, ostrich, and osprey.

I do not think I have ever seen so large a choice in trimmings of every kind. The appliqué galons are one close-set mass of beads, with no ground-work necessary. Jet is much worn; the lead beads are newer and perhaps more in favour. With these galons there are often gimps to match. For washing-dresses a capital new braiding has been brought out, the braid only a quarter of an inch wide, in geometric patterns, interspersed with wheels worked in silk. It takes the form of an insertion rather than a bordering, and could easily be worked at home.

When we enter on the subject of lace and embroideries, there is really no end to it. There are literally thousands of different flounces for fronts of dresses. There is a quantity of coloured lace used—a great deal of colour introduced into the embroideries. Worsted lace has been much improved upon; but for the best mantles Chantilly is still employed. The Edelweiss or Mauresque lace, made so much at St. Galle and Plauen, has been greatly improved upon. You know the kind I mean; it has a firm net ground, and is worked well over with a species of lace embroidery.

Embroideries for washing-dresses in écru are worked in blue and red, and other colours, but do not be beguiled into having any other than those named, for there is a great chance they will not wash. They are made in three widths. Woollen laces, too, are intermixed with colour: red and cream, blue and cream, and in Paris they are used very much in the natural beige colour. There are many sufficiently wide to cover the whole front of the dress; narrow lace being sold with them for trimming. Wool and silk are often

blended, but black wool is the most common in the market, in all widths.

Quite young girls are wearing pure white lace, but the rest of the world cling to the tinted as more becoming. Many of the Edelweiss and other embroideries applied to the fronts of dresses are made in a succession of straight flounces, interwoven in the piece, and this has a most pretty effect. Two patterns mark this year's introduction—one with butterflies scattered over the fabric, the other with grapes standing out in bold relief. Nothing in imitation lace is really better than some point de Gaze, with embroidery intermixed. Brussels point, both cream and white, is to be had, and there is an increased demand for real lace, from the fact that it is cheap. A new shade in lace is a very delicate terra-cotta; yolk of egg is another. Gold tinsel is interwoven with many black and white laces, A new and beautiful make of net, with gold and chenille intermixed, is being used for mantles; it is very rich and handsome. "Vert blanc" is the last new shade in lace I have to tell you about; it has, as its name implies, a green tinge, but only the faintest *soupçon*. Ecru and brown laces, on a brown and gold ground, look handsome in the way of trimming.

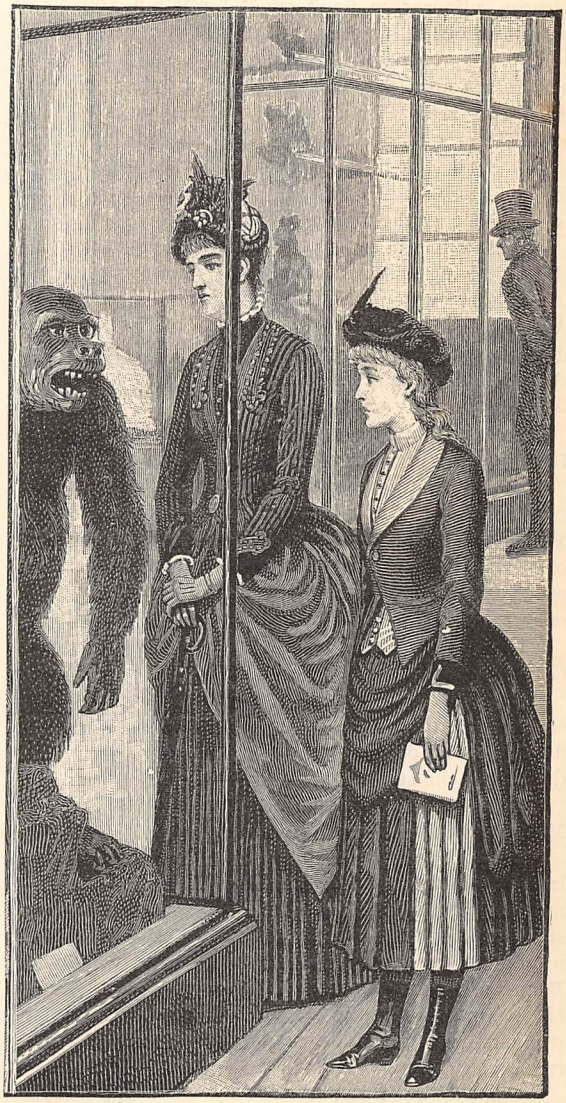
A magnificent black lace is the Marquise, which has a cord running round the design in the style of the finest Spanish point.

There is a new form of bouquet introduced—viz., the posy. If you love flowers, I am sure you will approve of them. The blooms are not tortured with wire, but are allowed to fall naturally, just as they would if you went and gathered them in the woods. But there is much method in their studied carelessness. They are tied with a ribbon to match the dress.

French florists have produced more beautiful flowers this year than usual, and the result is that feathers have lost favour. Bonnets and hats are again trimmed with exquisite imitations of tulips in shot and shaded velvet, poppies, marigolds, lilies of the valley, and a host of delicate wild-flowers which have hitherto been unattempted.

Let us glance at the illustrations and see what the two visitors at the Natural History Museum are wearing. The elder lady is in striped and plain étamine, the waistcoat, cuffs, and trimming to the hat being brown velvet, for velvet plays an important part in summer costumes. Woollen lace worked in gold forms bretelles over the shoulders, the buttons and clasps also being gilt. The soft crown of the hat, with its pointed brim back and front, is of canvas like the dress, the full border being velvet; two birds with gold-tipped wings are in front. The girl is in cashmere of the new shade of blue, which resembles a Frenchman's blouse when almost worn out and having suffered much in the wash-tub. The new wool crêpe with crinkled surface is also much affected for this style of costume. The waistcoat revers and panel at the side of the skirt may be either a contrast in colour and material, or a lighter shade of the same fabric. The Tam o'Shanter is in velvet, the upright quill feather being tipped with gold.

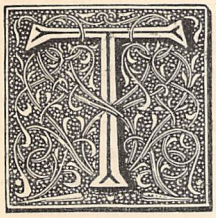
The single figure, who is just completing her five o'clock tea, wears an étamine or canvas skirt, in the new shade of reséda, trimmed with Angora lace to match. The over-dress is shot tricotine satin, which is really silk, but has a lustre like satin; the jabot is lace of finer quality than that on the skirt, but similar in style. Her hair is arranged as a small catogan at the back, instead of in the torsades and coils at the top of the head which have prevailed during the past two years, and which have at last been found unbecoming to the majority of Englishwomen. Consequently French fashions in hair-dressing have been for the time abandoned to some extent, and the graceful lines of the Anglo-Saxon head are no longer concealed by the hair being combed to the top of the head and there fastened with much intricacy of arrangement.



AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

THE FORTRESS OF LIFE: III.—SHARP-SHOOTERS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



"THERE!" cried Captain Horton, "you can't move, can you?"

"No," I replied, "you've got me in a corner, and you have captured my last crowned man. I don't seem to be in form to-day."

I pushed away the board as I spoke, and then the little table itself, which had been standing beside the sofa on which my friend was lying.

"Not in form, doctor?" exclaimed the captain, laughing. "A capital excuse for having sustained one of the handsomest beatings I've ever given you."

I got up and stood by the window, and Captain Horton, who was in fine form if I was not, and both vivacious and loquacious, albeit still confined to the sofa, owing to his ice-accident, ran away with himself into some long-winded story or other: as far as I can remember it, some reminiscences of his grandfather's, who had belonged to the fighting Fifty-first. But I took little notice of what he was saying, for he was constantly bringing his grandfather's ghost to the front, or the fighting Fifty-first.

It was a charming day, clear and crisp, the warships all lying still and motionless, just enough wind to ripple the water and float the flags and pennants. Away beyond, the partly rising shores of Essex, asleep in a blue-white haze; and between us and these, the ships of all nations going and coming to and from the mightiest city on earth.

Presently I awoke to the knowledge that Captain Horton was still talking, still telling his story.

"Sharp-shooters they called them in those days. Capital fellows for guerilla warfare — gorilla, as our old paymaster pronounced it. But what *is* the good of talking to you? There are days, doctor, that you prove yourself the most unsatisfactory company; I must say that."

"I heard you," I hastened to say. "Sharp-shooters. Go on."

"Yes, sharp-shooters; they were the light, quick, clever men of the regiment. They wore jackets of dark green or of grey, so that you could hardly tell them from the stubble or grass."

"Could they shoot," I asked, "with those portable Mons Megs of theirs?"

"Couldn't they just! Better than some of our fellows now-a-days. At the capture of B——, I've heard my grandfather relate, the French erected a kind of signal-pole with a skeleton ladder up to it. They wanted to spy out the movements of the advancing British; but old General G—— threw out some of his sharp-shooters, and there wasn't a Frenchman who climbed that ladder and pole ever had time to tell a tale."

"Came down faster than they went up, I dare say?"

"That they did. And if a soldier showed head or hand at a loop-hole, he caught it too."

"Well, here is the servant with your beef-tea. Take that. Beef-tea is one of the best things in the world for guarding loop-holes in the Fortress of Life."

"When you're ill and need it, eh?"

"Yes, when you're ill and need it; otherwise, as you know, I have a strong objection to weakening the gastric juices by taking too much liquid in any form."

"There are sharp-shooters around our Fortress of Life then, doctor?"

"Yes, clouds of them, and it is surprising how much harm they do; and how, in process of time, they can weaken a garrison and reduce a fort."

"Take a seat and chat," said my friend.

"Have you done with the fighting Fifty-first?"

"Yes, and my grandfather has retired for a time."

"Well, then, seriously talking, the sharp-shooters —let me continue to call them so—do ten times more harm to the Fortress of Life than most of us have any idea of."

"Example, doctor?"

"I could give you scores of cases of example, and plenty of illustration. But there is one particular band of sharp-shooters that probably does more harm than all the rest, for they are constantly at work, continually lying in wait."

"Name?"

"They belong to the corps of Little Dissipations. Now, mind, I do not wish you to infer that I allude to any very serious excesses. The dissipations I refer to are dangerous only from the frequency of their occurrence, and from their seeming insignificance."

"Do you mean by little dissipations, errors in diet?"

"Excesses in diet is a better term, and more truthful."

"Over-indulgences in the pleasures of the table, eh, doctor?"

"That is better still, and it may include errors in eating and drinking as well. And herein lies the danger to life from these. In a state of health everything goes on regularly and systematically, every organ has its work to do, its duty to perform, and does it quietly and thoroughly. There is no more food digested than is necessary to supply the waste of tissue determined by every action performed, and by every thought even. So long as this is the case there is no corporeal degeneration."

"Don't, doctor!"

"Well, no ageing then. But a man, or a woman either, will age more in a week if the body be out of sorts, or suffering from that form of fever which little dissipations never fail to produce, than he or she would otherwise do in six months or a year. For each one of these irregularities serves for a time to throw the system out of gear, and it takes a certain length of

time to recover. This latter varies with the age of the individual, and his strength of constitution. A young man, or a very strong middle-aged person, may shake off the evil results of an excess in a day or two. An older or a weaker individual may require a week to recover, or even longer. And there is the danger, too, of being tempted into another little excess before the system has quite shaken off the effects of the last. Hence, probably, permanent weakness of the nerves or muscles, or the induction of permanent dyspepsia, which, in nine cases out of ten, is the beginning of the end, the tottering which precedes the fall and collapse of the Fortress of Life."

"You take a serious view of the power for evil of this corps of sharp-shooters."

"I do. I say that excess in eating and drinking, or in both combined, throws the system out of gear, throws the body into a fever, injures the delicate coats of the stomach, disturbs liver, spleen, and pancreas, weakens nerves, brain, and spinal cord, renders sound sleep impossible, and generally degenerates, demoralises, and ages the individual."

"Strong language!"

"Yes, but true as strong. The simpler the diet, the better for the partaker. People who have little festive excesses every now and then render their blood impure, their bodies cross and feeble, and their whole system an easy prey to disease.

"Now the only rational mode of treatment for this excess-fever lies in rest and abstinence. At all times of life little dissipations should be avoided, whatever shape they may assume—they dull the eyes, and bring early wrinkles to the brow of beauty, they attenuate the limbs, weaken the nerves, and bend the back of manhood, and hurry old age onward to its ending.

"Study regularity and simplicity in diet and living—if, indeed, you think life worth having—if young or middle-aged; if old, study these still more. I have known over and over again, and so has every medical man who practises his profession, the most apparently trivial amount of pleasant dissipation, one single evening of jovial excitement, an extra course at a meal, or an extra glass or so of wine, put an old man so far 'out of his usual way,' as the saying is, that he never recovered it, though apart from that trifling excess he might have lived quietly, calmly, evenly on for years and years to come.

"But little attacks of indigestion, however brought about, are sharp-shooters that should never be despised. And little colds are others."

"But," said Captain Horton, "did you not say cold was but a bugbear?"

"I said 'cold' was more often a friend than a foe; by *colds*, I mean catarrhs."

"They should not be neglected?"

"Indeed they should not, and I would treat these—if not severe—and slight attacks of dyspepsia in the same general way.

"We are still greatly at sea as regards the way common colds are induced. They are caused, I believe, in a great many more ways than we have any idea of. The words 'catching a chill' are, to me, entirely devoid of meaning. If by a cold we mean a congested state of the mucous membranes that line the passages through which we breathe, with discharge of water therefrom, pain in eyes and nose, tickling in the throat, tenderness and rawness of chest, with secondary symptoms in the shape of general feeling of dulness—of mind and body—and aching of limbs, then I say these symptoms may be produced in many ways. Direct cold poured upon the head or face, as in driving against the wind, may produce them, so may the breathing of damp, cold air, or even of fumes from some melting substances, &c., that evolve irritating gases. Here you have your cold produced in a mechanical way. A cold may be taken through the feet, or through the body, if either be insufficiently clad, or wet; but this is not caused by the cold striking up through, or in through either, but by its causing depression of the nervous system, and consequent congestion of the air-passages, in those subject to such a complaint. But cold may also be brought about by indigestion, or derangement of the liver, or temporary weakness of the heart, from any cause. And as for treatment, it seems to me that the less heroic it is the better. Extra warmth, rest of the whole system, the mildest of aperients, and abstinence in diet, will be found as a rule effectual and safe.

"Little cares and worries are another cause of very active sharp-shooters indeed. And it is a very difficult if not impossible thing to avoid them. Nervous people will always meet care half-way; indeed, they do more, they look at them through the mists of their own imaginations, and they are magnified in consequence.

"There is only one cure for this that I know, and that is in being always engaged—calmly, steadily engaged—doing good in life, either to ourselves or to those connected with us by the ties of kindred. Believe me, the indolent and idle suffer far more from mental worries than those actively engaged in the duties of life. Keep your armour on, therefore, and keep moving; it is those who stand still in the day of battle who present the best targets to sharp-shooters."

WHAT DR. SCHLIEMANN FOUND AT TIRYNS.

BY KARL BLIND.

ALL through the Middle Ages, and down to recent times, there were few stories which so fascinated the imagination of men, not only in the learned world, but among vast popular classes, as the "Tale of Troy," recorded in Homer, Virgil,* and other classic poets and writers. In course of time, however, the overthrow of the fated city by a great siege and conflagration at the hands of a host of Greeks was by many looked upon as a mere idle tale. With a perseverance truly heroic, Dr. Schliemann boldly set his face against these doubts, and finally succeeded in unearthing the blackened remnants of "Sacred Ilios" on the hill of Hissarlik, in Asia Minor. There is scarcely anybody now, worthy of the name of scholar, who does not heartily and thankfully acknowledge the convincing result of his laborious researches. True, the epics of Hellenic and Roman bards, in which the beleaguerment and the fall of Troy are sung, may be—nay, certainly are—poetical amplifications of a once great historical fact. But the fact itself speaks henceforth, with mute, yet not the less striking, eloquence from the charred ruins of the Burnt City.

Unmindful of the petty scepticism of men who cannot be made to understand that questions like these are not to be treated simply out of book-lore, the successful discoverer of Troy, of the hero-graves of Mycenê in the Peloponnese, and of other remarkable remnants of antiquity, has recently laid bare the vast prehistoric palace of Tiryns. It is situated close by Mycenê, near the Bay of Nauplia, in Southern Greece, on the soil of ancient Argolis. Colossal, so-called cyclopean, walls surround it—walls, the erection of which dates back to such dim antiquity that the earliest Greeks spoke of it with awe, and in semi-fabulous accounts. Seven giants from Lycia, in Asia Minor—they said—had raised those enormous walls. The story of Hercules, or Heracles, the god of Strength, was also in their myths connected with Tiryns. It was alleged to have been his birth-place, and near it he was thought to have performed his famous Twelve Labours.

According to the tradition of the Greeks, the founders, not only of Troy, but also of Mycenê and of Tiryns, belonged to the vast Thracian stock, which once surrounded the Hellenic nation in the north, in the east, and partly even in the south. Those Thracians were a highly martial, musical, and in many ways much-gifted people. Though fond of the cup, they produced a great number of learned men and philosophers. From olden times the tall, even gigantic, fair-haired, blue-eyed Thracians—the noblest tribe among whom were the Getes—have been held to be a portion of the Gothic or Germanic race.† Fuller investigation of their history, their physical attributes, their creed, and their language, indeed scarcely leaves any room for doubt upon that point. This is a subject I have amply discussed elsewhere.

Be it enough, therefore, to say that there is a concordance now, among not a few learned authorities of the first rank, to the effect that the immigrants into Asia Minor who built Troy; that the followers of Pelops who gave the Peloponnese its name; and that the so-called giants from Lycia, in Asia Minor, who raised the walls of Tiryns, were, as Thracians, of Getic, Gothic, Germanic kinship ‡—hence blood relations of the Germans, the Scandinavians, the English, and the Lowland Scotch.

II.

In this connection, the discovery of the extensive palace or castle of Tiryns, by Dr. Schliemann, has a special interest even for this country. Through the darkness of ages we descry there a "barbarian," Teutonic, conqueror-people, akin to our own race, which in prehistoric times forced its way into Southern Greece, establishing itself by mighty strongholds; maintaining its power for awhile in an independent manner; and then gradually succumbing before the arms and the absorbing influence of the Hellenes. This is the story of Tiryns. Its very name, as I have shown elsewhere, may have contact with the Germanic god of Strength and War, the Norse Tir, or Tyr, the Anglo-Saxon Tiu, after whom "Tuesday" is called.

Taking these circumstances into account, the interest awakened in Dr. Schliemann's forthcoming work is of an extraordinary kind in more than one sense. His diggings on the European side of the Dardanelles have brought to light the important fact that the prehistoric pottery found in barrows on the so-called Thracian peninsula near Gallipoli, is identical with that which he had found in the oldest settlements of Troy. This points to a common origin of the people settled on the two sides of the Straits. That people, we know from classic testimony, was of Thracian origin; therefore, in the interpretation before mentioned, of Teutonic affinity.

Again, the excavations at Tiryns, once the stronghold of barbarians in the Peloponnese, have shown —as Dr. Schliemann, from the ground-plans drawn up by his architect, Dr. Dörpfeld, states—that the main buildings there must have been absolutely like those at Troy. In this manner, the chain of Thracian connection is extended all round, even as regards the similarity of the arrangement of dwelling-places among the prehistoric invaders of Asia Minor and Southern Greece.

* The Editor is responsible for the orthography of this and other proper names given in the paper.

† Jornandes: "The Getes whom before we have proved to be Goths" (*quos Getas jam superiori loco Gothos esse probavimus*).

‡ Comp. Rawlinson's "Herodotus," i. 689; iii. 213.

We may say even now, whilst looking forward to Dr. Schliemann's new book, that his matchless discovery at Tiryns, and the plan he has had drawn up of its structural remains, will for ever be a marking-stone in the history of the development of art. By his successful hand we are suddenly transported to the heroic age of Greece. We behold the fortified stronghold of a race whose earliest leaders came as foreign conquerors into the land. And that prehistoric castle, we learn, contains wall paintings dating from a hoary antiquity, highly attractive for the students of archæology, who often deplore that scarcely anything is left of Hellenic paintings, even of the late classic epoch. These things will form a great feature of the coming book.

As the excavations were going on, Dr. Schliemann was good enough to send me, now and then, some information as to the results already achieved. "The palace"—he wrote from Tiryns—"consists of two court-yards, round which the several rooms are grouped, and of which the larger one probably belongs to the dwelling-place of the men, the lesser one to that of the ladies of the King's Court. Between the rooms, or halls, there is a number of larger and smaller corridors. The lower part of the walls, formed of great stones and of clay, is well preserved. The upper part consisted of rudely-shaped bricks. Even the floor, composed of a kind of clay mosaic, shows in many places remnants of rich colouring. The pottery found in the palace completely agrees in character with that which was discovered at Mycenê. But here (at Tiryns) every trace of black or red glazed Hellenic pottery is wanting, which at Mycenê, by means of an inscription engraved on a potsherd discovered there, can with certainty be attributed to the sixth century B.C., and which most probably dates back to the ninth. The pottery belonging to the earliest settlers at Tiryns is monochromous, of a shining black, yellow, or red colour, like the one at Troy."

A THRACIAN WARRIOR.

When Dr. Schliemann digs, he truly digs deep. The vast palace he discovered at Tiryns is supposed to have been built, in its oldest parts, in the thirteenth, perhaps the fourteenth, century before our era. It must have been destroyed about the period of the Trojan war. It lay in ruins, and belonged to a strange antiquity, already at the time in which Homer is assumed to have sung, or in which, as we may rather say, the early heroic ballads of Greece were perhaps shaped into epic form.

Yet, even below this palace of hoary antiquity, Dr. Schliemann has made further discoveries. He writes:

"Even before the erection of the palace, and of the great walls, settlers have dwelt on the rock of Tiryns. In digging deeper down, on the middle acropolis, we struck, about five meters below the floor of the upper castle, a chamber whose walls consist of quarry-stones and clay, and whose floor was made of clay-plaster. The inner part of the room was filled with charcoal and red-brick rubbish, in which was embedded much hand-made pottery, very similar, in technical make and form, to the monochromous vases discovered *in the two oldest settlements of Troy;* for we found the same lustrous black, yellow, red, and brown clay, and the same vertically perforated excrescences on both sides of the vases. Here and there were also discovered, in those remnants of the first settlement, vases with plain coloured stripes, and with rims mostly ill-defined. Very remarkable are the vases of a dead black colour with white stripes, and the green vases with black ones."

So there was a prehistoric settlement even below this most antique palace which had perished in the flames—succumbing to the same fate as "Troy, the Phrygian [Thracian] castle"! And the charred remnants of this earliest homestead at Tiryns, in the Peloponnese, again completely coincide with the finds in the two oldest Trojan settlements on the hill of Hissarlik. Are we, then, not entitled to conclude that this oldest homestead also was founded by the same Phrygo-Thracian people whose prehistoric howes, or grave-mounds, the ancient Greeks already pointed out with a degree of awe?

III.

The flat rock of Tiryns where Dr. Schliemann made those highly important discoveries, is, according to a former statement of his, 900 feet long, from 200 to 250 feet broad, and from 30 to 50 feet high. It extends in a straight line from north to south, and its margin is lined by a so-called Cyclopean circuit wall, which is from 25 to 50 feet thick, and in a pretty good state of preservation; but it is not always massive, being traversed by interior passages or galleries with ogival vaults. One of these galleries, which is 90 feet long, and 7 feet 10 inches broad and high, has in its outer wall six gate-like recesses or window openings which reach down to the bottom. These niches were probably intended for archers, whilst the galleries themselves must have served for covered communications, leading to armouries, guard-chambers, or towers. One of the galleries seems to have served as a sally-port, and was probably concealed in some way or other.

On the eastern side is the only gate, which is 15 feet broad. It is approached by a ramp, 20 feet wide, which is supported by a wall of Cyclopean masonry. The right flank of the gate is defended by a tower 43 feet high and 33 feet broad, which may have procured for the Tirynthians the credit, attributed to them in Greek antiquity, of having been the first to build towers. Such is the description given by Dr. Schliemann after his earlier excavation at Tiryns.

A Viennese archæologist, Dr. Moritz Hoernes, who, after the discovery of the prehistoric palace, went to Tiryns with a letter of introduction to Dr. Schliemann, makes a number of interesting statements on the architecture of this stronghold and the traces of its destruction, as well as on its wonderful remnants. He says that, near the gate, "the circumvallation still overtops the castle, and that there, in the narrowness of the gloomy gateway, the eye is impressed with twofold weight by the masses of stone heaped up on all sides. At this place the onlooker gets a truly overpowering sensation of the whole prehistoric settlement. A feeling is created that we are here on the threshold of an architectural development which forms a transition to the Lion Gate of Mycenê, so that the latter archaic work, though it gives rise to such wonderment, already appears to be something more recent and more refined."

At the door and window openings of the Tirynthian Castle, Dr. Hoernes found the stone had been burnt into a chalky, the clay into a bricky, mass. Otherwise the ruins are in a good condition. In the great fire which raged over it—no doubt after a siege, as at Troy—all the numerous wooden door and roof columns, and the roof itself, disappeared; but the places of the columns are still discernible by slight circular elevations of the floor.

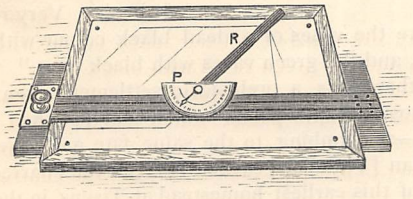
Near the door-sills of each room—Dr. Hoernes continues—the bases of two columns, as well as the faucet-holes of the folding-doors, are still to be observed; both columns and doors having been of wood. In a large ante-room there is a square structure to which steps lead up from the door. Dr. Schliemann holds it to be an altar of the house-protecting deity (Zeus Herceios), in accordance with the custom mentioned in Homer. A great many rooms, divided by intervening walls, evidently formed at first a single hall—a throne-room, as the phrase would be now. In the centre of this splendid room there is a large circular cut in the floor, with four bases of columns placed in a square. Dr. Hoernes considers it a mysterious contrivance. But may it not have been a seat for a king, or a receptacle for house-gods?

(To be concluded.)

THE GATHERER.*

A New Drawing-Square.

At the Building Exhibition, Floral Hall, Covent Garden, a new drawing-square was exhibited, which



we illustrate herewith. It consists of a double T or H square with two grooves in the blade, and the extra head capable of being clamped to it so as to fix the square firmly to the drawing-board. A "protractor," P, for laying down angles, slides along the grooves of the blade by means of projecting feet on its under side. The rule, R, for drawing the inclined lines, has a double bevelled edge, and is fitted with a pointer, which indicates on the arc of the protractor the angle to be measured off. The new square thus enables the draughtsman to divide angles as well as draw polygons.

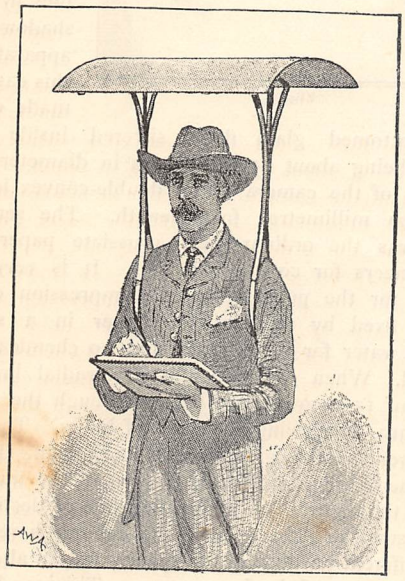
Silicine Glass Painting.

An inexpensive substitute for stained glass has recently been introduced. It consists in painting the glass with a peculiar kind of paint, termed "silicine," which, being transparent, gives to plain glass the appearance of being stained. It requires no burning in, or special treatment, and may also be used for painting lamps, screens, or magic-lantern slides.

* Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply. The Editor, however, cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information.

The Electric Light in the Bath-Room.

The purity and freshness of the electric light adapts it for use in bath-rooms, and it was recently installed in a well-known Turkish Bath in London. There are fifty-seven 10 and 20-candle Woodhouse and Rawson incandescent lamps in ornamental fittings, fed by a 60-light Elwell-Parker dynamo, driven by a 4 horse-power Clark horizontal gas-engine. We may add that in a textile and bleaching establishment in America recently the value of the electric light was clearly shown. Investigation of the goods showed that the pure white colour was seriously impaired by small carbon motes deposited from the gas burned in the works. Since the electric light was introduced, the goods turned out by the factory and bleachery are much improved in appearance.



A Novel Sunshade.

While the Ladies' National Aid Association—of which the Princess of Wales is President, and the Countess of Rosebery Treasurer—are using special efforts to promote the comfort and welfare of the British soldiers in the Soudan, and particularly of the sick and wounded, it is satisfactory to know that the authorities also are well aware of the dangers of the terrible climate of the desert, and that military operations will be suspended during the hot months. Sunstroke is one of the more serious risks to which the soldiers are exposed, and with a view to protect them from it, an ingenious contrivance has been devised which will, it is believed, effectually secure this end. This is a kind of sunshade made of bamboo and paper. A piece of cane, bent in the shape of an arch, is fastened on the shoulder of the wearer. In the centre of each arch there is a bamboo stick, eighteen inches high, and these sticks support an awning twenty-four inches long by eighteen broad. This awning has a bamboo frame, and is covered with paper painted green inside. It need hardly be added that the weight of this sunshade is almost inappreciable, and that, while experiencing all the advantages of an umbrella, the soldier is left perfectly free to handle his rifle or other article. Perhaps some modification of this design may be introduced for the benefit of the civil section of the community.

A Cure for Writers' Cramp.

Scriveners' palsy, or writers' cramp, which is also known to affect telegraphists, and is induced by the cramped position of the hand in writing or telegraphing, has not hitherto been successfully cured. Now, however, Dr. Julius Wolff has found a way of curing it by a system of "massage" and gymnastics. The "massage" consists in rubbing, kneading, stretching, and beating the fingers and muscles of the hand and arm. There are also gymnastic exercises both active and passive to be gone through; and, most important of all, there are graduated exercises in writing, which call into play a different set of muscles from those injured by the cramp, thus relieving these, while enabling the patient to continue his work. Left-hand writing or telegraphing is a suggestion also worth remembering in this regard.

Map-Making by Dynamos.

In the operation of Government surveying itself, little has been changed of late; but in the means of publishing the plans an important improvement has recently been made. This is due to the advances recently made in the production of the electric current.

The change in question consists in the employment of the dynamo-electric machine for producing the copper plates from which the maps of the Survey are printed; and it is now being introduced at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton, under the supervision of Captain Sankey, R.E. The survey of a certain district, after being made on the ground, and recorded in the note-books of the surveyor, is first "plotted" or mapped on paper, then transferred to a plate of copper which is kept as a standard of reference. The published maps are not printed from this preserved plate, because the operation of printing tends to wear its surface and destroy the fine lines engraved upon it. The maps are in fact printed from a copy or duplicate of this plate, prepared from it by means of electricity, just as a *cliché* or electrotype of a pictorial woodcut is made by electro-deposition.

This electro-deposition is performed in large baths containing a solution of sulphate of copper, which is kept in movement by stirrers, so as to prevent the solution getting thicker at the bottom than at the top, and thus securing a deposit of uniform thickness. A current of electricity flows through this solution from a large copper plate or anode placed at the top of the bath, to the receiving plate or cathode at the bottom of the bath. It is found best in practice to keep the receiving plate or cathode below the anode or dissolving plate. Any one acquainted with the elements of electro-deposition knows that the positive current of electricity entering the solution by the anode deposits

pure copper from the sulphate of copper solution upon the surface of the cathode beneath; and that the place of the copper thus transferred from the solution to the surface of the cathode is supplied by the copper of the anode plate, which is consequently eaten away gradually as the process goes on.

In this way a "couch" or layer of pure copper is deposited on the cathode surface, and if the latter, as is the case, be engraved with the map or plan of a survey, the deposited copper layer is itself marked with all the lines of the survey. It reproduces in fact the original copper plate on which the survey is preserved. By this means fresh copper plates for printing purposes, with the survey traced upon them, can be multiplied at will.

Hitherto it has been the custom to produce these plates by the current from very large Smee cells—one cell being used for each bath. But this is a very expensive and troublesome plan. Experiments were therefore conducted during the past year by Captain Sankey, R.E., at Southampton, with a view to substitute the dynamo-electric machine for the Smee battery, and he has been completely successful.

FIG. 1.

A New Sunshine Recorder.

Professor Herbert Macleod has devised the elegant sunshine recorder which we illustrate in Fig. 1. It consists of a glass sphere, S, silvered inside and placed before the lens of a camera, C; the axis of the instrument being parallel to the polar axis of the earth. The light from the sun, being reflected from the globe, passes through the lens, and forms an image on a sheet of prepared photographic paper inside the camera. In consequence of the rotation of the earth, the image describes an arc of a circle on the paper; and when the sun is obscured, this arc is necessarily discontinuous. Moreover, it is sometimes fainter when the sunlight is feebler. The image is not a point, but a well-defined line. Fig. 2 is a record of the sunlight at Cooper's Hill Indian Engineering College, for the 27th of June, 1884. In the morning the sun shone brightly, towards noon clouds began to form, and in the afternoon the sky was hazy. The instrument was placed in a field surrounded by trees, which cut off the ends of the line by their shadows. The apparatus in this case was made with a round-bottomed glass flask, silvered inside; the bottom being about 95 millimetres in diameter; and the lens of the camera was a double-convex lens of about 90 millimetres focal length. The sensitive paper was the ordinary ferro-prussiate paper used by engineers for copying tracings. It is very convenient for the purpose, as the impression of the line is fixed by washing the paper in a stream of fresh water for six minutes, and no chemicals are required. When the paper is dry, radial lines, at angles of 15 degrees, are drawn through the centre of the arc, thus giving the scale of hours. The time of apparent noon is given by the line passing through the plane of the meridian, that is to say, the line L bisecting the figure. With the alteration of declination of the sun, the light entering the camera is reflected from different portions of the sphere, and an alteration of the position of the focus ensues. This can be corrected by moving the sphere itself, while keeping the relative positions of the lens and paper constant.

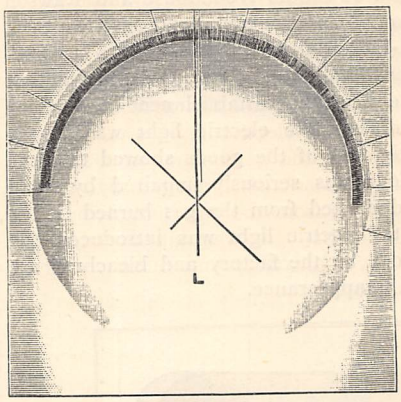


FIG. 2.

Improvements in Cooking Vessels.

Authorities on the preparation of vegetables for the table agree that of all methods of cooking them that of steaming has most to recommend it, but to steam them thoroughly without their becoming sodden with water is not an easy task. Mr. Payne has recently patented an improved steamer for which is claimed the merit of securing this advantage. In place of the ordinary upper pan

FIG. 1.

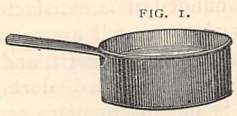


FIG. 2.

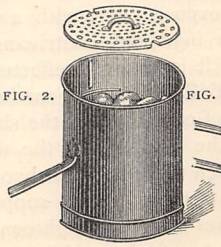
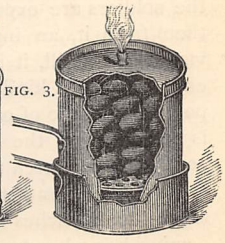


FIG. 3.



with movable lid and fixed colander bottom, the new steamer is closed at the top, save for a small steam nozzle, and the colander bottom is movable. In use the lower pan, Fig. 1, is filled with boiling water to about an inch of the brim, and the upper pan, Fig. 2, with potatoes or other vegetables, and then the colander is fastened in its place by means of the little catch shown in the engraving; this pan is then reversed and placed in the water of the lower pan as shown in Fig. 3. The vegetables do not come into actual contact with the water, but as the upper pans exactly fit one within another, the steam passes from the water in the lower pan through the vegetables in the upper, and escapes at the nozzle at the top of the latter. By this means the vegetables are thoroughly cooked, and as the steam merely passes through them they are not sodden. Mr. L. B. Bertram is the patentee of a new saucepan-lid which converts a saucepan into saucepan and colander combined. This invention is intended for use in boiling vegetables, or in the making of soups, stews, or gravies. Part of the lid is perforated, as shown in Fig. 4, and the perforations are covered by a moving shield, A, turning on a pivot in the centre of the lid. Boiling over may be prevented by merely moving the shield so as to open a few of the perforations, thus allowing the steam to escape; and all the liquid may be drained off by opening all the perforations and tilting up the saucepan, the lid being temporarily secured by a simple clip.

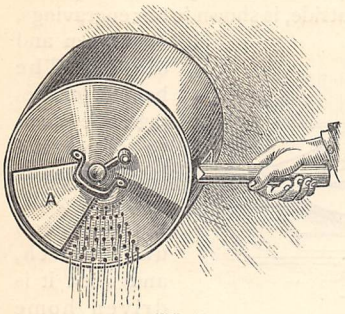


FIG. 4.

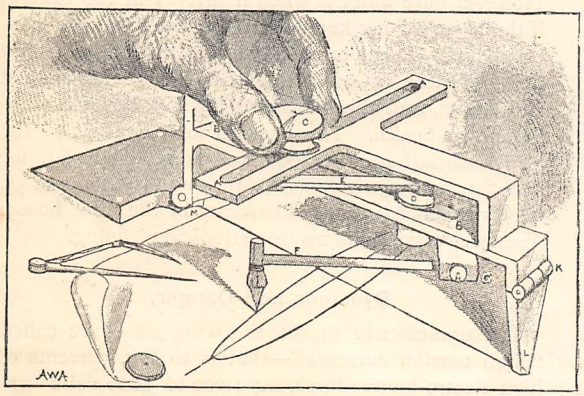


FIG. 1.

A New Ellipsograph.

The new ellipsograph which we illustrate is capable of drawing any ellipse between a circle and a straight line. It consists of a metal frame, as shown in Fig. 1, in which there are two slots, A A and B B, at right angles to each other. In these slots slide two pinions, C and D, making half a revolution at each forward and backward stroke of the drawing-pencil. The milled head, C, is for working the

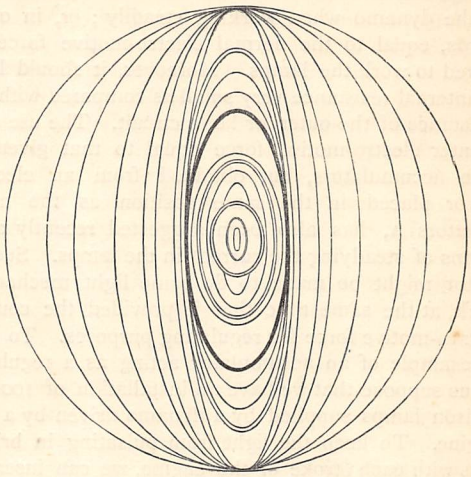
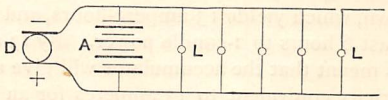


FIG. 2.

pencil by. The arm E, connecting the two pinions C and D, has a right and left hand thread on it, starting each way from the centre, for adjusting the distance between C and D, according to the ellipse to be drawn. When the arm E is screwed tight, bringing the two pinions together, their centres coincide, and the pen or bar F describes a perfect circle. But as the distance between C and D increases so will the minor axis of the ellipse decrease, until the pen is brought under the centre of pinion C, when it simply draws a straight line following the slot A A. The major axis is varied by sliding the pencil or pen bar F backwards or forwards through the socket G, and fixing it by the set-screw H. To draw an ellipse larger than the instrument will span between L and M, the leg L is turned up by a hinge, K, and a longer pencil-bar inserted in the socket G. The apparatus is capable of being folded up, and is simple in construction. One with slots three inches long is suitable for engineers and draughtsmen, and larger sizes are useful for pattern-makers, marble-workers, and others. Fig. 2 shows the work of the ellipsograph.

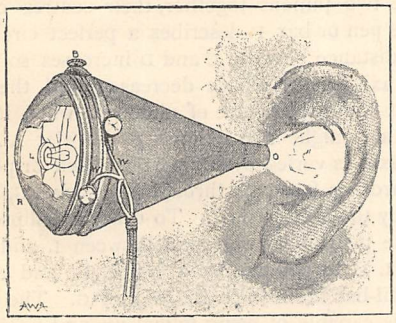
Accumulators as Electric Light Regulators.

The storage battery or accumulator, when connected up across the poles of a dynamo-electric generator, or as an electrician would say, "in parallel," becomes a regulator of the electric



current in the outer circuit, and thus tends to keep a steady light in the electric lamps, although the dynamo is working irregularly and giving an unsteady current. Thus, in the diagram, if D be the

dynamo, A the accumulator, and L L the lamps, the current through the lamps will be practically even, although the dynamo is working irregularly. For this purpose the accumulator should have as many cells as will give a counter electro-motive force equal to that of the dynamo when working steadily; or, in other words, equal to the normal electro-motive force required to work the lamps. Moreover, it should have an internal resistance very small as compared with the resistance of the outer or lamp circuit. The use of a counter electro-motive force equal to that given by such accumulators, but obtained from an electric motor placed in the same position as the accumulators A, has also been suggested recently as a means of steadying the current in the lamps. Such a motor might be made to do some light mechanical work, at the same time that it provided the counter electro-motive force for regulating purposes. To give an example of an accumulator acting as a regulator, let us suppose that we have an installation of 100-volt Edison lamps supplied by a dynamo driven by a gas-engine. To keep the light from pulsating in brightness with each stroke of the engine, we can insert 50 cells of an accumulator, giving a counter electro-motive force of two volts each—that is to say, 100 volts in all. These cells, connected in series and placed across the poles of the dynamo, as shown in the diagram, will, if sufficiently large to have a low internal resistance (say $\frac{1}{10}$ ohm), serve to keep the light steady.

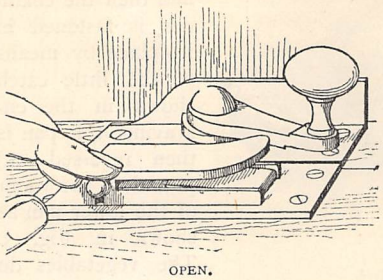


The Otoscope.

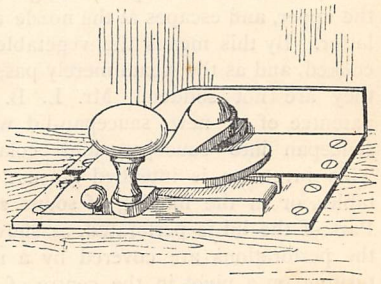
An apparatus for illuminating the interior of the ear, and termed the "Otoscope," has been devised by Dr. Rattel, and was recently exhibited at the French Academy of Medicine. It is illustrated in the accompanying figure, and consists of a small elliptical reflector, R, which is shown cut away in order to reveal the small incandescence lamp L, that is fixed in one of its foci. This reflector projects the light through the small orifice O, into the ear. The current to the lamp is brought by wires, W W, from an accumulator not shown, which yields 13 ampere-hours, and lights it for at least 6 hours to 2-candle power. By 13 ampere-hours is meant that the accumulator will give a supply of electricity equivalent to 13 amperes for an hour, or 1 ampere for 13 hours. A rheostat, or adjustable resistance, in circuit with the lamp, enables the strength of the current to be moderated, and the brightness of the lamp regulated. A small key, B, permits the operator to close the circuit and light the lamp at will. The elliptical reflector throws the light into the cavity of the ear, and illuminates it for the medical man's inspection.

A Safe Window-Latch.

A window-fastener, which shall prevent a person opening it from the outside, is shown in our engravings, both open and closed. The handle, on being turned so as to close the latch, passes over a flat spring, seen underneath, and when it is driven home the spring rises up and presses against the handle, thereby locking it, as shown in the lower figure. In order to release the handle and open the latch, it is necessary to press down the small knob at the side, as shown in the upper figure. This depresses the spring, and allows of the handle being at once turned backwards, so as to open the fastener.



OPEN.



CLOSED.

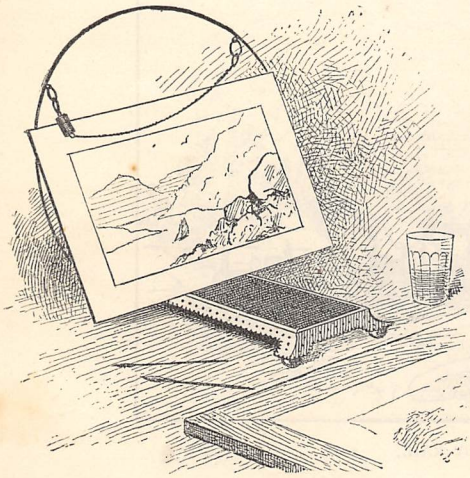
Cleansing Cisterns.

An association has been formed to undertake the important work of cleansing cisterns in London houses. However pure water is when it arrives in the cistern, if the latter be not kept clean, the water is soon contaminated. It has been shown by a recent report that many of these cisterns are foul, the sides being clothed with fungi, and the bottoms dirty with deposits dangerous to health. The charges for cleansing by the new association are moderate—namely, 2s. 6d. for one cistern of 250 gallons, 4s. for two cisterns, and 5s. for three cisterns of equal capacity in the same house. Yearly subscriptions insure periodical cleaning.

Dynamos and Danger.

Dynamo-electric machines giving what are called "high tension currents"—that is to say, currents of high electro-motive force, say 1,000 to 3,000 volts—are known to have proved fatal to persons receiving the shock through their bodies by touching the two poles of the machine, or bare wires connected to them, at the same instant. It is not easy to suggest a remedy for this state of things unless it be carefulness, combined with protection of the wires, or the disuse of such machines altogether, since they are not absolutely necessary to

electric lighting. M. d'Arsonval, a French electrician, points out, however, that most of the accidents which have occurred were due to the "extra current" set up at the moment of making or breaking the dynamo circuit, and not to the normal current itself. He also proposes to correct this evil by absorbing these extra currents into secondary batteries, or voltameters, connected in series between the poles of the machine or across the two wires of the circuit. These voltameters are made of small lead plates immersed in dilute sulphuric acid, and as many are taken as will give a counter electro-motive force equal or greater than that of the dynamo. Having a high resistance they do not "short circuit," or shunt aside the current; but at the moment of closing or opening the circuit of the dynamo they absorb the extra spark, thus guarding the engineer of the dynamo against the evil effects of a shock from it.



A New Reading-Stand.

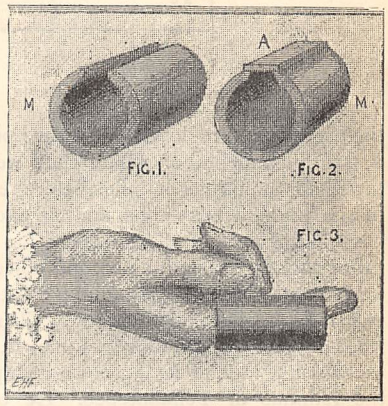
A simple stand for bed or table reading is shown in the accompanying figure. The book rests on a baseboard of solid wood, covered with Utrecht velvet, which prevents it from slipping, and is supported in an inclined position by a frame of wire, which folds down for convenience of carriage. A wire cord, with a weight to keep it in position, hangs down over the open pages, and keeps them apart by pressing on the margin. The right side of this cord, being light, is easily raised with the leaf on turning over a new page, and thus only one hand is required. The stand is also useful for holding music or for copying drawings.

A Whispering Machine.

The idea of having automatic talkers is by no means novel, and has been familiar to us since the invention of the phonograph. Mr. Edison himself proposed to have electrotyped phonographic books, which, placed in a phonograph, would read aloud; and other ideas were promulgated at the time, notably one for casting phonographic or syllabic type which could be set up like ordinary type, and interpreted aloud by a phonographic machine. Some further attention has, however, been recently called to the idea, and its probable efficacy in saving the eyes of students discussed. Whispering machines which might be placed close beside a person, for example in his hat, would be useful for private reading without disturbing others. For example, a man might take a walk along a busy street, and have the book of the season read to him. The invention would no doubt be useful if realised.

The Hypnoscope.

The "Hypnoscope" is a little apparatus for testing whether a person is liable to mesmeric influence, or hypnotism. It is the invention of Dr. Julian Ochorowicz, and consists, as shown in Fig. 1, of a tubular magnet, M, the edges of the slit being north and south poles respectively. Fig. 2 shows the magnet with its armature or "keeper," A, of soft iron, closing the poles to preserve the magnetism when the instrument is not in use. To use it, the armature is taken off and the forefinger thrust through the tube of the magnet, as shown in Fig. 3, so that both poles are united through the finger itself. At the end of two minutes the magnet is drawn off, and the person examined. According to Dr. Ochorowicz, about 30 per cent. of the persons examined in this way will be found to have experienced some peculiar objective or subjective sensations. Some 20 per cent. experience an itching or pricking of the finger, as if needle-points were entering the skin; others feel a sense of coldness, or of heat and dryness. A magnet placed under the feet of paralytics has been observed to warm them, although a good fire failed to do so. There is sometimes felt, also, an inflation of the skin, or a sense of weight in the finger, or a sense of attraction.

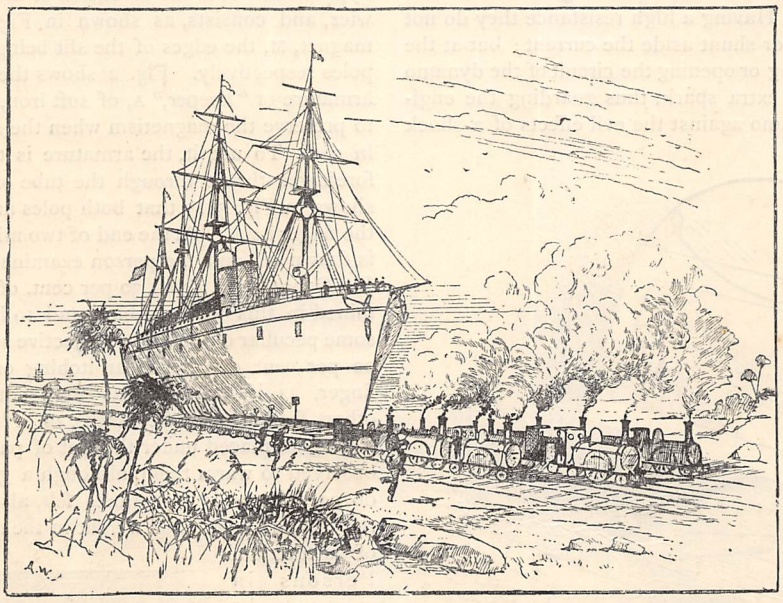


Persons in mesmeric sleep have also been observed to extend their hand to the magnet. The objective experiences are, on the whole, rarer, and consist of involuntary movements, complete insensibility or anæsthesia, paralysis of the finger, and contraction or rigidity of the muscles. These phenomena as a rule disappear under a slight massage or rubbing of the part. Persons in whom the hypnoscope produces these objective effects, may be hypnotised or "mesmerised" in a single séance.

Conveying Ships by Rail.

It appears that communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans will be obtained just as effectually, and with greater economy of time, by means of a ship railway constructed across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in the south of Mexico, than by means

of the Panama Canal. Though the latter plan has the sanction of several eminent engineers, and has already made some progress towards completion, it has to contend with two drawbacks so serious as to constitute, in the opinion of certain competent authorities, fatal objections to its remunerative working, even if it were finished. In the first place, the district traversed by the canal is liable to be inundated every year by the mountain streams; and in the second place, sailing vessels—after passing through the canal—would find themselves in a region where calms prevail almost incessantly, and out of which they would have to be towed for hundreds of miles before reaching the area of the trade winds—thus adding enormously to the cost of the voyage. The scheme for the Nicaraguan lifting-lock is open to the second objection, and to the further one that the adjoining coast is destitute of proper harbour accommodation. Clearly realising the force of these objections, Mr. James B. Eads conceived the brilliant idea of laying down a ship railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. He obtained a concession for this scheme from the Mexican Government in 1881, and lost no time in giving it effect. The railway will be less costly to lay down than the other projects mentioned, and, as compared with the canal route, will shorten the journey between New York and San Francisco by 2,900 miles, between New Orleans and the same port by 3,500 miles, and between Liverpool and San Francisco by 600 miles. The plan of working the railway is simplicity itself. A huge cradle, the framework of which is furnished with a large number of wheels that rest upon a series of rails, is placed on a pontoon. The ship enters the cradle and is then raised out of the water by the pontoon, and, as it leaves the water, is shored up for greater security. As soon as the rails of the cradle come "flush" with the dry land rails, powerful locomotives draw it with its vessel burden along the nearly level railway across the isthmus. At the other end this process is reversed—the cradle being run on the pontoon and, when deep enough water has been reached, the ship released to float once more. The total length of the line between the two oceans will be about 134 miles. The surveys have been completed, and the undertaking is regarded as full of promise.



CONVEYING SHIPS BY RAIL.

GAVOTTE COMPETITION.

The Editor has pleasure in publishing the award of the judges in this Competition, the last of the series announced in the June (1884) number. Twenty-two competitors sent in Gavottes for Piano and Violin, and after careful consideration of all these MSS. the Prize of Three Guineas was awarded to

W. W. PEARSON, Elmham, Dereham.

Honourable Mention is awarded to the following competitors, in order of merit:—

1. W. A. Cole, Lozells, Birmingham.
2. "Blanche Gore."
3. W. Claxton, Mus.B. Oxon., Tenbury.
4. Frank Barton, Bowness-on-Windermere.

The Editor hopes to publish the successful composition in an early number of the Magazine.

NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Full particulars of a New Series of Prize Competitions, open to all readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *will be announced in our next issue.*

"A RACQUET POISED ALOFT."

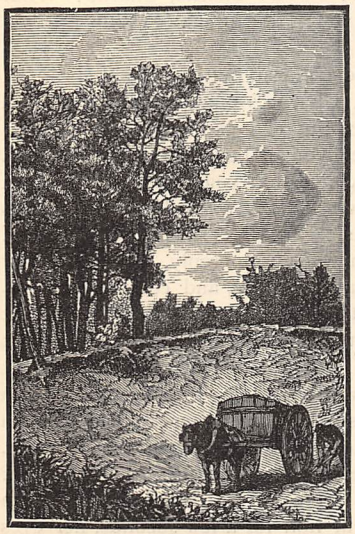
"*POLES APART*" (*p.* 409).

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

By ALICE O'HANLON, Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," "No Proof," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

SOWING THE WIND.



FIVE minutes later, Nunnerley slipped out at a side door, and passed from the Monkswood grounds. Proceeding along the highway, he very soon reached a stile, over which he vaulted; this brought him into the field-path which formed a short cut to his uncle's mill; the same path that Victor had taken thence on the day of Sir Jonathan Ledsom's funeral. Not a soul was in sight, and the young man now gave the reins to his feelings. Since quitting Idalia's presence, he had been so full of jubilation that he scarcely knew how to contain himself. His heart was leaping for joy; his legs felt full of springs. He wanted to run and jump along the road, to laugh aloud, to sing, to do something or other to give vent to the ecstasy that possessed him.

Day by day, since he had come to live beneath the same roof with her, his love for Idalia Bretherton had grown, until it had become a passion such as almost astonished himself—such as he had never believed himself capable of feeling. Of late he had nourished hopes, but they had seemed too extravagant—too delightful—to entertain. Now those hopes had merged into something very like certainty! In not point-blank refusing him permission to recur to the subject of his love, Idalia had, he thought, virtually consented to listen to his confession at some future time.

Charlie had not intended to speak so soon, but now he blessed the circumstance that had tempted him into doing so. Courage, and he would succeed! He, Charlie Nunnerley, would win this girl, who needed only to be known in order to have suitors by the score!

The conviction transported him with delight. Ah, how proud he should be of her! And what a wife she would make for an artist! With her for a model and an inspiration, what subjects he might conceive, and what paintings he might execute! He would, he resolved, work hard now, and he would aim at becoming a Royal Academician. He would promise Mr. Bretherton this—he would vow to obtain a position. But Charlie was not much afraid of poor Abner. If the daughter only loved him, the unworldly father would give his sanction. He could easily persuade him out of any possible objections to his suit. Also, he believed that, when the time came for such things to be thought of, he could bring Mr. Bretherton into making charmingly liberal marriage settlements.

But how fast he was getting on! All at once Charlie checked himself. He was making as sure of his success, almost, as though it were already placed beyond doubt. And yet how many potential slips there were between that cup of ecstasy and his thirsty lips!

On reaching the end of the field-path, Nunnerley turned to the left (Upton Brook Mills lay to the right), and after keeping for some short distance along a narrow cart-road, he passed through a turnstile which brought him down to the river's side.

A little farther on the river fell in a short, broken cataract; and just above the fall stood the ruins of what had once been a wind-mill.

Grown over with mosses and ivy, and with only one shattered sail remaining, this ruined mill formed a picturesque object. But the interest wherewith Nunnerley now regarded it was not excited by its picturesqueness. It was here that he expected to meet Hester Courteney; although he could not see anything of her, as he swept his eye over and around the broken, ivy-clad walls, he was not at all sure that Hester could not see him. In the hope that she might indeed be watching his approach through some crevice or fissure of the ruin, the young man began to walk very slowly, swinging an umbrella he carried with an easy *nonchalant* air. Once or twice, also, he stopped in a leisurely manner to look down into the river; and again, as the happy idea occurred to him, he paused to light a cigar.

Certainly, anything more unlike an eager lover on the way to meet his mistress could scarcely be conceived of. If Hester was watching for him, as he hoped, she could hardly avoid taking mortal offence. And that she *should* take mortal offence was just what he wished, since it would make his unpleasant task the easier.

When he had come within a few yards of the old mill, Miss Courteney stepped quietly forward into view. Then, still preserving his leisurely pace, Charlie actually began to whistle, and so approached her smoking and whistling.

"At last!" Hester greeted him with these words only. But her face, which a moment before had been very red, now became pale and set—strangely so, even for Hester, who was always pale.

Neither the cigar nor the whistle had been lost upon her.

"Why—am I late?" he asked, with assumed carelessness, drawing forth his watch.

"You are three-quarters of an hour behind your time," she answered, "and I have been waiting here as long as that."

"Dear me! Have you really? I'm sorry for that. But the fact is, we were late over luncheon; so I couldn't well help it. Excuse my smoking, will you?"

Hester bowed; but her grey eyes were fixed on her companion's face with a startled, questioning gaze that belied the coolness of her compressed lips and composed bearing.

"How very cold it is!" he resumed, rubbing his hands together, but carefully avoiding her glance. All this rudeness was very hard for the young man to maintain. Although by no means partial to physical suffering, he would gladly have undergone a mild bastinado rather than have had to pass through an interview such as he intended this to be. Stern necessity, however, impelled him to the course he had resolved upon, and Charlie determined not to be a coward.

"If you will come round the corner of this wall," said Hester, in a low, steady voice, "you will not feel the wind. Was it because of the cold that you walked so slowly here?"

Charlie took his cigar out of his mouth and knocked off the ashes.

"Did I walk slowly?" he asked; "well, perhaps I did. I was thinking a good deal as I came along, Hester." Miss Courteney, he saw, was not disposed hastily to pick a quarrel with him. It would be necessary to lead up to matters in another fashion.

"May I know the subject of your thoughts?"—Hester's tone was still firm and unraised—betraying nothing of the fierce pain and excitement that were raging within.

Suddenly Charlie threw away his cigar. Against his will, he was moved to a strong feeling of admiration by the girl's dignity of demeanour and wonderful power of self-control. Although she had shown it in no other way than by her unusual pallor, he knew well that she had sustained a great shock through his own conduct this afternoon. She had come here to meet a lover, or one who, despite a recent falling off in ardour, had, up to the present moment, professed to be such; and she had met instead a rude ungentlemanly boor, who, so far, had not even offered her a greeting. Yet she had borne the shock almost without flinching—with a quiet fortitude that disdained even to show surprise.

"Won't you sit down, Hetty?" he asked, in an altered tone, pointing to a low fragment of broken wall facing the river and sheltered on either side by a thick growth of bramble bushes. It was a spot where they had often sat together for hours in the early summer, screened from the observation of any chance passer-by. It was a spot where Charlie had sworn, over and over again, that he loved her, and where Hester had tasted in listening to him the sweetest bliss of her life.

Very devoutly the young man began to wish that some other place had been appointed for their interview this afternoon—some place less connected with obtrusive reminiscences. Already, since his visit to Monkswood had commenced, he had met Miss Courteney several times, but he had never met her here before.

In accordance with his suggestion, Hester seated herself upon the wall, and, after a moment of hesitancy, Nunnerley placed himself by her side. Then, whether moved by her own recollections, or affected by the change in his tone and his present contiguity, Hester's proud reserve suddenly gave way. She turned to him and grasped his arm. "Oh! Charlie, Charlie! What is the matter with you?" she cried. "Why are you behaving like this?"

Nunnerley flushed crimson, but he did not speak.

"Two days ago, Charlie," pursued Hester, "you swore that you were not changed towards me. You said, when I accused you of being so, that it was all my fancy. You declared that you loved me as much as ever. Charlie, *was it the truth?*" Her accents trembled with wistful eagerness as she put this question.

Still the young man made no reply. He only drew a little farther away from her, and commenced nervously poking at the ground with his umbrella. It was horribly disagreeable for him; but he must let her know the truth now, cost what it would. He must not yield to the cowardly impulse which prompted him to tell further falsehoods, in order to escape from the shame and the unpleasantness of the moment. Surely she would let his silence suffice for an answer?

Hester *did* let it suffice. She took her hand from his arm and gazed at him for a few seconds, her eyes wide open and full of anguish. Then all the warmth and light gradually faded again from her face, and her features hardened into an expression of stony despair.

"I see; I understand," she murmured. "Do you wish our engagement to be cancelled?"

Greatly relieved by this pertinent interrogation, and still more by her quiet way of putting it, Charlie took courage.

"Well, Hester," he said, "I'm awfully sorry, of course. But really, you know, I don't see how the thing was ever to come to anything between us."

"Did you ever intend it to come to anything?" she demanded.

"You know I did—that at least I have always hoped matters might arrange themselves. But, Hester, I am positive—quite positive—that your father would refuse to listen to me for a moment if I asked him for your hand. I know he would."

"Of course you know he would!" There was a kindling of angry contempt now in Hester's grey eyes, though otherwise her self-mastery was complete—"But you have known that all along, and so have I. Why else have we kept our engagement secret?"

"But, my dear girl, it must have been very unpleasant for you?" Charlie was growing quite bold now, deceived by his companion's apparent stoicism of feeling. "I—I have been thinking lately how very wrong and selfish it was in me to—to have drawn you into this." He still continued to bore holes in the ground with his umbrella, and to avoid looking into her face. Had he done so at this juncture, he might have been somewhat shaken in his impression as to Hester's philosophic calmness and lack of resentment

against his now acknowledged infidelity. "It is wretchedly unfortunate that Mr. Courteney should have conceived such a prejudice against me, but——"

Hester interrupted him. "I know the reason of my father's prejudice against you," she said sharply.

"You do?" He looked at her now with a quick glance of surprise, and then blushed furiously. "Since when have you known it?" he inquired.

"Ever since I have known you, or nearly so," she replied.

"But you have always pretended not to know."

"Yes, that is true."

"Why?"

"Because I knew that you would prefer that I should not know."

"Will you please tell me what it is that—that you do know, or have been told?"

"I know that my father thinks—or, rather, that he is sure—that you once took a ten-pound note of his—a good many years ago—when you were a boy."

"It's a vile slander!" broke out Charlie. "Why didn't he prove it? He never could prove it!"

"He could have proved it easily enough," said Hester; "but he let the matter drop because your uncle begged him to do so."

"It's an abominable lie!" protested the young man, colouring again, and moving uneasily upon his seat. "Hester"—(a happy idea struck him all at once: he would turn this very discomposing, but perhaps well-timed, confession of hers to account)—"Hester, do *you* believe there was any truth in the accusation?"

Hester reflected for a moment before replying, but no blush warmed the frozen rigidity of her features.

"Yes," she said, at length; "I believe it thoroughly because father has given me his proofs. I have always believed it."

"And yet you would have consented to marry me!" he exclaimed, with righteous indignation, "believing me to be a thief?"

A bitter smile curled Hester's lips—a smile which passed in a second. "Yes," she answered, "I would have married you, *knowing* you to have been a thief. I would have married you, Charlie, I almost believe, if you had committed a murder. Whatever you had been, or whatever you had done, I loved you so that I should have thought nothing of it, so long as you had continued faithful to me. Yes," she went on, "I loved you so that nothing mattered to me but your love. I would have done anything and risked anything for you. I would have risked, as you know, my father's displeasure by running away and marrying you without his consent. I would have risked disinheritance for myself; though, for your sake, I was glad to believe that it would never come to that. I would have given you my whole fortune willingly if I had had it in my hand; yes, even though I knew that you were marrying me in a great measure on account of that fortune. I only wanted a little love from you in return for my great love."

"Hetty! dear Hetty!" Charlie's vanity was so pleasantly touched by this impassioned acknowledgment (for, despite her frigid aspect, Hester's low tones trembled with subdued emotion), that he felt tempted into forgetting his resolution. He stooped to kiss her.

But Hester repulsed the embrace. Springing to her feet, she stood confronting him. Charlie was almost frightened by the scathing fire of rage and contempt which played upon him for a moment from those grey eyes which he had sometimes thought so cold.

"No; do not offer me your false kisses!" When she spoke again the girl's strong will had triumphed once more, quelling all demonstration of feeling, although her words were hard. "Offer them where your false heart has gone!"

"Hester! What do you mean? I——"

"Hush! You need not attempt to deceive me!" she interposed. "Do you think I am blind? Or that I have never suspected this until now? I know all; I know that you love her, and I see that you have entirely ceased to care for me. But what do you think *her* love is worth, Charlie Nunnerley, compared with mine? Would she love you, do you suppose, if she knew that you had stolen a bank-note? Would she——"

"Stolen! Hester, pray consider what you are saying," Charlie interrupted, in his turn, looking uneasily around. "I deny the charge *in toto*. But even supposing now, for a moment, that it were true, or that evidence existed which could make it appear so, could any one be cruel enough to ruin me by reaping up a thing that had happened so long ago? As you said yourself, I was only a boy."

"You were nineteen," observed Hester deliberately.

"But the thing is not true—that's the point!" protested the young man irately. "If any one repeats it, it will be an actionable libel. But why should we talk on so extremely unpleasant a topic?"

"We can drop it now," was the quiet rejoinder; "and you can finish what you have to say to me."

Charlie shuddered. Hester's suggestions had filled him with a sense of danger and insecurity. He had feared before to make her an enemy, but he feared it more than ever now, for he recognised that she held in her hand more than one deadly weapon that might be turned against him.

"Hetty, dear; do not let us quarrel," he implored earnestly. "Please sit down again, and let me stand, if you do not care to be near me."

He rose as he spoke, and leaned against a portion of the broken masonry. "I am going to speak candidly to you, Hester."

Hester resumed her seat. "Do," she said, "and please be brief as well as candid. I want this interview over. Tell me the plain truth, and then go away and leave me. No: on second thoughts, I will tell it to you. Charles Nunnerley, you are a scoundrel!"

"Miss Courteney!"

"Yes, sir: you are a scoundrel. You have deceived me; you have lied to me; you have befooled me. You have won my heart to cast it away from you like a broken toy. You pretended to love me, and you made me love you—so much that I have been content all these months to keep the secret of our engagement—to become almost as deceitful as yourself; so much

that I had promised to elope with you whenever it should be your august pleasure to accept from me that sacrifice of my pride and my dignity. And now you would cast me off because you have met with a fairer face and perhaps a larger fortune!"

"You mistake, Hester. Allow me——"

"No, I will *not* allow you. I will listen to no more falsehoods. Let me finish. I have not been altogether unprepared for this. I knew and felt that you were changed, although only the very last time we met—only two days ago—you vowed that you were not so! What has happened since then? I can guess. And now you may go. You came here this afternoon determined to gain your release at all hazards—by affront, by wheedling, by deception, by I know not what means. But I will spare you any further trouble. I give you your release. Take it, and go!"

"Oh, Hester, I cannot ask you to forgive me. I deserve that you should despise me," he stammered, vaguely comprehending the depth of suppressed passion seething in the insulted girl's breast. "But, at least, say that you do not hate me—that you will not wish me harm."

"Not wish you harm! Manly and unselfish creature!" There was withering sarcasm in her accent. "Oh, no, how could I wish that you should suffer? Let me press the iron into my own soul, and piously return good for evil!"

"Hester, you *do* hate me!"

"Insulted love, I have heard, does sometimes turn to hate. But we will not discuss that question. Kindly leave me, Mr. Nunnerley."

Charlie moved a step forward and took off his hat, Whether Hester hated him or not, he felt that he almost hated her. The sort of thing which she had just said to him was what he could never forgive. Her plain speaking and bitter sarcasms had wounded his vanity to the quick. Yet he knew that she had not said one word more than he deserved; nor, indeed, so much as he deserved. He had injured the girl, and insulted her. It was natural that she should wish to revenge herself—if only she would be content to revenge herself in words alone.

"Miss Courteney, my regret for what has occurred is beyond expression," he began, feeling that he must apologise—that he must make some endeavour to conciliate her. "If you would but permit me to speak, I think——"

"You think that your capacity for dissimulation is not at an end? You are mistaken, so far as I am concerned; for my weak credulity is at an end. There is nothing more to be said between us. If you will not leave me, I must leave you."

Intuitively the young man felt that nothing more was to be said; that to humble himself to the lowest point of self-abasement would be worse than useless. His offence was beyond redemption.

"Good-bye, then," he murmured sullenly. "I will return your letters to the post-office. Perhaps you will be good enough"—this with a quick, ill-concealed anxiety—"to let me have mine back, too?"

Hester reflected for a moment, and a bright flush of colour rose unaccountably to her pale face. "Yes. Yes, certainly your letters shall be returned to you. Good-bye, Mr. Nunnerley."

He lifted his hat once more, and walked off by the same way that he had come, along the river's bank. But how small he felt—how wretchedly discomfited! Was she looking after him, he wondered? Looking after him with contempt and aversion in her gaze? He confessed to himself that he was an object worthy of disdain. He could almost have wished that the earth would open and swallow him up, so ashamed and confused did he feel, so anxious to get out of her sight. It was quite a relief when he could turn away from the river, and feel satisfied that he was at last out of the range of her vision.

He could hold up his head now, and feel rather less like a beaten hound. Certainly, Miss Courteney had had the best of it. She had administered the lash pretty smartly. But, then, it was all over. Yes, it was all over now, and he was free of her! There was consolation in this thought. He need no longer look on himself as a hypocrite. His double dealings were at an end. He had broken the fetters that had been galling him. He was at liberty now to love Idalia with all his heart and soul, and to try his utmost to win her.

And he could win her—he felt confident that he could win her—if only he could make sure that Hester Courteney intended to let him escape so easily as this. For, after all, he *had* escaped very easily. There had been no scene, no tears, no reproaches—at least, no tender ones. Hester had called him some very ugly names, it is true, and she had poured out upon him vials of scorn and indignation. But this was a great deal better than the other thing. If this was to be all, he had every reason to congratulate himself. And surely it would be? Surely, for her own sake, Hester would keep the secret of what had passed between them? If he could not rely upon any mercy for himself, he could, at any rate, rely upon the pride of her own nature.

Arguing thus, and striving to believe what he hoped for, Nunnerley worked himself into better spirits, and by the time he had again come within view of Monkswood, he had recovered something of the joyous elation wherewith he had set forth upon his walk.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

A MIDNIGHT CONFESSION.

ONE night, when she had been at Monkswood about a week, Jessie McNicoll awoke to find the place by her side vacant.

Although separate apartments had been put at their disposal, the sisters had elected to occupy the same.

"Dora?" Jessie uttered the name anxiously. A mysterious prescience seemed to warn her that something was wrong. "Dora, dear, where are you?"

There was no answer in words, but a stifled sob reached her ears from the farther end of the large room.

Jessie was out of bed in an instant. By the dim flicker of the dying firelight she descried a figure

standing near a distant window, the blind of which had been drawn up.

"Dora, what are you doing there? You have got your dressing-gown on! And your hands are as cold as ice! What is the matter, darling?"

"HE STILL CONTINUED TO BORE HOLES IN THE GROUND WITH HIS UMBRELLA, AND TO AVOID LOOKING INTO HER FACE" (*p.* 386).

"Nothing. There is nothing the matter," faltered Dora. "I could not sleep, so I have been walking about a little: that is all. Go back to bed, Jessie."

"No, I won't—not unless you come, too!" protested Jessie. "Oh, how cold you are! You must have been up for hours. Dora, there *is* something the matter. Is it——" She paused for a moment, shocked by the idea that had suggested itself—"Oh, Dora, it is about Victor! You have been keeping something from me. Is he worse? Is he in danger?"

"No, no!" It was Dora's turn now to expostulate. "How excitable you are, Jessie dear! I have heard nothing more than we were both told this afternoon."

"Then there is really no reason for serious alarm? Arthur said that the doctor's report was favourable—that Victor had taken the fever very mildly."

"Yes, but still one cannot help feeling anxious, you know, until he has got over it. Of course he is very ill." This observation was somewhat disingenuous on Dora's part, since it was meant to mislead her sister.

"That is what you have been fretting about, then, is it?"

Dora evaded again. "It was silly, was it not? Come, let us get into bed. I do feel rather cold."

"Cold? You are frozen!" Jessie gathered her close, in order to impart some of her own warmth. "Now, Dora," she went on presently, "you know you are not going to have any secrets from me. We never have had any secrets from each other yet. Was it only about Victor that you were crying?"

Jessie's tone was peremptory. The younger Miss McNicoll possessed a stronger will than her sister, or, at least, a greater power of insistence (which, so far, had gone for the same thing); and gentle, sweet-tempered Dora had grown accustomed to give way whenever any difference of opinion or desire arose between them.

"Come, tell me!" she persisted.

Dora felt impelled to yield. "No, it was not altogether that," she admitted.

"Then what was it? You cannot have any personal trouble, Dora—*you?* Why, I always look upon you as about the most fortunate girl in the world!"

"Fortunate? How am I fortunate?" echoed Dora, with a little hysterical laugh, that ended in a renewed burst of sobbing.

"What does this mean?" cried her sister. "Don't you care for Arthur? I thought you loved him?"

"Oh, Jessie! What are you saying? You musn't talk like that!" Dora remonstrated. (Hitherto Jessie had delicately avoided such plain speaking.)

"Yes, I must—just this once, dear. I want to get to the bottom of things. Why, *my* head would be turned if I were in your place! To think of becoming mistress of such a place as Feldhurst Court, and the wife of a baronet! Perhaps it is rather a vulgar aspiration on my part, but I must confess that I should dearly love to be called 'my lady.' If you were not my own sister, I should be frightfully jealous of you, my dear, and so I tell you frankly."

"Jessie, it is all a dream, what you are talking of—all a foolish dream," asseverated Dora, struggling to choke back her tears. Fortunately, however, those tears had already relieved the tension of mental anguish, which the poor girl had borne for days, and borne with so brave a countenance that no one could have suspected her of being the victim of a secret grief.

Jessie did not, even now, suspect it. Reflecting how unusually bright and lively her sister had appeared throughout the past evening, she felt sorely puzzled, however, at surprising this wild burst of grief in the midnight hours. As yet, Jessie did not understand that, although these qualities might manifest themselves in a different direction from her own, Dora was by no means deficient either in strength of character or tenacity of purpose.

"Surely, it cannot be possible?"—Jessie put the inquiry after a brief silence, and in a whisper almost of awe—"it cannot be possible that you have refused him?"

Dora laughed again rather faintly. "He has not given me the opportunity of refusing him, Jessie," she said, "and he never will."

"Nonsense! He is not a flirt. I never knew any one less like a flirt than Arthur Ledsom. And he must either be a flirt, or he must mean to make you an offer," observed Jessie, with decision.

"I don't see that," demurred Dora tremulously—"Most certainly he is not a flirt; but——"

"But other people see it, if you don't!" interposed her sister. "Even Percival Bretherton hinted to me yesterday that you were a remarkably lucky girl. I thought it very bad form of him, and I let him see that I thought so. But, all the same, it is true."

"It is not true, Jessie. It is altogether a mistake."

"Then why, pray, does he come here every day? I know he pretends that it is to tell us about Victor; but he knows very well that we hear without him. That is all an excuse."

"Yes. But he does not come to see *me*, Jessie."

"You silly goose! Whom, then, does he come to see? Is it me?"

"No, Jessie; it is Idalia Bretherton."

Jessie experienced quite a shock. Dora had made the assertion in such a tone of solemn conviction, mingled with an inflection of acutest pain, that she could not avoid being impressed. A few moments of meditation, however, enabled her to rally.

"Nonsense!" she ejaculated again; "how absurd you are, Dora! Does he not always sit beside you? Does he not always ride or walk with you when we are out together? Does he not always talk to you twice as much as to any one else?"

"Yes," assented her sister, "that is true. But——Oh, Jessie, now that we have begun to talk about it, I will tell you all! He does sit beside me, but all the while he looks at her. He does talk to me, but whenever she speaks, he stops to listen—sometimes in the middle of a sentence; and then, often and often, he forgets to finish the sentence. And when she sings—Oh, Jessie, have you never noticed it? When she sings, he hangs on every note, with all his soul in his eyes. And when she stops, he sighs—and——Oh, there is no doubt of it—no doubt at all!"

Jessie filled up another short silence by straining her sister in sympathetic distress to her affectionate young heart.

"If this is true, I shall hate them both!" she burst forth. "But it can't be. Why, you little donkey, didn't he come just the same when we were at home?" she continued, brightening suddenly; "that was not to see Miss Bretherton, was it?"

Carried away by her unaffected sympathy, and encouraged by the darkness, Dora opened her whole heart to her sister.

"He did love me once, Jessie!" she exclaimed—"before he saw her. At least, I think he did. And one night he was just on the point—just in the very act—of telling me so when you came in and interrupted us." And Dora went on to give her listener a faithful account of that interview in the firelit drawing-room, every word of which was transcribed upon her memory.

Jessie heard her through without comment. "I could beat myself, I am so vexed," she then observed.

"But how was I to know? If he had only spoken! But, Dora, he is not fickle. I believe, indeed I am sure, you are doing him an injustice. If Arthur loved you once, he loves you still. You are quite as good and as sweet as she is, darling; you are sweeter, of course, in my eyes. And Arthur is not by any means the kind of man who would care much for looks."

"Every man cares for looks," averred Dora; "and Idalia's beauty is not of a common order. Oh, Jessie, it is no wonder, no wonder! . . . I should like to go home," she pursued, breaking down again. "I would give anything to go home! I am not afraid of the fever, not in the very slightest degree."

"Now, Dora, listen to me," resumed Jessie, in a superior, argumentative tone; "you are jumping to conclusions a vast deal too hastily. Arthur may admire Idalia, and I have no doubt he does. Who could help it? But to admire is not to love. And to look at a person a good deal doesn't prove much; for, to tell the truth, I often catch myself gazing at Mr. Percival in a way that I'm quite ashamed of. He's such a handsome fellow, you know, that it gives one a sort of pleasure to admire him. Yet I am so far from being in love that—to tell you the truth—I do not even like him."

"I should think not! But the cases are different—quite different."

"I don't see it. I believe—I really do believe that you are mistaken. Besides, there is Charlie. Didn't you admit yourself, the other day, Dora, that Charlie was evidently caught, and also that Idalia appeared to favour him? And—why, were they not playing chess together in the drawing-room nearly the whole of last evening?"

Dora faltered an assent. "Yes. But, Jessie, it was Arthur's manner, whilst they were playing, that made me feel sure—surer than ever I had done before—that it was *her* he cared for. He was so restless and distracted that he could not sit still or talk rationally. And every second he kept looking over at them. Oh, I am not mistaken! But do not let us say any more, dear. I—perhaps I have no right to feel as I do, and I have tried to keep my trouble to myself—but it did seem as though I was justified in—in thinking what I have done."

"Of course you were justified in that," returned her sister. "But, darling, I don't even yet believe that you are justified in your doubts of him. At all events, promise me that you will wait a few days and let me judge? Lookers-on, you know, see most of the game. Will you defer your decision and your misery, you foolish little gaby, until I can form an opinion upon the matter?"

Dora clutched eagerly at this straw of hope. Yes, perhaps it was true that an observer—especially one so acute as Jessie—might be in a better position to judge than herself. At any rate, she would try to think so. It was like a sort of reprieve. Blindly she clung to the faint hope it brought; and relieved by her tears and by this sisterly confidence, she presently sank into a sleep of exhaustion.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

SIR ARTHUR LEDSOM CHOOSES HIS COURSE.

WITH a solicitude which she took care not to show, Jessie waited next morning for Arthur Ledsom's accustomed visit. Despite her protestations of the previous evening, she feared, in her secret heart, that there might be truth in Dora's suspicions, and she longed to satisfy herself that such was not the case. But her affectionate anxiety was doomed to be prolonged.

Sir Arthur did not appear at the usual hour. Since the commencement of his friend's illness, it had been his practice to inquire each morning at Upton Lodge for news as to Victor's condition, and then to bring that news on to Victor's sisters. As a rule, this early call had only been a short one; but, almost invariably, it had led to some arrangement for Sir Arthur to visit Monkswood later in the day.

This morning, however, the daily bulletin was brought, not by the young baronet, but by Mr. McNicoll's gardener; and whilst not positively alarming, his report was less favourable than those which Arthur had been in the habit of delivering, and on which he had, perhaps, thrown the best possible light. Although not, according to the doctors, in any actual danger, Victor was unquestionably very ill. Throughout most of the past night he had, the gardener declared, been delirious, and Mr. McNicoll had never left him for a moment. That their father had constituted himself his son's principal nurse, the girls had already heard to their intense surprise. Such a display of parental affection appeared to them entirely foreign to his character. But they were yet to learn that respecting the nature and extent of Mr. McNicoll's devotion to his favourite child which would surprise them still more.

After repeating these tidings concerning his young master, the gardener had gone on to convey a verbal message from Sir Arthur Ledsom, who, it appeared, had made his customary inquiries at Upton Lodge. The message was to the effect that, owing to an engagement with his estate-agent, he should not this morning be able to do himself the pleasure of calling at Monkswood.

That he would present himself later in the day, however, no one doubted. Nevertheless, not only this day, but the next and the next passed without bringing him. It began to be feared that he was ill, and early on the morning of the fourth day Peleus Bretherton went up to the Court to inquire. As he approached the house, the young man was convinced that he saw Sir Arthur hastily retreating from one of the windows. Yet, when he asked, he was told that the baronet was "not at home." In reply to a further inquiry, he was informed, moreover, that Sir Arthur was in his usual health.

Of all this mystery there seemed to young Bretherton but one possible solution—viz., that Sir Arthur was offended. Disconcerted and annoyed, he hurried home to try and find out who was the offender, and what the cause of offence.

But although it was true, as Percival guessed, that

the "not at home" had merely been used as the conventional form for denying himself to his visitor, poor Sir Arthur was not offended with any one. He was only unhappy—only, as he told himself, utterly and unmitigatedly wretched—unfit for society, and especially unfit to tolerate the society of a person so uncongenial to him as Mr. Percival Bretherton.

To the reader it has, of course, been no secret that Arthur Ledsom, all this time, had been falling in love with the daughter of his new neighbour. Those signs which poor Dora had noticed with a bleeding heart had been to the full as pregnant of meaning as she had imagined. And yet the young man had proved strangely slow in recognising his own condition. Fickleness, either of feeling or purpose, was about the last quality which he would willingly have attributed to himself, and having made up his mind that Dora McNicoll was to be his wife, he had blindly and obstinately refused to recognise that he no longer desired that she should become so. There had, however, come a point beyond which he had found it impossible further to deceive himself. Thrown constantly into the company of the two girls, in each other's presence, he had at length been compelled to see the truth—to understand, with something like horror, that it was Idalia, not Dora, whom he loved! And the veil thus eventually torn from his eyes, poor Arthur had understood something else. In the light of this new, overwhelming, and transporting sentiment, he had seen clearly that what he had felt for Dora McNicoll had never really been love at all. That is, it had never been this kind of love, tender, passionate, and absorbing. It had been a calm and placid affection, very real and very pleasant so far as it went; but, alas, by comparison, how poor, how narrow, how weak!

And yet he was bound to Dora—bound in honour to remain faithful to her! In this conviction, Arthur had never, until within the last few days, allowed himself for one moment to waver. Of a truth, this young man was not fickle. His case was one for pity rather than blame. Youth, inexperience, and perhaps a little hastiness of resolve were the only faults whereof he had been guilty. Owing to circumstances of various kinds, Arthur had, so far, seen absolutely nothing of the world, or of that class of society to which his present position gave him the entry. At college, where he had remained up to the time of his uncle's death, the young fellow had made many acquaintances, but few friends. And, as it chanced, the two companions whom alone he had admitted to his intimacy, had been men without sisters (one of them, indeed, without any settled home); and although he had frequently spent portions of his vacations in their company, it had been chiefly in travelling abroad, where only chance intercourse with ladies could be enjoyed.

As a matter of fact, therefore, young Ledsom had never known, with the slightest degree of familiarity, any other girls than Dora and Jessie McNicoll, Hester Courteney, and one or two others among the McNicolls' friends. With each and all of the latter, Dora, in Arthur's opinion, had compared most favourably. From his earliest boyhood he had been fond of her, and, of late, that fondness had greatly increased. For, as has already been shown, Arthur had discovered the, to him, weighty secret of Dora's love for himself, and this had acted powerfully in begetting a warmer liking on his own side. The only error had been in his mistaking liking and affection for the passion of love. But having made this mistake, Arthur had resolved to abide by the consequences. He had, he knew, paid Dora sufficient attention to justify her preference of him. Further, he had, if not absolutely committed himself in that interrupted interview, at least done so to an extent which made it impossible for him, as an honourable man, to consider himself otherwise than bound to fulfil the hopes he had raised. To desert Dora now would, it seemed to him, with his punctilious sense of chivalry and honour, be the act of a blackguard.

Assured therefore, within his own mind, that such conduct would be out of the question, and determined to remain staunch to his creed as a gentleman, he had nevertheless been unwise enough to throw himself into the strongest temptation. He had visited continually at Monkswood, and whilst outwardly assiduous towards poor Dora, he had suffered eyes, ears, and heart to become ever more penetrated by that sweet poison which was destroying his peace. But at length a crisis had arrived in his experience. It had been brought about through that game of chess to which the McNicoll sisters had referred in their midnight talk, and which had been played by Idalia and Charlie Nunnerley on the last evening he had spent at the Hall. Long before this he had guessed Nunnerley's secret, and more than once he had suffered acute pangs of jealousy on surprising what looked to him like signs of favourable feeling upon Idalia's part. But this evening, as he watched them seated apart, absorbed in their amusement and in each other, a horror of great darkness seemed all at once to fall upon poor Arthur. His heart sank with a sickening dismay. Suddenly he realised that to see Idalia belonging to another would be more than he could endure, and suddenly, also, he was seized with a violent impulse to throw honour to the winds, and to enter the lists himself as a candidate for this coveted prize. Were he to do so, he thought, he should at least have a chance against Charlie Nunnerley. Once admitted, the temptation raged within him like a tempest, and though he kept it from breaking forth whilst at the Hall, it had raged on fiercely throughout the three following days. Like a victim who has been stretched on the rack, the poor young fellow had endured the torture as long as he was able; but flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and at last he had given way.

But that giving way was not to be for long. Martyrs, rallying after moments of weakness, have faced torture again rather than deny their principles, and Arthur Ledsom was of that stuff out of which a brave man is made.

The storm of doubt and temptation raged on, but it presently raged itself out. It left the sufferer from its violence scathed with pain, haggard and spent with emotion, but with his breast, not his back, to the enemy. He was weak and ill (notwithstanding his servant's

denial of the fact to Peleus Bretherton) both in body and mind. He would take a little time to recover himself. But he had chosen his course.

As a knight without fear and without reproach, his motto should be "Honour before Happiness."

"'WHERE—WHEN ARE YOU GOING?' SHE FALTERED" (*p.* 395).

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

SUNSHINE AFTER SHOWER.

On the afternoon of the day upon which Peleus Bretherton had paid his unsuccessful call at Feldhurst Court, there was to be a feast for the school-children belonging to Upton Church.

For some time Dora McNicoll and her sister had been in the habit of giving their services as teachers on the Sunday. One evening, when they had been at Monkswood a day or two, Mr. Hardcastle called there to remind them of the approaching festivity, and to beg their assistance in amusing the children. Further, finding the usual little party together, he had successfully pressed the rest of the young people into this service.

Idalia Bretherton had promised to be present, and to sing one or two songs. Jessie McNicoll had undertaken to read a humorous selection from Dickens. Charlie Nunnerley and Percival Bretherton, for their parts, had agreed to aid Mr. Hardcastle's curate in exhibiting and explaining the representations of a magic lantern. As may be supposed, however, a Sunday-school tea-party was about the last diversion in the world likely in itself to have attracted either of these

young men. The one had consented to be there because he expected little Susan Basset to be present; the other, because Idalia Bretherton had done the same. As for Sir Arthur Ledsom and Dora McNicoll, though neither of them had accepted any special *rôle*, both had engaged to patronise the entertainment by their presence.

When the day came, however, Dora declared herself unable to fulfil this engagement. She was suffering, she protested, from a severe headache, and directly after luncheon she retired to her own room to lie down.

Jessie, suspicious of the headache, but none the less sympathetic, wished to remain at home with her sister. But this Dora declined, asserting with truth that she would greatly prefer to be left alone. Now, encouraged by his former success, Mr. Hardcastle had further begged the young ladies to assist in arranging the tea-tables. This Idalia and Jessie had readily consented to do. Accordingly, at a little after three, they betook themselves to the schoolroom. The children, it had been arranged, were to assemble at four, and to be dismissed by half-past seven, so that the Monkswood dinner-hour would only need to be postponed shortly beyond the usual time.

But for four hours and more, Dora, now that her sister and Miss Bretherton were gone, could calculate on the boon of solitude.

It was a boon which she prized at the present moment above expression.

To assure herself more fully of its possession, her first act was to lock the chamber door. Returning then to the couch from which she had just risen, she threw herself again upon it, and, burying her face in the pillow, gave way to a burst of not altogether silent grief. Poor girl! she had been wrought up during the last few days into a state of highly nervous excitement. Arthur's prolonged absence had appeared to her an inexplicable mystery. At first, she had hardly known whether to be glad or sorry about it, and she had made strenuous efforts not to show that it affected her at all, efforts which had been so successful as even partially to deceive Jessie's watchful and affectionate observation. Since this morning, however (when Percival Bretherton had paid that visit to Feldhurst Court, which had virtually been declined by Sir Arthur), a blank and sickening dismay had fallen upon poor Dora. She could not understand it. Did Arthur wish, then, to avoid them all? Was he intending to come no more to Monkswood? If so, what was the reason?

In trying to puzzle out this dark riddle, her bewilderment and agitation culminated. Only one fact appeared to stand out more clearly than ever amidst the gloom which surrounded her, and that was, that he whom she had once believed to be her lover, certainly did not now care for her—if ever, indeed, he had done so. What there was in the circumstances to confirm this conclusion, Dora could not have told; but by some occult process of reasoning she arrived at such confirmation. The last remnant of hope died out in despair. Dora wept until the fountain of her tears was dry and she could weep no more. Rising then, physically exhausted, but mentally determined that no one, not even Jessie, should be allowed to guess how deep were her secret sufferings, she passed over to the glass. The reflection she saw there shocked her.

Her cheeks were swollen and blistered with the scalding tears, her eyes lustreless, her eyelids red. How could such signs escape notice? Dora hastened to bathe her face in water. Then, in the hope that fresh air might efface the tell-tale marks, she slipped on her hat and jacket and left her room with the intention of taking a walk about the grounds. By this time the three gentlemen (for Mr. Bretherton, at his daughter's request, had arranged likewise to put in an appearance there) would, she felt sure, have set off for the school.

Not wishing, however, even to encounter a servant in her present condition, she ran swiftly and silently down the stairs. But on reaching the last flight her steps were suddenly arrested. She had heard no ring nor sound of footsteps crossing the carpeted hall, yet at this moment the entrance door was thrown open, and in the gathering dusk—for already the early twilight was beginning to fall—she descried a well-known form framed in the aperture.

"They are all out, Sir Arthur," Dora heard the footman remark. "They've gone down to the church, sir—to a school-treat, or something of that sort."

"Oh, to be sure; this is the day! I had forgotten all about that," was the rejoinder, in a tone that spoke of vexation or disappointment. "Will you say to Miss McNicoll——No, never mind. I will call again to-morrow."

"Miss McNicoll! Dear me, I beg your pardon for not remembering, Sir Arthur. She is at home. But she is not very well. She has a headache, I believe."

Sir Arthur, who had been on the point of departing, turned eagerly back. "I will come in," he said, "and if you take my name to her, Miss McNicoll will perhaps see me. Mention, please, that I have called purposely——Dora!"

The name was uttered in surprised exclamation, as the young man stepped into the hall. For, neither retreating nor advancing, Dora had remained, since first she had caught sight of him, standing motionless upon the staircase. A sense that some crisis was at hand, that something unforeseen was about to happen, had seemed to paralyse her limbs, and almost to suspend her breath.

On being spoken to, however, the spell vanished, and drawing the broad brim of her hat further over her face, she ran down to meet her visitor.

"Were you going out? he asked. "You are feeling better, then?"

"Yes, thank you. I was only going for a little run in the grounds; but I don't mind about it," she answered, preceding him into the drawing-room, the door of which the servant had hastened to unclose.

"I am so pleased you are not at the school!" he resumed, when they were alone. "Do you know, that affair had altogether slipped my memory. I——" He paused, all at once, to look more closely into her face.

Dora dear, you have been crying? You are in trouble?" he exclaimed.

Dora blushed crimson. In the hall it had seemed so sombre and dark that she had hoped Arthur might not notice her tear-stained countenance. But the drawing-room, as she had forgotten to consider, faced the west, and on entering it she had been dismayed to find the light still so strong. To have turned her back upon the windows would have been the action of another moment, but already it was too late.

"Why, Arthur, you know," she stammered, "that poor Victor is——has been very ill. The doctors have been calling twice a day lately."

"Yes, but the crisis is over now, Dora. Yesterday and to-day he has been rallying splendidly. Surely you have been told that there was no occasion for alarm?"

"You have called to inquire after him, then?" said Dora, eluding his question by another, and hoping that her evasive suggestion might have served its purpose.

"Of course I have, every day," he rejoined. "But I have not been *here* just lately, Dora. Have you been wondering why?"

"We have all wondered why," she answered. Then, looking at him for the first time with more courage of observation, she added, "Oh, Arthur, you have been ill? How dreadfully pale you look!"

"Do I?" he asked, smiling. "Well, I am not feeling quite the thing, it is true. But I am going from home for a few weeks, Dora. That will set me all right again, I expect."

"Oh? Yes, I hope so. Where—when are you going?" she faltered.

"To-morrow, I think. But, Dora, dear Dora, before I leave, I want to have a very important matter—the most important matter of my life settled. I could not go away without asking you a question, Dora. You know what that question is?"

He had seated himself by her side on a sofa which stood with its back to the light, and where Dora had taken her place.

"Dora, you know, don't you? You can guess what I want to say?" He drew nearer, as he spoke, and possessed himself of her hand.

Dora opened her lips to reply—but, for a moment, the words refused to come. She could only shake her head as in denial.

"Dearest, you must guess? You must know that I want you to be my wife? Will you, Dora? Will you be my sweet little wife?" He bent forward to look into her down-cast face, as he pressed these queries with gentle earnestness.

What he saw there was answer sufficient. In the revulsion of her feelings, Dora was trembling from head to foot, and her colour was coming and going with every fresh throb of her palpitating heart. But, at length, by a determined effort, she mastered her emotion, and slowly raised her eyes, beaming now with a light that defied the effect of those recent tears.

"Your wife?" she whispered—"Oh, Arthur!"

"You are not surprised, are you, dear? I thought you knew. I thought you had understood that I was on the point of asking you once before? Don't you remember? It was on the night—the night before your dinner-party." A sudden twinge of pain at the recollection of whom he had first met at that dinner-party, had occasioned the momentary hesitation.

"Yes, I—I did almost think that evening," she confessed simply, "that you meant something. But, Arthur, since then——"

"Since then, what?" he asked. Then, with no pause for a reply, he appended, "Don't you love me, Dora?"

In answer to this direct question Dora once more turned to look at him. She had not noticed, poor girl, that Arthur had said no word, as yet, about his love for her. But the omission, even if she had noticed it, would perhaps not have struck her as significant, for, surely, the greater matter included the less. He was asking her to marry him—to become his companion through life. Therefore, of course he must love her. She had been mistaken in those wretched suspicions—those sickening fears! She—— The delicious reaction from her disappointment and despair was almost too much for her. Her heart was so full of joy that she well-nigh thought it might burst. It was quite an effort to speak. But at last she got out the words—

"Love you? Yes, I *do* love you, Arthur, more than words can tell! I think I have always loved you!" Dora was no coquette. She had not even acquired the rudiments of the art, or possibly she might not have suffered so much truth of feeling and warmth of expression to show itself in voice and aspect.

But, with her present companion, no acting, or pretence of coolness, could have served her turn one-hundredth part so well as this frank avowal. It proved to Arthur, at any rate, that his manly self-sacrifice had been no vain, no unnecessary act.

"You dear little mouse!" he cried, gathering her in his arms, and stooping to kiss her cheek.

Dora submitted to the embrace. Then, with a soft, joyous little laugh, she repeated, "Mouse!—Why do you call me that? Because my dress is like it?"

"Your dress, and your hat too." But the colour suits you, dear," he went on, trying to pay a lover-like compliment. "Well, Dora, may I consider that we are engaged—subject, of course, to the approval of your parents?"

"They are sure to approve," said Dora, nestling against his shoulder with a sigh of ineffable content, as he still held her close. "How could they help it? Oh, Arthur, how happy I am!"

"Are you, love? I am so glad? Then the tears are all gone? Dora, tell me, was it only about Victor you were troubled?"

"No," she confessed, a little shyly. "It was partly—it was almost *all* because you did not come, Arthur."

"I thought so—I was rather afraid so," he rejoined.

"Couldn't you trust me, then, Dora? Did you think I was going to prove faithless?"

"It wouldn't have been faithlessness! You had never really said anything," she protested. "But, Arthur, now that I know I must have been mistaken, I should like to tell you something—shall I?"

"Do," he said; "tell me whatever you like, Dora."

"Well, I have thought—indeed, I have been feeling quite sure that it was not *me* you loved, Arthur, but some one else."

Sir Arthur started guiltily. Till now he had been labouring under the impression that he had in no way betrayed his passion for Miss Bretherton. "Some one else?" he echoed faintly.

Dora smiled radiantly. She could afford to smile at what she now saw could have been nothing but a foolish fancy. Yet, in another moment, the recollection of what she had suffered, and a vague kind of uneasiness in openly referring to Miss Bretherton's name, chased the smile from her lips. Arthur even felt her shudder as she replied—

"I thought it was Idalia, Arthur. And if it had been, it would have been no wonder. The wonder is how you could possibly choose me when she was by. Oh, Arthur, is this true? Are you really quite sure that you love me best?"

Sir Arthur winced from the agony inflicted by this cruel probing-knife. For a second or two he was again almost tempted to cast honour and chivalry to the winds. By a sublime effort, however, he clutched at his wavering resolution, and morally set his teeth.

"You silly child!" he said, "What possible foundation could you find for so foolish a fancy? I have never paid Miss Bretherton any special attention."

"No—not in words, nor in acts, you have not, Arthur. But——"

"Well?"

"I have seen you look at her sometimes as though you loved her. But I suppose it was only admiration. How could any one help admiring her? Arthur, was it only that?"

"My dear Dora"—he spoke in a bantering tone, though his eye had fallen beneath her gaze—"do you know that you are letting me into a secret? You are proving that you have actually been feeling jealous. You will make me quite conceited."

"Yes, I have been jealous," she acknowledged impulsively, "frightfully jealous and wretched! Arthur, I could not help loving you; and I believe—I really do believe—it would have broken my heart if what I thought had been true."

Again she had touched the right key.

"Dearest, I thank you for your love with all my heart. I will try to be worthy of it. I will do my utmost to make you a good husband. But you must trust me better, dear, in future. And, above all, you must promise me, please, never again to say anything of that sort about Miss Bretherton. I—I don't like it, Dora. Will you promise me this?"

Dora did promise, and Arthur rewarded the promise with a caress. After that they had much talk—talk which had the effect of completely removing any remaining doubts from Dora's mind. How, forsooth, could she doubt any longer in the face of the fact that Sir Arthur wanted her, there and then, to fix the date of their marriage, to agree that it should take place as early as possible, consistently with decent respect for his uncle's memory? It was very lonely for him, he complained, in that great house, with its big empty rooms; and the young baronet contrived to draw some pleasant pictures of the time when those rooms should be brightened and filled for him by the presence of his chosen bride. In the meantime, however, he was going from home for a few weeks, for a month probably, and he was intending to depart on the morrow. Returning to this subject, Dora learned that Rodney Harcourt—one of the two young fellows who had been Arthur's principal college chums—had recently been suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs, and had been ordered by his physician to winter abroad. Yesterday morning Arthur had received a letter stating that Harcourt was leaving at once for the Riviera, and begging him, if he could, to go with him, at any rate for a short time. Arthur did not think proper to tell Dora how eagerly he had complied with this suggestion, and what was the chief cause of that eagerness. Neither did he contradict her when Dora seemed to consider his friend's case as more serious than it really was, or when she took it for granted that Harcourt, but for him, would have been going alone, which was not the case, seeing that his mother had arranged to accompany him. He gave her to understand, merely, that thinking it his duty to do so, he had telegraphed to his friend to say that he would join him to-morrow at Dover, in order that they might travel together on the following day.

"Then you will not be at the concert to-morrow evening, Arthur? I am so sorry!" complained Dora. "It seems very strange and sudden, your going away like this. I do wish it had not been just now—not quite so soon."

But though she threw a shade of deprecation into her tone, Dora was so unequivocally, so extatically happy, that nothing, not even the thought of her lover's immediate departure ere she had time to taste the sweets of this unexpected engagement, could seriously interfere with her rapture.

"But you will write to me, perhaps?" she added, blushing half in shyness and half with the new joy which this prospect unfolded. She had never yet received a letter from young Ledsom.

"Write? Of course I shall write, dear, regularly. And I shall see you again to-morrow," he said, rising to take his leave. "I will run down, if it is only for a few moments, to say good-bye."

"But can you not stay for dinner now? Or will you not come again this evening?" Dora asked, this time with a shade of real disappointment.

Arthur, however, could not, he protested, do either the one or the other. He had letters to write, his agent to see, and a whole world of necessary business to transact before quitting home. Believing this

excuse, Dora suffered him to depart without further urgency, and accompanied him to the hall-door to see him off. Here, in the hall, the lamps had been lighted, but though the twilight had gradually gathered around the pair as they sat in the drawing-room, no one had intruded upon their interview for the purpose of bringing in lights.

"I've my notion as to what's a-going on," the footman who had given Sir Arthur admittance, had sapiently observed to his fellow-servants, "and I tell you they don't want no lights, them two, neither they wouldn't thank for no one to go in disturbing them just now."

From similar considerations the amiable footman refrained from presenting himself to let the baronet out, when at length he heard the drawing-room door unclose. But he did not refrain from peeping round the corner to watch the parting caress, whereby his suspicions were satisfactorily confirmed.

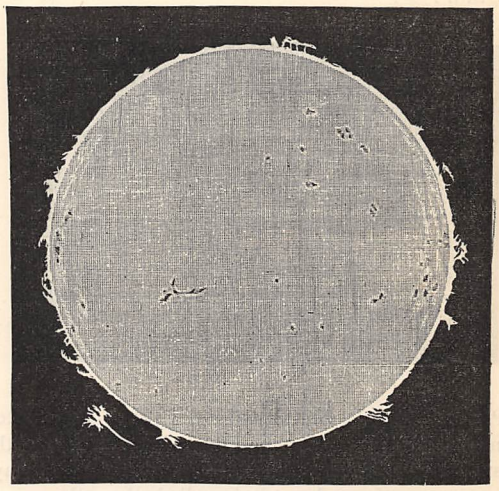
When Sir Arthur Ledsom had left the house, and was hurrying homewards in the deepening gloom, he felt by many shades less wretched than he had done earlier in the afternoon, when his steps had been bent in the opposite direction. Virtue, to some extent, was already proving its own reward. Happy the young fellow certainly was not, but he felt brave and strong, and self-respecting. "To bear one's fate is to conquer it," he murmured to himself, marching forward with a firm step and erect head. "I will bear mine, and by-and-by, perhaps, it will become endurable. Anyhow, poor Dora shall never know that the question has hung between crushing her happiness or my own."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

WHAT THE SUN IS MADE OF.

IN the year 1706, a gentleman writing to Flamsteed, the English Astronomer-Royal at that time, concerning an eclipse of the sun which he had witnessed, remarked, "His getting out of his eclipse was preceded by a blood-red streak of light from his left limb, which continued for not more than six or seven seconds of time; then part of the sun's disc appeared." Flamsteed regarded this as the moon's atmosphere, and up to about forty-two years ago this opinion remained unchallenged. But during the past fifty years science has been advancing by leaps and bounds; previous to this period little or nothing was known about the condition of the sun, and it was to the sun that these brilliant patches and streaks of light were finally traced. The first suspicion of this occurred to some French astronomers, who had the opportunity of observing a total eclipse. They noticed that as the dark disc of the moon rapidly passed over the face of the sun, the red patches appeared to be covered and uncovered, a phenomenon which would not permit of the explanation which had hitherto been given to the flames. The interest of the scientific world was awakened, and when in 1851 an eclipse occurred, which promised a favourable opportunity of deciding the question, the best men of the astronomical world went forth to attack the problem. The eclipse was favourably observed, but when notes came to be compared the opinions of the observers were divided. They belong to the sun, was the opinion of Sir George Airy, the then Astronomer-Royal; other eminent astronomers, inferior only to Airy, came to an opposite conclusion. The question remained an open one for nine years longer. Then Dr. Warren de la Rue brought photography into the field, and the trustworthy eye of the camera put the matter beyond all dispute. What the photographic plate showed was as follows:—

So long as any part of the sun remained uncovered, little was to be seen of the prominences. As soon as the moon had completely overlapped the solar disc, a thin streak of light of unequal thickness, and in many places rising in jagged peaks, appeared on the advancing edge of the moon. As the moon advanced the lower part of this rim of light was gradually obscured, leaving only the jagged peaks, which in their

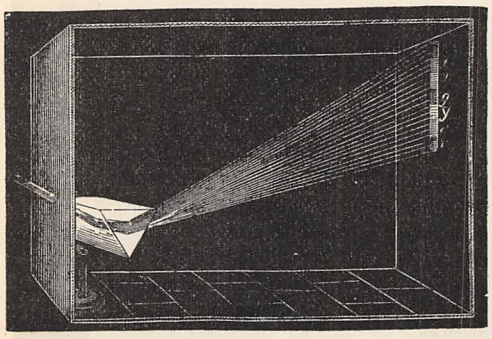


THE SUN, SHOWING THE PROMINENCES.
(*From an observation by M. Tacchini.*)

turn were covered up. But as the red streak, with its projecting flames, was covered up on one side, red jagged peaks appeared on the other side; then followed the thin connecting streak, which gradually widened till the retreating moon allowed the limb of the sun to appear once more. The evidence was complete. To the sun only could these red flames

belong. Many of them were very carefully measured on the photographic plates, and it was found that one of them reached the startling height of 72,000 miles above the sun's surface. And yet the amount of knowledge gained was very small. It was not much to know that the red flames or prominences belonged to the sun, and reached a certain height, when it had to be borne in mind that not only was nothing known of their nature, but there appeared then no possibility of their nature being discovered. Yet small as was the knowledge gained, that small gain may justly be regarded as one of the greatest triumphs which science had then attained. Further knowledge came from a totally unexpected quarter, and here we have again to go back about two centuries from the present time.

Kepler and Newton, two of the greatest minds of the seventeenth century, had given their attention to certain curious effects produced by allowing a beam of light to pass through a triangular glass prism. The first had noticed that when a beam of light was sent through a piece of glass of this shape, it came out in a direction different to that from which it entered. Newton noted in addition that the nature of the light appeared to undergo a change. He let a beam of sunlight enter a darkened room through a hole in the shutter, and placed a prism in its path. When the light emerged from the prism and fell upon a white screen, instead of its showing a small spot of white, a broad beam of colour appeared, exhibiting a series of gradations of colour like those of the rainbow. What Newton accomplished is shown in the following diagram :—



Part of the light that strikes the prism is reflected from its surface, the remainder passes through the prism and is bent out of its course, the violet rays being more refracted, as it is called, than the green, and the green being more refracted than the red. For an explanation of this, it is necessary to glance for a moment at the modern theory of light.

Newton imagined that light consisted of minute particles travelling at an extremely rapid rate, but many phenomena noticed since the time of Newton will not admit of any such theory. Modern science has had to assume that space is completely filled by some highly rarified, almost impalpable fluid, to which has been given the name of "luminiferous ether," light being nothing more nor less than a wave-motion set up in this "ether," and travelling along at the stupendous rate of 185,000 miles per second. The waves of light vary in length, producing different effects upon the eye, and so giving rise to the sensation of colour. Very long waves give rise to the sensation of heat, next to them in length come those waves which give rise to the sensation of red; the shortest waves which affect the eye at all give rise to the sensation of violet, and then there are shorter waves still which can only be detected by their action on chemical substances, as in the case of the photographer's plate. The waves which affect the eye give rise to many distinct sensations of colour. Newton divided them into seven, but then, since he used a circular hole for the light to enter the room, his colours overlapped. Wollaston, in 1802, tried the use of a fine slit instead of a hole for the purpose, and in doing so gave birth to the study of spectroscopy. In the spectroscopes of the present day, the light is seen spread out into a broad band, and one colour melts so imperceptibly into another, that it is difficult to say where one colour begins and another ends. Each wave of light—and there are waves of *all* lengths—produces its own particular effect, but the eye cannot detect a *small* difference; the spectroscope sorts out the different waves, and arranges them all in order according to length.

When Wollaston, using a fine slit and a prism, examined the spectrum of the sun, he found that it was not continuous, but contained a number of gaps or dark lines. Fraunhofer, another experimenter, mapped out a large number of these lines, and they have since been called by his name. But it was found that if, instead of using the light from the sun, the light emitted from a candle, or some white-hot body, were allowed to enter the spectroscope, no gaps or lines could be seen; the spectrum was perfectly continuous. The next discovery made was, that when the vapours of metals, or substances containing metals, were made so intensely hot that they emitted light, that light, when examined by the spectroscope, was found to consist of a number of bright lines, each metal giving rise to certain lines peculiar to itself. Then came the solution to the mystery connected with the dark lines of the solar spectrum, a solution first occurring to Professor Stokes, of Cambridge, but first published by a celebrated Continental physicist, Professor Angstrom. It was, however, Kirchoff, a German worker, who gave us the first practical demonstration of it, and to him therefore belongs the chief honour of showing the world how to see what substances are present in, and what takes place on, bodies millions of miles beyond our reach.

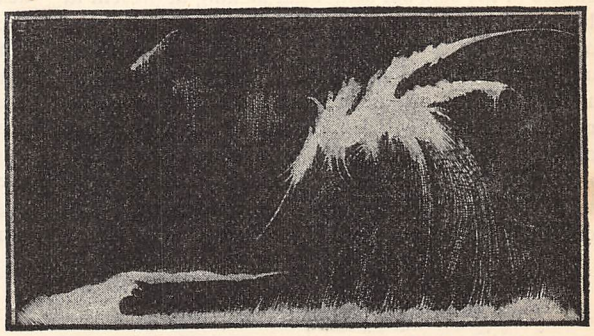
Kirchoff's first experiments were made with a metal called sodium, a substance which, in combination with others, is universally diffused over the earth, and which forms a large proportion of common salt. When sodium is burnt, or when substances containing it are put into a flame, it gives rise to a yellow colouration, and its spectrum, examined by the spectroscope, is found to consist of two bright lines in the yellow. Kirchoff allowed the light from lime, raised to a

white heat, to pass through a flame coloured with sodium, and he found that in place of two bright yellow lines he got two dark lines interrupting the continuous spectrum which the lime-light emits. He tried similar experiments with other substances, and he found *in every case* that each substance when in a state of vapour was capable of absorbing the very rays which it emitted itself when in a state of incandescence. He concluded, therefore, that the dark lines on the solar spectrum were due to the vapours of metals which cut off some of the rays emitted by the main body of the sun, and that in the case of sodium, for instance, the two dark lines in the yellow part of the sun's spectrum pointed to the conclusion that sodium existed in the sun's atmosphere. In conjunction with Bunsen, the great chemist, Kirchoff followed up the work; Angstrom, Thèlèn, and others carried it farther. Before long it was ascertained that a large number of metals known to us on the earth, as well as the supposed metal hydrogen, are present in the sun's atmosphere, and other metals are occasionally added to the list. As to the non-metallic elements, unless we include the gas hydrogen in that category, no satisfactory evidence of their presence in the sun has been obtained, but the late Dr. Draper, of New York, got what he believed to be indications of the presence of oxygen.

So far, then, we have satisfactory evidence that the sun is an intensely hot body, probably gaseous, giving out a continuous spectrum, and surrounded by comparatively cooler gases, which absorb portions of the light, and betray their nature. And here we are brought back to the starting-point of this article, the luminous ring, with its protuberances visible to the unaided vision only during a total eclipse, when the far brighter portion of the sun is blotted out by the moon.

With the new instrument of research, and the key to the secrets of the sun which Kirchoff had brought to light, astronomers were not backward in attacking the old problem of the red prominences. In 1868 a total eclipse was visible in India, when M. Janssen, a French astronomer, on applying his spectroscope to the prominences, found that their spectrum consisted of bright lines; and since it had been found that such spectra were given out by incandescent gas, and not solid matter, there was here satisfactory evidence that surrounding the sun were large masses of gas raised to an intense heat. But Janssen went a step farther, and looked for these bright lines after the eclipse was over. He was successful, but before the news could reach home Mr. Norman Lockyer had succeeded in performing the same feat. The method which these gentlemen adopted was to use a large number of prisms and spread out the light into a very broad band; in so doing, the overpowering light of the sky was weakened, but the bright lines being of particular wave-lengths, and not compounded of many kinds of waves, remained unwidened, and were thus able to appear. Since 1868 daily observations of the red ring and prominences have been made in several European observatories, the illustration on the first page of this article representing the sun and its "chromosphere," as it is called, having been made by M. Tacchini, by the spectroscopic method, without an eclipse.

Janssen found also that the gas of which the prominences consisted was mainly hydrogen. How came it to extend so high and yet so unequally above the sun? On this point, observations from day to day—nay,



ONE OF THE PROMINENCES. (*As observed by M. Tacchini.*)

even from minute to minute—soon threw light. It was found that the shape of the flames was continually changing, and did not remain the same for one minute together. The masses of glowing gas which formed them seemed hurled up by some mighty force from the sun's surface, and travelling sometimes at the immense rate of twenty miles per second, took various fantastic forms, as strange as they were fleeting. Sometimes masses of gas were torn away from the narrow continuous envelope closely surrounding the sun by the force of the upheaval, and remained suspended awhile as gigantic clouds of fiercely heated vapour. Other lines, besides those of hydrogen, have been seen in the spectra of these prominences, more particularly the lines of some of the lighter metals. In the eclipse of 1882, for instance, when many of these lines were photographed, one metal, calcium, was so largely present as to cast over the landscape a weird unearthly hue, due to the amount of violet light which it emitted. Calcium is to be met with at considerable heights in the sun's atmosphere, but even so heavy a metal as iron has been traced in the lower parts of the prominences. For the heavy metals one has to look down as low as possible in the sun's atmosphere, that is to say, close to the ordinarily visible surface of the sun. This, however, is by no means easy to do. Were the sun a smooth quiescent globe, there would be no difficulty at all in the matter; but it has already been shown, in the article on sun-spots, that its surface is always in a violently agitated state, that quantities of vapour are continually rising in one place to fall in another, thus presenting a series of hollows varying considerably in magnitude. As the heaviest vapours would sink to the bottom of such hollows, it is only in very violent uprushes and in very

rapidly-forming prominences that one would expect to see, and really *does* see, evidences of the metals composing the lower portion of the envelope that abstracts part of the sun's light, and leaves dark gaps and lines in the solar spectrum.

Apart from the evidence afforded by Fraunhofer's lines of the existence of a layer of metallic vapours, comparatively cooler than the sun itself, and supported by our actual knowledge of a layer of hydrogen, with a few of the light metals occasionally intermingled with it, we have further evidence gleaned during eclipses of the sun, but somewhat lacking at present in photographic confirmation. When eclipse observers have had their spectroscopes pointed to the vanishing sun, some of them have noticed, just before totality, that a number of bright lines have suddenly appeared, and just as suddenly disappeared. Their appearance has been almost momentary, and no one has therefore been able to ascertain how far they coincide with the dark lines of Fraunhofer. But there can be no doubting the correctness of the observation, so far as it has as yet been carried, that as the sun is about to disappear behind the moon, glowing gases make their presence known by showing a bright-line spectrum, just as a sodium flame does when there is no brighter light behind it.

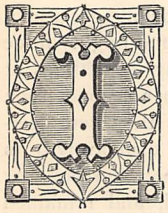
Of the metals discovered in the sun, the most important are sodium, magnesium, barium, calcium, zinc, copper, aluminium, nickel, chromium, and iron. Many of the rarer and less-known metals would also appear to be there in some abundance, judging by the facility with which their presence may be detected. Although heavier metals such as platinum and gold have not been seen, it by no means follows that they are absent. Their weight would prevent them being easily found by the spectroscope; but it is not outside the bounds of probability that at a future date some enterprising company-mongers may take advantage of scientific discovery, and the gullibility of a small portion of the British public, to offer for sale shares in some imaginary scheme for bringing gold from the sun!

C. RAY WOODS.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES AT TIRYNS.

BY KARL BLIND.—SECOND PAPER.

I.



IN Dr. Schliemann's opinion, the palace, with its chief rooms, belongs to the same epoch as the outer huge walls. Indeed, the pottery found in the palace is surprisingly like the terra-cotta vases found in the hero-graves at Mycenê.* When we are in the presence of such antiquity, the details of that prehistoric stronghold become doubly attractive. There are, for instance, the traces of a bath-room. There is a gutter cut out in the stone for the off-flow of the water, and its continuation as an underground channel is plainly discernible in several rooms. A large fragment of a bathing-tub of terra-cotta, ornamented with spirals, lay among the ruins.

The richness of the inner decoration of the palace is apparent from the many pieces of sculptured ornaments Dr. Schliemann discovered in the acropolis. There is a frieze of alabaster resembling a Doric triglyph (or three-groved tablet) frieze. It is very curiously ornamented with hundreds of little pieces of blue glass: partly square, partly round. Most remarkable, too, are the wall-paintings, so far as they are preserved. They are still fresh; of strikingly bright and gay tints. Among them occurs the whole pattern of the splendidly sculptured ceiling of the Treasury Chamber at Orchomenos. One of the wall-paintings represents a bull in stormy course of running. On its back a small, nude, male figure is to be seen, agitating itself in curious fashion, as if engaged in some acrobatic performance. The proportions of the bull are faultily rendered; the details given with naturalistic fidelity. The movement of the human figure is most exaggerated, almost as if it were on the wing. The background is dark red; the bull yellow; the man white in colour. Such is the description given by Dr. Hoernes. The head of the bull (Dr. Schliemann says) with its long horns, visibly brings to recollection the silver head with golden horns which he had found in the fourth grave at Mycenê.

Seeing how exceedingly rare any mural paintings of Greece are, these archaic pictures are of incalculable value. On this point, Dr. Schliemann remarked at the recent Anthropological Congress at Breslau:—

"Apart from the wall-paintings in the Etruscan tombs and some small remains discovered at Rome, of which some may reach to the time of the elder Livia, the wall-paintings of Herculaneum and Pompeii were hitherto the oldest we had, whilst now we possess a large number of splendid, highly interesting wall-paintings dating back to the second millennium B.C.—nay, to the legendary heroic age of misty antiquity."

There is a fragment of a painting representing a car-driver; the carriage-basket is still recognisable. "The ornamentation of his dress," according to Dr. Schliemann, "is remarkably like that on a Bithynian vase, on which five warriors are seen going forth on a military expedition, followed by a priestess who raises her hands, after the ancient custom, to implore the protection of the gods." I may observe here, incidentally, that the Bithynians also belonged to the

* The Editor is responsible for the orthography of this and other proper names in the paper.

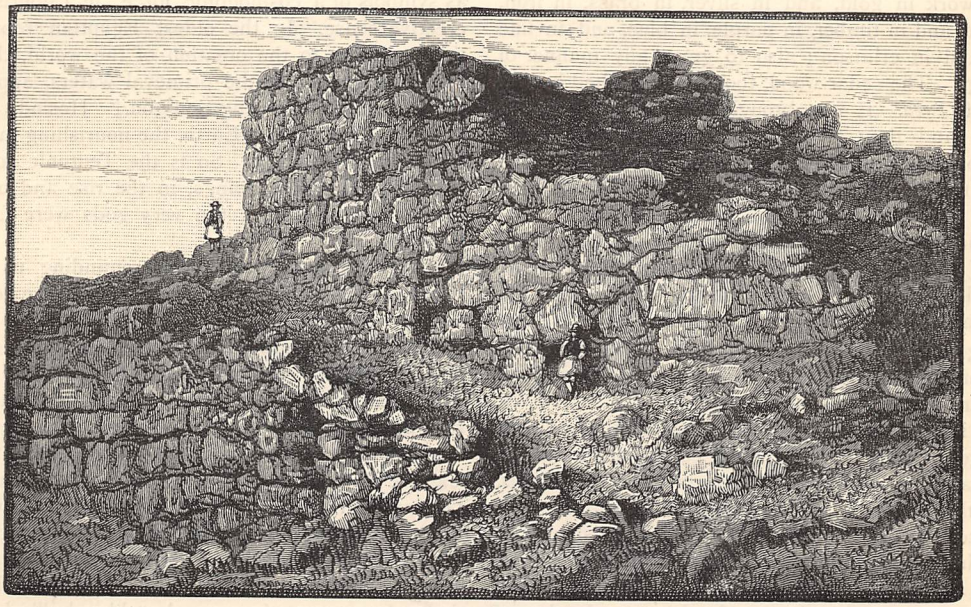
Thracian stock.* The faces of the men are so badly drawn that they resemble more a bird's head than that of a human being. Not less crude is the drawing of the horses. The aversion of the prehistoric artist to vacant space has induced him to fill up the horse's body with signs which are strangely like letters; but letters they certainly are not.

There is also the representation of a military expedition: two men followed by steeds. Here, again, the heads of the heroes are bird-like, and their necks craning like those of giraffes. What looks like a tail at the back of these warriors, is only a garment tied together behind. The feet are quite pointed. Very characteristic are the spears and shields. There is the representation of a dog, with a very large eye, and with feet more like hoofs. There is a procession of women most tightly laced, with a large cloth about their bird-like faces. Each of them carries a twig. In these representations, too, all space is filled up with dots and cross-lines.

Dr. Dörpfeld, the architect, who accompanied the discoverer of Troy during his last and final researches there, and who has also been with him at Tiryns, has latterly been occupied with copying, in colour, all these remarkable relics of prehistoric art, so as to preserve them exactly for posterity and for closer study. This, too, must form an important feature in Dr. Schliemann's work.

Furthermore, there is pottery, with geometrical patterns, constituting a most ancient form of art. A large number of obsidian knives, found on the site of the palace, are equally strong evidence of its great antiquity. So are the many Hera or Juno idols that have been discovered in cow-shape, or in the form of a woman with two horns—even as Juno's counterpart, Io, the Egyptian Isis, and Astarte, were represented.

At the foot of the castle-rock, Dr. Schliemann came, in his excavations, upon Cyclopean house-walls. Here there must once have been the dwelling-places of a rural population, "seeking shelter under the castle," in the words of Dr. Hoernes, "like a flock near the herdsman." Besides these discoveries of prehistoric remnants, Dr. Schliemann found the ruins of a Christian Church from Byzantine times—probably from the sixth century. Within and without it, many graves have been opened, the contents of which promise important results for ethnology; skulls and bones from that century being as yet exceedingly rare.



THE ACROPOLIS AT TIRYNS. (*By permission of Mr. Murray.*)

Well was the successful pathfinder of the archæology of Greece and Asia Minor entitled to exclaim, when bringing the prehistoric castle of Tiryns to light—"Three cheers for Pallas Athena!" A London journal, it is true, asked, with somewhat antiquated narrowness of mind, whether, if Dr. Schliemann found one day the Diana of the Ephesians, he would break out into a like utterance.

To this the obvious answer is, that he did not allow himself to be prevented from digging for the remains of "sacred Ilios" by the remembrance of the journeys of St. Paul through Mysia and the Troad, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. So, also, the recollection of chapter xix. of that Biblical record would certainly not detract from Dr. Schliemann's joy if, rivalling the success of an English temple discoverer like Mr. Wood, he were to come, at Ephesus, upon the symbol of all-nourishing Nature. His satisfaction would simply be that of a learned inquirer into history and ancient art. And that satisfaction would certainly be

* Strabon, vii. 3, 1.

shared by a good many men of a similar scientific turn of mind, both here and abroad.

In style, the palace at Tiryns is said to show strong traces of Phœnician influence. The same is the case with other prehistoric structures on Greek soil. Phœnician culture has in many ways impressed the early life of the inhabitants of Greece, whether they were of Hellenic, or Thracian, or other extraction.

In reading the Biblical Book of Kings, and Chronicles, we find the Phœnicians as builders of the Temple of Solomon. The articles of agreement between the king of Tyre and Solomon are given there in full detail.* A Phœnician architect was sent —"a cunning man, endued with understanding, skilful to work in gold, and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone, and in timber, in purple, in blue, and in fine linen, and in crimson; also to grave any manner of graving." The cedar-wood, too, was furnished by the king of Tyre. It was brought "in flotes by sea to Joppa; and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem." Solomon, on his part, agreed to furnish so much wheat, barley, oil, and wine to the men of the king of Tyre. The decoration of the Temple, as executed by the Phœnician architect, was a peculiar one. We hear of "a molten sea of ten cubits from brim to brim; it stood upon twelve oxen, three looking toward the north, and three looking toward the west, and three looking toward the south, and three looking toward the east; and the sea was set above upon them; and all their hinder parts were inward."

It is in the light of this Biblical record that we have to judge the traces of Phœnician culture at Tiryns. A Thracian warrior-clan, settling as invaders in Argolis, evidently made use of the skill of a nation more advanced in culture. It is as if an Englishman, in early times, had called over an Italian builder, and left him in a large measure free to employ his own devices. In some cases, no doubt (as, for instance, in that of the forefathers of Harmodios and Aristogeiton †) we meet with Phœnician immigrants into Greece, who remained as settlers. The early history of Hellas exhibits a curious mixture of races. In the case of Tiryns we have a Thracian race, clearly explainable as a people of Germanic kinship, with a style of building, and other remnants of culture, partly brought over from Asia Minor, where, at the side of the Thracian stock, there were also populations of Semitic, Turanian, and other descent.

In Lycia itself—from whence the "seven giants" were said to have come, who built the Cyclopean walls—a Semitic substratum is assumed, by some, under the Thracian population which had got the over-lordship there as martial invaders. It stands to reason that the Geto-Teutonic Thracians in Asia Minor were deeply influenced by the more advanced civilisation which gradually pressed upon them from the east and the south-east. Hence we can easily comprehend that, having invaded Argolis, they should have made use of the capabilities of Phœnician and other craftsmen —even as the Jews did. But the race-origin of the Thracian founders of Tiryns is thereby as little affected as that of an Englishman would be, who employed a foreign builder.

II.

The many cow-idols, dug up by Dr. Schliemann in this ancient palace at Tiryns, are apt to revive the interest in a controversy from which he has certainly come out as the victor.

Animal worship is one of the oldest cults. Its remnants are traceable in India and Egypt, as well as in Troy and Greece—nay, among our own Teutonic forefathers. The cow and the steer, more especially, are to be met with in the mythology of many nations, as symbols of a cosmogonic force, in a nourishing or creative sense. In the oldest Egyptian representations relating to the creation of the world, the cow, coming forth out of the primeval waters, appears as the mother of the young Sun-god.‡ Hesiod's Gaia is both the Cow and the Earth, the nourishing mother of all forms of existence. So is the Teutonic cow Audhumla, from whose doings, in the rise and origin of all things and beings, the very gods were fabled to have sprung.

Sacred, gold-horned cows—reminding us of the Mycenêan idols—appear in the lays of the Icelandic Edda, even as among the ancient Hindoo. In German and Scandinavian myth, cows and steers play so large a part that we are impressed thereby in quite a Mycenêan or Trojan manner. When the Teutons and the Cimbrians went on their war-raid, 2,000 years ago, they carried a brazen bull as a sacred idol with them. Captive Romans, before being set free by them, had to take an oath on that bull's image. A sea-steer was said to be the progenitor of the Frankish royal race of the Merowings. The kings of that line, symbolically preserving the old mythic tradition, drove about in a car drawn by a team of oxen. A golden bull's head was found in King Chilperic's tomb. Sacred cows were taken by Norse kings into battle as divine guides and protectresses. So it is recorded of the Swedish king, Eistein Beli, and his sacred cow, Sibilja. There is a similar record about King Oegwaldr. Cows were often used by the Northmen as prophetic leaders on important occasions.

Shall we then wonder that the founder of Ilion (Ilos, or Il, whose name possibly has contact with the Saxon chieftain's name, Ella) was guided by a speckled cow to the place to be chosen for the settlement on the famed hill in the Troad?

From his former work on Mycenê and Tiryns, which contains a narrative of his first excavations there, it will be seen that Dr. Schliemann had already then unearthed a great many cow-idols in gold, silver, and terra-cotta from that once hallowed ground. It was done, so to say, in consequence of a challenge offered to him. Having expressed an opinion that the "glaucopis Athenê" of the Trojans was originally an owl-faced deity or idol, Dr. Schliemann was at first met with a storm of dissent on the part of some scholars rash

* I. Kings, v. II. Chronicles, ii.

† Herodotus, v. 5.

‡ See the contribution of Professor Brugsch to Dr. Schliemann's "Ilios."

enough to mix up their notions of the age of Pheidias with their judgment about prehistoric Troy. Among those, however, who would not at once reject the idea of Dr. Schliemann, was Max Müller, in himself a host of learning. But before giving a decided opinion of his own, the eminent Oxford Professor asked for a proof of "Hera Boöpis" having been a cow-headed monster.

Upon that, the ever-ready excavator set to work at Tiryns and Mycenê with the most perfect confidence; for did not both these cities lie close to the ancient Heraion, or Temple of Hera? In truth, the result of his diggings far exceeded even his own expectations. He found thousands of cows of terra-cotta; also fifty-six cow-heads of gold; one of silver, with gold horns; some cow-heads engraven on gems; many hundreds of female idols, with crescent-shaped projections like cow-horns proceeding from the breast; also females with cow-heads.

The very name of Mycenê is derived by Dr. Schliemann, with great likelihood, from the mooing* or lowing of the cow. Mycenê and Tiryns are in close neighbourhood. Both stand on Argive soil, where "Cow-faced Hera" was evidently a lingering remnant of a fuller ancient animal worship. In course of time, the grosser cult more and more receded. But the head or the horns of a beast often continued to adorn or to disfigure a deity's image, even among such highly-cultured races as the Egyptians and the Greeks. Mr. Gladstone, well versed as he is in Homeric lore, has endeavoured, in the preface to Dr. Schliemann's work on Mycenê and Tiryns, to refer this Argive expression about "Cow-faced Hera" to the influence of an Egyptian immigration. He added: "But it was a mode against which the whole spirit of Hellenism, according to the authentic type of that spirit supplied in the poems, utterly revolted."

Now, at the side of the Hellenic element in Greece, we have certainly to take Egyptian and Phœnician, as well as Thracian and Pelasgian, influences into account; and perhaps this enumeration does not even complete the list. At the same time it should not be forgotten that all races of men, in their earliest forms of worship, show a more or less pronounced inclination towards a kind of animal cult. Herodotus, when speaking of the cow-worship of the Egyptians, says, with the simplicity of a man well accustomed to such sights both at home and abroad: "Isis is made in the form of a woman with the horns of a cow, even as the Greeks represent Io."

The latter goddess, it will be remembered, is changed in the Greek myth into a downright cow. Properly looked at, Io is but a differentiation of Juno or Hera herself. In more ancient times, the two divine forms were no doubt one. Later on, the ever-weaving fancy of men constructed two different images out of the one original type; leaving, however, to each the chief original cow characteristic. In like manner, the Norse Frigg, the consort of Odin, has branched off from the Love-goddess Freyja, whilst in Germany Freia (Freia-Holda), or Frick, a representative both of love and housewifely accomplishments, and consort of Wodan, has remained one and the same figure. Curiously enough, the German goddess, Perchta, or Bertha (which is but another name for Freia-Holda), appears in some tales in a cow-hide. The Norse Huldra, whose figure also slides into a Freia-Frigg form, wears a cow-tail. Such coverings or appendages are often the last relic of an original animal form. In the Eddic Song of Hyndla, Freyja's temple-walls are made shining with ox-blood by her loving swain, Odur. Perhaps this, too, is a last echo of a steer and cow cult.

In the case of the classic and the Germanic myth, the initial sound of the goddesses' name has been preserved even after their figures were split. Io (the cow), and Juno, or Hera (the cow-faced), are certainly identical in their earlier conception. Hera being a Moon-goddess, her horns at the same time represent the crescent. The question as to the priority of this astronomical meaning, or of the simple animal cult, is, however, one of difficult solution. At least, it depends on the view as to whether certain forms of worship are a decay of a previous nobler cult, or a progressive development from a lower kind of worship.

As to animal worship in general—to return for a moment to Mr. Gladstone's statement—it was certainly not peculiar to the Egyptians. It is to be found among all ancient nations, whether Aryan or otherwise. Greek mythology contains not a few animal or semi-animal figures of divine character. Zeus himself changes into a steer. The serpent worship of the highly-cultured Athenians, at the time of the Persian wars, is a well-known matter of history. Gods, heroes, and animals—even stones and plants, not to speak of water—are very much mixed up in the myths of early nations in a divine sense. A Darwinian notion of the connection of all things and beings is at the bottom of it. Mr. Gladstone's view requires, therefore, a modification.

In a paper read before the London Society of Antiquaries, in June, 1875, Dr. Schliemann put the matter about Hera, the cow-faced, in a very clear light. By his fresh finds of cow-idols in the palace at Tiryns, he has now added to our knowledge on this particular point of a once rather universal creed. His great merit and glory, however, consists of his having once more transported us, by this great discovery, into a heroic era, an insight into which, on Greek soil, scarcely any scholar had hoped to obtain by such actual and striking proofs. Hence, the palm-tree engraven on the later Tirynthian bronze coins he has dug from the low table-lands round the prehistoric castle, may truly be held to be the fitting emblem for this famed explorer.

* The word, being the imitation of a sound, is in its root the same in the Teutonic, Greek, and Latin languages.

THE GARDEN IN JUNE.

WITH June upon us once more, everything in the garden is making such a rapid advance that it is all we can do to keep pace with the work entailed upon us; and perhaps it is the finishing touch to our flower-beds that we must first of all speak of. Our general bedding-out should, under ordinary circumstances, have been completed by the end of the third week in last month; but already we notice some refractory geraniums that were too carelessly or hurriedly pegged down, and that, therefore, want a little attention; for while, on the one hand, a too-studied uniformity in the garden, to our mind, gives a general unpleasing stiffness, yet, on the other hand, anything which prominently catches the eye as at once irregular or out of proportion should be avoided. Our tall-growing flowers will require the support of something in the way of a small stake. And with our annuals, interspersed among our bedding-plants, we take especial pains. Those that were sown

in the borders where they were intended to bloom should in some cases be thinned a little, for they will not bloom so well if left too thick. And for the purpose of maintaining successional bloom, sow now a few annuals in good-sized pots, that we can in a month or six weeks turn out into our blanks left by failures or faded flowers. Anemones that were planted in the spring will now be coming into bloom, but they must be shaded from the sun, and should have plenty of water, not *over* the plants, but between them. And if we sow any biennials this month, a poor soil will do for them very well in which to stand the following winter; and the same direction will apply also to perennials if we sow any, though, as we have often remarked, these can be as readily propagated by a division of the roots.

Our tulips will be all gone, or going, out of flower; but though the seed-pods may, without injury to the plant, be broken off soon after the fall of all the petals, it is the best plan perhaps not to take up the bulbs till the foliage has turned brown, if we are anxious, that is, to preserve any particular ones. The propagation, also, of our double wallflowers can be proceeded with at this time. Once out of bloom, they can be either placed in a shady situation just as they stand in their pots, or else turned out into the open, where they will grow apace if well watered. And then as to our lawn: there is a great temptation at this time of the year, when work is so abundant in the garden, and perhaps hands are scarce, to allow the lawn to go at times too long unmown. When this is done, and the grass gets almost long, the machine must be laid aside for the scythe, and it will be some little time perhaps before our lawn again assumes that soft green carpet-like appearance. Properly managed, however, and the machine used regularly, and never less than once a week in the summer months, the lawn need never get into that brown and rugged hayfield appearance. The weather, of course, will influence it, the grass naturally growing far more slowly in a hot and dry summer.

In the kitchen garden, again, we are busy enough. The hoe must be very actively employed. Careful weeding, and turning the surface of the soil by this means, tends both to purify and enrich it, while at the same time your crops are invigorated and many insects and vermin destroyed, not to speak of the general tidying effect that a well-hoed vegetable bed always has. Previously, however, to hoeing the beetroot bed, thin the whole carefully, leaving each beet a foot apart, or nearly so. Our old and useful friends, the Jerusalem artichokes, where they are growing thickly, should also be thinned, and the weakliest of them got away. There appears to be little gained by the old-fashioned practice of topping them. About the middle of the month some plantings of broccoli should be made. The young plants should be lifted with a little ball of the soil round the roots, and planted with the trowel. The space between each plant should vary according to the richness of your soil, as well as according to the quality of the plants you have. As for the lettuce, it can be planted out anywhere—on the ridges of your celery-bed, or here and there, if you are husbanding your room, along the borders of your asparagus-bed. And the asparagus itself will be improved by a few dressings of salt strewn lightly on the beds, which should afterwards be watered; and it is well to discontinue the cutting of the young shoots at a fairly early date, as you will thereby strengthen them for next season. A well-established bed can however, of course, be cut from more plentifully. In purchasing asparagus plants, get them some two or three years old.

In the fruit garden there is also plenty to be done. A judicious thinning of the wall-fruit is one June operation, and this requires a careful hand, while any branch or shoot that is really not wanted, or that persists in growing straight out from the wall, had better be removed. The trees, too, should be occasionally syringed, and the wall kept clear as far as possible of grubs, snails, and any insects. One other hint, too, we may give as to our wall-trees on a matter which is too often not noticed. Do not let your vegetable crops interpose their shadows between the roots of your wall-trees and the rays of the sun; and, indeed, in the neighbourhood of the base of your fruit-trees have only quite light vegetable crops, such as lettuces or French beans; but avoid anything like carrots or beet, or, in fact, anything that completely covers the soil, or that tends very much to exhaust it. Little precautions of this kind are very often the secret of a good deal of our garden success.

THE PRICE OF A COAT.

EVERYTHING that is made by human labour has a price, and may, under ordinary circumstances, be had by any one for so much gold or silver, or other equivalent. Let us suppose, for instance, that the price of a coat is two sovereigns: that is to say, the condition upon which any one may acquire that coat is to give to the owner two sovereigns. Now, why should two sovereigns be fixed upon any more than three, four, or five sovereigns? This is a question that does not often occur to one to ask. It deals with matters as familiar to us as the boiling of a kettle or the falling of an apple from the tree. Fortunately Newton did not allow his familiarity with falling bodies to prevent him from asking why they did fall.

Returning to our couple of sovereigns and our coat, we ask, why should two sovereigns be fixed upon as the price of the coat? What relation can there be

between two sovereigns and a coat? They are as different as any two things can be—these sovereigns and this coat. The former have been made out of gold that has come all the way from Australia perhaps, while the latter is made from wool grown upon the back of a sheep that has nipped the grass that covers the mountains of Wales. So entirely different are these sovereigns and this coat, that it is not easy to see by what process the tradesman has arrived at the conclusion to part with his coat for two sovereigns. One can understand a man giving twenty shillings for a sovereign, or five sixpences for half-a-crown, or two halfpennies for a penny; one can also express yards in feet or inches. One cannot, however, reduce pounds sterling to yards; yet it would seem to be something almost like this that the draper is doing when he sells so many yards of calico for so many shillings.

It may appear to the reader that the procedure of the tradesman in fixing upon two sovereigns as the price of his coat is simple enough. To make the coat has cost him so much—a sovereign, say; then, after paying all his expenses in connection with it, he must have something besides for making it, the amount of this something being determined by the rate of profits prevailing at the time. This, however, is not an explanation at all; it only removes the difficulty back a step. The cost of the coat is wages, say, and the raw material. Wages is the remuneration given for labour, and generally consists of money; here, then, we have labour and money expressed in terms of one another, which is just as inexplicable as expressing coats in terms of money. The raw material, the other element in the cost of the coat, also presents the same difficulty. We may just as well, then, deal with the coat at once as with the cost of making it, and see whether we can find any relation between it and a thing so different in every respect from it as a sovereign.

Here, then, is a coat in a shop window ticketed to be sold at two pounds; we are to determine why it is so ticketed. The only feature that a coat and a sovereign have in common is in their both being the result of human labour. Human labour has the effect of giving value to commodities; the greater the quantity of labour bestowed upon an article, the greater is the value of that article. The truth of this is shown by almost every article that is bought and sold. Before the invention of printing, to make a book required a great deal of labour; consequently, a book was a very dear commodity, and could be bought by the wealthy alone. With the introduction of printing, however, the value of books fell, because the labour required to make them was diminished, and at the present day the abridgment in this labour is such that there is perhaps not a home in this country, no matter how wretched, that does not contain a book. Everything, therefore, that is made by human labour, provided of course it be useful as well, has value, and this value is determined by the quantity of labour required to make it. Applying this conclusion to the coat and the gold that it exchanges for, we are warranted in saying that they both have value, and their values are proportional to the labour bestowed upon them. We have therefore found some relation between these very different articles.

There is a difference, however, between price and value, which we shall endeavour to point out. The value of a commodity, as we have seen, is determined by the quantity of labour bestowed upon its production; the price of a commodity, which means the amount of money that it exchanges for, is also determined by this, together with something else. This will appear if we just consider for a moment what money is. Money is not necessarily gold, or silver, or copper, or bank-notes—the forms in which it is familiar to us. There have been, and are, communities where quite other substances have been used to perform the functions of money. In the days of Lycurgus iron was used in Sparta, so that it should not be too easy to carry about; nails passed current so late as last century in remote parts of Scotland; tobacco was adopted amongst the early Virginian planters; cattle in pastoral societies were frequently resorted to—indeed from this circumstance was derived the Latin name for money, *pecunia;* and, without multiplying instances, amongst the Chinese at one time pressed cubes of tea supplied a convenient medium of exchange. Suppose that whilst tea was used in China as money, some improvement in the method of producing that article were to take place, so that twice the quantity could be produced with the same amount of labour, the consequence of this would be that the cube that formerly bought a hat, say, would now be only half the price of a hat. The price of the hat would be doubled; indeed, reckoned in tea, the price of everything would be doubled. Prices would then be high for the reason that tea (money) had become cheaper. The value of all other articles would not be in any way altered, unless by improvements they too were being produced by less labour, or *vice versâ*, and yet their prices would be doubled. The price of an article, then, is determined, not by its value alone, not simply by the quantity of labour required to produce it, but also by the value of money—by the quantity of labour required to dig gold.

We have now something to go upon in deciding the question why the coat is to be sold for two sovereigns. The coat and the sovereigns have value, and their values are determined by the labour bestowed upon them. Now suppose that the labour bestowed upon the coat and the labour required to procure the gold that is in two sovereigns were equal, and suppose that the tailor were able to exchange his coat for three sovereigns, he would by the simple exchange gain a sovereign; he would receive from the gold-digger a sovereign for nothing. What would be the consequence? The consequence would be that gold-digging would not pay, and capital and labour would be withdrawn from this industry; tailoring, on the other hand, would pay, and capital and labour would be attracted to this industry. The supply of gold would diminish and the supply of coats would increase. This would raise the exchanging power of

gold, and lower the exchanging power of coats until, at last, they exchanged according to their natural values.

The rate, then, at which things exchange is determined by the labour bestowed upon them. The coat exchanges for two sovereigns because the labour bestowed upon it and the labour bestowed upon the two sovereigns are equal. There are many causes that may operate to make them exchange in different proportions, but the rate will always tend to conform to this rule. As John Stuart Mill says, it is like the sea that "everywhere tends to a level, but it never is at an exact level; its surface is always ruffled by waves, and often agitated by storms. It is enough that no point, at least in the open sea, is permanently higher than another. Each place is alternately elevated and depressed, but the ocean preserves its level."

"POLES APART."

BY LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON, AUTHOR OF "ONE SPRIG OF EDELWEISS," ETC. ETC.

DICK FELLOWES flung himself back against the frail door-post of the summer-house till the airy building rocked to its foundations.

"Say only one kind word, Stella!" he begged, looking very white and hurt. "My love may not seem much to you, but at least it's the best I've got to give."

Stella Howard, sitting sweet and calm in her white gown and pearls, half glanced towards her impetuous lover, then dropped her blue eyes again with a suspicion of a dainty shudder. Dick's hands were so very big and red, and his evening dress looked as if it came out of the ark. Of course he was very good and nice, and Stella didn't mind his clumsy little attentions when no one more interesting was at hand; but to be made love to by a big, awkward, young civil engineer, working on the new railway line!—a creature who couldn't sing, or ride, or play billiards—who entered a room like a wandering elephant, and was for ever buried in diagrams and calculations, instead of talking society chatter! Stella could not help feeling it a decided liberty on Dick Fellowes' part to imagine himself entitled to love Colonel Howard's only daughter, and she heartily wished she had never suggested his being asked to dinner—at which he had overturned a glass of chablis over her new lace flounces—or consented to show him the gardens in the soft sunset glow of that June evening.

"I don't know what to say," she said, trying not to show her disdain too plainly. "I've told you it isn't the least use, Mr. Fellowes; your life and mine are poles apart; we can't make them meet. I'm very sorry you should be pained. Try to forget it all."

"Forget!" echoed Fellowes, the blood rushing to his temples. "No, that's not likely. I tell you, while you live no fellow will love you as I have done. Good-bye, Stella; I can't stand any more. Heaven bless you, for all you are so cruel!" and he was out of sight down the garden path before Stella could have stopped him, even had she wished.

What curiously abrupt manners he had, she thought, as she made her way back to the drawing-room through the heavy-scented roses to sing the song Captain Thurlow had begged for in a whisper as she left the table. How odd to go without bidding her father good-bye! and he was leaving Churlstone the next day, she knew. Captain Thurlow's polished courtliness was a positive relief after such behaviour, and as he turned the pages of the "Bohemian Girl," and murmured compliments into Stella's well-pleased ear, Dick Fellowes and his wooing faded from her mind like a disagreeable dream.

Only once did she hear his name in the two years that followed, and that was in connection with the scheme of some proposed Government works, and he was called "Mr. Fellowes, the well-known and rising engineer." Dick rising! Dick famous! Stella was sensible of a little shock of intense wonder.

But there was very little time for any thought of the outside world after that. Colonel Howard died in Afghanistan, and Stella found herself a penniless orphan, dependent on the distant relations with whom she was living. Even in all her sorrow and despair there was a little ray of comfort in the thought of Captain Thurlow. Surely there was one strong arm and brave heart that would not fail her. But Captain Thurlow was endowed with a knowledge of the world, which made him keenly aware of the nice difference between Miss Howard the pretty daughter of his reputedly wealthy colonel, and Miss Howard the penniless orphan. His engagement to a Lancashire manufacturer's daughter was in all the society papers within a fortnight; and as Stella tried to crush out the mortification and resentment from her heart, which seemed full to overflowing, there sounded in her ears, as if it were a prophecy, Dick Fellowes' parting words, "No one will ever love you as I have done."

Was it all the perversity of a woman's nature that made Stella's memory dwell so often and so kindly on

the memory of that wooing as time went on? In the old days life had held so much love for her that Dick's seemed a thing little worth the having; now that she was that lonely thing, a governess in other people's houses, she wondered how she could have despised any love so honest and so true, and her recollection of clumsy Dick grew to be a very kind and gentle one.

Not that her lot was as hard as many; indeed, the Bouchers were very kind to her. Her pupils were good and affectionate, with the careless affection of children; she had plenty to eat and drink, and nothing to complain of, except that life had passed her by. She tried to do her duty, to teach the children well and wisely, to help Mrs. Boucher with her many guests and society cares. The house was to be full for regatta week, as usual, and Stella had promised to give up her holiday till after they were all alone again. She was writing notes for a great garden-party, when the little girls burst in upon her in wild excitement.

"Oh, Miss Howard! only think!" they cried—"Sir Richie is coming—our own dear Sir Richie! Isn't it lovely?" and they gambolled about her like frisky kittens.

"And who may Sir Richie be?" inquired Miss Howard composedly, directing her envelopes.

"Not know our Sir Richie? Why, everybody knows him! He plays tennis with us, and rows us on the lake, and buys us dolls! Fancy, mamma! Miss Howard doesn't know our darling Richie!"

"Miss Howard has been out of society for so long," responded Mrs. Boucher, more sedately, "that there is an excuse for her not knowing at least the name of Sir Richard Fellowes."

The pen rolled on the newly-addressed envelopes, and ruined two.

"Sir Richard Fellowes!" was all Miss Howard could gasp out.

"Yes, the great inventor and civil engineer. He had his baronetcy conferred a few months ago, when he finished the great railway line to Thibet; and he's just been stopping at Osborne. Is it possible you've never heard his name? Why, he was one of the lions of last season—young, rich, and the fashion. I'm lucky to get him here even for a flying visit; but my husband and he are old friends, and he's wonderfully fond of the chicks. Can you never have heard of him, really?"

"I—I met him years ago, I remember," Stella just managed to falter.

"Then people would think you fortunate. However, I fear you won't have much chance to renew your old acquaintance: Sir Richie, as the children call him, is such an object of attention from both *débutantes* and *chaperones*. He's one of the great *partis* of the year."

And Mrs. Boucher laughed a little good-natured laugh.

Gladly—gladly would Stella have hidden herself away in her distant school-room that night, and pleaded neuralgia, or any other synonym for an aching heart, rather than enter the crowded drawing-room, whence the soft flow of voices and laughter floated out from the open windows over to her own room in the wing. But Mrs. Boucher had told her they would want some singing, and governesses must not indulge their feelings when other people's entertainment is at stake. Stella's heart seemed beating in her ears as she entered the great drawing-room behind a tray of coffee-cups, and hid herself in a sheltered corner near the piano.

At first she could see nothing clearly, the rose-shaded lamps threw so dim a light; then she grew aware of a group of smiling, interested people, all bestowing their most gracious smiles and attention on a tall figure in their midst. Could that be Dick Fellowes—that broad-shouldered man, with the long brown moustache and close-cropped curly head, who moved and looked and spoke like a man easily confident of his own powers, and used to succeed and please? Stella thought of the ill-fitting garments of old days as she noticed the shapely cut of his coat-collar and the grace of self-possession in Sir Richie's every movement. Dick had red hands and big boots, and suggested a bull in a china-shop. Was there some mistake, after all? A moment, and then he raised his head, and she caught the old merry smile and the flash of the quick grey eyes; and, half blinded and bewildered with the rush of recollection, Stella made her way to the piano, in obedience to Mrs. Boucher's nod and smile.

Why had Mrs. Boucher asked her to sing "Golden Days"? It was Dick's favourite song long ago, and Stella felt as if it would choke her. Her voice shook, so that Mrs. Boucher's guests thought their hostess had a good deal over-praised her governess's style, and a Miss Verney near by remarked to Sir Richard Fellowes that she did not admire that *tremolo* kind of manner so many girls affected.

> "Ah, for the days beyond recalling!
> Ah, for the golden days!"

sang Stella, with something that was like a sob—so like, that she pulled herself up sharply, and felt as if she had fallen for ever in her own respect.

As she rose from the piano-stool, her eyes met those of Sir Richie standing close to her side. There was nothing beyond the most casual recognition in the slight bow on both sides, and then Stella got away somehow to her own quarters, to find vent for the passionate flow of tears which overcame all her self-control.

Next day was to be the grand garden-party. Miss Howard was supposed to be unostentatiously in the background, dressed in her best, to keep a supervision over her little pupils. Ethel and Maudie, wild with delight, hastened her out to the tennis-lawn long before any one could possibly be expected to arrive.

"Just one little game before people come, to try the ground, Miss Howard," they begged. "You know we mayn't play when all the grown-ups are here, and we do so want a little tiny game."

Miss Howard, mindful of her best cream gown, and the difficulties of tennis when combined with a

plumed hat and long gloves, vainly endeavoured to escape.

"Only a little scrap of play," they said. "Ah! you know you can't refuse." And Stella was forced to laugh and yield.

So that was the picture that met the eyes of the idle gentleman who sauntered down the shrubbery path among the fragrant syringas, and turned the corner by the terrace steps—a girl's figure in a creamy gown, vivid in the hot sun against the green hedge and the trees behind; a shady hat, which threw into relief the crisp bronze hair and the soft flush on her cheeks; a racquet poised aloft, and a flutter of white-winged pigeons towards the dark blue sky. He stopped short as if spell-bound.

"Oh, Sir Richie!" shrieked the children; "you're just in time! Come along, and have a game with Miss Howard—do, do!"

Stella turned with a violent start; the racquet slipped from her gloved hand, and struck her left wrist a violent blow. The pain turned her faint and giddy, and she felt herself grow white to her very lips.

"No, no, young women," she heard the voice that was so like, yet so unlike, the voice of old days say —"Miss Howard won't play with me—she never would."

Then, with a sudden change from the laughing tone—

"Have you hurt your arm? I'm afraid I startled you;" and he came forward hastily.

But Stella drew away as he approached. "Nothing —it's nothing," she said, almost crossly. "Pray don't trouble;" and, as a stream of gaily-dressed people emerged from the conservatory door, and began to spread themselves over the terrace and approach the lawn, Stella actually turned and fled into the shrubbery.

She had reached the fountain by the statue of the dancing faun before she was overtaken.

"Pardon me," said her pursuer, in a tone that was certainly not Dick's—it was too commanding. "I don't want to contradict you, but I can't quite believe it *is* nothing;" and in another moment the little bruised wrist, from which she had stripped the glove, was in Sir Richie's firm, light grasp, and Stella meekly surrendered.

"Sit down here," was the next order; and she found herself placed on the mossy step of the ruined fountain, while, with quick, deft fingers, Sir Richie dipped his handkerchief in the cool, clear water, and bound it round the slender wrist.

Could it be Dick? Wasn't it all a mocking dream? Stella could only hope with all her might that the awakening might be long delayed.

The splash of the water in the old stone basin, and the mysterious whisper of the pines overhead, were the only sounds that broke the summer stillness. The tennis-lawn was too far off for them to hear the merry players; they were quite alone. Did Dick remember the last time they had been alone together? He came and sat down on the broken step by her side.

"Stella," he said, low and gravely, "do you shrink from me still? After all the years that I have been working and toiling to be worthier of you, am I no nearer the goal than when we last parted? Must I ask in vain, as I did then, for the very least little kind word?"

Not a movement, not a sound, from the shrinking figure at his side. His face grew graver still, and he bit his lip.

"Am I to go away again, then?" he asked.

Still no answer. With a sudden impulse Sir Richie stooped and peered under the shady hat which hid her face from him.

"What! crying, Stella!" He was on his knees beside her on the green moss. "Have I made you cry? My darling! my own——"

He was trying to take her in his arms, but she struggled to free herself.

"Ah, Dick!" she murmured brokenly, "I told you once our lives were poles apart: it was false then, but it has come true."

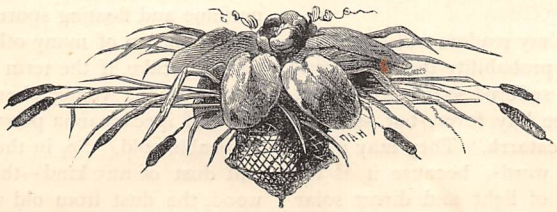
"If it had, which I deny," he said, "the relative positions would be the same. You are, as you have always been, a world above me in all things. But love can bridge any gulf, Stella: won't you let me try? It's my trade, you know."

And then she struggled no longer.

"Dick," she whispered, by-and-by, when conversation had had time to become a trifle less absorbing, "do you remember what you said that night at Churlstone? You told me no man would ever love me as you had done. I didn't believe it then, but I know you were right now."

"Did I say that?" he asked, laughing. "Well, yes; I was right, I dare say—only I put it in the wrong tense. What I should have said was, not 'as I have done,' but 'as I do, and as I shall ever keep on doing as long as the world shall last.' And that would have been truer still, my guiding star; so let it stand like that for the future."

And that point was settled, once and for always.



HAY ASTHMA: ITS RATIONAL TREATMENT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE subject of my present paper is one to which, fortunately for themselves, the majority of our readers will attach but little interest. There are, however, thousands, not only in these islands, but in almost every country in the world, where English is spoken, or CASSELL'S MAGAZINE read, who suffer from—nay, but are martyrs to the ailment I am going to discuss.

First, then, regarding the name and synonyms that belong to this strange complaint.

It is called Hay Asthma, Hay Fever, Summer Catarrh or June Cold, and also Autumn Catarrh, while over in America it is often known by the name of Rose Fever or Rose Catarrh.

Dr. Pirrie, well known and remembered in the medical and surgical world, says (I am quoting now from Tanner) :—" A disorder analogous to hay asthma prevails in some parts of the United States, where the rose is largely cultivated. He believes that *hay fever* is seldom, if ever, due to the same noxious agents which are always the causes of *hay asthma*" (the italicising is mine). " Thus, whereas the latter is the consequence of the action of the powder of flowering grasses, or other vegetable irritants, the former is to be attributed more or less directly to an exposure to an excess of solar heat, aided in many instances by an intensity of light. Commenting on the histories of what he therefore proposes to call 'summer fever,' instead of 'hay fever,' Dr. Pirrie attempts to prove the correctness of his views by asking for attention to the conditions under which some attacks originally supervene ; their persistence after removal from the sphere of supposed contraction ; the evident increase and decrease of the symptoms with a rise and fall of the temperature of the air ; the manifest and oft-expressed aggravation of general as well as local suffering after exposure to strong light, or to a burning sun ; the strong likeness of many of the features of the popularly-termed hay fever to those constituting some of the after-effects of grave disorders, commonly ascribed to solar heat or high temperature ; and the induction of a like train of phenomena in some persons by heated air, where no vegetation exists. Whether the mischievous effects of great heat and intensity of light are favoured by any unusual telluric or atmospheric conditions—as by an unusual amount of ozone—is uncertain. Dr. Pirrie seems, however, to think that the electricity of the atmosphere and the sun's rays may have some influence on the induction and maintenance of the disorder."

From the above quotation my readers will glean that there is, at all events, the probability that the complaint from which they have suffered so frequently and so long may, after all, not be hay fever, but summer fever, or let us say summer catarrh. They may glean some hope, too, from the words, because it is far more easy to avoid excess of light and direct solar rays, than the atmosphere-permeating perfume of hay or grass in bloom. Those individuals who are in the habit of going to the seaside in the summer to get away from the causes of their ailment, would be evidently doing wrong if that ailment were summer fever, because by the sea there is far less shelter from the sun, and a brighter and obnoxious reflected glare from sand and water, than in the cool green country.

The question they would have to ask themselves is this, " Am I better at the seaside ? "

But here it is for me to put another question to those who answer the first one in the affirmative. I ask—

" At what part of the coast do you find yourselves better or best ? "

For, remember, it is not from the sea-air itself you are to expect the real benefit, though that may do good from its tonic effects, but from the absence of a hay-sporule-laden atmosphere. So if at a place like even Bournemouth, with heather and pine-trees all behind you, it is pretty evident that, if your ailment be really hay asthma, you would feel better on the days the wind blew from off the ocean.

But, on the other hand, a person liable to attacks of true hay asthma would very likely have the disorder aggravated by electric states of the atmosphere, and from exposure to the sun's rays. Pray bear that in mind, and at all events avoid intensity of light and heat. This can be done either in the country or by the sea-shore.

Strictly speaking, the causes of hay asthma may be divided into the constitutional and the exciting.

It is evident to every one that some people are more subject than others to colds in either the head or chest. To put it more definitely, these individuals are tender as regards the mucous or lining membranes of the air-passages, from the nose and eyes downwards to the ultimate ramifications of the bronchi themselves. We cannot give any reason for this—none is needed ; but, given as an example : Two people ride home together in a gig late on a spring evening, and in the teeth of an east wind ; one next day has the incipient symptoms of a bad cold, the other has escaped scot-free.

Tenderness, therefore—of a constitutional nature—of the lining membranes of air-passages is the primary cause of hay asthma. Time alone can cure this, and I have no other reason for making this remark than the fact that the ailment in question is not one of advanced life.

The exciting causes are not only the breathing of the perfume and floating sporules from grass in bloom, but the inhalation of many other kinds of dust and impalpable spiculæ, if the term be permissible. It is well known among young chemists and students, that the smell of ipecacuanha powder will give to some a disagreeable cold. So, in those subject to the complaint, will dust of any kind—the dust from rotten old dry wood, the dust from old walls, as when masons are

taking down houses, and dust from streets. So also will certain perfumes, notably those of the rose and peach, and certain kinds of grass in flower.

These are, after all, causes that act in a mechanical way. Perfume of flowers is invisible, but it is none the less substantial in that it consists of the volatile oils of the fruits or flowers, mixed with the seed-dust or sporules, and these impinging on the mucous membrane of the air-passages, irritate them, and the complaint is set up. When I use the word "mechanical," it is to show that I attribute no poisonous character to the vegetable or other dust which produces hay asthma, although I do not deny that poison may exist in it.

But draughts of cold air alone will set up an attack of hay asthma in those subject to it. This would be determined by the greater amount of blood sent back upon the mucous membrane, during exposure to a current of cold air.

Well, now we have got so far on with our subject that, by knowing the causes of hay asthma, we know precisely what we must carefully avoid to prevent attacks. There is only one way of preventing any disease, and that is by removing the cause from ourselves, or removing ourselves from the cause.

People subject to hay asthma have therefore to avoid: 1. Exposure to dust of all kinds, for there is no saying what the particular kind of dust may be that brings on an attack—for that matter, it may be a combination. 2. Exposure of either face or body to currents of cold air. 3. The inhalation of perfumes of grass, or fruit, or flowers that are known to have a tendency to produce it. 4. Exposure to excess of heat, direct solar rays, or intensity of light.

The Symptoms.—I need not dwell on these. I am not writing for students, but for sufferers themselves, and alas! they know the symptoms better than any person could describe them. They are those of a terrible catarrh, lasting for weeks and weeks in the season, with irritation of all the air-passages, accompanied too often by actual paroxysms of asthma, which are distressing in the extreme.

Added to other symptoms, will be heat of forehead, often headache, and burning and suffusion of eyes. Enough said.

The Treatment.—Here lies the difficulty; the patient is constitutionally prone to attacks of the complaint. This is a difficulty which may seem insurmountable at first, but it is not so much so as it appears at first glance. For, to begin with, there are differences even in constitutional tendency. There is every degree of susceptibility to the complaint, from the highest to the lowest. Secondly, although I cannot help believing that, as in the case of "winter cough," one attack of hay asthma leaves the sufferer more subject to another, still that is no reason why he should not make a brave stand, even after he has had several, to obtain not only present relief, but future immunity; and, thirdly, in the very fact that some attacks are more severe than others, lies hope to the sufferer, for it should lead him to study well the apparent causes of each, and to avoid them. He may be able to say to himself, "That last attack of mine was terribly severe, but then I have to remember that my health, at the time it commenced, was certainly a little below par."

Well, here is one step in advance already, and the hint which I shall now put in words is implied in what I have already written. It is this: People subject to hay asthma cannot be too careful in keeping up their health-status. No need for me to tell them how to do this; they must, while carefully avoiding, as far as possible, well-known exciting causes, live by rule.

Here is another hint: While living by rule, they must avoid, in the intervals of their illnesses, taking many drugs. If one does really and truly live by rule, medicine of any kind is hardly, if ever, required. This is all I, or probably any one, can say about constitutional or preventive treatment; there is no prophylactic for hay asthma, that must be apparent to every one.

Treatment during an Attack.—Cut it short, if possible, by getting away *at once* from the neighbourhood where the attack took place.

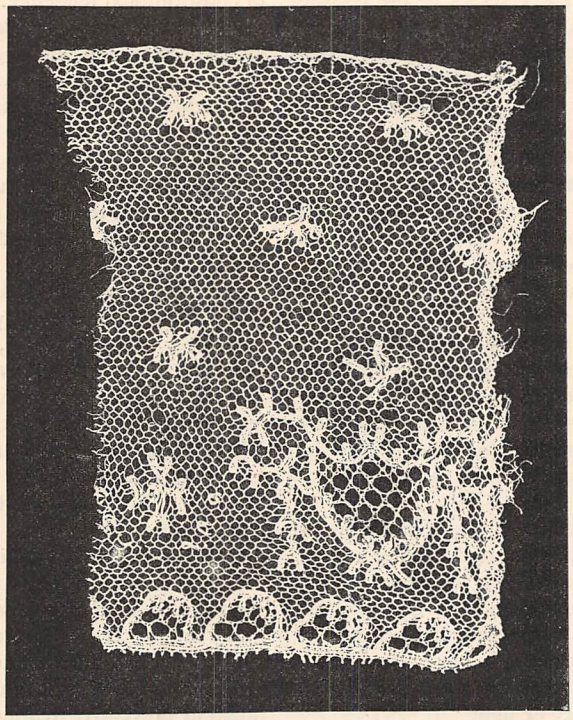
There is no end to the medicines that have been tried, but I have only two that I should recommend in the intervals of attacks, namely, iron with quinine, and the solution of arsenic.

These I cannot give the doses of, for obvious reasons; but a duly qualified medical practitioner would prescribe according to circumstances.

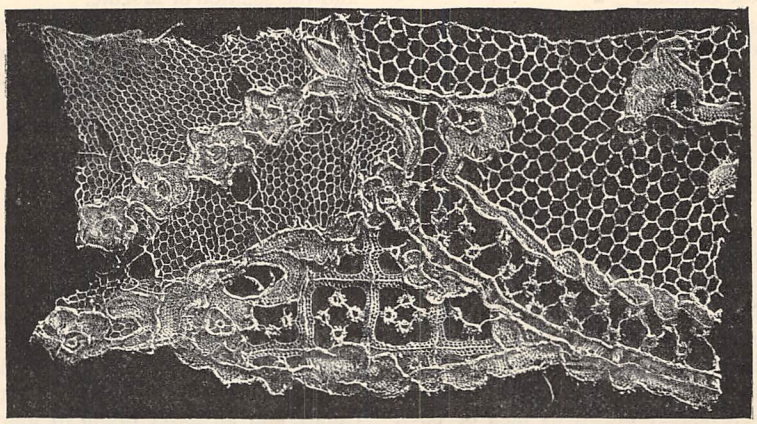
FLEMISH LACE AND LACE-MAKERS.

BRUGES is a quaint old city, full of curious remains of the past, with irregular streets of pointed-gabled houses, no two alike in colour, size, or shape, everywhere intersected by canals, up and down which great barges move slowly along, drawn by men or boys, occasionally by a weather-beaten barefooted woman; at every turn bridges meet the eye, and these resemble one another so much that it is most puzzling for strangers to find their way about. During the winter months a calm, sleepy repose settles down on the city, but with the spring it wakens into life; its long straight avenues of poplar and lime trees don their delicate green garments; the gardens become gay with flowering shrubs; water-lilies, white and yellow, tall bulrushes, meadow-sweet, and forget-me-nots deck the wide canals, and all looks bright to welcome the influx of visitors from all parts of the world, who come to explore the ancient city, to gaze on the old pictures which it treasures, and the many objects of artistic value and interest to be found in it. Many of these visitors were attracted by the exhibition of ancient

and modern Flemish lace recently opened. It was specially designed to show the different kinds of lace formerly and now made in the Belgian cities, and to encourage the lace-makers by bringing their beautiful work before the public. The laces of Flanders have always been held in very high estimation; indeed, that country claims to have invented the fabric. Many varieties are special products of the Belgian towns, and, though closely imitated elsewhere, are nowhere brought to such perfection. The thread used in making the fine Brussels "Point à l'aiguille" is only made from flax grown in Brabant. It is spun in dark rooms underground, where the air is moist, and one single ray of light is allowed to enter, and fall directly on the thread being spun. So fine is it as almost to escape the sight, the worker being guided by the feel of the thread as it passes through her fingers. The lace industry seems to have been at its glory in Belgium in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and to Flanders, England owes much of her knowledge of lace-making, as the industry was introduced there from Belgium in the first instance; and English lace was manufactured in the eighteenth century rivalling in beauty that of Flanders. The principal laces exhibited as those now made in Belgium are Brussels Point, Valenciennes, Point Duchesse, and Torchon. Point Duchesse, called also "Point de Bruges," closely resembles Honiton, the style of pattern and ground being identical. The flowers are made on a perfectly round cushion separately, and are joined together afterwards by the same or another worker. The patterns are not so fine nor so closely worked as in Honiton generally; but there are some most exquisite specimens of this lace shown—notably small articles, such as fans, collars, fichus, &c., and a very handsome robe garniture mounted on crimson satin, consisting of flounces, a long train also forming drapery, and a long jabot. These are quite equal to Honiton Point in fineness and beauty. This lace seems quite of modern make. There are no ancient specimens of it; it is essentially the lace of the present day in Bruges, and being handsome in appearance, durable, and exceedingly moderate in price, it is deservedly popular. The fine



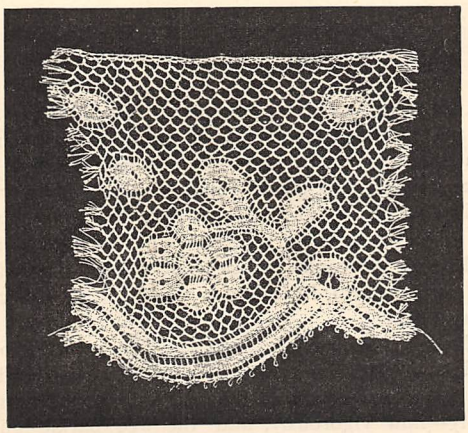
VALENCIENNES D'YPRES.



POINT À L'AIGUILLE. (*Antique Brussels Needle Point.*)

Brussels Point is too delicate a fabric for very useful wear, and from the great expense of making it, the fineness of the thread, the many hands through which it has to pass — each spray requiring several different workers to fill in the different stitches it contains—it must always remain a costly fabric; except when ordered specially it is seldom made of any width, the cost being so great. There are some lovely fans, and a most exquisite piece of flouncing, about four inches wide, of this lace, shown, with the lovely raised flowers which give such a rich effect to it. There are many pieces of antique lace of this kind shown; the ground in these seems to surpass the modern in fineness. But the raised work appears to be a special feature in the modern Brussels, adding greatly to the solidity and handsome appearance of the lace. Mechlin or Malines lace is of quite a different texture; the old specimens are most lovely. There are many dated from the middle of the eighteenth century. The very fine ground with the delicate floral pattern, run on with a flat thread, gives to this lace almost the appearance of embroidery; in former times it was much sought after in France and England, but there seems little demand for it now, and it is consequently but little made. Valenciennes seems now more generally made than the other laces in the towns of Belgium, and each town has its own special variety, easily discovered by a worker, who from examining the ground can always name the town in which a piece of Valenciennes has been made. That of Ypres is held in the highest estimation; the ground is formed of clear distinct squares, upon which the close work of the spray or pattern is beautifully shown in relief. An immense number of bobbins are required in making this lace, the meshes acquiring their beauty and clearness from the number of times the bobbins are twisted. The Valenciennes made in Bruges and Ghent have a round-meshed ground, in which fewer twists are used, and are not so valuable as those of Ypres and Courtrai. Binche lace is also now made in Brussels, and some most lovely pieces of it, both ancient and modern, are shown; it is a kind of Valenciennes, but the most exquisitely fine and cobweb-like of all lace, the whole ground being covered with fine, close, flowery or geometric patterns.

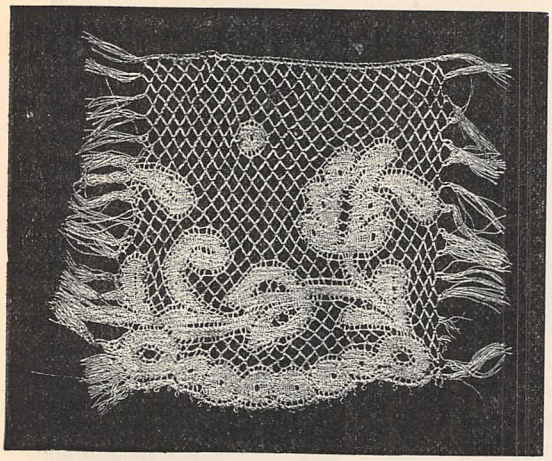
A FLEMISH LACE-MAKER.



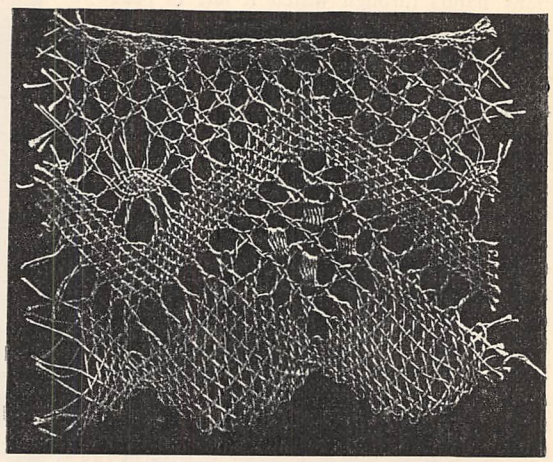
VALENCIENNES DE BRUGES.

Among the exhibits contributed by a gentleman of Bruges were some old lace cushions and some quaint ancient lace-trimmed caps marked as "Kanten Pracht Muts" (1740). Can this be the origin of the "mutch," the cap worn by the women in Ross-shire? As they also wear the long black hooded cloak, identical in shape, make, and material with the "manteau à capuchon," worn by all the bourgeoises in Bruges, and nowhere else, it would be interesting to know how and when these two articles of dress were introduced into the North of Scotland. The two ancient "muts" are trimmed with beautiful old lace, and one has peculiar and curious ear-flaps. Some of the old peasant-women wear exactly the same at this day. The coarse but strong and useful lace called Torchon is much made in Bruges, also thick Guipure; and in some parts of the town, at every door one may see women and girls busy at their lace cushions, throwing the bobbins about with the most wonderful rapidity, and chanting in harsh, guttural voices, an anything but musical accompaniment to their labours. The pattern is pricked on a strip of green parchment or stiff material, and given

to the worker, who finds her own thread, and, when finished, returns it to her employer. Not less than five aunes is bought by the shops, but lace can always be had from the workers direct at a very moderate price. Black Guipure and black Brussels lace are also made; the latter is very delicate and beautiful. The cushion and bobbins in use now are the same in form as those used in the seventeenth century. The cushion is nearly square, and has two drawers, one into which the piece of lace is put as it is gradually worked off the cushion, and the other for spare bobbins and pins. A small soft cushion is fastened at the top for pins, and a movable piece fits in, which can be used to lengthen the cushion as the worker may require.



ANTIQUE MECHLIN.



TORCHON.

The lace-workers complain sadly that their industry is failing in value, that little money can now be made at it; the markets are so flooded by imitation machine-made laces of great beauty, and the fashion as to the make of lace to be worn each season changes so continually, that people—except for very special occasions—prefer to purchase what is cheap and fashionable rather than to spend large sums of money on costly fabrics which, in a few months, may be no longer in vogue. It is to be hoped that good results may follow the effort which has been made to bring the beautiful cushion and hand-made laces of Belgium into notice, as the industry is one which deserves constant and substantial support. The women earn their living in the shelter of home, the materials required are of small value, every spare moment is taken advantage of, the girls and women being most industrious; domestic servants frequently have a lace-cushion upon which they make lace for sale, if they have any time at their disposal. And the making of the ordinary qualities of Valenciennes and Torchon does not seem to affect the eyesight injuriously, as one constantly sees very ancient-looking crones throwing their bobbins about as quickly as the young maidens beside them.

I must here acknowledge, with thanks, my indebtedness to Mrs. Palliser's charming "History of Lace" for several of the facts I have mentioned in this little sketch.

S. R. T.

A FAIR CANOEIST.

"EASY, Jim, let go!" says the stalwart chief boatman of H.M. coastguard-station at Bridlington Quay to his mate, as they lower the *Clytie* down from their shoulders on to the yellow sand, where the long rollers break in lines of sparkling foam. "I am afraid, miss, you will get a bit of a wetting going through there," he adds, nodding towards the waves, as he tucks the macintosh apron carefully round the well combing of the canoe, and over the white flannel dress of Skipper Adeline.

"Oh, I can manage them, Barker. Thanks. All right—push off!"

A vigorous heave, and the little ship is afloat and the paddle dips readily, whilst the two coastguardsmen stand to watch how she will ride through the broken water, and good-humouredly look for a white curling surf to break suddenly over the sharp bows. But the fayre pilot is a right skilful one—a pair of bright eyes see each comber as it rushes shoreward, and nimble firm little hands wield the paddle consummately.

"Back a couple of strokes"—"Easy!"—"Go ahead!"—"Pull port-hand!"—"Easy starboard!" The blue-monogramed blades flash and dip, now slowly—now vigorously, and the wee barkie glides down across the back of the last wavelet, having

shipped never a thimbleful, and then lies-to in smooth water, waiting for her consort the *Volsung* to put off and join her.

But although a member of the Royal Canoe Club, and a voyager of much experience on waters both salt and fresh, the *Volsung's* skipper runs the surf in a lubberly fashion, and in his haste rashly "rushes" the little breakers instead of coolly dodging them, and pays the penalty thereof by getting a lot of sparkling water inboard. But the sponge, which is the little craft's pump, soon makes matters comfortable, and then stretchers are got right, back-boards fixed, and sleeves rolled up.

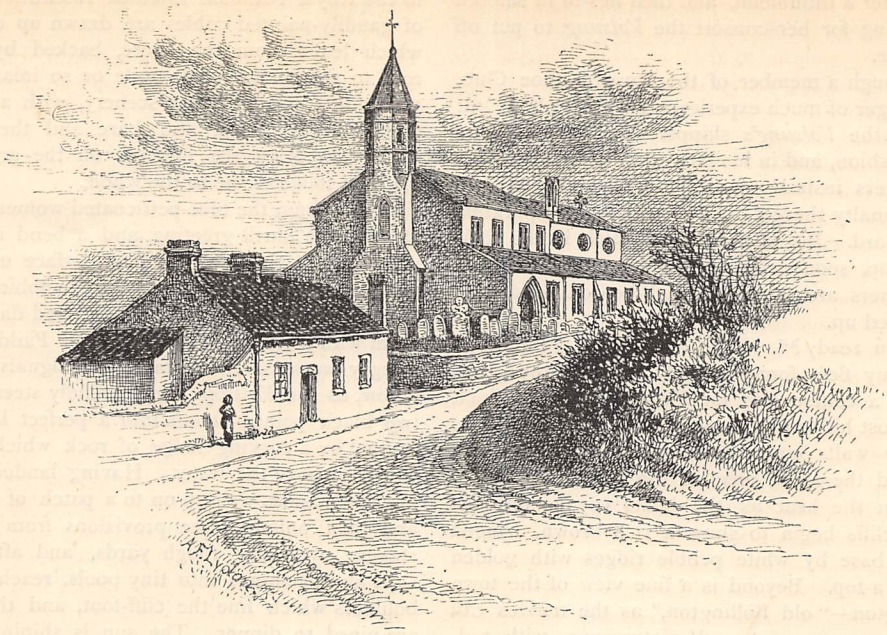
"Are you ready?" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Paddle!" And the tiny fleet forges merrily through the green waters on a course laid for Flambro' Head, which stands almost hidden on a summer haze. The strains of a lively waltz come floating from the sea-wall parade, and the stone piers of the harbour begin to shimmer in the heat as the boats voyage onward. Now the cliffs begin to show a rich brown, fringed along the base by white pebble ridges with golden corn-fields a-top. Beyond is a fine view of the town of Bridlington—"old Bollington," as the natives call it—looking very quaint and picturesque with red-tiled roofs, and its grand "Priory Church" standing like a sentinel on guard, recalling bygone days when its priors were lord of life and limb, and the famed "St. John of Bridlington" flourished.

A good tide is still running, for it wants yet an hour to low water, and the canoes have made a quick run and are off Sewerby Cliffs, where the village looks a veritable picture in the warm sunlight, and the Hall peeps out grey and stately from amongst its sheltering woods. Below these cliffs a grim sea-fight took place long ago between Paul Jones, the daring Yankee pirate so called, and two of the king's ships, in which the English came off badly, to the dismay of the country folk who watched the battle from the cliff-top, for the moon was at the full and lighting up the bay.

"*Clytie* ahoy! Steer for Dane's Dyke!" And in ten minutes' time the boats are rocking gently opposite the opening of a gorse-clad ravine running up from the beach; a long mound skirts the crest of it to eastward, and this, so antiquarians hold, is an earthwork of the early Britons, forming part of a great system of intrenchments reaching on to the wolds and away towards Malton. Tradition has named it after the Danes, and very likely, if not originally thrown up, yet it was used by the men who landed with Ida at Flambro' when he came to win the kingdom of Northumbria.

But the tide which "waits for no man" bears the squadron onward, under the shadow of the rugged cliffs, which are dazzling white in the noontide glare—for the chalk has taken the place of clay—on past a projecting point into the shallow little bay which forms the "South Landing" of Flambro'. To the left is the Lifeboat House, and through the open doors the lofty blue and white bows of the *Matthew Middlewood* peep out, one of the fine trim boats belonging to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. A group of gaudily-painted cobles are drawn up on the slope which leads from the shore, backed by the dusty road to the village some mile or so inland. It is a pretty little bit of coast scenery, with a few women painting the boats, and here and there a sedate donkey nibbling the herbage on the grassy steeps, giving a touch of life to the whole.

A wave from the blue-petticoated women ashore who shout some shrill greeting, and a bend in the chalk wall shuts in the bay. A long surface of brown sea-weed-covered rocks lies between the ebbing water and the cliff-foot, and the waves laugh and dance amongst them with a hissing rise and fall. Paddling is right hungry work, so the commodore signals his fleet to follow, as the *Volsung*, very carefully steering between two black points, shoots into a perfect little harbour formed by a curving ledge of rock which rises some two feet above the water. Having landed, the crews haul the canoes well up on to a patch of ribbed sand, and then unlading the provisions from the lockers, stagger over fifty rough yards, and after countless slips and plashings into tiny pools, reach the belt of boulders which line the cliff-foot, and then all hands are piped to dinner. The sun is shining warm and bright over a sea which mirrors the cloudless blue of the sky, a soft breeze just ruffles the water, and a pair of kittiwakes are circling round, whilst the silence is broken by the musical murmur of the summer sea. Ah! the utter bliss of basking on such a day in the ease of flannels, and lazily thinking of nothing at all, knowing that there is no one to trouble, and that you half dreamily can let the minutes fly unheeded! Can you though? Not with a flowing tide and unmoored boats. The look-out man, sleepily casting a glance seawards, rouses at once to action—the canoes are rocking and softly bumping as the ripples creep up fast—"All hands aboard!" The *Volsung's* crew rushes recklessly down over the treacherous ground in wild haste, leaving the *Clytie's* captain to gather up the stores and come more leisurely and safely, and by the time she has reached the water's edge, the little ships are floated off. But now comes a difficulty—one of those slight occurrences which add to the charm and vary the day's work in canoeing. The rock on which the landing was effected is now at least eighteen inches covered, and instead of riding quietly in the little harbour which it formed, the barkies are tossing and rolling on the surges which come splashing over it, and to reach them their crews must get through the shallow water on the shore. The *Volsung's* pilot, used to such trifles, plunges boldly with the stores to each and then returns, and before the *Clytie's* crew can mutiny, catches her in his arms and splashes out to sea with her laughing ladyship. A spirit of mischief seizes the *Volsung*, for as the panting boatman nears it, away it drifts on the backwash out of reach. A false step and he is off the rock and waist-deep, but (how, he never knew) regains it; and there behold him balancing fearfully on one leg, and with the other foot making frantic efforts to catch the saucy craft, holding all the while no feather-weight



FLAMBOROUGH CHURCH.

in his arms, whilst a merry voice rings in his ears, threatening dire punishments—"You let me drop if you dare, sir!" A stagger, a plunge! and somehow the little lady is safely aboard, and the half-drenched voyager is free to capture and climb into his own canoe.

"What is that speck out there, *Volsung?*"

"Smithic Sand North Buoy," answers the pilot.

"Let us paddle round it;" and so the stems are pointed away from the land, and work begins steadily again. The *Volsung's* cabin-boy laughs softly to himself as he remembers the tide is flowing strongly; and the much-enduring skipper, whose arms still feel the effects of the late embarkation, feels a glow of fiendish joy to think how his fair fellow-voyager will have to ply paddle mightily if ever the *Clytie* is to round that buoy. A quarter-hour's pull and the struggle begins, for the pair are fairly in the tideway, and the little ships make very slow head against it; but there is no thought of giving up aboard either, and at last the great red and white ringed iron boiler-like structure is alongside, and the sailing-masters can read the words "North Smithic," and see the waters foam and rush past as though they would tear it from its moorings twenty feet below.

"What about the Head—can you do it?" signals the commodore.

"Of course I can," comes the indignant hail from the fayre skipper.

"Then full speed; we have no time to spare."

As the boats draw nearer to the famous headland, the gentle motion of the bay-swell begins to grow into the long lifting of the rollers as they come in from the open sea, for the fleet is rocking now on deep waters, and white horses are showing around, whilst from the beach, some half a mile on the port beam, comes the muttered thunder of the surf which is breaking in long white patches on the shore. There is grand old Flambro' Head at last, with its splendid lighthouse, showing a column of shapely whiteness against the sky, from which at sundown a bright red light will show, and then die down and change to a point of yellow, which too grows and grows and then fades feebly, until it brightens up once more, to fade again and change into a red.

"Two whites to one red
Indicates Flambro' Head,"

says the pilot-book.

The rugged wall of chalk standing boldly against the heaving might of the wild North Sea, with its scarred face pierced by dusky hollows and dark mysterious caverns, is always a glorious study, but to-day there is a sight out beyond not to be forgotten. A large four-masted ship with all sail set, stun'-sails alow and aloft, glistening spotless in the sun, is majestically gliding southward, her long low hull, painted black and white, showing the foaming seas piling up before her cut-water and then rushing aft and bubbling away under the counter in a seething track behind. There is an "overfall" just off the Head—foul ground that is, where the water is always lumpy, however fine the day and smooth the sea, and the canoes toss and plunge bravely, burying their decks under sparkling foam. No place this for a novice to try and navigate, but the *Volsung's* skipper has often sailed her here, and the *Clytie's* captain is a fearless and ready canoeist, and so through the turmoil they steer, heedless of the dash and splash

of chopping seas, until the bay opens north of the point, and Flambro' Head is rounded.

"Too much swell on to try the caves," pronounces the pilot, "and it's going to blow up wet, so 'bout ship!"

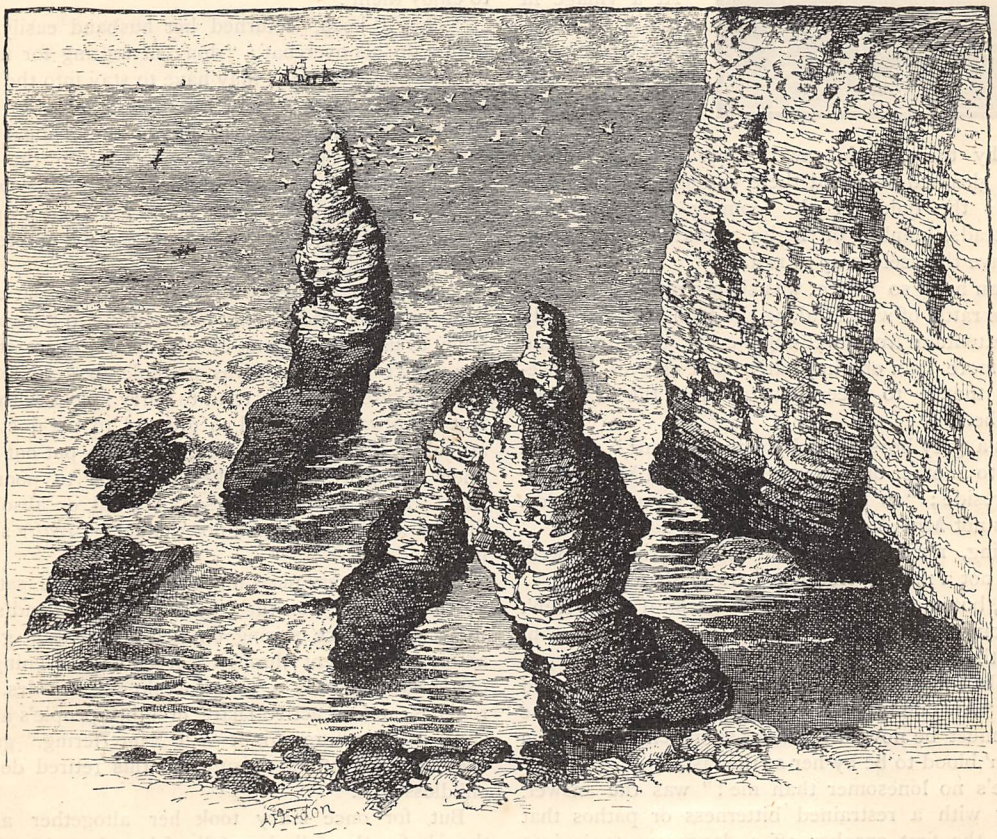
It is rather a ticklish bit of work to turn a Rob Roy in the midst of a cross-sea, for it is a dangerous thing to get broadside on to waves if somewhat big, yet the *Clytie* is spun round so nimbly that the commodore is provoked to shout, "Well done indeed!" as he leads the way homewards.

The Smithic Buoy drops astern once more, the sea grows smoother, and a long roll takes the place of the tossing waves, over which the ships ride merrily with an easy motion. Half a mile south of the Head are several depressions in the cliff, sending wondrous echoes back over the sea if you call to them, and standing in to try, the *Volsung's* pilot grows careless, and, forgetful of the swell coming in, lets his vessel drift broadside close to the beach. Suddenly there is a hiss, and, without a moment's warning, the mound of water curls over and comes sweeping in, in a wall of foam. With a couple of frantic strokes on the starboard hand the canoe is just eased up to meet it, and then it breaks, a deluge of cold water over the bows, and dashes up to the waist of the crew, half filling the well and all but capsizing the little craft, and it takes all that the skipper knows to prevent her being washed broadside on to the beach. Thoroughly ashamed of himself he looks eagerly round, hoping his fellow-voyager has not noted the stupid performance, but derisive laughter rippling across the water tells him the hope is vain, and for long after that day a certain taunt was ever keenly felt.

Homeward in the quiet eventide across the calm bosom of the bay, with the sun slowly sinking behind the Boynton Woods and flushing the western sky a rosy crimson, whilst the gentle land breeze brings now and again the tuneful voices of the priory bells.

As the piers of Bridlington rise from the grey sea and grow nearer, both crews pull themselves together to run into harbour in their very best form.

Half a dozen volunteers promptly seize the canoes and carry them up into the boat-house, and as the coastguardsman on duty takes charge of them and wishes "Good night," he adds, "You have done a rare good day's work, miss, and I guess you are the first lady who has been round Flambro' Head in a canoe."



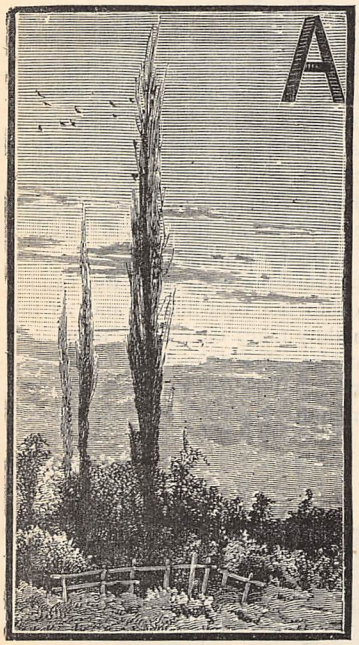
THE KING'S AND QUEEN'S ROCKS, FLAMBOROUGH.

MY NAMESAKE MARJORIE.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A DEED DEFERRED.



A SOFT, still day in late September was drawing to a close: a day which in its sleepy warmth would fain have persuaded one that summer was yet our own, though changing tints on every hedge and tree, and a sharp, unfriendly touch in the air as evening breezes stirred abroad, gave warning of another and a sadder season.

At a village in mid-Norfolk—Bridgeham by name—a mighty flock of rooks, settling in tall elms close by the church, cawed forth a rural curfew. Lights gleamed here and there through the gathering shades; the quiet of the coming night enfolded homesteads, humble or high; mankind and cattle-kind gave themselves up to rest.

For an hour so perfect was silence over the hamlet, that the rattle of wheels along the high road presently woke attention from well-nigh every tenement, and called more than one inquisitive pair of eyes to casements, thence to peer out at who the travellers might be.

"It's a grey hoss an' a light-runnin' cart," said one widow to another older dame who shared her cottage and fireside; "so to be sure it'll be from Westfields. Like as not Mrs. Assheton's wuss, poor soul!"

"Going, maybe," said the elder grimly; "well, there's not a many'll fret after her. *I* shan't."

"Ay, but she never did me no harm, if she weren't what some ladies might ha' bin to such as we," continued the younger woman, coming back to coax up a bit of blaze into brightening the white-washed, raftered room. "An' one feels sorry like for a body as lonesome as she must be now, with never so much as her own flesh an' blood to be by her at the last."

"She's no lonesomer than me!" was the answer, ringing with a restrained bitterness or pathos that warned the first speaker off a dangerous topic into safer channels of general gossip, for Widow Brunton had a tender heart, and would little have liked to forecast for her three youngsters, now sleeping safely in the chamber above, such a future as would have matched the fate of her lodger's family.

Meanwhile the vehicle, which had roused thought spreading far beyond these few words, had speeded by the lowlier homes of Bridgeham, and turned in at the gate of a large, well-built house, where the driver, descending, rang sharply, and sent in to the master a message that fetched him promptly from the dinner-table, at which he was but just seated.

"There's no help for it, my dear," said Dr. Burroughes, soon hurrying back to his wife in their well-appointed dining-room. "Mrs. Assheton has had another attack, and I must be off to her. It's the bailiff who has driven over for me. He fancies from Miss Bassett's manner that I'm wanted for matters of law as well as of physic. Get your dinner, and don't wait for me. I'll be back as soon as I can."

"How horribly provoking!" said Mrs. Burroughes, with unfeigned concern. "The first partridges and the last peaches of the year, and you are not allowed to enjoy them!"

"They'll keep," returned her husband easily, buttoning up his overcoat; "don't sit waiting for me: if no one else is there, I may have to stay into the small hours. Good-bye;" and off in full haste he went, leaving his wife to speculate less on the medical crisis—*that* had been long foreseen—than on the legal decision of these possibly last hours: in other words, on the disposal of Mrs. Assheton's excellent property, a subject of curiosity to many, of special interest to Mrs. Burroughes.

"For," she argued with herself, as she sat alone, "the poor old lady really has seemed to take such a fancy to us from the first of our coming here, though she wasn't a person it was possible to grow fond of, and I'm sure we never tried to curry favour with her. But she always appeared so grateful to the doctor for attending her, though she'd be frightfully put out if she knew he always handed her fees over to poor Mr. Potts; and I suppose her son is dead, or absolutely disinherited; so I should not wonder—I *really* should not wonder——"

Something very pleasant, to judge by the satisfied air that deepened on the lady's comely face, and something which once seizing on her imagination gave it ample amusement through her solitary evening, for castle-building was a great weakness of Mrs. Burroughes, and an active share in other people's affairs, such as ill-nature might call "interfering," greatly occupied the ample leisure of this retired doctor's childless wife.

But for once fancy took her altogether astray, though for the full downfall of her flattering, if not deeply-cherished, hopes, she had to wait her husband's return.

He, driving rapidly through the silent village, talked with Freeman, the bailiff, of his mistress's condition, and of the seizure brought on, according to Miss Bassett, her companion, by obstinacy in remaining out of doors after the air turned chilly.

"For you see, sir," said Freeman, "come five o'clock this time of the year, the reek rise up on the Broad there"—from the raised road they could just see through the gloaming, beyond banks thickly clothed with shadowy trees, a long wide stretch of water—"as you well know, for there's no looking across from your place to ours by then, and it stands to reason a lady ailin' like her didn't ought to be out so late. But she's not easy led at any time. That us that know her most know best. Come in she wouldn't, so they tell me. So she had her own way, and now she've got to suffer for it. As," added the bailiff reflectively, "she've had her own will more than once before now, and have had to pay for it pretty high, I reckon. You don't recollect Mr. John, sir?"

"Not likely I should," was the answer. "We have only been at Bridgeham eighteen years, and he's been gone—why, twenty, has he not?"

"Ay, sir, five-and-twenty. It was a misfortunate business all through, it was; I will say that, though it put me in a good berth. With her own son by to see after her land, Mrs. Assheton need never have wanted a bailiff. He was a clever gentleman, was Mr. John, and uncommon pleasant in his looks and ways; *but* he was as obstinate as—as—well, as his poor mother, and one can't say more than that! It was a bad day for both when they fell out."

"A thousand pities they never managed to fall in again," said the doctor heartily—he was a man of pacific disposition, always inclined, though out of general practice on folks' bodies, to exercise the healing art on any disease of strife that came across his path—"but I suppose it was one of those cases which no outsider could meddle with. Nobody has ever appeared to have much influence with Mrs. Assheton."

"Not a soul!" answered Freeman emphatically. "From the time she came here a young widow, forty years ago (when I was a lad) and stepped into her uncle's property, she's been wholly missus of her own concerns. And a lucky hand she've had, and well she've managed everything, exceptin' her own family. And them she worked easy enough and grudged nothin' to as long as they ran to her mind. But once let 'em kick over the traces, as Mr. John must have done, though what it was all about none rightly knew for sure, then she stood up to be master, and master she would be! His goin' off put ten years on her in a week, and then Miss Madeline dyin' made an old woman of her before her time."

"Ah, there was a daughter, too! If she had lived she might have made her mother and brother friends again," said Dr. Burroughes.

"I doubt it, sir," returned Freeman with a shake of the head—five-and-twenty years' service had impressed him with firm belief in his employer's inflexible will—"but she died, so there's no tellin'."

"And died from home, did she not?"

"At some grand sort of school, sir, in France, I suppose. I mind the mornin' she went away well. I was only under-bailiff then, and drove the luggage cart into Wencester myself, and I thought as she came out, why, thought I, 'steads of crammin' you with more teaching, Miss Madeline, it's a pity your ma don't give you a six months' regular rest. For she was delicate-lookin', sir, and we fancied fretted after Mr. John, and Mrs. Assheton kept having her study with all manner of masters over from Wencester, for she was wonderful proud of her and meant her to be out of the common in learnin', so none of us weren't a mite surprised to hear the poor young lady was took off. She was a pretty creature though, and we were sorry enough for her."

"Sad work for her mother," said the doctor sympathisingly.

"Brought the pleasures of her life to a full stop, and no mistake, sir! There was talk of Westfields being sold just before then, maybe the place was thought damp-like for Miss Madeline to come back to, but after that we heard no more of selling. Mrs. Assheton fell into still ways, like she've kept ever since; for the life of me I can't call back the last time I saw her smile; there've bin no company at the house, and exceptin' you and your good lady, or chance time the people from the Rectory, scarce a strange foot have crossed the threshold for this twenty year."

"A dreary life," mused the doctor; "it's well Miss Bassett put up so long with its loneliness."

"She'd good enough cause to do so, I'll be bound, sir," answered Freeman, and Dr. Burroughes, feeling perhaps the remark trenched on a subject in which he had no concern, was silent as they drove along a bend by the narrowing Broad, and over a bridge spanning the current that fed the lake-like sheet. Though on the further side Westfields lay but some half-mile to their left, a circuit of full two miles had to be made before the house was reached, the space between roadway and water being a waste of low land, often flooded, now shrouded in thick, rising mist.

"Pity that was never properly reclaimed," commented the doctor, turning up his collar as they met the moist air; "a few thousands spent in banks and drains would pay themselves back in no time. I wonder such a capable woman as Mrs. Assheton never did it."

"Like as not she would if her family had gone different," returned her steward, "but, as things went, saving was enough for her. She must have a sight of money to leave. Perhaps them that get it'll use some of it that way."

He said this with meaning. Mrs. Assheton's preference for Dr. Burroughes over the kindly but tactless parish medicus, who had ventured once to inquire after her vanished son, and had never been forgiven the liberty, had not gone unnoticed. More than one, taking their stand on the general principle of much being given to those who had no need of it, prophesied that part of Westfields' wealth would find its way into the pockets of the well-to-do people across the Broad,

and of this prophecy the doctor may have been conscious, for again he changed the subject.

"Troubled with poaching?" he asked, a rustle among reeds that fringed the wayside dykes, and the sharp cry of waterfowl, betokening enemies of some sort to the feathered slumberers.

"Not as we once were, sir," was Freeman's answer. "A few night-lines now and then, but them we make no count of. The bit of wood we let to Mr. Fane, his men keep a sharp look-out over, and Bridgeham's lost the keenest hands *I* ever knew at that work."

"You mean the Wilshires?"

"Ay, sir. They've bin tip-top ones time out of mind. Nothing came amiss to them. The old man would charm eggs out of their nest, and wheedle the werry perch asleep! And he'd a dog as clever a beast as he was, that'd steal up and nip off a settin' hen as neat as any fox! An' the young fellows were as bad. If they hadn't drunk theirselves to death, they'd have lived to be hanged, surely. Twice Mr. John circumwented them, and got 'em six months, and another time he had 'em again, as clear as moonlight, and the case would have gone harder with them, only their women begged and prayed 'em off! That was the last year he was at home."

"Oh, they set their wives to plead for them, did they?"

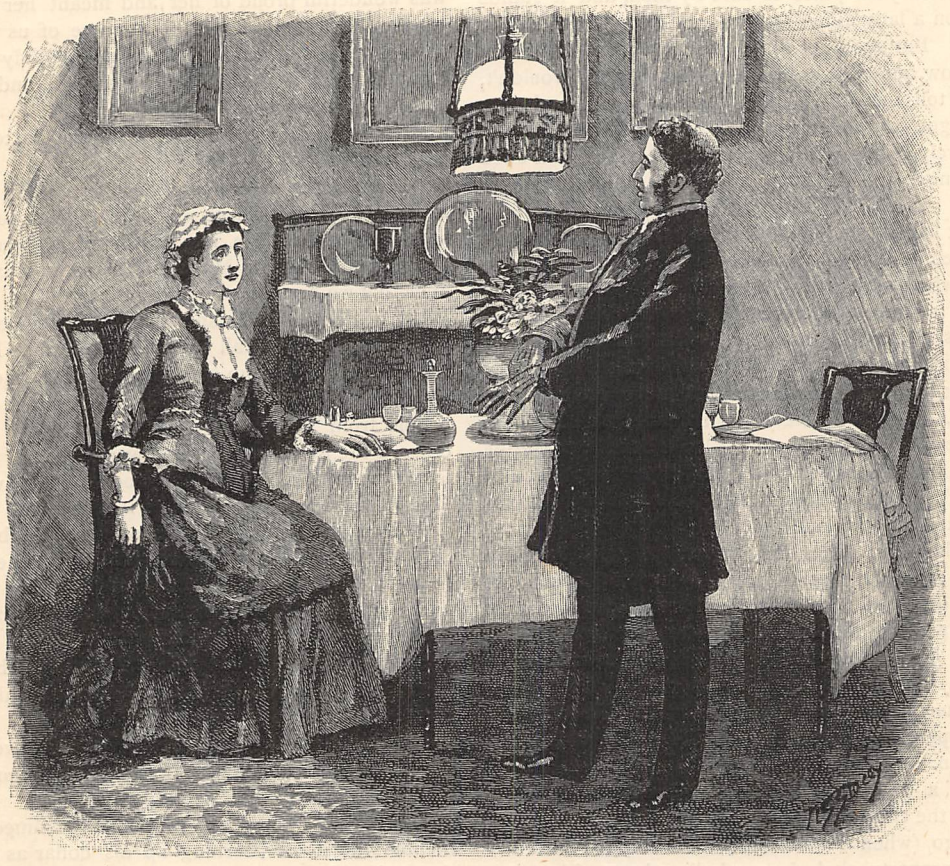
"Not their wives; their mother and their sister, sir. The old woman is alive now, not far from your house—Widow Wilshire."

"I recollect. And the sister?"

"Well——" Freeman hesitated. They were on the Westfields grounds, and he dropped his voice, as though the very trees might overhear him—"It's not for me to say if the tale's true, sir, but it have been whispered, it was along of that sister Mr. John fell out with his mother, and went away."

"On her account! One of such a lot! I should hardly credit that, Freeman."

"I don't want to father the story, sir, but that was the talk. She was a handsome girl, and her mother got all the comfort of her life out of her; the men didn't give her much! *She* was honest bred and born, an' dead set against their doin's, and the daughter was the same. The girl was worth better luck than she got."



"'MRS. ASSHETON HAS HAD ANOTHER ATTACK, AND I MUST BE OFF TO HER'" (*p.* 418).

"What came to her?"

"Well, sir, some said she went to service, but there's a many believe she died of grief, poor thing!"

"Poor lass!" muttered the doctor, and while he pondered over this—to him—revelation as to the mother and son's parting, Westfields was reached, and he, received by a waiting servant, was ushered swiftly up to its mistress's apartment.

A glance told what had come—the third expected stroke of dread paralysis.

Conscious, but powerless to move, Mrs. Assheton was on a low couch, half lying, half supported by an attendant, dressed just as when the fit overtook her. The pale, handsome, but hard face seemed visibly shrinking, as if vitality was kept upon its anxious features by mere force of will. The long thin hands Miss Bassett kept ceaselessly chafing were all but helpless. The prim, thin lips, once the type of resolute will, now strove painfully over almost impossible articulation.

"What is it she wants?" asked Dr. Burroughes, reading her troubled glance, as he stooped and took her cold fingers in his own. "This?" as by a faint sign she turned his attention to a fastened envelope, lying among her shawls ("Mistress have carried that about with her for weeks," whispered her woman): "I am to open it?"—a feeble sound of assent told him he was right—"and to—" unfolding a close, clearly written document, in Mrs. Assheton's own distinct penmanship—"to——"

"Fin-ish it!" she just muttered, with pitiful effort. "Read—it."

He did as desired, astonishment visible as his eye traversed the lines of this last testament, correct in form down to the last syllable, even of the attestation clause. He would have spoken, but a slight, entreating "Sh—" stopped him. Miss Bassett, standing by, vivid curiosity on her dark, plain face, could get no clue yet as to the disposal of what she secretly, but most keenly, hungered after.

"A pen if you please," said the doctor, interpreting a scarcely audible sound from the stricken woman: and a pen being instantly forthcoming, with the last effort of her fast-fading strength Mrs. Assheton affixed to the paper her name, followed, according to her signalled wish, by those of her companion and servant.

The moment that the will lay beneath her scrutiny Miss Bassett gathered its import, and over her countenance swept a spasm of more than mere disappointment—of anger, nay, malice, so concentrated that for a full half-minute she dared not turn to the clear lamplight again.

"Step into the dressing-room a moment," the doctor desired the waiting-maid, "and," to Miss Bassett, "raise her just a little; I want, if possible, a word of explanation from her—gently, gently!" as the companion performed this small office in so strange a manner he could but notice it. "Doubtless," he went on, slowly and distinctly, addressing his dying patient, "all is so clear to you that the omission is perfectly natural. But it is needful *I* should understand my trust thoroughly. You give and bequeath Westfields, and all your estate, real and personal, to your granddaughter: your namesake Marjorie—Mar—jorie—?"

A moment of questioning silence. Once and again an effort to speak, futile, for the faint breath came now with slackening power.

"Marjorie—?" repeated Dr. Burroughes slowly. Last order of an imperious mistress; the eyes that once shone with such haughty power were lifted appealingly to the companion, the confidante of so many years. "Assheton," supplemented Miss Bassett, in a tone of deeply-stirred feeling.

The figure in her hold trembled, struggled, as if to turn.

"Hush, not another word!" whispered Dr. Burroughes hurriedly. The bare mention of one till now unknown, disowned, whatever it might be, called forth a gasp, a shudder, then an overspreading pallor, herald of that hand which sets the cruellest pangs of human hearts at rest. Another hour of deepening insensibility, and the inevitable end came to a life that had long dragged on, joyless and dreary, its sorrows proudly concealed from vulgar prying, jealously unshared by friendship's sympathy.

Homeward once more sped Dr. Burroughes, with news that kept his excited, albeit crestfallen, spouse awake half the night; and alone, sleepless till dawn, pacing into semblance of calm the mortification she vowed to keep hidden from mere servants, stayed Caroline Bassett.

Strange was it that the plans for consolation which floated dimly before worthy Mrs. Burroughes ultimated in precisely the same resolve as served at last to soothe the spirit tenfold more perturbed than hers; but certain is it that the thought which lulled the doctor's wife to sleep was echoed by her fellow in disappointment, for with day-break, smiling at her white face in the glass before she flung herself upon her pillow, Miss Bassett threw back her head with the determined gesture of one who has brought a difficult matter to a definite conclusion, and promised herself, "Then it shall be so. There is much to hope for still. I'll wait till Marjorie Assheton comes home."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

LIKE SEEKS LIKE.

While Bridgeham was receiving with open ears news anent Westfields and its fresh owner, two individuals whose futures, little as either guessed it, were to be strangely controlled by Mrs. Assheton's last bequest, were making each other's acquaintance in scenes parted from the little Norfolk village by many a mile of land and sea.

A sudden autumn storm one Saturday afternoon at Brussels found the salon of the Hôtel Louise lighted early, filled with a large party clamorous for amusement, that drifting rain and rushing wind in the Parc close by seemed to forbid further chance of outside for that day.

By one of the long windows, watching passengers

struggling with the elements to and fro the Rue Montague de la Cour, sat an Englishman just arrived. He, from the entrenchment of an arm-chair in the corner, cast occasional looks, now of wonder, now of annoyance, at a huge family of travellers who occupied every other available seat in the large apartment. These, foreigners evidently in the Belgian capital, after one glance at the single stranger sharing the room, took no more notice of his presence than if he had been part of the furniture itself; but disposed themselves on couches, improvised lounges, ordered lamps into full blaze, demanded that the big black stove should be heated at once, and comported themselves altogether as people who, having plenty of money to pay for their whims, feel themselves masters of most of life's positions.

That they were of some southern clime appeared no less by the coal-black hair and dark-hued skins than by their utterly un-European style of behaviour, and by the curious mixed language in which they kept up a babel of conversation. Singing, now in French, now more fluently in what sounded like Spanish, two dark-eyed girls took possession of the piano, vying with each other in producing most piercing notes of nasal melody, winding up their performance with a crash of discords and a peal of laughter. To them succeeded a swarthy youth, who, whistling his own accompaniment, thumped noisily through a swinging waltz that instantly set both girls and sundry small juniors into active and not ungraceful gyrations. Breathless and palpitating, this exercise was presently abandoned: a pair of tawny little maidens, with brilliant rings sparkling on their slim forefingers, seized on the music-stools, jangling separately through various scales in different keys; their elders bemoaned the weather in a vituperative jargon entirely untranslatable, while the only silent ones of the party—a small, stout father, with bead-like restless eyes, and his wife, a lady of lazily large proportions, splendidly jewelled—looked placidly on, meditatively devouring their quill toothpicks, and content with the chorus of confusion around, so long as of their offspring's making.

Equally content, however, was not our silent Englishman. To him the scene suggested little short of a private lunatic asylum, and prompted a departure either to the wet streets or to the smoking-room, there to while away time until the hour of table-d'hôte.

Just on the point of seeking one or other of these alternatives, a figure he had not before noticed among the uproarious throng attracted his attention. It was that of a girl, so seated at a centre table that he caught in profile her pale, refined face, as she bent over the youngest of what Stephen Legh mentally christened "those half-caste cubs," intent on the difficult task of keeping the little rascal out of flagrant mischief. With infinite skill this young lady foiled sundry ingenious attempts of her charge to upset the draught-boards over which his brothers now fought with comparative peace, withdrew him from the pleasing occupation of rifling the ink-pot for the purpose of besprinkling every book within his reach, and did her best to stop his final delightful pastime of lifting his lithe young limbs from chair to table-top, thence kicking back his vacated seat with a crash that brought the obsequious *portier* in to see what might be going on amiss.

At the first of these overthrows the lads at draughts only laughed, and left their impish young brother's guardian to pick up the chair. This done, with a flush upon her cheeks, the girl tried by rapidly sketching some comicality to divert the youngster from such rough play. But vainly! Up, in a minute, shot the little frog-like form, down smashed the heavy chair, this time replaced by the English gentleman, to the slightly contemptuous amusement of parental lookers-on. With colour rising, but temper still perfect, the young lady stretched an arm firmly across the chair-back, and began in French an expostulation totally unheeded, for the lad, unused apparently to have his least wish crossed, first jerked eel-like hither and thither to dislodge her hold, next turned him about and pinched the white wrist with all his force, stooping at last and setting the mark of his white teeth upon it in a bite that made the owner shrink with pain.

This was more than one spectator could put up with. No punishment forthcoming from other quarters, Mr. Stephen Legh took his compatriot's revenge into his own hands—her quick "Oh, don't!" had been unmistakably English—and grasping the little tyrant by his waist-belt, shook him as a dog would shake a rat.

This stirred madame to wrathful exclamation, and brought the father, phlegmatic no longer, to his feet. Each group suspended chattering to watch the fray, listening with shrugs of amusement as the stranger emphatically expressed his opinion of the culprit in a brief speech, not one syllable of which was intelligible to the foreigners.

"*Drashing!*" repeated the irate father, scowling now at the tall Englishman, now at the girl, who, pale with pain and fright, yet seemed sheltered under his presence. "Drashing! I don't understand. M'amselle, tell me" (he went on in French) "what he means. Quick!"

Hereat mademoiselle falteringly interpreted her champion's words in as pacific form as they would bear, but was interrupted by a peremptory order from madame, instantly acted upon by her husband.

"Basta!" he exclaimed impatiently, and plunging his hand into his pocket, produced thence an abundance of coins, of which he tossed a couple of gold pieces across the table. "For service, mademoiselle, et," flinging over another, "for compensation!"

The girl crimsoned, took up her "wages," but left her golden ointment untouched, self-defence or expostulation dying on her lips as her eyes filled with tears. Her late employer dropped back on the couch beside his spouse, reassuming his perpetual toothpick, while, like a nest of magpies with tongues let loose again, the rest of the party joked and gesticulated over the whole business, not one of them taking the slightest further notice of her who had been so summarily dismissed.

Angry, and yet sorely suspecting he had done only mischief by his interference, Mr. Legh watched as the English girl drew from the pile of costly garments flung by their wearers on the floor in their search for more lounging accommodation, her own plain cloak and crape-covered hat, donning which, and bowing first very shyly to him, next with a quiet dignity to the foreign troop, who answered only by a blank stare, she left the salon.

A moment Mr. Legh hesitated, then followed. On the outer step of the hall, battling with a wind that threatened to demolish her umbrella, she was standing as he hurried up with the apology he felt her due.

"I must beg your pardon," he said, going straight to the point, "for being meddlesome when I ought perhaps to have kept quiet. I am sincerely sorry to have brought about this result."

A grave but very winning face looked up at him under the glare of the hotel lamps, with the answer—

"You meant it in all kindness, sir, It signifies not so very much; and I thank you."

"I am afraid I cannot make amends for those people's gross incivility," pursued Mr. Legh, ignoring a little gesture of farewell which might have closed the interview; "but is there nothing I could do—no one to whom I could explain?" She shook her head. "At least, then, may I not call a cab? It is not fit weather for you to walk a dozen yards in! I feel it is my impertinent blunder which has put you to the incovenience."

"Pray think no more of that," begged the girl, "it has only hastened by a little what must have come soon. It was good of you to take my part. I shall remember it always gratefully. Good night."

To detain her there in rain and wind was impossible. To offer himself as escort would have been unwarrantable intrusion. But Mr. Legh felt far from satisfied, as, having watched the slight dark figure traverse the wet pavement till at a turn by the Parc it was lost to him, he re-entered the hall, and inquired of the porter, who, with perplexed countenance, was just leaving the salon, "What are those people?" and was told—

"Monsieur, they are of Spanish Amérique. They come to travel Europe. Their luggage is"—with extended arms—"*ex*-traordinaire! Their requests are without ceasing, but—their richness is enorme!"

"And this money gives them the right to be insolent, I presume!" said the Englishman, stirred out of habitual reticence.

The porter gave a shrug of excuse. "Que voulez-vous, monsieur? They pay à la prince. They bring with them two domestics of colour; and they conduct themselves as in their proper land, where probablement all things are to their command. Senor Maro gives but now the order, 'Go fetch a violin!' A young Senor desires more noise of music. Et moi, I go."

Off hastened the porter; and out of sound of this projected pandemonium betook himself Mr. Legh, to stroll for an hour under shelter at the Galerie de la Reine, there to cool his indignation over the Brazilian millionnaire's high-handed dealings, and dwell with pleasanter memory on the sweet though sad face, which he curiously desired to see again.

The next day gave him his wish.

Deserting beautiful Ste. Gudule's when many services and a stream of misguided worshippers had made the whole building redolent of incense and votive candle-grease, and strolling through the busy Rue Royale and crowded Boulevards, seeking something like an hour of English Sabbath, in a most ugly modern building of the Quartier Léopold he secured, plus what he sought, the sight of an old friend and of yesterday's new acquaintance. Opposite to him, in the middle-aged bearded man at the reading-desk, stood a class-mate of years before; and nearer still, across the narrow aisle, sat the heroine of yesterday's episode, fairer than even he had thought her, now he saw her in full light and could note the waving brown hair parted on the broad white forehead, with long lashes and darker brows above a pair of deepest hazel eyes, and the perfect curve of a mouth that would be lovely if it only looked less sad.

Waiting presently by the doors as the throng passed out, Mr. Legh felt strangely gratified when recognition of him tinted the young face with a sudden blush, and a smile gleamed out that lit the features up like sunshine. She was by in an instant, an elder lady with her, and the Englishman stood irresolute, debating if he might speak to her, divided between instinct and etiquette, when a hand was laid on his shoulder and he was claimed by St. James's minister.

"It must be Legh minor! It is? I was certain of it, old fellow, directly I caught sight of you, and so made off as fast as possible to find you. Why, barring an extra six inches length and width, you are exactly what you were fifteen years ago. What brings you here? Due anywhere for luncheon? No? Then come along with me!" And Stephen Legh was forthwith hospitably carried off to the house of his former chum, there introduced to a pleasant young matron in Mrs. Langley, and entertained with scraps of his friend's history, reaching back to the prize-day when they parted at a West of England grammar school, and—"I went off with my scholarship to Peterhouse," finished the Rev. John Langley, "joyfully sure I should be a bishop in ten years' time. Instead of which, here I am making the best of a precarious charge, in preference to remaining a curate over the water. And how have you managed matters? Better? I forget the identical lines you proposed making a fortune on: but is it made?"

"Not a bit of it!" answered the other man, laughing; "I've been knocking about the world, an engineer, as I always said I'd be, ever since I saw you, and I am neither much better nor much worse for my work. But I've always covered my cares with my hat, so it has not been difficult for me to get along."

"Not married then?"

"*Not*. I've never had anything to marry on."

"All the more reason for matrimony, as the world wags! Then you are out on a bachelor's holiday?"

"If you like to call it so. To be more accurate, I

am out of place, and drifted this way just because I had no particular call or inclination to go back to England, and I did happen to have an introduction to a man here—a Monsieur Colville—who may perhaps start me on fresh work."

"Then you've been abroad some time?"

"Five years: in Holland. There's always plenty doing there for my branch of engineering, you know. Lately I've been busy over these new projects for devouring the Zuyder Zee, and I rather thought I had got hold of something tolerably permanent."

"And why wasn't it so?"

"Well," running his fingers—an old trick, his companion remembered—through a close crop of curly dark hair, "well, you see, that's a thing one can scarcely explain, but there were doings at our office not at all to my mind. Just the same sort of thing as made me throw up my first post at Liverpool in disgust. I can't for the life of me see why, when a man goes in for a profession, he should break the neck of all morality in his hurry to get rich in it. But it seems my opinions are antiquated. At any rate they've been my stumbling-block."

"Monsieur Colville stands well," returned Mr. Langley. "I don't think, if you engage with him, you will have to quit on these counts. So I shall look on you as a fixture here for a time, and make you known, if you like, to some of our English colony. I have plenty of them in my congregation."

"Ah, I saw one this morning," began Stephen Legh with an eagerness very unlike the tone he used on matters personal; but then he stopped abruptly, annoyed at his own impetuosity, and, stifling warmer words, added slowly, "a—er—pleasant-looking young person, in black, about four pews from your pulpit, I think. Do you know who she is?"

"In black! Four pews from the pulpit? Why, you must mean Miss Forest. I wish my wife could hear you calling her a 'pleasant-looking young person,' indeed! *She* considers her simply beautiful."

"Ah, some people might!" returned Mr. Legh cautiously. He had lived by and to himself so long, he had no mind to air his own opinions too readily. "Then she is a friend of Mrs. Langley's?"

"Well, though we have not known her long, yes. She is a semi-boarder, semi-governess, I hardly can define her position, with a lady we know very well, the head of one of our most exclusive English schools. So we know all about Miss Forest, and pity her as much as we admire her, poor girl."

"Pity her! Why?"

"Because she is left so unfortunately. Her father was an artist—English, of course—a man of education and ability, I hear, though I never met him. He must have made a good deal of money, for he was always copying the best pictures in our galleries, and they fetched a high price. He had only this child, and had put by a very fair maintenance for her, but as ill-luck or ill-judgment would have it, he invested the whole in some rotten concern, and lost it all. He was not a strong man. This blow came on him last July—you remember what a tropical month we had—a fever got hold of him when he was already half beside himself, and the poor fellow was dead in a week."

"Leaving his girl with nothing?"

"Well, next door to that. With only some couple of hundred pounds that were due to him. If it had not been for Miss Osborne, the lady I named, I don't know what would have become of her. They were of Devonshire family, not at all badly connected, but have no near relations. Where did you chance to meet her?"

To this Mr. Legh replied by the story of the previous evening, keeping his share in the proceeding as much in the background as possible, but of necessity letting out, as Mr. Langley talking it all over with his wife afterwards declared, "that he was just the same fellow he was fifteen years ago; as easily moved by a bit of cruelty to any helpless thing, as when he fought a boy twice his weight for impaling a blackbeetle, and betting on how long its struggles would last."

"A shy man, and not an Adonis," said Mr. Langley, himself noticeably handsome, "but honest to the extremity of standing in his own light."

"I like his face," returned the little lady with critical decision, "and I like him, and I am thankful he was by to take poor Aimée Forest's part. How sad for a girl like her to be forced to rough it as she must, I suppose! She was with those horribly rich people of course, that Miss Osborne told us of, who wanted some one to take charge of their children just the fortnight they stayed in Brussels. I must hear all about it."

And Mrs. Langley's inquiries ultimating in kind Miss Osborne's introduction to her protégée's defender, it came to pass that, within a week of this strange encounter, Mr. Stephen Legh was a step further on the road to intimacy with the first of womankind for whom he had felt more than the merest fleeting admiration, while as weeks lengthened into winter, and an arrangement with Monsieur Colville kept him still in Brussels, he found himself travelling off that road into another, environed by delights and cares, such as had never yet cast a gleam or a shadow over his existence.

For, accepted readily through the Langleys into the little society of which Aimée Forest formed part, their meetings were frequent now, and the closer grew his knowledge of her nature the more it commended itself to him, stirring slowly but surely a strong, deep pulse, which wakened once could never cease to throb.

But he was self-mistrustful, hanging back when a younger spirit would have pressed on its suit. He heard, listening indeed attentively to anything that touched Miss Forest's future, how Miss Osborne, soon to resign her school and return to England, sought some position for her charge where "it would be remembered she was a thorough lady both in upbringing and birth, though her father had been 'only' an artist." He heard of her scrupulous endeavours to repay the care which sheltered her by such work as lay within her powers (no mean ones, notably in the sweetest of all arts, music), and of her self-elected

guardian's fear lest with a disposition almost over-conscientious, scarcely assertive enough for its own interest, she might be roughly jostled in the battle of life, and he found himself determining she should be no such thing if he might be by to shield her.

"If!"

He was near bringing that "if" to a determinate issue one February day, when meeting Miss Forest at the Musée d'Antiquités (not purely by accident, for coming down the Rue Haute he had seen her enter, and followed her in); her name was constantly ringing from the lips of her companions, and in its sweet suggestiveness sounded sadly incongruous with the implements of slaughter on every side.

"Aimée," he repeated, as alone a minute they two stood looking down from the deep mullioned casement on the first signs of spring on the Boulevard below; "not our English 'Amy,' is it? Another language was used when your name was chosen."

The colour rose swiftly with the answer, "Oh, no; 'Aimée' was poor papa's name for me. He gave it perhaps because he had only me."

With the mention of her father, tears dimmed her bright eyes, and Stephen Legh could say no more, though he had ready another most excellent reason for the fitness of this title. But that point reached and acknowledged to himself, he could ill brook long uncertainty as to how his late first love would fare.

Before the week was over indecision was at rest.

Begged, over-much perhaps, to sing at one of Mrs. Langley's friendly "Friday Evenings," Aimée Forest, neglecting a dozen brilliant scores offered by those who knew her capabilities, sat down and suddenly silenced the whole room with the notes of "Home, sweet Home."

"'A BOND BETWEEN US.'"

It was the first song Stephen Legh had heard from her, one never to be forgotten. It seemed the very coping-stone of his most choice desires.

"Why did you choose it?" he asked, when, missed from the throng of applauders at the close, he contrived to secure the singer alone in their hostess' tiny conservatory, and thanked her under cover of some noisy duet at the piano.

"Why? I scarcely know. Maybe," with a treacherous catch in the voice, "because I have no home."

"A bond between us," he said, stretching his arm to

the wall, so barring her return to the drawing-room, "for I am a wanderer, and may keep so to the end of my days, unless—unless—I find——"

Unapt at such utterances, he broke off, but met her startled uplifted glance with such a look as told his tale better than any words.

For some long seconds her flushed face drooped under his waiting gaze, then shyly raised, gave back all that he craved, and Stephen Legh knew that henceforth he had a home, a very kingdom, in the true heart of one loving woman.

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

"I would uncover my head and kneel down on Handel's tomb."—BEETHOVEN.

E live in an age of centenaries and celebrations. The world has suddenly become imbued with a desire to commemorate the births and achievements of its greatest men, and to bring prominently to the front the results of their genius and labours. This year we are to pay our respects to George Frederick Handel, by a special festival at the Crystal Palace in June. The commemoration will not be an exact one as regards date, Handel having been born on the 23rd of February, 1685, but it was considered expedient to fix the event for the month in which the triennial Handel Festivals are usually held.

The first commemoration of Handel took place in Westminster Abbey in 1784, and this was the prelude to the celebration of the centenary of his death, at the Crystal Palace in 1859, and to the Handel Festivals which have been held every three years since then. In no country, save our own, has the memory of Handel been thus honoured by the periodical performances of his works on a scale of such gigantic proportions as obtains at Sydenham. Yet it is but fitting that we should put forth our best efforts in the cause of one to whom we are so deeply indebted. While the works of Handel have long since become the property of the world, we must not forget that, although a German by birth, he wrote all his oratorios in the English language and for the British public. Besides this, his long residence amongst us, his noble efforts in the cause of many of our charitable institutions, and the style and tendencies of his works, almost entitle us to claim Handel as an Englishman, and to honour him on that account as well as for the surpassing greatness of his musical conceptions.

When we come to inquire into the causes for the popularity of Handel, it is of his oratorios that we must speak. Every one knows that Handel's compositions were for many years devoted to the stage, and that he took to oratorio at a late period of his life, only because he had lost heavily in operatic speculations, and had quarrelled with his singers. The stage had witnessed the triumphs of his youthful powers, and had no doubt been useful to him as a means of training in the field of composition. But the maturity of his genius could never have found scope for its workings in the sentimental ditties and thin choral work of Italian opera. As a vocal writer, Handel was supreme in all classes of music. His songs, though they would now be considered somewhat conventional in form, are varied in idea, and full of the most expressive melody. It is, however, in his choral work that we find the greatest evidences of Handel's genius. No composer had ever developed the resources of the chorus as he did; and no one, either before or since, has succeeded in extracting from a body of voices such imposing results by means so simple as he used. The vocal writers who had gone before him were bound by traditional methods, and spent their ideas entirely upon the ingenuities of counterpoint and scientific writing. But Handel, by his commanding genius, bent the fetters of counterpoint into his service, and, while he could employ science at will, he never sacrificed for it that union of broad effect which we find so well exemplified in the choruses of his oratorios.

While the *Messiah* is undoubtedly the most popular of all Handel's oratorios, it is in *Israel in Egypt* that we find the best examples of his descriptive choral writing. His genius reaches its climax in the twenty-eight colossal choruses of this mighty masterpiece, which we have to remember was written in the incredibly short period of twenty-seven days. Nowhere in the wide realm of music can we find such a chain of choruses, piled up in such majestic strength and grandeur, and so full of descriptive power. The "Hailstone Chorus," in its wonderful imitation, is almost realistic, and that beautiful number which tells of the plague of darkness—"e'en darkness which might be felt"—is equally expressive. It is not to be wondered at that a work of such proportions as *Israel in Egypt* did not meet with great success during the lifetime of its composer. It is, as we have seen, essentially a choral work, and the necessary resources to command an adequate performance were not available in Handel's day. Besides this, the public were itching for Italian love-songs and English ballads, and were not disposed to listen to anything very serious in the form of oratorio. Hence *Israel in Egypt* hardly survived three performances, and it had only been given on nine occasions at the time of Handel's death. But the day was coming, though far distant, when it was to be appreciated at its full value; and now, when we

hear it with an executive force of about four thousand in the vast space at the Crystal Palace, we can only wonder that a work so masterly in every detail should have waited so long for its fitting place in the world of music.

Of late years the critics have been busy with Handel, trying to show us, especially in the case of *Israel in Egypt*, that—to put it mildly—he borrowed largely from the works of his predecessors and contemporaries. No doubt he did so, but it could not have been because at any time his own powers of invention were unequal to the task of original composition: the vast number of his works which have never been called in question preclude such a supposition. The truth is that the standard of artistic morality in those days was very different from that of the present time. The works of other writers were to a certain extent looked upon as public property, and there can be no doubt that in the case of Handel most of the music which he "adopted" has been saved from oblivion by its incorporation with his own compositions.

What *Israel in Egypt* is to the historical, the *Messiah* is to didactic oratorio. As a well-known critic has most truly remarked, when generations have been melted to tears, or raised to religious fervour—when courses of sermons have been preached, volumes of criticism written about, and thousands of afflicted and poor people supported by the oratorio of the *Messiah*—it becomes very difficult to say anything that is new. Yet no notice of Handel, however sketchy, can be complete without some tribute of reverence to this sublime treatment of a sublime subject. Such a work, conceived and accomplished in the short space of three weeks, is without a parallel. In grandeur and sublimity of genius, variety of invention, and consummate art-power, it will for ever remain the one unapproachable perfect fulfilment of Christian feeling in musical art. A hearing of the *Messiah* is always felt to be something like an act of worship, and its adequate rendering converts even a holiday audience into a devout congregation, and at once consecrates the building in which it is heard. Since its performance at the Fishamble Street Hall, Dublin, on the 13th of April, 1742—the same month and the same day of the month which records the composer's death—the *Messiah* has held the place awarded to it from the first; and now a hundred and forty-three years after its original production it remains the most universally popular of oratorios. How much of this acceptance it owes to the sublime theme to which the music, everywhere so appropriate and expressive, is allied, need not be said.

The instrumentation of Handel is of course much thinner than that to which we are now accustomed, and there can be no doubt that, while much has been done to develop the capacities of his music, we have gradually departed from the conditions under which his oratorios were conceived. The balance of the orchestra in Handel's time was altogether different from what it now is; the clarinet had not then been introduced, and some of the wind instruments, such as oboes and bassoons, were used in far larger numbers than we now employ. There have been frequent demands from musical enthusiasts to have certain of Handel's oratorios performed with the original instrumentation, and without the additional accompaniments which have so long been used. As a matter of principle, it may be right to deprecate any interference with the works of our great composers, who are no longer living to defend themselves; but, in the case of the *Messiah* at least, we think Mozart's orchestral additions, breathing as they do so much of the spirit and ideas of the "divine Saxon" himself, may be regarded as a commendable infringement of a wholesome rule. Were we to return to the original score of the *Messiah*, the instrumentation would be reduced to string quartet and organ, with trumpets in three, and drums in two numbers superadded. No wood-wind instrument would be heard, excepting two oboes in the chorus, "Their sound is gone out." At the last performance of the *Messiah* at which Handel was present, horns, bassoons, and oboes are mentioned, but the two latter had evidently no independent parts of their own, and were used merely to double the voices or the strings. Thus we feel certain that no one, however enthusiastic, would really now enjoy a performance of the *Messiah*, or any other of Handel's oratorios, according to the original score, and we may hope that by-and-by the purists will cease to clamour for that which would not only be unpleasant, but impracticable.

The works of Handel appeal to all classes, educated and uneducated alike. His music overflows with that without which no music can ever be truly popular—genuine melody; however full, however rich his conceptions, melody still predominates. Nothing is done for the ostentatious display of science or technical skill, but everything is subordinated to feeling and expression. It is this simplicity, combined with sublimity, in the use of his materials which gives Handel his high place in the hearts and estimation of the masses of the English people. The spirit of modern music is instrumental, and the art of writing for voices, judging from recent specimens of vocal composition, seems to have been standing still. To appreciate instrumental music, requires some considerable training, while vocal music appeals alike to all classes, whether trained or untrained. The greatest works of Handel find their expression through the medium of the voice and the chorus; through these channels he gives us his greatest thoughts. Hence, his power and genius is more consciously felt and more universally recognised than if he had appealed to his hearers through the ordinary forms of instrumental music; and we cannot doubt that the influence of his genius, so great and so inspiring, will last while all that is best in the divine art of music continues to be appreciated and enjoyed.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK AND CENTRAL PARK.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

NEW YORK has been described as a mixture of Liverpool and Paris, and the description is not inapt if people understand the Liverpool element to mean the wharves—the waterside, in fact—and remember that it in no way pervades the Parisian side of the city.

English readers probably know that the "Empire City" is an island—the Island of Manhattan—that it is a long narrow strip of land, the south end of which is New York Bay, one of the most beautiful in the world; on the west side runs the Hudson, on the east the East River, the continuation of Long Island Sound.

The south end of New York, a generation ago, was a fashionable quarter; the Battery, whose once handsome residences are now turned into steam-ship offices, emigration bureaus, and foreign consulates, and whose pretty green park is now canopied with the converging lines of the elevated rail-roads which all meet here, was then the chosen residence for wealthy families, some of whom lingered till actually driven from the stately old quarter by encroaching business traffic.

Now this same business is steadily pushing its way northward, and the private houses of ten years ago are shops and boarding-houses to-day.

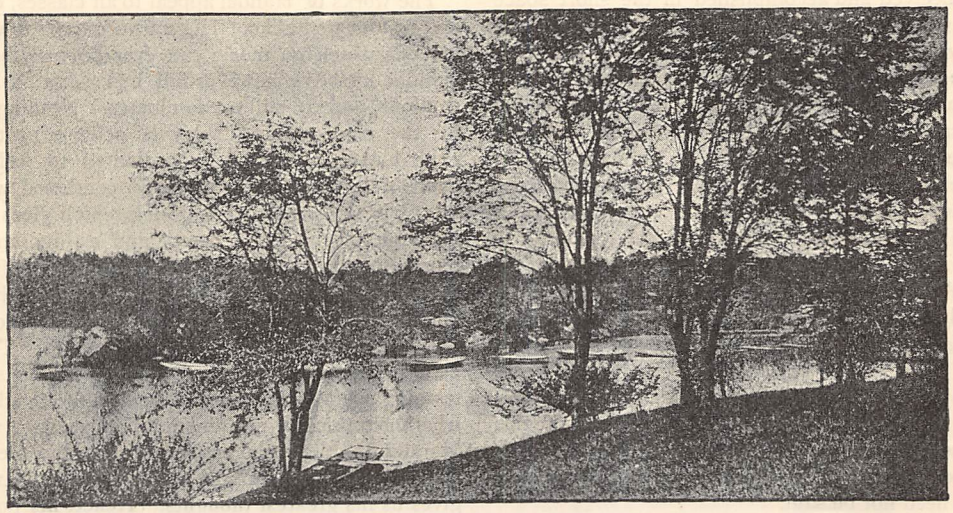
Broadway may be called the back-bone of New York, and the numbered streets that cross it at regular intervals the ribs. The lower end of Broadway was, like the Battery where it begins, once principally private houses; now it is devoted to business: the extreme south end of it, called Whitehall Street, to emigrant hotels and Swedish, German, and Irish boarding-houses, which soon, however, give place to magnificent buildings for business purposes, on which money is spent lavishly. Then comes City Hall Square, with its vast and costly municipal buildings in the centre, its green park, and round it the offices of the principal newspapers.

After City Hall Square come the wholesale stores, gay with brilliant lettering and showy signs. Colour in this city, as in Paris, is the thing that perhaps most strikes the newly-arrived Englishman, accustomed as he is to his own sombre, not to say grimy, business streets. Wholesale business houses cede in their turn to retail stores, hotels, and theatres. Broadway becomes, in fact, a sort of Oxford Street until we reach Fourteenth Street, which crosses Union Square.

This square, a kind of "round point," has the centre unenclosed, and intersected in all directions by asphalte paths; it is a gay little park, with flowers, fountains, a kiosk for music, and, hung round with a cordon of globular gas-lights, is like a bit of the Champs Elysées transplanted to the very heart of a busy city. This park is surrounded by a broad pavement, at the curb-stone of which are fine trees casting a grateful shade over the road; the shops in this square are very fine, and cater chiefly for the wealthy classes.

From Union Square to Madison Square, a distance of about ten blocks, Broadway again changes character, and may be likened to Regent Street in the class of its shops; everything that is best and most costly in New York may be found here.

Madison Square is now perhaps the most attractive part of the city; in the middle is the shady, well-cared-



VIEW IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

From a Photograph by Messrs. J. Frith and Co., Reigate.

for park: masses of flowers and intersecting paths, with plenty of seats for the nurses and their charges, who are here in crowds, and larger children doing wonderful things with roller-skates on the asphalte.

On three sides of the square are handsome private residences; on the other runs Broadway, and in this vicinity perhaps the best hotels in the city are established—at all events, the most fashionable and expensive. This square bears somewhat the relation to New York, that Trafalgar Square does to London.

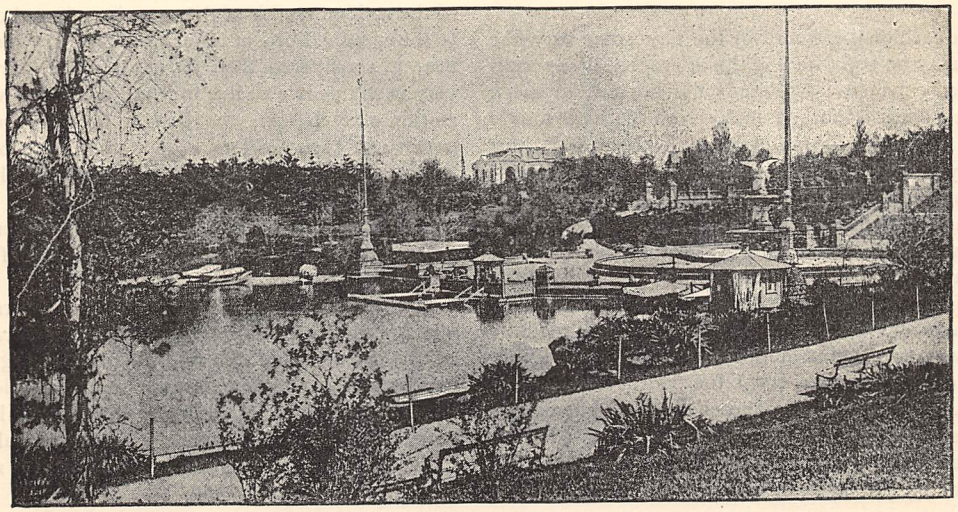
At this point perhaps one gets the best idea of the splendour and taste of the "Empire City," as Americans love to call New York; although from it to Central Park the private houses on Fifth and Madison Avenues increase in cost and elegance.

It will have been observed that I have used the word "blocks" as indicating distance. A block is the common term for the distance between one street and another. These distances are very equal; for instance, from Twenty-first Street to Twenty-second Street is one block, and twenty blocks make about one mile.

As I have said, Broadway may be likened to the back-bone of the city, but the avenues on the east and west of that thoroughfare also run parallel with it at intervals of one block, the distances between avenue and avenue being also called a block—a "cross-town block." The houses are numbered east and west; as, for instance, West Twenty-first Street is west of Broadway, East Twenty-first Street is east of it, and they run, as the name indicates, the east to the East River and the west to the Hudson.

A "park," too, has been spoken of as being in the centre of Madison and Union Squares. This term is usually applied to any cultivated green spot or garden in the city: for instance, Americans would speak of the park of Belgrave Square if speaking of its enclosure. The term "park," however, does not always indicate a mere garden. Central Park, the pride of New York, covers 980 acres, and is nearly two and a half miles long, while Fairmount Park, in Philadelphia, is of much greater extent.

Central Park, like Coney Island, is a proof of the energy of the American people, and I may add the fertility of their imagination, for surely not a generation ago a park in such a spot as this beautiful pleasure-garden now occupies would have seemed the wildest dream.



VIEW IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

From a Photograph by Messrs. J. Frith and Co., Reigate.

Little more than twenty years ago, the space between Fifty-seventh Street and a Hundred-and-seventh Street, and Fifth and Eighth Avenues, consisted of masses of boulders of trap rock, on salient points of which shanties were perched, and goats wandered in search of any chance blade of grass or scrap of herbage that might be in the crevices. Soil, I am told, there was absolutely none; but New Yorkers were determined to have a park, and natural obstacles were not allowed to stand in the way.

The idea once conceived, rocks were levelled, soil brought, trees planted, and what so short a time before had been shanty-land was now a park, beautifully laid out; trees, at first small, have since grown into fair proportions, and now there is no suggestion of the bareness of newly laid-out ground; on the contrary, everything is luxuriantly green and leafy.

The winding bridle-paths and carriage-drives are well shaded with spreading trees, the many beautiful rustic arbours are densely covered with honeysuckle or wistaria, and such rocky eminences as were left for picturesque purposes are now covered with the gorgeous trumpet-vine.

Some parts have been arranged with an artful suggestion of Nature's sweet wild way, others are as artificially beautiful as Park Monceau itself. Stone bridges span winding lakes, on which float gay little

boats with awnings, and at least one genuine Venetian gondola, in summer; and in winter the scene is animated with skating.

The whole is very well kept, as is not always the case with public property in America any more than in England. The park police wear a different uniform from the city force—a very pretty one, by the way, grey with silver buttons—and do their duty well.

At the fashionable hours of the day some very fine riding may be seen, and in the afternoon many well-appointed carriages and handsome horses: in short, if Central Park is not, as many New Yorkers fondly believe, the most beautiful park in the world, it is certainly one of the most beautiful.

All, or nearly all, American public parks have the advantage and disadvantage of being made to order: they have not to grow, as Old World places of the kind have done, with all the uglinesses of tasteless generations, all the mistakes of bygone authority. They have had the world's beauties for their models, and have more or less adopted them.

One cannot wander down the "Mall" of Central Park, and picture it to oneself full of gay-coated courtiers, bewigged and beruffled, or King Charles, with his ebony stick, and numerous spaniels at his heels, taking the air in it, or any of the many pictures that fill one's mind when one lingers in the London parks or those of France. Nor are the trees, green and beautiful as they are, the great slow-growing monarchs, centuries old, that welcome us to their shade in older countries. Yet Central Park is something to be very proud of.

Of course the vicinity of the park is now a very choice neighbourhood, and wonderful stories are told of the sudden wealth of the sagacious few who held on to the wretched bits of unsaleable property they owned near it, considered then too far up town for any but very needy people to live in; and still more wonderful stories of keen men who bought the lots from their poverty-stricken holders, who were only too glad to sell a few hundred feet of rock which they had been beguiled into buying years before.

One part of the park is reserved for a zoological collection, to which is attached a museum of natural history.

In winter the lakes are covered with skaters of both sexes, and the climate usually affords several weeks of this frosty sport absolutely without danger. The ice breaking and submerging many people, as in the rare London skating seasons, is never heard of here; and, perhaps because it is so general and so national a sport, everything is done to make it attractive.

JUNE DAISIES: A KENSINGTON ROMANCE.

IT was only a London garden, but it was so walled in from intrusive eyes, was so judiciously planted with flowers that could stand the air of cities and the neighbourhood of smoke, was so surrounded by trees, and the walls that encircled it were so covered with creepers, that it was difficult to realise that it was actually a part of that "Old Court Suburb" which is now a part of London itself. There was an old bowling-green that made the smoothest and greenest of tennis-lawns; there were stately alleys, planted with quaint shapes of box and yew; an ancient sun-dial and a moss-grown fountain; trim walks through trellised doorways, that led to conservatories gorgeous with tropical flowers; and shady corners, much appreciated by the young people who came to Lady Mary Hazlewood's garden parties, and that at other times were Meta Hazlewood's favourite retreat.

Lady Mary was the widow of a general officer, and Meta was her only daughter, a tall and rather stately brunette of twenty-two, who had been out two or three seasons, and had refused several eligible offers without any very apparent reason. Miss Hazlewood did not even give any reason. The gentlemen who had done her the honour to wish to marry her were not to her taste, she said, and seemed to think that statement conclusive.

Meta's indifference to suitors was the only point of difference between her mother and herself. Lady Mary would gladly have seen her daughter suitably settled—as, indeed, what mother would not?—but in the long run the girl always had her way.

"Do you want to get rid of me, mamma?" she would ask, with one of the smiles that were half saucy, and wholly sweet; and there could be but one answer to such a question. Nevertheless, Lady Mary could not help feeling that her daughter was perverse. The feeling was intensified just now by an offer from Meta's latest admirer, and by the fact that Lord Castleman seemed likely to fare no better than those who had gone before him.

"I can't understand it, my dear," said Lady Mary plaintively. "What was there in Sir John Hope that any girl need have objected to?"

"He was not to my taste," said Meta, for the hundredth time.

"Or in Captain Shaw? And I am sure they both worshipped the ground you trod on."

"They would have been welcome to do that, if they

would only have abstained from worshipping me," said Meta lightly.

"My dear, don't be flippant; when you really fall in love yourself, you will know it is not a joking matter."

"Ah! yes—when I do!" said Meta.

"And now there is Lord Castleman, and you don't seem any more favourably inclined to him."

"I can't help it, mamma," said Meta, rather wearily. She rose and gathered her work together, and left the field to Lady Mary. She was so tired of these endless lamentations, and she knew enough of her mother to know that she would not leave her pet grievance till she had thoroughly exhausted both that and her daughter's patience. So Meta put on her hat and strolled into the garden, the shady old-world garden that always seemed such a haven of peace and solitude amidst the whirl and din of the great city. It was here that Meta generally came when her mother's mood was too plaintive or too loquacious, not railing against the kindly, unwise woman, even in her heart, but feeling the need for a little quiet and solitude, a little time in which to gather her thoughts, and perhaps live over again the one little month in which the garden had seemed greener and fairer and sweeter than it had ever seemed since. That was five years ago now—that one month of Meta's life that had seemed to Lady Mary so much like any other June, but that had made the very name of June musical for ever in her daughter's ears.

It was June again now, and even in London there was a sense of summer in the air. The garden was at its best, with roses just unfolding, and creepers greenly twining and putting forth delicate tendrils, as yet unsmirched by dust or soot. The great June daisies that grow wild in such abundance in southern pastures and on breezy cliffs by the sea, but that needed much care and pains to induce them to grow here at all, were opening their yellow discs, and spreading their white fringes in the sun.

Meta gathered one, and put it softly to her lips. "The one flower in the world!" whispered the girl, and then she blushed at her own thoughts, and fastened the flower in her girdle, and told herself it was folly, and worse than folly, to let any man's words dwell in her heart like this, and come back to her across the years, whenever the daisies blew. It was five years ago now, but every June, as the great white daisies opened to the summer sun, it seemed to Meta that she stood once more by Robin Lindsay's side, and heard him tell her that he should never see their blossoms again without thinking of this garden and of his cousin Meta.

"Because they are Marguerites, and I am Margaret?" she asked.

"If you like. Or because they are fair and white, and tall and stately and beautiful," said Mr. Lindsay. "Shall I find them and you still here when I come back, I wonder? Will the daisies bloom year after year, in spite of fogs and smoke? And you, Margaret, will you be here, in spite of all the suitors who will try to win and wear the Marguerite that is the one flower in the world for me?" She did not answer for a moment. She was only seventeen, and with Robin Lindsay, at least, she was curiously shy. And then, before she could speak he caught her hands in his. "Don't answer, dear," he said; "I had no right to ask. I will not bind you by a single word. Only give me a flower for old sake's sake. It pledges you to nothing, but I may be glad to have it if I come back some day and find no daisies here."

"One daisy will be here," said Meta softly—so softly that perhaps he did not hear; or perhaps he would not. Robin Lindsay had no fortune but his profession, but he was a Scotsman, and as proud as he was poor. It seemed to him a baseness to try to win a pledge from this fair young cousin of his, whose mother naturally looked so much higher for her, and to whom an engagement to himself could only bring years of indefinite waiting.

The waiting and the burden of separation and doubt and anxiety should be his, and not hers, he told himself; and so he went away and left her free, not understanding that her freedom was a heavier burden than them all.

He only wrote once, a formal letter to Lady Mary, acknowledging her hospitality, that somehow found its way among Meta's treasures; but every year there came a Christmas-card adorned with white Marguerite daisies, and bearing an Indian post-mark and the initials R. L.

That was all; just such Christmas-cards as any one might have sent, pretty tokens of cousinly remembrance that might be the emptiest of compliments; but Meta flushed into trembling delight over them, and hid them away as a miser hides his gold.

And Lady Mary, looking kindly at her daughter, with the unexpected acumen which otherwise foolish women sometimes display in matters of the heart, thought to herself that if Meta had not been such a child when Robin Lindsay went away, she might have fancied there had been some "nonsense" between the cousins when they wandered so long in the garden those soft June evenings five long years ago.

It was only a passing thought, dismissed the next instant as too unlikely for serious reflection, but it came back to Lady Mary with startling vividness this fair June morning, as she went out into the garden in search of Meta, and found her standing by the daisies, with eyes that were luminous, and tender, and sad. The golden bosses surrounded with pearly shafts of white suddenly recalled the Christmas-cards that had borne them in every variety of dainty device. And when Lady Mary looked at her daughter with unconscious appeal and questioning, she knew, with a thrill of unwelcome conviction, that the girl's eyes fell before her own. Was this it—*this*—that Meta, her proud, unapproachable Meta, was only proud and unapproachable because she was already won, and won either clandestinely or unwooed?

Either supposition seemed a desecration to Meta's mother, with Meta standing before her in her proud young beauty; only the daisies made a background to her thoughts, an unacknowledged *arrière-pensée* that had its share in determining her speech.

"HOW LONG SHE SAT THERE WHEN HE HAD LEFT HER, SHE NEVER QUITE KNEW" (*p.* 434).

"Do you know that Lord Castleman is coming for his answer this morning?" she asked, with an attempt at severity of demeanour that was not too successful. "What are you going to say to him, my dear?"

"Won't you see him, mamma? You will say 'No' so much more graciously than I should."

"But need it be 'No,' Meta?"

"What else can it be?" said Meta, rather drearily.

The daisies were an unconscious background to her thoughts also. The daisies that had brought only happy memories and golden dreams to the girl in her teens, had come to have quite other meanings for the woman of twenty-two.

Five years! Was it likely that the five-years-old story could seem anything but a boy-and-girl romance to Robin Lindsay now? That was the question that the daisies had been asking Margaret Hazlewood this morning, that they had already asked her more than once as the empty years went by, and Robin Lindsay gave no sign of claiming "the one flower in the world for him."

"Need it be 'No,' Meta?" said her mother once more. "Lord Castleman is well-born, distinguished, a polished gentleman, and an upright man. What fault can you find in him?"

"None," said Meta wearily. She thought that life

would have been easier to her if her suitors had been a little less unexceptionable.

"Then, my dear, why do you not accept him? Do you know, Meta, what is the natural conclusion when a girl behaves as you do?"

"Yes," said Meta hastily. "The natural conclusion, the *only* conclusion, is that she likes her home and her mother too well to wish to leave them."

Lady Mary put aside the flattery with lofty indifference.

"The natural conclusion is that there is some one she likes better—or fancies she does," said the mother, considerately changing the form of expression as she saw the sudden flame in Meta's cheeks. It faded as quickly as it had come, and Meta said steadily—

"That is not the case with me, mamma."

It was not a wilful untruth. Her morning's communings with the daisies had brought home the conviction that Robin Lindsay had forgotten her, or thought of her only as a cousin, and nothing could therefore be more evident to Margaret Hazlewood than that her own feelings must have undergone a similar change.

"I am relieved to hear it," said Lady Mary. "I had really begun to wonder—absurd as it seems—if there could have been anything between you and Robin——"

"No! oh, no!" cried Meta vehemently. "How could you think so, mamma, when he has—never—" She stopped, afraid of her own voice. What was she going to do? To falter and break down before her mother—to betray the weakness that had robbed her girlhood of its brightness, and that, instead of being conquered as she had believed, seemed ready to overwhelm her now with a sudden despairing shame? She paused a moment, steadying herself against the garden seat, and then she said, with a nervous little laugh—"How could you be so absurd, mamma? I should have thought you knew me better than that." The two women were both too much excited to notice outside things. It came upon them both with a little shock when a page appeared before them and announced that Lord Castleman was in the drawing-room.

"I will come," said Lady Mary nervously, and then she looked at her daughter.

"My dear, what shall I say? You will not sacrifice your prospects—your happiness——"

"My happiness is not in question, mamma," said Meta proudly. "You can send Lord Castleman to me."

Lady Mary did not venture to ask any more. She kissed her daughter, and went off to her guest, rejoicing. Meta would not have sent for him only to reject him, she felt sure. And as for the doubts which the daisies had suggested, if Lady Mary did not believe her daughter's protestations as entirely as Meta would have wished, she believed in the healing power of time and the evanescent nature of human emotions, with a fulness of conviction that Meta herself would probably never attain to. She turned for a moment, and looked at the girl's white-clad figure with tender maternal pride, and then she went on to the house and into the drawing-room, glowing with satisfaction and goodwill.

Lord Castleman was standing by the table with a face that was becomingly anxious and grave, but he flushed into eager anticipation as Lady Mary came into the room.

"You bring me good tidings," he cried joyfully. "I see it in your eyes."

"She will see you," said Lady Mary, beaming with smiles. "You will find her in her favourite corner by the conservatories."

He pressed her hand, and went, seeing everything a little mistily through the sudden dazzle of new hope, but pleading his cause with as much humility as though he had not just seen Lady Mary, and drawn his own deductions from the encouraging interview.

And Meta sat with downcast eyes, and listened to his tale in a silence he felt to be still more encouraging; but when he would have taken her hand, she drew it back.

"Wait," she said; "there is something I should like to show you first."

She took from her pocket a faded leather case, and opened it with fingers that trembled a little in spite of her efforts to keep them still. Inside were the Christmas-cards with the pretty frosted daisies, and the robins that used to be so seldom absent from Christmas-cards, but that had perhaps a special reference in these, and with them a letter that was a little frayed about the edges now.

Lord Castleman stared, as he might perhaps be excused for doing.

"What are these?" he said. "Pardon me—I don't understand."

"It was very foolish—and it was all five years ago," faltered Meta; "but I thought you ought to know."

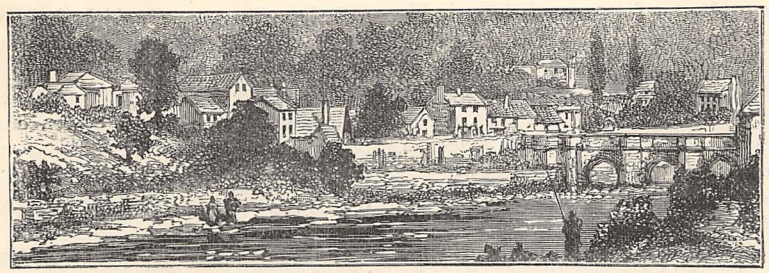
He understood now, and his brow lowered ominously. He was all Lady Mary had called him—he was well-born and distinguished, a polished gentleman, and an upright man, but he was not large-souled. The confession that Meta had made, with a pain he could not even understand, moved him to no generous sympathy; it only wounded his vanity and stung his pride. He took the cards and the letter from her, and tore them into a hundred pieces, and then he turned upon his heel.

"Miss Hazlewood, I have the honour to wish you good morning," he said, with a stiff little bow. "I appreciate your candour, but you will understand that a Castleman does not care to be second to any other man."

He went away with his head in the air, knocking over his chair in his agitation, and Meta was conscious of a very unheroic feeling of relief. To please her mother, and to save her own pride, she had brought herself to think she might accept Lord Castleman, but the sense of relief showed her how great an escape she had had. How long she sat where he had left her, she never quite knew. Her eyes were on the torn and scattered fragments that were all that remained to her

of her girlhood's dream, and as she sat and mused, her face was grave and sad—but it was a sadness in which Lord Castleman had neither part nor lot.

The opening of the garden door roused her at last. And then—for life is sometimes kinder to us than our deserts or our imaginings—she lifted her eyes, and saw some one coming up the walk—some one whose coming her own pride had gone near to making a curse instead of a blessing. For the some one was Robin Lindsay, come back at last to explain his long absence, and the untoward fortune that had till now made it impossible for him to come and ask for the Margaret who was still to him "the one flower in the world."



Norah's Throne.*

Words by FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A. *Music by* HAMILTON CLARKE, Mus. B.

VOICE. PIANO.

Allegro con spirito. *mf* *p* *f*

1. Her sha - dy hat my
3. A black-bird war - bled

Nor - ah tied, And danc'd a - long the way,..... While all the world in rap - ture cried, "The
from the beech, A lark was in the blue,..... And all a - round her, close to reach, The

spring is come to - day!" O hap - py flow'rs and handsome grass! O wild-birds blest and free! O
dear red dai - sies grew. "I think," she said, "the white and red Will suit my locks of brown! Will

* For second verse see page 436.

wild birds blest..... and free !.....
suit my locks..... of brown !".....

f *p*

mf *f*

"I'll be a queen !"..... ex-claims the lass,..... "I'll be a
So placed a wreath..... up - on her head,..... With "This shall

ff

queen, and this my realm shall be !"..... O hap - py queen that does but
be my crown, shall be my crown !"..... Ah ! peace-ful may that head lie

f

dim. *p* 1st verse only.

reign..... O'er half a mile..... of wind - ing lane !.....
down..... That on - ly

dim. *p* *mf*

3rd verse only. FINE.

f wears..... a dai - - sy crown !.....

f FINE.

Allegretto. *p*

2. She wan-der'd on a lit-tle space, And found the sweet-est spot— A bank, where green boughs

pp

p

in-ter-lace To roof a her-mit's grot. So on that soft and fra-grant bank She

pp

cres. *f*

took her seat a-lone, And said, as on the ferns she sank, "And this shall be my

cres. *f*

Slower. *p*

throne!" When I'm a queen, I frank-ly own, I mean to sit on Nor-ah's

ff *p*

Tempo 1mo. *p*

throne.

3. A *

p *f* *p*

* For third verse see page 434.

HOW TO MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

SECOND PAPER.

HOW TO USE CUSHIONS.

IN considering the question of making our homes beautiful we shall, as in duty bound, deal first with the drawing-room, which is the ladies' room *par excellence*. But we do not intend in these papers to limit ourselves to noticing one room only at a time, for it is the general aspect of the whole house to which we wish to call our readers' attention, as, in our opinion, it is fully as important that *that* should be attractive as that each separate apartment should be perfect after its kind. Unless the harmony be complete, we cannot hope to find that repose which satisfies the eye and secures the interest of all beholders. When the craze for the "Japanesque" first cropped up, it was odd to see the drawing-rooms, which received the housewife's first care, suddenly burst into full-blown Japanese chambers—but with a difference. Japanese papers covered the walls, inlaid cabinets teemed with rare old cups and saucers of fanciful design, quaint figures peeped out from the folds of the curtains, and the surfeit of Japanese fans was alarming. From this museum of curiosities it was a severe trial for the excited imagination to be confronted, when ushered into the dining-room, with the common-place flock paper and grained woodwork. If we want our houses to be pleasing to those of educated tastes, we must have unity of design, and even some unity of colouring.

A writer on decoration says that there should be one key-note of colour for the various apartments, and that one should lead up to another until the key-note is reached. Whilst we do not go so far, for to follow out this principle it would be needful in most houses to re-decorate the whole, yet we would enforce the rule that the several rooms should agree one with another; that there should be no clashing of colours and styles to strike us uncomfortably.

Those who have a clear understanding of the laws of chromatics will do well if they take such a key-note for each room, being careful that all blend; thus they will insure a pleasing interior that every comer must perforce admire. For others who have not made a study of chromatics, I give a second-hand piece of advice. Take a bird's plumage, and resolve that you will keep simply to the tints you find in it when decorating and furnishing your room; there will be no fear then of ugly contrasts, and the juxtaposition of inharmonious tints.

It is not our purpose now to enter into all the details of decorating and furnishing; we have rather to suggest some novel ideas for the embellishment of rooms which are already in use—the finishing touches as it were to the picture. The foregoing remarks, however, apply to the small as well as to the larger appointments of the rooms; a cushion, or a chair-covering, can be as complete a disfigurement as a carpet which does not accord with the wall-paper, or curtains which "kill" the soft tints of the "flatted" woodwork.

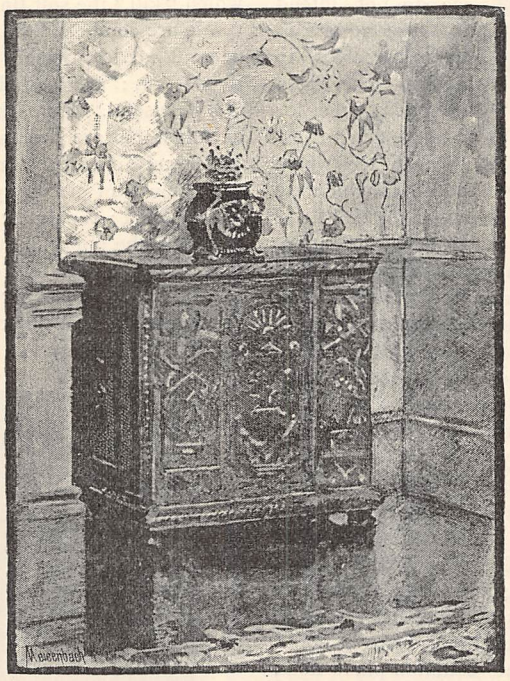
We are compelled, to a certain extent, to offer only general advice, which our readers must apply for themselves; but the description of some novelties will be useful. Here, then, we will mention a pair of curtains that are ornamented in a truly artistic style. When curtains are embroidered all over, much of the work must of necessity be hidden when they are drawn back; the latest mode, therefore, is to decorate only the upper portion, and to graduate off the pattern until it entirely ceases just above the curtain-band. For velvet curtains this style is especially appropriate, as the unornamented part is rich enough in its simple state to look handsome. When the

A PRETTY CORNER.

pattern is executed in crewels, and forms a sort of frieze at the top, it is admirable. This plan commends itself to ladies with whom, in these days of hurry and bustle, quick and effective work is at a premium. Madras muslin curtains are preferable to white lace; the soft colours in which the pattern is

wrought blend well with the fashionable shades of brocades and stuffs used for covering chairs and sofas. The Madras antimacassars are very inexpensive, and they look remarkably well on velvet chairs; but for a drawing-room we should choose the Oriental work; it is rich-looking and the soft muslin foundation drapes so gracefully. The oblong pieces are tied in a loose knot and fastened on to the top of the chair, the two embroidered ends falling down over the back. Although this is not a new fashion, there is no prettier one, so we cannot do better than to follow it still.

Ladies who have ample means at their disposal will doubtless cover their wall-spaces with exquisite bits of colour from the hands of our first aquarellists, but all are not in a position to indulge their taste in this respect, and to them we would say, Do not despair; you can make your home beautiful even although water-colour drawings are not attainable. Only set your mind against hanging up daubs to be an eyesore to your friends, and a blemish on your otherwise pretty interior. If there is a recess at one end of the room, you have ample scope for the display of your ingenuity. Let us suppose that a valuable cabinet forms a part of the furniture; there could be nothing more charming than to set this in a recess against an embroidered wall-hanging executed in the following manner:—Take a piece of coarse linen of the requisite size—it must allow of a little fulness when hung—and trace on it a pattern of conventionalised flowers and leaves. The design must be bold, and we should advise that a running pattern should be selected rather than a set one in rows or stripes. Embroider the flowers in shades of terra-cotta, cream, and buff; the leaves in delicate yellowish-green tints and pale browns just warmed with red; the stems in rather stronger tints of green and brown. The ground of pale blue floss silk is to be entirely filled in with long darning stitches. The beauty of this piece will consist in the boldness of the design, and the soft tone of the colouring. Now standing in front of such a piece of work the cabinet will show to full advantage, whether it be composed of ebony inlaid with ivory, or of walnut enlivened with pietra dura, or of delicate satin-wood; whether it is Boule work, or comes from the masterhand of Riesener or Gouthière.



WHERE TO PUT A CABINET.

We have mentioned a cushion as a possible disfigurement to a room; here is one that, provided the colours agree with its surroundings, will be generally admired. The pattern covers the whole of the front side. It is composed of flowers on a linen ground; these are left white, being simply outlined and veined; the ground is darned with terra-cotta silk.

It is hardly possible to have too many cushions about a room at the present time; how long the fancy will last, no one can say, but now every lounge-chair is supplied with one: they are used as footstools, and set one upon another Oriental fashion to serve as extra seats. Oriental work looks as well as anything for such purposes, and it is easily done. Some of our readers may have taken lessons in the art, an opportunity of learning having been lately offered in London; if so, they cannot do better than bring their knowledge into practical use in the embellishment of their rooms. It is effective, and some kinds are inexpensive, hence its popularity.

Those who intend to decorate on a rather extensive scale may be glad of the following suggestion:—It is a fashion, and a very pretty one, to paint the woodwork of a room white, and to have the furniture to correspond. A wall-paper of terra-cotta chimes in well with the white paint, as it is a warm colour without the least hint of showiness. If we add to this a dado composed of a drapery of brocade of a darker shade than the walls, we shall have the foundation of a very charming interior that it will be difficult to outrival. The brocade is treble-box-plaited at intervals of about a yard or so, and is cut in such wise that it appears looped up. It is edged with a handsome fringe, and surmounted with a wooden beading. A further improvement to the walls is a deep frieze; the colour of its ground must harmonise with the paper, but it may reasonably be more decided in tone. In its ornamentation, ladies who paint have a fine chance of showing their skill with the brush. A frieze having a gold ground will be found attractive, provided the rest of the decorations accord. A flight of swallows is good as the design on this ground, or butterflies, whose wings of vivid colour form a splendid contrast to the gold. A cream ground is appropriate with a pale blue wall-paper and deep blue

brocade; and apple-blossom or spring flowers do admirably for the ornamentation. The width of the frieze is a matter of taste; they vary from six inches to eighteen inches, according to the height of the room and the decorator's fancy.

It would almost seem, from the number that have been seen within the past few years, that the majority of houses must be fully furnished with screens, but "still they come," and apparently in as great numbers as ever. A handsome design can be arranged from the flowers, leaves, and fruit of pomegranates. The latter is imitated in velvet, in high relief from the ground; some in bursting show the seeds within, and these are represented in bright floss silks. The leaves of green velvet are veined with silk, and the whole pattern is outlined with thick gold cord. Gold cord and gold thread are much used in needlework, and as they throw up the pattern well, are likely to remain in favour for some time. The glittering tinsel is well adapted for work executed on dark grounds, as it helps to brighten and enrich such pieces.

All our decorations should be chosen with the view of making our drawing-rooms cheerful and pleasant to live in; the display of good taste should be everywhere noticeable, but comfort should be considered of the first importance. Books, papers, music, and work-baskets will be present, but the latter should be natty in style.

The seats should be luxurious, for the drawing-room is a place of ease when our work for the day is over. Small tables may be placed about in convenient corners, by the side of arm-chairs and sofas; and curtains hung at the door, or a screen placed in front of it, in winter time, if there is any draught from beneath. We need ventilation above our heads, not draughts that chill our feet, and drive us to toast them upon the fender. In our leisure hours we are more fastidious, and notice all the little discomforts that in our busiest times we treat with contempt, or scarcely feel at all. In winter let us have a splendid fire that will look cheery when our visitors drop in of an evening: a pleasant contrast to the cold winds and snowy roads outside. In summer let us keep the windows shaded during the day-time, so that the room will be a cool and refreshing retreat after the heat of the day. All the year round let there be an abundance of flowers if possible—both cut flowers and growing plants and ferns. Nothing can vie as a decoration with the exquisite tints and the graceful forms of nature, and the plainest-furnished room possesses in their presence a charm which is wanting to the most magnificent when their beauty is absent.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

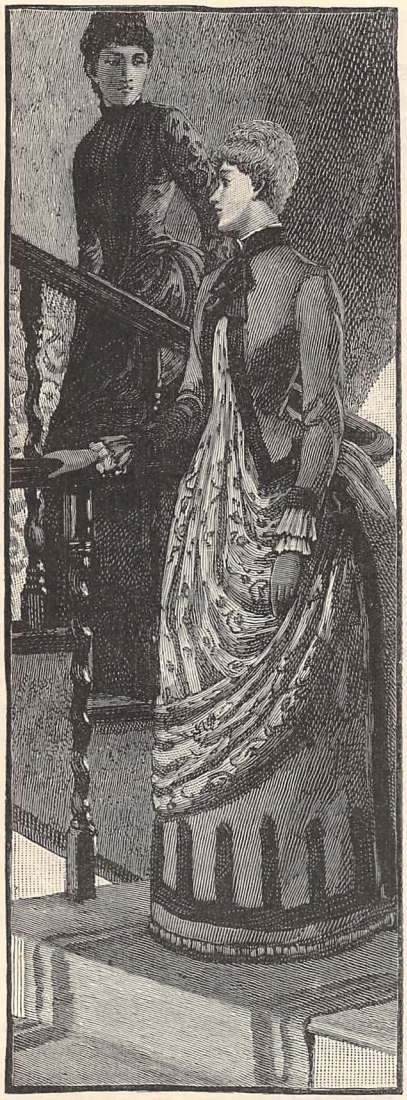
IF we have a hot summer, certainly no one will be able to complain that the new materials of the year have not been made on purpose for it; but if the sun refuses to shine, we can fall back upon velvets and the thicker woollen stuffs, which are also *à la mode*. Never was fashion so diverse; all and everything would seem to be worn, and almost any style, so that individual taste has plenty of play. And yet, to my mind, it is by no means an easy matter to be well dressed. With so much to choose from, it is quite possible to choose wrongly, and it is not easy to have all the details so perfectly in accord as fashion dictates.

The tailors are doing their best to rival the dressmakers, and their work is so thorough that there is no wonder that they find many patrons. They are employing tweeds, homespuns, and plain cloths, and there is hardly a month in the year when a gown of this kind cannot be worn. Many of these dresses have no tunics; the skirts are simply plaited in front and gathered at the back; others have the tunic so fastened to the bodice that they indicate a return to the old polonaise, a style which, by-the-by, is second to none for old ladies. Do you know, as a rule, how you may tell a dressmaker's from a tailor's gown? The former fastens over on the left side, the latter on the right. All these sort of dresses are purely English, and, though they find favour in Paris, they originate with English people; but we draw our inspiration from French sources sometimes, as I expect in the case of the cloak dress, which is a veritable plain ulster, with only a plaiting of check material showing beneath at the extreme edge; the fronts, which are allowed to fly open, are lined with silk, and the bodice and skirt are cross-cut check. It is suited to travelling; but Englishwomen, as a rule, do not change their dress like French ones for out of doors, and this would look *bizarre* at home. We take also the loose jacket, with only the fastening at the neck, from the French design. It requires to be well cut, and admits of a change of waistcoats.

Tailors are bringing in the Norfolk jacket again, but only with one box-plait on each side, and by no means full or loose, but closely plaited to the figure; it is, no doubt, more becoming, but it loses its original virtue of ease. If, however, you are bent on a long railway journey, let me recommend you an ulster just brought out, with a drawing-string at the back of the waist, an extra length formed into a sort of muff at the waist in front; perfectly easy, warm, and light, with few fastenings, so that it can be slipped on and off in a minute. The capote of cloth is still worn to match, otherwise

close-fitting hats have quite gone out, and now the season's novelties are all very high in the crown and narrow in the brim. They may be trimmed in almost any manner that displays the garniture a great deal. Coloured straws, especially chartreuse, mousse, and reds, are worn; and also velvet-covered hats, and others covered all over with plain écru or gold-embroidered net or muslin. Three ostrich plumes are placed at the side, and quite a novelty are the hats with a sort of ear-like opening at one side of the brim and crown, into which the cluster of feathers sets.

Nearly every bonnet is either embroidered in gold or displays the mousse tone—often the two combined, for they do blend well. The shapes of the bonnets set closer to the face, and I notice that the strings are generally made up into bows beneath the chin, and have not often long ends. But the flowers or feathers are placed so high and jauntily above the face, that apparently there is an inclination to return to the old spoon form. A little close cluster of flowers is never now seen on a French bonnet; the buds, the leaves, and the blooms all stand up singly, as though they were growing. Flowers are more used than feathers. At all events, the flowers are the more decided feature, and are very deftly applied. Many brims are hidden by such small blooms as lilac and lilies of the valley, in lieu of the not infrequent gold and bronze beads. Pink roses and violets in a cluster form a mixture *à la mode*, and a bold but happy combination of tone is dark petunia velvet with mousse, the brilliant yellow-green that is now the leading one in millinery. It requires a very clear complexion to be becoming, but with the dark petunia beneath the chin, and as a bow perhaps behind the flowers, it suits most faces. Gold gauze, gold nets, muslin and lace embroidery intermixed with gold thread outlining the design, cover many crowns. Several bonnets are quite transparent, made up on gold wire foundations; many, again, are covered with guipure muslin, and others with white lace. The Olivia has never proved becoming to English faces, but in a modified form it is now worn. Very full velvet binds are applied to the edges of the brim, which brings the gable closer together. Plain binds are rarely seen; they are all cut on the cross, and put as close as the fulness can be.



DOUBTS.

From millinery it seems natural to turn to the little etceteras of dress. Very smart and trim-looking are the so-called officers' collars; they are straight, made in velvet, embroidered in gold, with just a double row on the bias of gauze or muslin by way of finish inside. The so-called Byzantine gauze is applied in the same way, printed in all kinds of colours, red velvet always being the foundation. The same form of collar is also made of rows of pearl beads, edged with gold beads and jet beads. They can be fastened over any dress collar, and are very smart and trim. Swiss felts, made in velvet and plain silks, are trimmed and bordered with pearls.

The most dainty aprons are made in embroidered muslin and lace, with bibs and ribbon braces carried on to the shoulders, gauze ribbon, just such as was worn fifty years ago, having the preference over every other.

The new parasols are large, and have curious handles carved with birds and animals, the new shot silk *en tout cas*, with coloured borders, rejoicing in papier-maché handles, matching in tone and taking the form of very large rings. Ecru and black parasols are more used than any other, which is fortunate, for they harmonise with all dresses. Ecru muslin parasols with gold ribs are a novelty. If you have by you some semi-worn-out parasols, you may make them look a great deal better and fashionable by throwing a canvas handkerchief, with Byzantine bordering edged with lace, across one side, and tacking it on lightly, the so-called handkerchief parasol being quite a new idea. Or you may take a wide flounce of Spanish lace and gather it on as full as you can just below the centre point, so

that half the lace hangs beyond the parasol all round. There is the Mandarin shape, which is wide and flat, like a Japanese parasol; and the Pagoda, raised in the centre after the manner of a pagoda. They are very much trimmed, lace being arranged even on the inside, and full looped bows on the outside. Transparent black parasols are still used, but far more often are lined with a colour such as red, which shows them off better.

The beads that are worn just now would require a chapter to themselves. Even pearls are to be had in all colourings. Lead beads are the newest, and are liberally intermixed with jet. I have seen many applied to mantles. These are much shorter and smaller than heretofore; they come well up to the neck, in a straight band without any ruchings, a style by far the most becoming to slender throats. Coloured plush and velvet are worn, even this summer time, almost as much as Sicilienne. The beading is carried down the back seams, and sometimes covers the back; two or more lines of the same appear in front, and the sleeves have often horizontal bands of beading, unbecoming as a rule. A novelty is for the silk or other material to open in front, and allow lace plaits to be visible.

Bronze and lead beads are combined on some of the new shapes, and electric blue beads of a dark tone on electric blue silk. Occasionally the black gauze much used for mantles is covered all over with bronze and gold beads in conventional Gothic designs. Striped velvet and gauze beaded is fashionable.

A cheap and thoroughly useful mantle is made of Yak lace and velvet, with a hood at the back and divided sleeves. It is somewhat of the jacket form, and for young ladies especially there is a decided inclination to return to the short, close-fitting, useful black silk jackets of years ago. The cloth jackets have pretty waistcoats of contrasting colours.

ON THE PIER.

I have seen a number of frocks made lately in canvas cloth, and there is nothing more generally worn and, if well selected, better wear. It runs the Benedictine cloth hard; this latter is like bunting. There is much variety in canvas; it displays stripes of plain or mixed velvet, such as grass-green and terra-cotta and open-work stripes, frisé, and plain velvet stripes blended, and occasionally it is brocaded with frisé *motifs*. Worsted lace is the universal trimming with it, and so wonderfully has this class of lace taken hold of public opinion, that it is made sufficiently wide for the fronts of dresses. In Paris beige is the tone that well-dressed people most affect in this lace; but it is to be had in all colourings and in two tones blended, such as red and blue, brown and écru. It is occasionally interwoven with gold. The better dresses are made with embroidered nets and muslins outlined with gold, which secure a truly handsome gown at once.

Zephyrs seem to be the kind of cotton gowns that people like best—mostly blue, from sky to navy. The newest have frisé tufts in red or in white, with blue upon them. Shot zephyrs are fashionable.

In silks and stuffs no colour would seem to be so much worn as coachman's drab. Silk and striped canvas in this make up well together, and a tender crevette pink is a tint that blends in well, or a rich full ruby.

For fêtes and demi-toilettes printed crêpe de Chine makes charming gowns. But be sure, if you want to be really fashionable, to make all these skirts to stand out well at the back, and nothing does this so effectually as the double mattress—a smaller pad above the larger, covered with satin and tied round the waist.

Chartreuse is a colour which for evening wear would seem to carry all before it. It is the most delicate tint imaginable; trim it with gold and crystal beads, and the combination is perfect.

The Senorita jacket, under a new name, is again introduced. It is sleeveless, with high epaulettes, is cut up in the centre of the back, but fits the throat closely, and is generally so betrimmed with beads that no foundation is necessary; it is a most comfortable addition to either a high or low bodice, making the one more dressy, the other less so. Collarettes of embroidered lace and velvet, coming well to the shoulder, answer the same purpose.

In Paris, Japanese embroideries on silk find great favour, and most of the designs have some inspiration from that country.

Interplaited galons of gold braid and chenille are a good deal worn, and bead fringes and bead insertions. Woven beaded cloth, which will not unravel when cut, is applied to bodices, and there is much braiding used which can be bought ready for use. It is more of the nature of lace, being made of half-inch-wide silk, or worsted braid, united by French wheels.

The buttons worn on cloaks and on jackets are very large; otherwise small bullet buttons are most used, of coloured metal, imitation onyx, or coloured ivories.

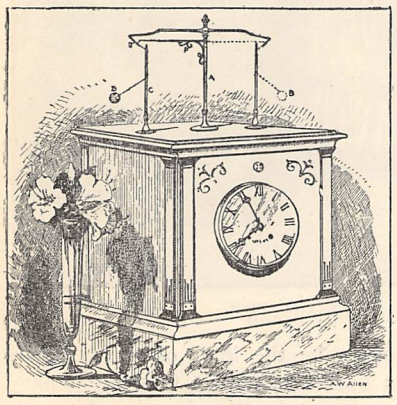
In-door and out-door costumes are shown in our illustrations. In the former there is a good example of the manner of utilising piece lace alluded to above, and which is universally worn. The collar is cream, the dress is pale green of the reséda tint, and rich dark red velvet forms the bordering and trimmings.

The elder lady, who is carrying her dog along the parade of a fashionable watering-place, wears a plain and broché canvas dress of the popular combination—the Guards' colours, blue and red. The paniers—a mode again coming in—are bordered with blue velvet. The canvas bonnet has ostrich tips and an osprey aigrette, and the brim is bordered with beads. The younger lady is in crevette pink zephyr, with frisé claret dots. The demi-corselet is velvet, so is the band round the throat. The coarse straw hat to match has rosettes of woollen or Yak lace in front.

THE GATHERER.*

A Twisting Clock.

A curious new American clock, to be seen in some of the London shop windows, is illustrated in our engraving. Its chief peculiarity is the form of the pendulum, which consists of a small bead or ball, B, suspended by a thread from a bracket, P. The rest of the works are like those of an ordinary clock. The train of wheels actuated by the main spring, which is wound up daily, causes a vertical axis to rotate. This axis, O, is the metal standard, A, rising upright from the case, and carrying the bracket, P, from which the ball is hung. As the axis rotates the bracket turns round with it, and would describe a complete circle were it not that the thread of the pendulum catches on the end of the cross-arm or stopper, T, and then swings the ball round and round the upright, C. It quickly unwinds, however, but catches again, and after winding and unwinding itself a second time, it swings clear of the obstructions, and allows the bracket P to move on to the other side, where the thread again encounters a similar catch, which temporarily stops it. In this way, with a brief stoppage every 180 degrees, the axis continues to revolve. Thus in each revolution of the axis the thread makes eight coils round the uprights, four at each. The clock is regulated with great precision by simply adjusting the length of the thread by means of a runner in the bracket. The time of a revolution of the axis, including eight successive windings, is six seconds.



Improved Steel Gardening Tools.

New weed forks and rakes, made of steel, hardened and tempered, have recently been introduced by a Sheffield firm. These "Princess" tools, as they are called, are so formed as to give the greatest possible strength with the least possible weight. Gardeners who have experienced the annoyance which the breakage of a weakly-constructed tool causes, will know how to value these durable, though light, steel-toothed forks and rakes.

A Steam-Dogcart.

A steam-vehicle has recently been constructed in France, and tried in one of the streets of Paris. It consists of a dogcart body, mounted on two wheels, and drawn by a small portable steam-engine with vertical boiler. The engine, in fact, takes the place of the horse, and the body of the carriage forms part with the engine in front, the steps for getting out and in being placed between the two parts. The whole runs on four wheels, and carries two persons with their luggage. The engine has some new features suitable for the nature of the work, which, however, are of a highly

* Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply. The Editor, however, cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information.

technical character. Coal and water sufficient for the journey are taken on board, and the vehicle can travel on a good road at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour.

Platinising Glass.

A method of coating glass with films of platinum as brilliant as silver has been devised by Professor Böttger. Perfectly dry chloride of platinum is mixed into a paste with oil of rosemary, then mixed with five times its weight of oil of lavender into a thin fluid. It is then left to stand for half an hour, and afterwards spread in a thin layer over the glass, and the plate or vessel thus coated is next subjected for a few minutes to the red heat of a muffle furnace or the flame of a Bunsen blow-pipe, used with care. This firing produces a bright lustre of platinum on the surface of the articles. If the result is faulty from some cause or other, the film can be removed by pouring hydrochloric acid over the articles and touching them with a zinc rod. On filtering the liquid thus produced, the platinum is recovered from the acid. Dr. Böttger thinks that the oil of lavender forms an organic platinum salt, which, on being heated in the way described, leaves a deposit of metallic platinum.

A Carbon Dust-Pail.

A carbon dust-pail for use in households has been brought out by Dr. R. Nicholls. Its novel feature is the use of soot, or carbon in fine sub-division, as a deodoriser. It is made of galvanised or painted iron, and has a lid fitted with a carbon box, with a perforated bottom. This lid-box (for the lid is virtually a smaller box) is occasionally filled with fresh soot or powdered carbon. In addition to this, there may be a sliding tray of soot in the box to further absorb the gases given off. When the lid is closed firmly a shower of soot falls from it as from a pepper-box, so that every time the box is opened to admit dust or refuse, a sprinkling of soot is thrown in. Such pails and bins may be kept in-doors with impunity.

Aluminium Alloys.

Pure aluminium, as prepared under the process invented by Mr. Webster, is very favourable for alloying with other metals—for example, nickel—and hence the "Crown" metal, which resembles silver in appearance, and possesses a greater tensile strength than steel. It is now made into a great variety of articles, from scarf-pins to ships' anchors, from cigarette-cases to screw propellers. All kinds of culinary articles, tea services, forks and knives, door-plates, and house-furnishings are now made from it, including chandeliers, drawer-handles, dinner-gongs, &c.; and out-of-door implements, such as bits and spurs, bicycles, surveyors' chains, are also constructed from the alloy, which, when polished, preserves its bright appearance, and does not oxidise. This immunity from oxidation, especially in the case of furniture and cutlery, is a decided advantage. None of the ordinary food acids affect the new alloy, which is more than can be said for steel.

A Signal-Buoy.

The "Whitby" life-buoy is well equipped for saving life. As illustrated herewith, it consists of a copper buoy divided into eight watertight compartments, and fitted with a chain on which to rest the feet in the manner shown. Two flags, a whistle for sound-signals, and two hand-lights for use in the dark, as well as a flask for spirits, are also provided. Moreover, there are two calcium lights attached, which burn, on contact with the water, for over an hour. The buoy is now supplied to the navy.

A New Oar.

The oars in common use are frequently rendered useless by the wooden blade being damaged from a blow or other accidental cause. Even when the edge of the blade is bound with iron, considerable inconvenience is caused by the warping of the wood or from damage to the sides of the blade. An American firm has recently introduced an improved oar, in which the blade is made of sheet metal, and is attached to the stock by means of a tapered metal socket, firmly secured by rivets. The new blade can, of course, be made in all the shapes given to the old wooden one; it springs easily, and is said to do away with splashing on entering and leaving the water.

Roraima.

The mountain, or table-land, of Roraima, in the forests of Demarara, has at length been scaled by Mr. Im Thurn, but a full account of his researches has not yet been published. The Roraima is of curious scientific interest, as the flat top was supposed to have been isolated from the rest of the world below for an enormous lapse of time, and it was expected that the explorer would find there many unknown species of plants and animals. It was, in fact, regarded as a secret drawer in nature, and, from the

few lines which have reached us from Mr. Im Thurn, this hope will not entirely be disappointed, as he describes the scenery to be "in the highest degree wonderful," the vegetation being "most wonderful, but somewhat scanty and quite dwarf. I have between three hundred and four hundred species for you." The absence of trees and the elevation of the top made it feel "bitterly cold"; but the plateau does not appear to be so isolated as it was formerly believed. We may add that the lower slopes and environs of the mountain are of remarkable luxuriance and beauty, the "orchid gardens" being very fine.

Cork Bricks.

In Germany they are now trying a composition of cork, sand, and lime, moulded into bricks, for the construction of light partition walls. It is said to exclude sound better than ordinary brickwork, while being light and a good non-conductor of heat.

FIG. 1.

A New Garden Engine and Roller.

A new garden engine has recently been invented, which combines in its action the advantages of the ordinary garden engine and of the watering-can. The engine is mounted upon two rollers, and attached to the tank is a pump for forcing the water into the jet as in the ordinary garden engines. But the powerful stream of water sent through a jet is apt to splash the mould on to carefully-arranged plants in carpet-beds, or to wash away the soil from the roots. This difficulty is overcome by an ingenious syphon arrangement. A glance at our illustrations will show the working of the engine. Fig. 1 shows the engine as arranged for watering shrubs and hardy plants which are able to bear the force of a strong jet of water. The tap, C, is closed, and the pump being worked, the water is forced through the pipe, A, to the jet, B, by which it is diffused. For the watering of carpet-bedding or delicate plants, the jet, B, is removed, as in Fig. 2, and a hose attached to the nozzle. The tap, C, is then opened, and the water flows gently through it to the hose, and will continue to do so until the tank is empty. A suitable sprinkler, D, is provided at the free end of the hose. The rollers upon which the engine is mounted enable it to be moved across lawns, along paths, and round corners, where wheels would cause serious damage; and the machine can also be used, if required, as a garden roller. We may mention, while upon this topic, that improved garden-hose reels are now made, mounted upon rollers in the same way as this new garden engine.

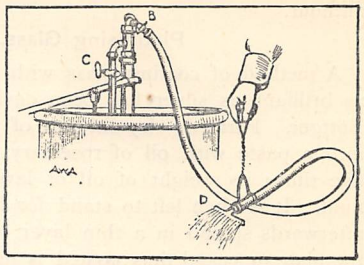


FIG. 2.

Illuminating Balances.

In measurements with balances of great precision it is sometimes necessary to use reflected light, because if oil-lamps were brought near the balance its readings would be disturbed by the heat. The electric incandescent light, however, has recently been applied to this purpose with success at the office of a London paper. A small incandescent lamp, enclosed in a glass vessel of cold water, which is kept circulating, serves as the lamp, which can be brought near the balance without ill effect on the readings. The cold water draws off the heat of the lamp. A small voltaic battery supplies the current. During a recent comparison of two kilogram weights at the newspaper office, by the help of this lamp, it was found that no practical interference resulted from its use, the probable error being only 0·005 milligram, more or less.

Utilising Niagara.

The proposition to use the water-power of Niagara for generating electricity to supply electric light and power to the neighbouring district, has to a small extent been realised by a dynamo in a mill at Niagara Falls. The dynamo supplies the electricity for telephonic purposes to some three hundred towns and villages, one of these being Buffalo, twenty-five miles away. Nearer home an attempt to light the town of Greenock from the water-supply derived from the high hills behind it has also been begun. A portion of the town is lighted by Swan incandescent lamps, fed by a Victoria dynamo, driven by a Günther turbine at the water-works. If the experiment succeeds in point of cost during six months, it will probably be extended to other parts of the town.

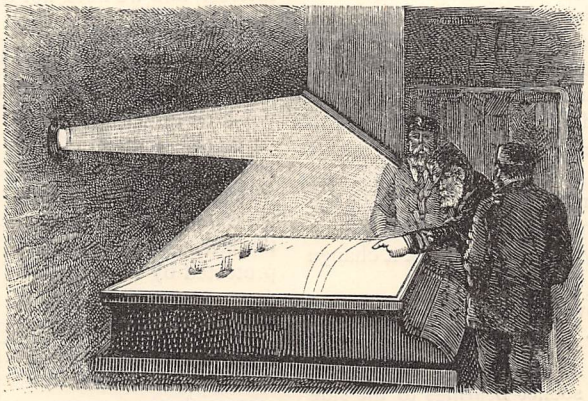
Greenock has a number of sugar refineries, which could also employ electric power if it were advantageous to do so.

Hardening Plaster.

A useful method of hardening plaster so as to make it resemble stone, and suitable for flooring, has been invented in France. Plaster and soft rich lime, recently slaked and finely sifted, are mixed together (six parts by weight of plaster and one part of lime) so as to make a good plaster, which is moulded into plaques or other objects, which are dried, then steeped for two hours in a saturated solution of sulphate of zinc or sulphate of iron. A hard chemical compound is thus formed with the plaster, which takes a good polish, and is white in the case of zinc, and brown in the case of iron. The first immersion should not be longer than two hours, otherwise the surface is apt to become friable.

The Camera Obscura in Coast Defence.

In a harbour protected by torpedoes the camera obscura might be used to guide the firing party, in the manner shown in our engraving. The table is a sheet of glass or screen, on which the camera throws an image of the port or harbour by means of the optical arrangements shown. Black points marked on this image indicate the positions of the torpedoes. The enemy's ships—or, rather, the images of them—are seen outside these torpedo lines. Now, when a ship approaches close to a torpedo, its image will be seen nearing the corresponding black spot, and when it is sufficiently close the officer on the look-out presses a corresponding key, sends an electric current, and explodes that torpedo. To render this plan successful, the firing station should be in a position whence a good view of the harbour is obtained.



THE CAMERA OBSCURA IN COAST DEFENCE.

A Simple Lantern Screen.

The optical or magic lantern is now so much used for educational purposes, that it may be useful to know of a simple and inexpensive screen. This is formed of a sheet of French tracing-paper, of a kind possessing a remarkably dull non-reflecting surface. By means of it and an oil-lamp lantern it is easy to show pictures well to 200 people in a room fairly well lighted, provided that extraneous lights are not placed behind the screen.

Electricity from Sugar.

Signor Salvatore Mazza, an Italian electrician, recently obtained sparks of electricity about one inch long while braying sugar in a copper mortar with a wooden pestle. The sparks were sometimes blue and sometimes reddish-yellow. Their development was probably due to friction, and Signor Mazza has seen his experiment repeated successfully with an iron pestle and a copper mortar.

Earthquake Signals.

It has been proposed to utilise the telegraph system of Japan to give automatic warning of earthquakes to the various towns and villages of that country, thus enabling the inhabitants to evacuate their houses, and prepare for the coming shock. This could be done by arranging the seismograph, or earthquake detector, to complete an electric circuit, which would send the necessary telegraphic alarm to ring a bell or fire a gun. Earthquakes are almost of daily occurrence in Japan, so the suggestion is worthy of attention.

Carbon in Steel.

Experiments made for some time past in the Creusôt works, France, on thin plates of steel ($\frac{2}{100}$ to $\frac{3}{100}$ millimètres thick) examined under the microscope after treatment by the dissolving action of acids, show that cast steel is formed of granules of soft iron separated from each other by an envelope of carbide of iron, an alloy of iron and carbon. These simple cells are agglomerated into clusters, or compound cells, separated by layers of soft iron, and usually of polygonal shape. Hammer-hardening deforms these cells, but otherwise is unlike tempering, which causes the compound cells to disappear, leaving the single cells as the constituent element.

An Electrical Graver.

A new engraving machine, operated by electricity, has been introduced lately by Lieut. B. Carter for decorative engraving on metal-work. The designs to be engraved are first set up in type or stereotype, and an arm of the machine passes over it. The arm has a platinum point under it, which travels over the surface of the type in parallel lines, and in so doing, starts or stops the current in an electro-magnet, which, by its attraction on a soft iron armature, brings the graving tool into action on the plate to be engraved, and the working goes on so quickly that hand-engraving is far outstripped.

An Alum Mountain.

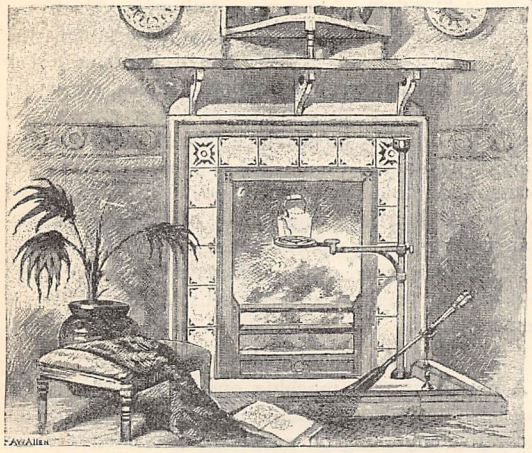
Recent explorations in Socorro County, on the Gila River, in the United States, have brought to light immense deposits of natural alum. At one part these beds rise into a mountainous form, on a base about one mile square, with cliffs of alum rising 700 feet above the river. The alum is very impure for the most part, and tastes of sulphuric acid, but there are said to be cliffs of very pure alum, which could be worked for commercial purposes. The country is well wooded and watered, and there are numerous hot springs of medicinal virtue in the neighbourhood of the alum cliffs.

Rearing Puppies in Coloured Light.

Dr. Ernst Herbacewicz is reported to have reared young puppies in lights of different colours, in order to see if they produced any effect on the characters of the animals. According to his results, as published, puppies reared in green light were of extreme cheerfulness and playfulness; those reared in orange light were also playful, but their movements were heavy and awkward, their tempers cross and quarrelsome. Blue and violet rays appeared to have a soothing and taming influence, while red light seemed still more to destroy liveliness. The experiments reported are of an interesting nature, but require scientific confirmation. It has long been known that light affects the development of living things, especially plants, which are confined to one locality and cannot seek a change of scene.

An Improved Trivet.

An ingenious device for holding a kettle or saucepan over an open fire is shown in our illustration. A vertical rod is fixed in socket bearings to the side



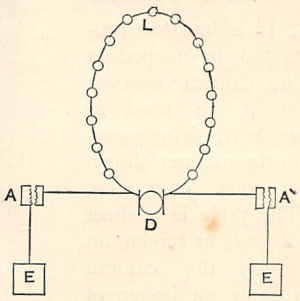
of the grate, and on this rod slides a bracket with two folding arms. This bracket may be clamped by one arm to its supporting rod at any height, and bears on the free end of the other arm a stand on which to place a cooking vessel. The advantages of this new trivet are that a kettle or saucepan may with perfect safety be used at any time, whatever be the height or condition of the fire, and that it is not necessary to break up the fire to secure a standing-place for the vessel. Where a kettle is frequently required, as in a breakfast-room or nursery, such a trivet as this should be very useful.

The Sonebula.

The Board of Trade requires that when a steamer is under way in a fog, sound-signals shall be made at intervals of not more than two minutes. This is a tedious operation, sometimes forgotten or neglected; and a mechanical fog-horn, or whistle operator, termed a "Sonebula," has been introduced. It turns the steam on and off at the proper times, thus replacing a man or boy. The arrangement is essentially a small auxiliary engine, worked by steam, consisting of three cylinders, two of which are controlled by one valve, and the third acting as a "cataract," controlling the length of interval the fog-whistle is to blow and remain silent. The details are purely of mechanical interest, and we need not dwell upon them.

Protecting Electric Lights from Lightning.

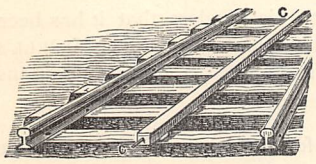
In the accompanying figure, if D is a dynamo supplying a series of arc lamps, L, in circuit with it, a flash of lightning striking the circuit at L might pass along the lamps through the dynamo and destroy the latter, unless it were protected by two lightning arresters at A A^1. But the ordinary lightning arrester employed on telegraph lines to protect the instruments would hardly serve, because the discharge of lightning going on at the two arresters would partially short-circuit the dynamo to earth by the earth-plates, E, when the sparks were fairly passing between the two corrugated plates of the arresters. Professor Elihu Thompson has therefore devised an arrester to overcome this drawback. It consists of two segmental plates placed between the poles of electro-magnets. When an arc is formed by the lightning discharge between these two plates, and the reduction of air resistance thereby caused misleads the current of the dynamo by the same route to earth, the electro-magnets repel the arc to the upper part of the segmental plates, where they are further apart, and where it breaks, because the electromotive force is insufficient to bridge over the gap. The arrester, therefore, guards the dynamo from short-circuiting for any length of time.



A Travelling Telegraph.

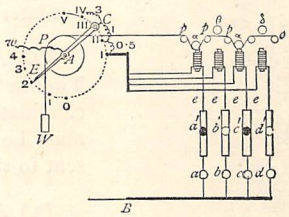
An ingenious means of keeping up telegraphic communication with moving trains throughout the whole length of a railway has been devised by a well-known American inventor, and introduced on the New York and New Haven Railroad. It consists in running a telegraph conductor, C C (see the

figure), in a closed trough between the rails of the line, and attaching a long parallel coil of wire to the bottom of the telegraph office car forming part of the train. This parallel coil is fixed so as to move close over the conductor as the train travels along, and the telegraphic signal currents sent into the conductor from the distant stations sending the message induce corresponding, but much feebler, currents in the parallel coil hung from the bottom of the car. This is in circuit with a delicate relay in the car, which brings into play a local battery on board the car. The currents of the local battery are strong enough to actuate an ordinary telegraph instrument such as the "Sounder," and so the message is delivered to the attendant clerk. By a reversal of the process, the clerk can also telegraph back to the station from the moving train. A telephone is also included in the apparatus for receiving the message. In this way, a person travelling by rail can keep up telegraphic communication with the stationary world, and also receive the latest news and prices of stocks. The invention points to a time when every train going an important journey will have its telegraph car and news reports.



The Automatic Phidol.

"Phidol" is the name given to an electric light regulator, invented by M. Lacoine. It is intended to insert properly adjusted resistance in the lighting circuit in place of the resistance of lamps not in use, so as to keep the total resistance of the circuit always the same, whatever the number of lamps burning. The automatic phidol is shown in our figure, where E A C is a revolving arm to which the current is brought by the wire, *w*, and from which it passes into the circuits of the lamps by the end of the arm, C, which traverses a series of contact-points, between which are inserted resistances of wire, I., II., III., IV., &c., of graduated values—say, 0·5, 1, and 3 ohms, &c., according to the necessities of the case. The other end of the lever, E, serves as an index, and points out the number of lamps burning at the time—0, 1, 2, 3, &c., as the case may be. The lamp circuits branch from the point I, and run "in parallel" to the return wire, B, of the circuit, which goes back to the generator. The lamps in the figure are marked *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, and the switches, or keys, which turn on or off the light are shown at a^1, b^1, c^1, d^1. When a plug is in (as shown by a black dot), the current is on and the lamp lighted; when a plug is out, the lamp is also out. This, of course, is done by the householder using the light as he requires it. Electro-magnets of low resistance, *e*, *e*, *e*, *e*, are interposed in these lamp circuits, and when the current is flowing in a circuit, its electro-magnet attracts an armature, *α*. A weight, W, is attached to the end of a silk thread, whose other end is fixed at *o*. This thread passes over the pulley P, which moves the arm E A C, and it also supports the armatures of the electro-magnets, *α*, *β*, *α*, *δ*, from smaller pulleys, *p p p*, as shown. Now, it will be understood that the lamps which are lighted pull down the armatures, and thus move round the arm, thereby altering the resistance (I., II., III., &c.) in the circuit, and at the same time indicating the



number of lamps lighted (0, 1, 2, 3, &c.). The more lamps are lighted the higher will the weight W be lifted, and the less the resistance inserted in circuit by the moving arm E A C, until, when all the lamps are lighted, there is no compensating resistance inserted by the arm.

1884 FABLE COMPETITION.

The Editor has pleasure in publishing the award in this Competition, which has been unavoidably postponed since the beginning of the year. The Prize of TWO GUINEAS, *offered for the best set of Six Original Fables, is awarded to*

The Rev. T. ROACH, M.A., Cambridge House, All Saints Road, Clifton, Bristol.

And Honourable Mention is awarded to the following, in order of merit:—

ANNIE MASTIN WATSON, Mulgrave Lodge, near Whitby, Yorks.

OSCAR HARRISON, 104, Gladstone Road, Edgehill, Liverpool.

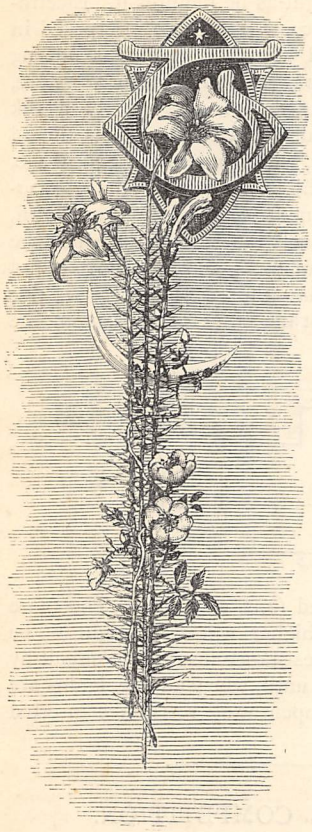
MARIANNE WALKER, 37, Carpenter Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

The Editor hopes to publish the Prize Fables in a future number of the Magazine.

"BRIGHT DAYS."

THE EDITOR has the pleasure to inform his readers that on the 25th of June will be published, simultaneously with the ordinary Monthly Part for July, but quite independently of that Part, and sold separately, the EXTRA HOLIDAY NUMBER of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE for 1885, under the title of "BRIGHT DAYS."

NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS, 1885.



THE EDITOR has much pleasure in announcing to his Readers that it has been decided to continue this very successful and popular feature of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE. The following are the various Prizes offered, and the Conditions under which they may be competed for :—

(1.) A Prize of FIFTY POUNDS is offered for the best and most suitable Original Story of domestic interest, of a length to occupy about fifty pages of this Magazine, and to be divided into six parts of equal length. Each story must be accompanied by a short outline (say about 500 words in length) of the plot of the story, and a brief *resumé* of the contents of each of the six portions, showing the progress of the story. All MSS. must be properly authenticated in accordance with General Rule No. 3, and sent to the Editor not later than January 1, 1886.

(2.) A Prize of FIVE GUINEAS is offered for the best Poem on "The Twentieth Century." The poem must be in rhymed verse, of any metre the candidate may select, and the length must not exceed fifty lines. All poems must be properly authenticated, in accordance with General Rule No. 3, and sent to the Editor not later than February 1, 1886.

(3.) A Prize of FIVE GUINEAS is offered for the best Domestic Story, with the most original and suitable plot. The length of the story must not exceed four pages (*i.e.*, about 4,000 words). All MSS. must be properly authenticated in accordance with General Rule No. 3, and sent to the Editor not later than September 1, 1885.

(4.) A Prize of FIVE GUINEAS is offered for the best Musical Setting of the 1884 Prize Song, "When Martens Follow Spring," which we republish below. The song may be arranged for any voice, with suitable pianoforte accompaniment. All MSS. must be properly authenticated in accordance with General Rule No. 3, and sent to the Editor not later than November 2, 1885.

(1.) ON the roof-tree sparrows chattered,
And the gathering martens cried ;
Autumn's gold the glades bespattered,
As a lover's arts I plied—
As I pleaded, "Oh, belov'd one ! on my bosom fold thy wing."
"Yea," she answered — looking upward — "when the martens follow Spring."

(2.) So I watched the snowflakes falling,
With a gladness naught could chill ;
In the warmth of hope forestalling
Joys which patience must fulfil.
For, within, I whispered lowly, "To this breast my love will cling
When the blossoming hawthorn reddens, and the martens follow Spring."

(3.) Soon the violet doffed her cover,
And the snowdrop rang her bell ;
Catkins tressed the hazels over,
And the gorse flamed on the fell.
Then I knelt, and whisp'ring, pleaded, "Lo, belov'd, the thrushes sing !"
Faint she answered, "For me *never* will the martens follow Spring."

(4.) Close I looked, and on her forehead
Marked the pencillings of pain ;
Saw her limpid eyes full storèd,
Like fringed pools o'erfed with rain,
And I cried aloud, sore stricken, "Oh, belov'd one ! stay thy wing !
For life cometh, cometh surely, when the martens follow Spring."

(5.) They are chattering, chattering gaily,
As their nests they mend with care ;
And I watch them, watch them daily,
With a dumbly blank despair ;
For they home returned from roaming, but my love, on tired wing,
Had just mounted up for ever, when the martens followed Spring.

MARIAN PENDLEBURY.

GENERAL RULES.

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2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment in detail of the above subjects. *The descriptions given under each head are sufficient for the purposes of the Competition, and the rest is left to the judgment and discretion of the Competitors.*

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8. Every MS. must be sent before the date named above as the latest day in each section, addressed—The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C., and must have the words "Prize Competition" in the top left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper.

"A DAINTY DAMSEL, WAITING, SAT
SMILING IN SHY, SWEET PLEASURE."

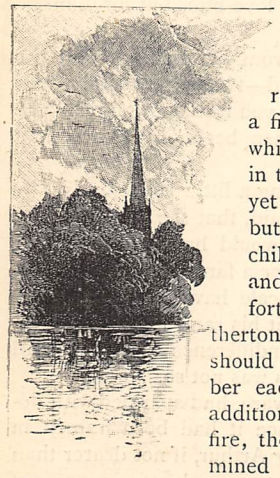
"*A SUMMER TRYST*" (*p.* 499).

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

By ALICE O'HANLON, Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," "No Proof," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

"YOU FORTUNATE GIRL!"



DIRECTLY Sir Arthur had gone, Dora ran back to her bedroom. Since she had left it a fire had been lighted there, which was now blazing brightly in the grate. The weather as yet was not absolutely cold, but the October evenings were chilly and sometimes damp; and, thoughtful for the comfort of her guests, Miss Bretherton had ordered that a fire should be kindled in their chamber each day at sundown. In addition to the ruddy glow of the fire, the room was further illumined by a lamp and a pair of tall wax candles. When she had quitted it a little while ago, the day had been at its dreariest, and the room had looked cold and cheerless. Now she found it all aglow with light and comfort. The change seemed feebly, though very feebly, to typify the change which that interval had wrought in her own feelings.

To describe this change would be impossible. It was simply an utter reversal of all things—an entire shifting of the scenes of life—a delicious revolutionising and re-organising of everything.

Pausing in the middle of the room, Dora stood looking around with a smile of ineffable but almost bewildered joy. Could it be true, she wondered, all this that had happened to her?

With the suddenness of magic the whole face of heaven and earth had become transformed. Night without transition had been turned into day.

The cup of misery, whilst still she held it to her lips, had proved to have dregs not full "of horrors," but of a ravishing, intoxicating sweetness. Dora was almost afraid to stir lest she might awaken to find it all a dream.

Presently, however, the chiming of a timepiece on the mantel-shelf roused her to action. Approaching a little closer, she saw that it wanted only a quarter to seven. She would dress, she resolved, so as to leave the room free for Jessie when she returned, and then she would sit down and try to think calmly about her happiness. At present, certainly, Dora did not feel very calm.

Little gusts of emotion shook her from head to foot, communicating a tremulousness to her fingers which made it difficult to do up her hair or to arrange her laces and ribbons. But at length she was ready, and Dora held up the candles to survey herself more critically. She had put on her prettiest evening dress, for though Arthur was not to be here to see her, she longed to make herself look as nice as she could. A curious complication of motives actuated this desire, but Dora did not trouble herself to analyse those motives. And though she sighed as she scrutinised her reflection in the glass, and mentally compared her plain features with those of Idalia Bretherton, Dora did not feel altogether dissatisfied.

In that pretty, pale blue dress, with its soft creamy laces, her well-formed little figure looked particularly dainty. Also, with the light of love in her eyes, and the glow of happiness on her cheeks, Dora thought that, after all, she did not look so "very plain"—that, on the contrary, she looked "rather nice." And she was right.

With the sweet expression which her face habitually wore (the result of a sweet and gentle disposition) Dora never could look anything but nice. Then again she was young—and youth of itself is a kind of beauty. And whether she were pretty or plain, the one glorious fact remained—she was loved! *Arthur* loved her! He had chosen her out of the whole world—chosen her even after knowing Idalia! Why then should she despise her own appearance? *He* had set upon it the hall-mark of his approbation—that was enough! Since he loved her as she was, she would be satisfied with herself as she was.

At any rate, she need no longer feel envious of any one on the face of the globe, for no happier person could exist.

Dora set down the candles, gave a final pat to her hair, and retreating to the fire-place, established herself in an easy chair with her feet on the fender.

Here, some three-quarters of an hour later, Jessie found her. She had come into the room softly, moderating her usual impetuosity out of consideration for her sister's headache—the headache which, Jessie was only too well convinced, was but another name for heartache.

"How are you, darling?" she inquired, stepping forward on tip-toe. "I am sure we must have seemed to be away an age. And I have been feeling so wretched about you all the time, Dora. Have you been *very* lonely and dismal?"

"No, not very." Dora was leaning back in her chair—her face half covered with her hand. She had decided to play with her happiness a little—she would not blurt everything out at once. She tried to speak in a languid tone, and she sighed after she had given her answer.

But Miss Jessie McNicoll was a very sharp young lady. Her quick ears seemed to detect something not altogether genuine in that sigh.

"You look very cosy here," she observed, regarding watchfully her sister's averted and half-concealed

face. "And what a jolly fire! Are you better, dear?"

"Yes, my head is a good deal better," murmured Dora.

Jessie stretched her hands out over the blaze, but she did not remove her gaze from Dora's countenance—or what she could see of it.

"It has just begun to rain," she resumed. "I was glad you were not at the school-room, Dora. It was so close and stuffy, with all those children and the smell of tea and cake. We had to light up early, you see, and have the blinds drawn because of the magic-lantern. But it was a great success, the magic-lantern."

"Was it? And your reading—how did that go off?" demanded Dora, with a drawl of pretended weariness or indifference.

"Oh! very well, and Idalia's singing was splendid. Mr. Heath went into raptures over it" (Mr. Heath was a new curate who had only yet been a fortnight in the neighbourhood). "I hope *he* isn't going to add himself to the list of her admirers, because—Ahem! well, never mind why. Besides, he wouldn't have any chance. Dora, do you know, I'm almost certain, from something in her manner to-night, that Idalia likes Charlie. It is surprising to me. Still, you know, he can make himself amazingly agreeable." As she rattled on, Jessie's eyes brightened with interest and curiosity. "Dora," she inquired abruptly, "why have you put that dress on?"

"This dress?" repeated Dora, dropping the hand that had been supporting her head, and stooping to smooth out her flounces—"Why shouldn't I put it on? But had you not better get ready for dinner yourself, Jessie?"

"Yes; it is to be at eight. I shall have to hurry. But Idalia has not come up-stairs yet. She wants to make her father take something first. He got rather over-done with that close atmosphere. Now, Miss Dora, allow me to look at your face?" She fell on her knees and caught both her sister's hands—"Explain, please, why you have made yourself look so nice. Is Arthur coming?"

"I am not expecting Sir Arthur Ledsom to be here this evening."

"Oh, indeed!" said Jessie, mimicking her stately tones. "Dora, you little goose, do you think I can't see that something has happened? Tell me this minute what it is? You can't deceive this child, you know. Has any one been here?"

Dora broke now into a gay laugh. "Yes," she admitted, "I have had a visitor."

"Arthur?"

Dora nodded.

"What did he come for? Whom did he come to see?"

"Well, he said he had come to see *me*. Jessie, he has asked me to be his wife."

"No!"

"Yes!" ejaculated Dora, imitating in her turn her sister's surprised accent.

"But you don't mean to tell me—you don't mean to tell me that the thing is settled?—that you are absolutely engaged?"

"I believe," rejoined Dora, "that we absolutely are engaged."

"Oh, Dora! And you are to be Lady Ledsom? You are to be the mistress of Feldhurst Court?"

"I am to be Arthur's wife," corrected her sister. "It is not for his position that I love him, but for himself, dear."

"Just so"—Jessie rose from her knees—"but the position is not to be despised—twelve thousand a year is not to be despised. Oh, you fortunate girl!" She stooped to kiss her, and then began to caper wildly about the room.

Dora watched her, blushing a little consciously. It was quite true, as she had said, that she loved Arthur Ledsom for himself. She would have married him, had he been a tradesman or a farmer. What would his position in the social scale have signified? She tried to persuade herself that his rank and his wealth were matters of supreme indifference to her, but all the while she knew that this was not so.

Her diamond, she was aware, had sparkled with decidedly the more lustre since it had been framed in its new golden setting. *Sir* Arthur, if not dearer than plain Arthur, had at least seemed a personage of more distinction and dignity. And though she would have been proud and happy to have been chosen by him, whatever his station, she was unquestionably more proud and happy in that he should choose her, being a baronet, and the owner of such a place as Feldhurst Court.

Whilst Jessie was still "letting off the steam" (as she would have expressed it) of her sympathetic delight, Idalia came in to inquire after the supposititious headache. To her surprise, she was caught before she could say a word, whirled round in a mazy dance, and brought up with a flourish in front of Dora's chair.

"Allow me, my dear, to present you to the future Lady Ledsom," panted Jessie, now out of breath.

Idalia glanced from one sister to the other, her lovely eyes wide open in questioning astonishment.

"Is that so?" she said.

"That is so," returned Jessie.

Then, for several moments, not another word was spoken. Idalia's mind gradually recovered its balance, and as her startled ideas re-arranged themselves, her expressive face betrayed the nature of the sentiments which these ideas had awakened. Jessie, regarding her vigilantly, was gratified to see that no shadow of disappointment had followed on the heels of surprise. but rather that something of relief, mingled with unequivocal satisfaction, was the uppermost feeling in her friend's mind.

When at length she spoke, her view of the matter was put beyond doubt.

"How charming! Why, how delighted I am!" she exclaimed, with hearty enthusiasm. "I like him ever so much, dear, and I'm sure you'll suit each other splendidly. I've thought sometimes it might be so." (She did not add that she had sometimes feared it

might *not* be so.) "I guessed you liked him, Dora, a good while ago, and I'm real glad! I can't tell you how glad I am!"

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

A NEW AND ARISTOCRATIC ACQUAINTANCE.

IN its normal condition, the little market town of High Radstow was a dismally slow place. As a rule, its inhabitants, after sleepily transacting their business throughout the day, were wont sleepily to betake themselves to bed about the hour of ten. Nevertheless, there occurred now and then a break in this humdrum condition of things—an opportunity for relieving the monotony with a little innocent gaiety.

Under the auspices of an enterprising brewer—one of the magnates of the neighbourhood—it had become customary to get up, during each winter season, about four grand dress-concerts. These concerts, which were always the occasion of a mild excitement in the town, were held in the Town Hall, a small building which stood on one side of the market square.

It was in reference to the first of these concerts that Dora McNicoll had expressed her disappointment, on learning that her lover's intended departure for the Continent would prevent his presence thereat.

Still, though Arthur was not to be there—though she had this morning bidden him adieu for a month—Dora felt beatifically happy as she drove down to the concert in the company of her friends. After all that aching agony she had of late endured, her heart was at rest. She wanted, for the present, nothing more than the simple faith she now possessed in Arthur's affection. This was enough, even without his presence, to fill these early days with a golden light—to make her feel that life was indeed good to live.

When the carriage stopped at the door of the Town Hall, Mr. Percival Bretherton offered his arm to Dora, in order that he might escort her into the building. The fact of her engagement to Sir Arthur Ledsom was now known to him; for the baronet himself had openly acknowledged that fact in a few simple words this morning, when, his interview with Dora over, he had seen the rest of the family, and had bidden them a hasty good-bye. As a matter of course, Mr. Percival had offered his congratulations *apropos* of the event; but he had not been pleased by it. On the contrary, he had, in his secret heart, felt very greatly aggrieved that the best match of the neighbourhood should have fallen to the share of this insignificant girl instead of to that of his beautiful sister. And Percival could not understand it; for although he had once or twice teased Jessie about Sir Arthur's attentions to her sister, he had of late felt almost convinced that Idalia, and not Dora, would be asked to become the mistress of Feldhurst Court. Since, however, he had been mistaken, and it was Miss McNicoll who was to be the future Lady Ledsom, Percival had thought well to swallow his vexation, and to bestow upon her an amount of respectful attention such as he had not before honoured her with. Innately a snob, the very fact that the girl was some day to own a title invested her with no inconsiderable degree of interest in his eyes.

It was for this reason that (although hitherto he had preferred Jessie of the two sisters) he now offered Dora his arm, and designed to give her his companionship for the evening. Of six seats for which the Bretherton party had secured reserved tickets, four were in a line near the stage, and the other two immediately behind. To these latter Peleus led his companion, and scarcely had Dora assumed her place before her elbow was touched. Turning, she uttered a little ejaculation of surprise, and the following instant was shaking hands with her neighbour in the next chair.

That neighbour was a girl—a girl who looked younger than Dora, and younger too than her own years, although they, in point of fact, had not yet reached nineteen.

But, notwithstanding her youth, the girl was evidently a widow. Her dress, it is true, was not, as a whole, of very deep mourning, but she wore an unmistakable widow's cap. The effect of this cap (as its wearer was probably very well aware) was strangely quaint and interesting.

The suggestion of elderliness which seemed to belong to the neat streamers and plain border heightened by contrast the extreme juvenility of the face thus framed, so that the girl looked rather like a child playing at being her own grandmother.

In figure also this young widow, though tall, was particularly slim and girlish. Neither fair nor dark, she possessed clear grey eyes, chestnut-brown hair, and a pure pale complexion. Her features were of a refined, aristocratic order, the nose being very straight, and the short upper lip curving in a high-bred, slightly haughty fashion.

When in repose, indeed, the face gave one the impression of a nature quiet and reserved, if not actually proud. But when she spoke, a singular contradiction appeared—for, in reality, this young woman was neither quiet, proud, nor reserved. On the contrary, her disposition was remarkably vivacious, even rollicking, and the refinement of her appearance was by no means borne out by any special refinement in her speech, which was apt to prove careless and unguarded, as well as rather too free-and-easy.

"But when did you get back, Annette?" Dora asked, when the first surprised greeting was over. "Are you settled again at Standon? I had not heard of your return."

"No; we didn't announce it before we came, and we have scarcely had time to do so since. We only arrived a couple of days ago. But I was intending to send word to you and to some of our other friends to-morrow, Dora. Yes, we have come home to remain now, I expect." All the while she had been speaking, the young lady had been looking, not at her interlocutor, but at Mr. Percival Bretherton, whom she was studying with an unabashed gaze of curiosity and inquiry. "Lady Ledsom is the only friend I have looked up yet," she went on. "Oh! by-the-by, you don't see she

is here? We came together to the concert;" and leaning back in her chair, she disclosed to Dora's view Lady Ledsom's spare form and somewhat hard, though not altogether unpleasant, features.

A rush of colour came into Dora's cheeks as Lady Ledsom extended her hand. Arthur had not yet, she knew, informed his aunt of his engagement, but he was intending before very long to venture upon doing so by letter. Would she, Dora wondered, take any notice of the communication? And would she feel indifferent to, or annoyed by, the news? Perhaps, as Arthur's choice, Lady Ledsom might learn to dislike her with the same unreasoning and unjust dislike as that which she already showed towards her nephew.

At the present moment, however, Lady Ledsom was looking at her with an expression of anything but dislike. Since leaving Feldhurst Court, she had dropped the association of her Upton neighbours, but Miss McNicoll had always been rather a favourite with her, and she was glad to see her this evening.

"How do you do, my dear?" she asked in a kindly tone. "I hope you are all well at home?"

"Thank you, Lady Ledsom," Dora answered, still blushing a little; "you have not heard, then, about Victor? He has been very ill of typhus fever. Jessie and I have been banished from the house."

Lady Ledsom politely expressed her concern, and on being assured that their brother was in a fair way to recovery, she went on to inquire where the two girls were staying—"At Mr. Courteney's, I suppose?"

"Oh, no." Dora leant forward and lowered her voice. "We are staying at Monkswood Hall, with the new people who have got the estate, you know—Mr. Bretherton, and his son and daughter."

"Ah! And is that the son beside you?" put in the young widow. "What an awfully handsome young man! I've been wondering who he was, and also what you were doing here with him alone, Miss Dora."

"Hush, hush, Annette! he will hear you," remonstrated Dora; "and I am not alone with him. Don't you see Jessie just in front? And that is my cousin, Mr. Nunnerley, next to her, and Miss Bretherton on the other side of him."

"I see," returned the other. "But really, Dora, your swain is quite captivating. And if they own Monkswood, they must be people one can associate with. Why don't you introduce him to me, you uncivil girl?"

Dora glanced round. Her companion's voice, although not loud, was exceedingly clear and distinct, and she had taken little pains to modulate her tone. Dora was afraid her remarks might have been overheard by their object, and, as a matter of fact, Peleus had caught every syllable, although he was now looking another way, and professing to be absorbed by some person or object in the distance. Dora had to touch him before he would turn towards her. "Mr. Percival Bretherton, allow me to introduce you to Lady Standon," she then said. "Lady Standon, as I think you have heard, is a connection by marriage of Sir Arthur Ledsom's."

Peleus executed a low bow, and his colour deepened. "I have the pleasure of Ledsom's acquaintance," he remarked, "and I have had the pleasure also of hearing him speak of your ladyship. About a week or ten days ago, we happened to be riding in that direction, and he pointed out your place, Standon Park. But he did not seem to think then that you were returning to it for some time."

"No; we have taken most of our friends by surprise, I believe. But he ought to be here to-night—Sir Arthur, I mean. Do you see him anywhere, Dora?" Lady Standon looked around as she put the question—and at this moment the first notes of a grand orchestral symphony were struck.

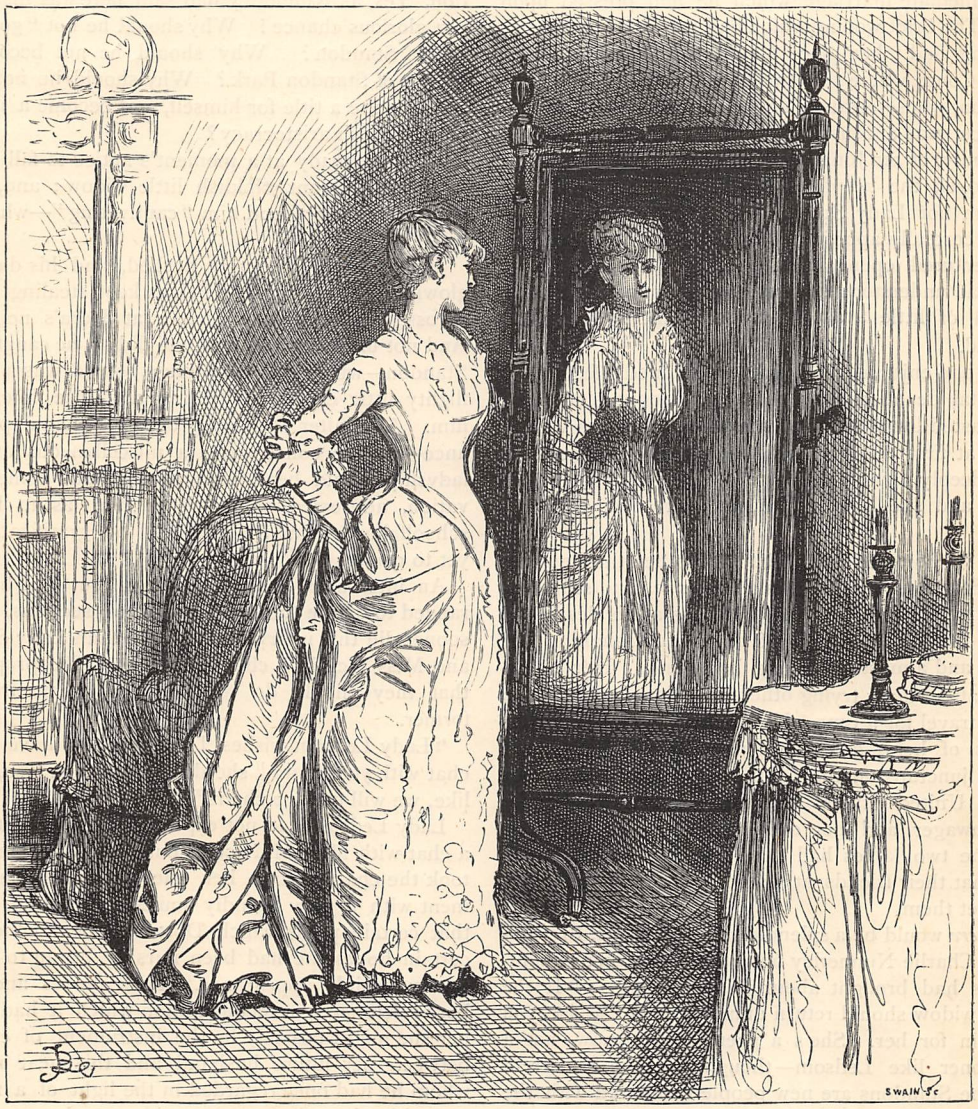
Under cover of rather a noisy overture, Dora explained that Sir Arthur had left home that morning for the Mediterranean coast. But she did not say anything about that transporting secret which, every time she thought of it, set her happy heart throbbing anew, and both girls soon fell into silence.

Percival Bretherton appeared also to be listening very attentively to the music. But his thoughts were occupied with another subject. Who this very young widow was, Percival now quite well knew, and that knowledge was filling him with a good deal of excitement. As happened in the case of most strangers, his interest and curiosity had already been excited by Lady Standon's appearance—by her youth and her condition of widowhood. Again, his vain and susceptible nature, gratified to begin with by the admiring glances she had accorded him, had been further fired by those compliments which had not of course been intended to reach his ear, but which had very distinctly done so. The girlish young widow had pronounced him to be "handsome" and "captivating." Peleus would have been delighted with any one who considered him handsome and captivating, for to be "captivating" was one of his highest aspirations. Now, however, that he knew who it was that had uttered it, that pleasantly penetrating flattery had become invested with a double, a quadruple value.

As yet, it was not much more than a week—at all events, it was less than a fortnight ago—since young Bretherton had first heard the name of Lady Standon. That, as he had hinted to her, was on the occasion of a ride which he and the rest of the young people from Monkswood had taken in company of Sir Arthur Ledsom. The ride, rather a long one, had led the little party in what was for some of them a new direction. After skirting the town of High Radstow and getting into the suburbs beyond, they had first passed Lady Ledsom's present abode, Frenchfield Cottage, and then, at the distance of a mile further in the same direction, they had come upon the gates of Standon Park.

Naturally, finding himself in the vicinity, Sir Arthur had pointed out this place—the somewhat neglected park, and the large grey-stone house, with its two horizontal wings, visible from the lodge gates—and had explained to his friends that the estate belonged to a connection of his own. Dora McNicoll, further-

more, to Percival's surprise, had claimed the then absent owner of the place—young Lady Standon—as an old schoolfellow of hers, and through the conversation which had then ensued, the young man had learned the following particulars.



"DORA DID NOT FEEL ALTOGETHER DISSATISFIED" (*p.* 449).

Before her marriage, Lady Standon had been a Miss St. Ledger. Though not rich, her family was one of the oldest in the county. Her father, now dead, had been a particular friend of the late Sir Jonathan Ledsom; and his wife, Lady Ledsom, was Annette's godmother. Once, when quite a child, the latter had spent several months at Feldhurst Court. But the visit had not been repeated (for Lady Ledsom did not especially care for her godchild) until Annette had reached her seventeenth year. At that time she and Dora McNicoll had passed a twelvemonth at the same school—a first-class finishing establishment in Paris—that year being the extent of Dora's boarding-school experience. Although very different in disposition, the two girls had formed a pretty strong friendship, and Annette had been pleased at the notion of spending a portion of her holidays in the neighbourhood where her friend resided. Little, however, had she dreamed what those holidays were to bring her. She had expected at the end of them to go back to school; instead of that, on the very day when the school term re-commenced she was married to Lord Standon. Her bridegroom, a man of forty-five, both was and looked old

enough to be the little school-girl's father. But he was a peer—Baron Standon of Standon Park—and therefore a brilliant match for the ill-dowered Miss St. Ledger. Greatly flattered to find herself the choice of a man of such rank and wealth, and also of an age so superior to her own, Annette had yielded to Lord Standon's fervent love-making, and had consented to the immediate marriage which he had pressed upon her. The brief wooing which had preceded this hasty wedding had taken place for the most part at Feldhurst Court, where the two had first met; for Lord Standon, whose estate, it has been seen, lay at no great distance, was a cousin (through his mother's side of the family) of Sir Jonathan Ledsom, and as a relative he enjoyed the *entrée* of his house. Neither Lady Ledsom nor Lady Standon—Lord Standon's mother—had cordially approved of this union, but they had not ventured openly to oppose it, perhaps because they had understood that such opposition would have proved of little avail. And so Annette had been married.

She had enjoyed six months of wedded life, and of a marital devotion perhaps rather too passionate to have lasted long, and then she had been left a widow. Now, at first the girl had undoubtedly felt her loss very deeply, but at seventeen grief is not sempiternal, and she had soon begun to recover from the blow.

Not so, however, her husband's mother, the Dowager Lady Standon, who, after his marriage, had still continued to live with her son. Distress at his death had driven her to the verge of distraction, shaking her nerves and almost unhinging her mind. Her physicians, after vainly trying other remedies, had advised her to travel for a time. Very opportunely, some close friends of hers—a General and Mrs. Willett—were at this juncture on the point of departure for a tour in the United States. At their pressing invitation, the dowager and her daughter-in-law joined them, and the two ladies had been absent ever since, so long that their friends at home had almost had time to forget them.

"*There* would be a splendid chance for you, Bretherton!" Charlie Nunnerley had remarked, when circumstances had brought about this reference. "If the young widow should return unmarried, I'd advise you to go in for her. She's a peeress, you know, not a commoner like Ledsom—though, for the matter of that, the Standons are new people compared with the Ledsoms. And in her ladyship's case there is the 'almighty dollar' to support the title. The Standon estates were not entailed, and her husband left the park and nearly all he possessed to her. Really, you had better think seriously of it."

As a matter of course, Nunnerley had made this suggestion purely in joke. But to Peleus, who possessed very hazy notions as to the diversities of British rank and the strength of British caste sentiment, the suggestion contained nothing essentially absurd.

Until this evening, however, it had been only an interesting suggestion. But now the aspect of events had altered. Here was the young widow at home again, still a widow, and a charming one. Already he, Percival, had been introduced to her. More than that, he had already made an impression upon her! She had called him "handsome," she found him "captivating." Percival was conscious that an agreeable exhilaration, a strong excitement, was taking possession of him. His thoughts flew fast on the wings of ambition. Yes, as Nunnerley had said, here was his chance—a glorious chance! Why should he not "go in for" Lady Standon? Why should he not become the master of Standon Park? Why should he not somehow acquire a title for himself, and become a member of the British aristocracy?

He was ready at a moment's notice to fall in love with this piquant, childish little widow; and, as for her, she already found him "captivating"—what more was needed?

His cheeks becomingly flushed, and his dark eyes glowing with excitement, Peleus kept stealing glances across Dora McNicoll's chair at Dora's neighbour. And not unfrequently, when he did so, he caught Lady Standon—who, if the truth must be told, was a trifling, flighty little creature—stealing a glance likewise at him. Also, after each song or instrumental performance—for the concert was a miscellaneous one—her ladyship would bend forward to make some observation, addressed as much to him as to her old schoolfellow. But the climax of his gratification was yet to come.

An interval of a quarter of an hour had been arranged to divide the concert into two sections, and no sooner did this interval commence than Lady Standon and Miss McNicoll changed places. The proposition that they should do so, moreover, came from the former.

"Lady Ledsom wishes, I can see, to have a little chat with you, Dora," she declared coolly, "so, if you like, we will change chairs."

Lady Ledsom had not expressed any desire to have a chat with Miss McNicoll; but when the young lady took the chair next to her, she welcomed the movement with a very friendly smile—so friendly, indeed, that certain plans which Dora had been concocting, certain hopes she had been nursing, began to assume a very feasible appearance. Those hopes and plans bore reference to a reconciliation which it had struck her she might possibly be the instrument of effecting between her future husband and this near relative, whom he had once regarded in the light of a mother, and with whom he was so anxious to be upon affectionate terms. If she could in any way bring this about, Dora knew that Arthur would feel very grateful. As a first step to the accomplishment of her object, she set about trying to ingratiate herself with Lady Ledsom by her quiet conversation and particularly deferential bearing.

Meanwhile, Lady Standon had opened upon Peleus the battery of her lively volubility of speech.

"You're an American, Mr. Bretherton, Miss Mc Nicoll tells me," she began. "I am quite charmed at the notion that there should be an American family settled in these regions. Do you know that I have just

returned from the States? I have been there more than a year."

"Have you?" said Percival, striving to hide the complacent delight which had been inspired within him by the young widow's open expedient for furthering their acquaintance. "I had been told of your visit, although not of how long it had lasted. You enjoyed the tour, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, I've had a lovely time! We went everywhere and saw everything. It's a wonderful country, and you are a wonderful people. I like American manners and ideas. They just suit me, do you know. My mother-in-law, Lady Standon, is quite shocked because I say so, but it's true. One can have a little freedom over there, and enjoy a little fun without being set down as a——without being misunderstood. You have no idea, you Americans, how painfully stiff and proper one has to be in society here."

"*You* are not painfully stiff, I am glad to say," murmured the young man.

"No; but I shall have to begin to be so now that I have come home," she rejoined, shaking her head slightly. "Lady Standon says I have grown quite like an American myself, and that I even talk like one. Do you find that so?"

"No, I cannot say that I do," said Peleus, with an admiring glance of his dark eyes. "I never knew an American lady have so sweet a voice as yours."

"Ah! you know how to flatter, I see," she returned, flirting her fan with the air of an accomplished coquette. "Do you come from New York, may I ask?"

Peleus hesitated a moment. "Well, no, I was not born in that city," he replied, "though I have lived there a good part of my life—there and in Boston. I was educated at Harvard."

"Were you? I've seen it!" she exclaimed. "Really it will be quite pleasant having some one to talk with about all one has seen! I suppose you know most of the States well?"

"I know some of them very well."

"Well, you must call on us, won't you? The dowager will be pleased. She is going to live with me at the Park, as a kind of chaperone, you know. She seems to consider that I need a watch-dog sadly," she added, laughing—"and perhaps I do; for although I've been married, I am not so *very* old yet, you see."

"I should scarcely think you were!" exclaimed the overjoyed Peleus; "but may I really call upon you, Lady Standon?"

"To be sure. Why not? You are a kind of neighbour, you know, and we have not too many people in this quiet country region. I know Monkswood, your place, quite well. What a charming old house it is! I have only been inside it once, though. Lady Ledsom took me there to call with her when I was quite a small child. By the way, was it to General or Mrs. Curtis that you were related? Dora says that the estate came to you through one of them."

Peleus explained that Mrs. Curtis had been his aunt. His companion, however, did not appear to be much interested in the answer to her question.

"Excuse me," she interrupted whilst he was yet speaking, "but is that exceedingly lovely young lady in front of us your sister? I have not seen her face properly until this moment."

Percival signified that the young lady in question was his sister.

"Well, I could almost have guessed it, you are so much alike," pursued Lady Standon, not thinking of the broad compliment implied by this statement, in conjunction with the remark that had just preceded it. "But who is that queer old fogey beside her? He looks like a retired cab-driver, doesn't he? or a superannuated gardener——Why, Miss Bretherton is speaking to him! I hope—I beg your pardon, I'm sure, if he is any acquaintance of yours."

There was no reply from Mr. Percival Bretherton, and turning to look at him, Lady Standon saw that his face had assumed the colour of a full-blown peony. For a moment the young man's evident confusion puzzled her, but in the next her quick imagination had formed an hypothesis and leapt to a conclusion.

"Ah! I dare say he is some faithful old retainer of yours that you have brought from America, isn't he? But you have such ridiculously levelling, democratic notions, you know, over the water. Now, in England, although we might allow our servants to attend a concert or other place of amusement at the same time with ourselves, we should never dream of allowing them to sit on the same benches, or——" she paused suddenly. The object of her remarks, resting one large red hand on the back of Idalia's chair, had just turned a wrinkled but beaming countenance upon her interlocutor.

"I hope, Percival, you've been enjoying yourself?" he asked. "The music, it's been powerful good! An' it's lively seeing so many folks around is. But ain't ye well, Percival? Ye look pale and kinder tuckered out, my boy?"

The kindly smile had faded from the old man's face, whilst that of the young one had grown white instead of red.

"I am perfectly well, sir, thank you," was his rejoinder.

But the tone in which the words were spoken, the peculiar scintillation in the eyes that had met his own, caused the unhappy father to turn swiftly away, with all the gladness driven from his simple heart, and a sharp pain quivering there, as though from the venom of a poisoned arrow.

Lady Standon, in her turn, was now blushing furiously. But she tried to carry off her embarrassment with an affected ease.

"Who on earth is he?" she inquired, forcing a laugh. "He looks a very nice, kind old gentleman. Why do you speak to him so?"

Percival's feelings—his confusion, his annoyance, his mortification—could not easily be described. At all times ashamed of his father, he had never before felt so utterly ashamed of him as now, so bitterly humiliated at having to acknowledge the relationship.

"That nice old gentleman, as your ladyship is polite enough to call him," he said, unable in his vexation to avoid a sneer, "is my father!"

"Oh!" interjected Annette. "Oh, what shall I say?

How *can* I apologise to you? But, really, you know, you look so different—you and Miss Bretherton—that—that—there, I am only making matters worse, I believe. Pray, do pardon my stupidity!"

"There is no occasion for apology," rejoined the young man curtly. "My sister and I *are* different, I should hope! My father is what he has unfortunately chosen to make himself. But one is not responsible, I suppose, for the idiosyncrasies of one's parents."

The tone of this remark was so brusque, and young Bretherton's angry irritation was so apparent, that Lady Standon turned away from him in some disgust, and began to study her programme of the second portion of the concert.

Despite his good looks and gentlemanly aspect, this new acquaintance, she saw, was not altogether the thing. It was bad form to blush for his own father or to be rude to him in public, and it was almost worse form to glower straight before him, as he was now doing, with such a look of savage ill-temper on his face.

Lady Standon began rather to regret having made such very pronounced advances towards him, as also having invited the young man to call at Standon Park. Then, too, there was the father. Certainly, though the son had no right to be ashamed of him, Annette had herself felt shocked and startled by Mr. Bretherton's appearance and speech. She was not in the least particular as to her associates being of her own rank, provided they were educated and presentable. But this man was not presentable, neither was he, she thought, a gentleman.

Annette could not understand matters at all. Was it true that Monkswood Hall really belonged to him?—that time-honoured old mansion, which had never yet been in other than patrician hands? The very mention of their "place" had led Lady Standon to conclude that the Brethertons were the sort of people whom she generally knew as possessing "places." And neither Percival nor Idalia had, in mien or physiognomy, exhibited anything to contradict this view. She would never have dreamt that that odd-looking, farmer-like man seated next to the beautiful Miss Bretherton could have had any connection with their party. And now that she knew how very close a connection he actually did possess, she was sorely puzzled. She must, she felt, get to know something more about this mystery from Dora. Accordingly, half turning her back upon Peleus, and making a pretence of consulting Dora about something upon the programme, she began to pour forth a number of pertinent questions. When, by-and-by, she turned back—her transitory dismay changed into something like amusement—and feeling quite ready to resume her semi-flirtation with that dark-eyed, handsome young plebeian, she found the chair by her side vacant. Mr. Percival Bretherton had disappeared. Since, however, he had not gone through the formality of an adieu, the young widow expected that he would re-appear when the interval was at an end. He had gone out, she supposed, for a breath of fresh air.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

A FILIAL PROPOSITION.

YES, it was quite true that Percival had disappeared. Directly Lady Standon had turned her back upon him, he had seized his crush-hat, and slipped quietly out of the hall. With the exception of Jessie McNicoll, none of his party had seen him go.

Poor Mr. Bretherton had still been gazing straight in front of him with his stricken air, whilst Idalia, at the time, had been listening with half-averted, blushing face to something which Charlie Nunnerley was saying to her in an eager, pleading whisper. Jessie, having no one to talk to, had looked round in the hope of attracting Percival's attention, and had been just in time to see him taking wing. Like Lady Standon, however, she concluded that he would return after the interval.

But Peleus did not return after the interval. Marching straight through an outer court, or vestibule, temporarily fitted up as a refreshment-room, and filled with ladies and gentlemen eating ices, &c., he made his way to the open air. There, for awhile, he stood bare-headed, leaning against one of the pillars of the porch. Then putting on his hat, he sprang down the steps and walked off, followed by the wondering gaze of a crowd of urchins who were lingering around the concert-hall, warned off the steps now and again by a mild-voiced representative of the law. The said representative also followed Peleus with his gaze, and even for a few paces with his feet, curious, and a little suspicious of the young man hurrying away up the street in evening dress, and without a top-coat, on this chill November night.

But neither of the cold nor the darkness did Peleus take any note. The young fellow had resolved to walk home, a distance of nearly seven miles! As for his unsuitable attire, he gave no thought to that; neither did he recollect that his dress-boots (new ones) had felt very tight when first he had put them on this evening.

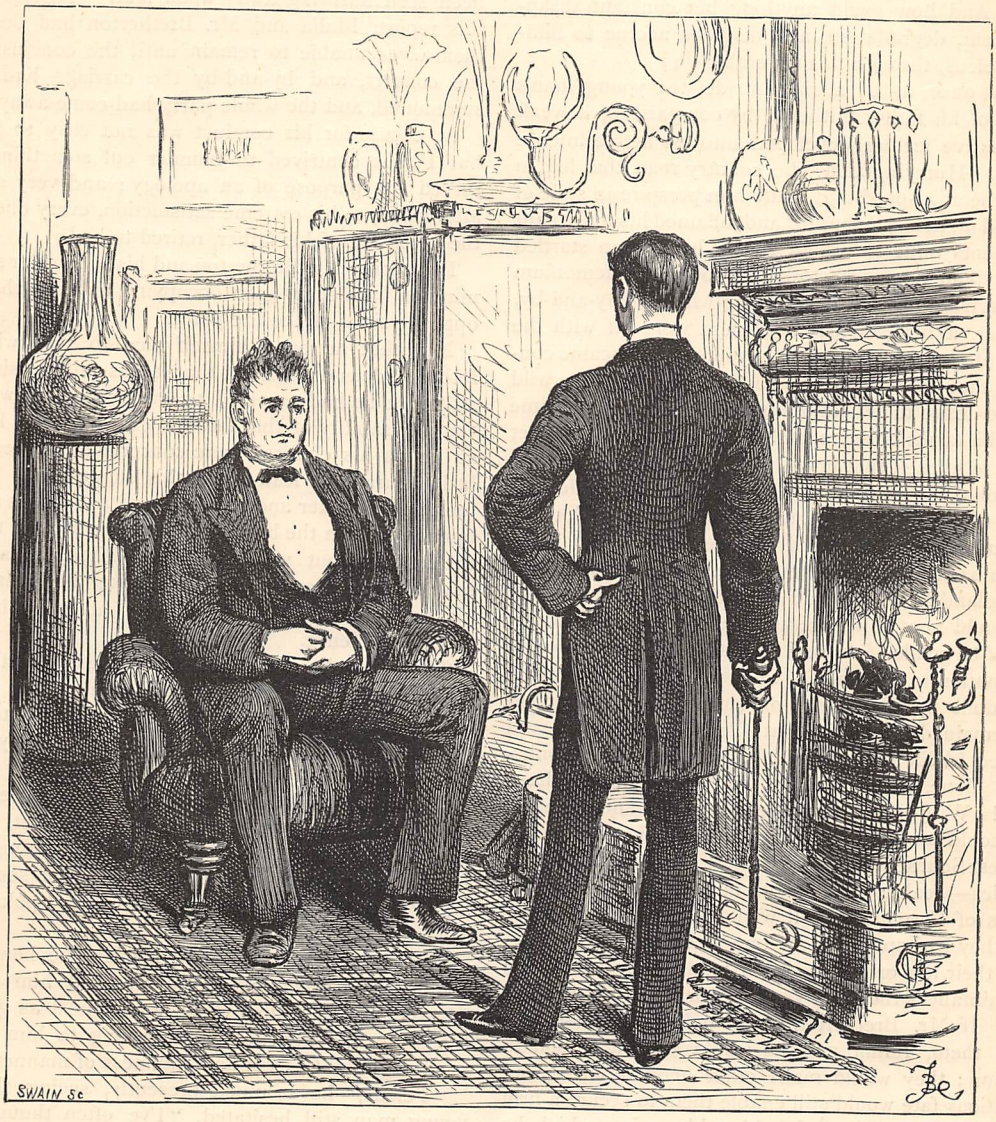
His mind was in such a tumult of agitation that he had ceased to be conscious of the pinching of his feet. Never in his life before had Peleus been swayed by such powerful emotions as those which at present possessed him, by such fiery vexation, such pungent disappointment. Certainly the occasion may not seem adequate to have called forth feelings of so strong a nature. But Peleus Bretherton's mind was neither a logical nor a well-balanced one, and effects in his sensorium were not always nicely adjusted with their causes. Possessed of much imagination, but little discrimination, he was apt to leap at conclusions not at all warranted by their premises.

In the present instance his fancy had been running riot, unrestrained altogether by reason. On the sands, or rather on the quicksands, of Lady Standon's coquettish glances and covert flatteries, the young man had erected, with magical rapidity, a superb castle in Spain. Carried away by his wild hopes, his mad ambitions, he had overlooked all obstacles that might militate against the success of his schemes, and had regarded himself as already crowned by fortune. Then

all at once had come the shock as of an earthquake, and his fairy palace had tumbled about his ears, whilst out of its ruins had sprung a host of mocking imps, gibing at his pleasant dreams. As swift to despair as to hope, Peleus had felt that all was over for him, that there was not the faintest, not the remotest chance of that happening whereof he had just been making so sure.

And yet—here lay the sting and aggravation of the matter—the fault was not his own. In himself—his own person and position—there existed nothing to preclude success in those delightful schemes. The impediment lay without.

It was his *father* who was the stumbling-block—the spoke in the wheel of his prosperity, the mill-stone round the neck of his ambition. Without his father, all things would be possible for Idalia and for himself; with him, Peleus began to fear that nothing would be possible. Before she had seen him, Lady Standon had been more than gracious; afterwards she had turned her back upon him. And this was how it would always be. So long as their father lived, or so long, at least, as he lived with them, society figuratively, if not literally, would turn its back upon his sister and himself, despite all their advantages of wealth, education, and appearance. Of one thing, at all events, he was certain, they would have no chance of bettering their social prospects by advantageous matrimonial connec-



"HE STILL REMAINED SPEECHLESS" (*p.* 458).

tions. It was because of their father, Peleus now told himself, that Sir Arthur Ledsom had passed Idalia over, and had chosen a girl so much her inferior in every personal attraction. How, indeed, should he be expected to ally himself with a man who could be mistaken for a "servant," as Lady Standon had mistaken him? And how could anything but constant disappointment, degradation, and disgrace accrue to himself (Peleus) through this miserable tie?

All at once, as by a giant stride, the young man's dislike of his father (hitherto, by comparison, a weak and passive feeling) developed into an active intense hatred. Hurrying along the country road that led to his home at a speed that made him perspire in spite of the cold night air, Peleus fed and inflamed his malignant sentiments until he would surely have been startled himself had he paused to look into the pandemonium of lurid passions that were raging within. By-and-by, however, a little of his excitement wore off with the physical exercise, and then the young man became conscious that all his emotions had merged into one wild intense desire to get rid of his father. If only, in some way, this could be managed! Peleus did not even yet admit to himself that he desired Mr. Betherton's death. He would be welcome to live if only he would live apart from his children, and cease to weigh like an incubus on their lives and fortunes. Why should he not go back to America, and leave Idalia and himself in England? That would be the fittest arrangement that could now be made, and Peleus resolved that it *should* be made if *he* had any influence or power in the matter. But, alas! what mischief had already been done by his father's presence here! If he had but remained at his farm at Clear-Water Valley, and allowed Idalia and him to take possession of Monkswood alone, how delightful everything would have been! With their advantages of person and manner, they could have passed easily as belonging to one of the best Southern families. There were plenty of good families—wealthy and respectable planters—in the States of Carolina, and it would have been assumed that they had sprung from one of these. Now, however, their low origin had been made clear to all the acquaintances they had yet formed. But all was not lost. If Mr. Bretherton would only now consent to leave them, Idalia and he would pass a season in London; they would make other acquaintances, and propitious fate would still enable them to secure a firm footing in that elysium of fashionable society which he so pined to enter. Peleus made up his mind that this very night, before he went to rest, he would take a first step towards the accomplishment of his worthy design. Calmed by the strength of this resolution, he began at length to grow sensible of the facts that, in addition to the cold and darkness of the evening, the roads were heavy with mud, that his tight dress-boots were wet through, and that he was becoming very footsore. During the last mile or two he was compelled frequently to stop for relief on this latter account, and scarcely had he reached home before the carriage arrived with the other inmates of the Hall. Through the questions and explanations which then ensued, the young man learned that his friends had been rendered very uneasy by his disappearance from the concert in so sudden and unaccountable a fashion: that Charlie Nunnerley had gone outside to inquire for him, and had learned from the policeman at the door that a young fellow answering to his description had been seen hurrying away upon foot. Disturbed by this report, Idalia and Mr. Bretherton had declared themselves unable to remain until the conclusion of the concert, and by-and-by the carriage had been summoned, and the whole party had come away.

An excuse for his conduct was not easy to frame, but Peleus contrived to blunder out something that served the purpose of an apology; and very shortly afterwards, to his extreme satisfaction, every one, with the exception of his father, retired to bed.

Left alone, Mr. Bretherton and his son sat for several minutes in silence, each occupying an easy-chair on opposite sides of the fire-place.

Now that he found himself face to face with his father, Peleus did not feel that it was quite so simple a matter as he had expected to elucidate his views as to the advisability of that father's exterminating himself so far as his children were concerned. It needed a little courage to lead up to this suggestion. Peleus took up the poker and administered a vigorous assault upon the fire, in the hope of stimulating himself to open the subject; but when he had finished, he still remained speechless, poising the poker hesitatingly in his hand. It was Mr. Bretherton himself who first broke the silence.

"Peley, my boy," he said, in a grave but gentle tone, "you give me a look this evenin' ez cut me to the heart, an' ef you hevn't nothin' agin it, I'd like to know the meanin' of it. Let's hev it plain out, Peley: what was the meanin' of it?"

"I have no objection, I'm sure, to talk matters over plainly," rejoined the young man. "In fact, that is just what I wish to do." Nevertheless, though Mr. Bretherton paused for him to continue, he seemed at a loss how to proceed, and re-commenced poking the fire.

With lines of trouble plainly marking his bewrinkled countenance, Mr. Bretherton watched him quietly. The father's agitation, which was almost as great as the son's, had the effect of imparting to him an unusual dignity of aspect and calmness of manner.

"Peleus," he resumed presently, seeing that the young man still hesitated, "I've often thought—an' I've thought it more 'an ever this evenin'—ez maybe I hevn't acted right by you in the past. I seem to understand now ez it warn't wise thet you should hev been sent away from home so young, an' particularly thet you should have been let stay away so long. I'd oughter hev stood out agin grandmother about thet thar; but she was so set, poor woman, upon hevin' ye well edicated."

"I hope, sir, that you do not regret giving me the education of a gentleman?" observed Peleus, scowling at the poker and avoiding his father's eye. "It would be a pity to deprive me of the one thing for which I feel that you have a claim upon my gratitude."

"The one thing?" echoed poor Mr. Bretherton, shaking his head sorrowfully. "Ah! thar's whar it is. Edication's all very well, Peley. I hevn't nothin' agin it—not in itself. But 'pears to me ez it may lead to mischief ef it leads a son to despise his own father. It's rough on a father, Peley, when his son can't keer for him, an' ekally it's rough on the son, too. There's ties of natur', my boy, ez cannot be gone agin without bringin' sufferin' to them ez goes agin 'em."

Peleus moved impatiently upon his chair. The conversation was taking a turn which might make what he had to say more difficult. He muttered something under his breath which sounded like "Ties of nature be hanged!" But Mr. Bretherton did not appear to catch the remark, for, after a moment's pause, he went on—

"I know, Peley, ez you're polished an' hev got *bon ton;* an' I know ez I ain't fit, not thet away, I ain't fit to hold a candle to you. But I'm your father, my lad, an' I 'low to do a father's duty by you. There'd oughter be love between us, my son, an' there is love on my side. Couldn't you—couldn't you kinder make up your mind, Peley, to bear with your old father, ef he ain't jest to say all you'd hev him in the matter of polish?"

As he concluded this appeal—an appeal by which few sons could have remained untouched—Mr. Bretherton leaned forward and held out his hand. Peleus glanced at the hand, which was large and horny, and then at the face of his father, down which he saw that the tears were slowly trickling. Instead, however, of feeling moved by this sight, the young man's heart hardened within him.

"I'll tell you what it is, sir," he broke forth, affecting not to notice the hand, and resuming his attentions to the fire, "you asked me to speak plainly, and I'm going to do it. Of course you are my father, there's no denying that fact!" (Peleus' tone suggested that he would have been glad to deny it if he could.) "But, in my opinion, the mere fact of relationship, however close, is not enough to insure affection. There must be some sort of congeniality in taste and sentiment, and also in manners and cultivation, else such ties become galling chains—not exactly the thing that one needs to congratulate one's self on having to wear, or that one desires to shake hands over!" he added, with cutting sarcasm, though not without a little effort in bringing out the words.

Mr. Bretherton had taken back his hand, and his face had flushed with pain and indignation. When he spoke again, however, it was as quietly as before.

"I don't know ez I've rightly onderstood you, Peley," he said. "I hope 'tain't so! Did you mean ez *I* was the gallin' chains, bein' your father?"

Again Peleus was troubled with a momentary indecision. But he summoned his courage, and blurted out sulkily—

"How could you expect it to be otherwise?"

Mr. Bretherton's face turned pale, and his clasped hands began to tremble. "That's bad!" he faltered; "that's bad! It's worse than I thought! It goes agin' me very hard!"

Even an obdurate villain, one might have supposed, would have been affected by the pathetic quaver in the poor man's voice, but this admirable son only puckered his brows into a deeper frown as he continued to gaze into the fire, meditating how he might bring matters to a satisfactory issue.

"Is thar anything, Peley, ez you can think on," recommenced Mr. Bretherton, after another protracted silence, "that might set things to rights between us, or make them anyways better? I'd be glad, you don't know how glad I'd be to do anything ez *could* be done with a view to that thar."

"Would you?" Young Bretherton put down the poker, and turned to his father at length. "Well, there *is* a way—there is a way, father, if you would only agree to it, to set everything straight, and—and to insure the happiness of us all."

"Now, thet's good!" exclaimed Mr. Bretherton, his face brightening eagerly. "Thet's comfortin', thet is! Wall, now, I 'low to do it, Peley, ef it's anything at all in reason. So jest speak out, my boy; speak out, an' we'll try'n' mend matters."

Thus adjured, Peleus made an effort to go straight to his point. "I don't think, sir," he began, "that our life here at all suits you. I am sure you must have felt much happier in Clear-Water Valley, with your old occupation, and among your old associates."

"Wall, thet's so: yes, thet *is* so, Peley, naterally," responded Mr. Bretherton slowly, puzzled to guess at what his son was driving. "But I'm gettin' useder to the life every day. I'm a studdyin', you see, to kinder accommodate myself to it."

"But what need is there for that? Why should you not be happy in your own way? Why should you not go back to your farm and your old friends? As for the farm—though Dean is, I suppose, an honest enough man—it stands to reason that no agent can manage the property so well as it would be managed under the eye of its owner."

"But—— Why, how you do surprise me, Peley!" (Mr. Bretherton rubbed his hand over his eyes, as though to make sure that he was not dreaming.) "I thought you couldn't abide the Valley? Surely you ain't in the notion of goin' home?"

"I did not say anything about myself," muttered Peleus, in nervous impatience. "Of course I don't wish to go; I'd sooner hang myself! I merely suggested that *you* should live where you could live most happily. It is a different thing for Idalia and for me. Our present surroundings do suit us."

"Idalia and you? It's a different thing for Idalia and you?" repeated Mr. Bretherton questioningly. "I'm gettin' old, an' I must be gettin' slow of understandin' too, Peley, for I can't rightly make out what you mean."

Peleus quite agreed in his own mind that his father *was* slow of understanding. But however unpleasant the task might be, he felt that it was necessary to enlighten his understanding, and he determined to beat about the bush no longer.

"Well, sir, you must see—you cannot help seeing it—that my sister and I are very different from yourself.

Our superior education, our general cultivation and experience in society, has set a wide gulf between us and you. It may be very unfortunate—no doubt it is so—but we can never run in the same groove, nor be happy together in the same way. Would it not be better, therefore, seeing that all this is fact, to recognise it as such once for all?"

A change during the progress of this speech had again passed over Mr. Bretherton's face. The look of surprise and the brightness of hope which had lingered in his eyes had suddenly died out, and a curiously hard, set expression had taken the place of his usually mild and gentle one.

"Well, Peleus," he observed, when his son paused for a reply, "say we do recognise it: say we recognise thet thar fact, what then?"

"Then it follows that the best plan—the wisest and happiest for us all—would be that we should agree to live apart," rejoined Peleus boldly.

"Oh! *thet's* what follers, is it? I'm beginnin' to understand now. You think ez the old father you're so ashamed on should go back to his farm in America, and leave you two young things here alone, ain't that it?"

"We are not too young to manage by ourselves. I can take care of my sister," urged Peleus, inspirited by the hope that his father was about to prove amenable to reason. "And if you would listen to me calmly, sir, I could show you, I feel sure, that the arrangement would be a highly advantageous one in every respect."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Bretherton again. "An' your sister: now, do you suppose, Peleus, ez *she* would be willin' to fall in with that arrangement?"

"I have not spoken to her on the subject yet, but—"

"I'm glad you hevn't!" interposed Mr. Bretherton, his voice suddenly breaking, whilst a smile containing a world of tenderness flickered across his troubled countenance. "I'm glad you hevn't, an' I'd strongly advise you not to. Why, I always thought, till now, Peleus, thet you were a smart young fellow; but, there, you ain't smart at all! To think ez you shouldn't hev knowed Idalia better than that! To think ez you should hev thought that she was ez onnatural—fer thet's what you are, Peley—ez onnatural an' as cruel ez you hev jest been a-showin' me thet you are! But she ain't, bless her, my darling; no, she ain't."

Peleus gave vent to an inarticulate grunt of impatience, but before he could frame any words for a rejoinder, his father resumed—

"Why, how dull an' unnoticin' you must be not to see how set we are on each other, Idalia an' me! *She's* not ashamed of me, Peleus, nary a bit, although she's so much finer thet I've often wondered she warn't a little thetaway. But she knows—thar's whar it is—she knows I'm fond of her an' proud of her, an' thet—thet I'd be willin' to give my life for her. An' so she puts up, you see, with me bein' a bit old-timey, an' wantin' in style, an' all that, knowin' ez my heart is full of love for her. An', Peley, my boy, though you mayn't think it, love, an' kindness, an' dootifulness, they're a heap more val'able things in the long run than style."

"No doubt!" sneered Peleus, with no sign of softening about his handsome features. "But *love* is sometimes employed as a synonymous term for *selfishness*. I don't much believe myself in the kind of affection that does not study the interests of its object. Of course, Idalia is very fond of you: she makes that plain enough. But if you were as fond of her as you profess to be, you would rather live separately from her than remain to be a blight upon her life."

"A—blight—upon—her—life!" repeated his father, pausing between each word.

"Yes; that's what it amounts to, though, of course, you don't mean it, and I dare say are not even aware that it is so."

"No, I ain't aware of it—not yet, I ain't. How do you make it out, Peleus?"

Peleus had taken up the poker again, and was excitedly breaking up a piece of coal. He did not look at his father after uttering that almost inhuman remark, or even *he* might have been startled by the ghastly pallor that had now overspread poor Mr. Bretherton's face, and by the significant way in which he was pressing his tremulous hands against his heart.

"You force me to speak so very plainly, sir—more plainly than I like to do. I wish you could have understood things for yourself without this uncomfortable explanation. But now that so much has been said, it is best to be perfectly frank. This evening, father, you were taken for a servant. That's a pleasant thing for a man, isn't it, to have a father who can be mistaken for a servant? It's a horrible thing, I can tell you," continued the young man, letting loose all his concentrated animosity. "To feel like a gentleman, and yet to have one's low birth everlastingly weighing on one's shoulders, like the Old Man of the Sea—everlastingly being patented to the world! And—I won't say anything about a disappointment that I have had myself—but do you know that Idalia might have been Lady Ledsom if—if—but for her connections?"

"Don't study to be delecate, Peley; it's late in the day for that," observed his father, with a bitter little smile. "Ye've struck me 'most as hard as you *can* strike me. Thar ain't no need to be keerful now. But is thet thar true ez you tell me about young Ledsom?"

Peleus recapitulated the statement, with additions.

"And you think it was because of *me*—because he'd hev hed to hev been ashamed of me, ez he didn't ask her? Wall, thet might be so," he added, looking piteously down at his labour-hardened hands. "Yes, thet might be so! But," with some faint relief, "she didn't keer for him. I should hev knowed it ef she had. I should hev noticed, an' guessed it out. An', besides, she'd hev told me. She hasn't no secrets from me, Idalia hasn't."

"She may not have cared for Ledsom: I don't know about that," rejoined Peleus deliberately; "but she may care about some one else. She may have another chance—many other chances—of rising to the

position which her beauty and attractions entitle her to, and she may lose them all in the same way. And *I*, too. But I won't speak about myself," he concluded virtuously.

"Well, Peley, it's a new idea to me, this is, an' it's a painful one. An' what you've said to-night it's pretty nigh broke my heart; it's been 'most more than I could bear. But I'm a-goin' to think it out. I won't stand in the way of my children, Peley—neither of Idalia nor of you—not when I know that I *am* a-standin' in their way. But you're young, Peley, an' I didn't ought to let myself be guided by your notions not without studyin' to find out whether they are true notions or not. But I'll think it out keerful; an'—an' I'll pray over it; an' I'll do what's right by you, ef it kills me in the doin'. An' now I'd be glad ef you'd leave me, Peley. You can't make things no plainer to me than you have done, an' I'm kinder wrought up. I—I'd be glad to be alone."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

HOW WE LIVED UPON WHEELS.

(THINGS THAT ARE GOING TO BE.) BY HENRY FRITH.

A MODERN drawing-room in a corner house of a London square. At the piano sits a graceful girl; she is singing with much expression, born of *ennui*, the song "Weary," and is lyrically expressing her (ridiculous) determination to "lie down and die" for want of human sympathy, when the door opens suddenly. To her enters her cousin Eleanor, a tall, fair, graceful, somewhat pale, but extremely pleasant woman.

"Weary already, Dorothy, and only eleven o'clock! Well, I have come to release you; and I have apparently come just at the right minute. George and I have got three weeks' holiday, and we are going to enjoy ourselves. We are going to take you, too. What do you say?"

"Oh, yes; how kind you are, Nellie! When—where are you going? Shall I not be in the way?"

"Certainly not; quite the contrary. Besides, Mr. Hurlinghame will join us. Isn't that a pleasant prospect?"

"Don't, Nellie! Where are you going?"

"Into the country."

"Not abroad?"

"No, into the country; but not riding on horseback, nor walking, nor in a train, nor in a coach, nor even in our landau," remarked Nellie, telling all the conveyances on her fingers, and smiling at her cousin merrily.

"Then I am afraid we shall remain at home," answered Dorothy, puzzled.

"Not a bit of it," said Nellie. "We are going to live on wheels—in a kind of caravan—only with more than one van, do you see; a sort of train on the road. Camp where we please, go as we like; wander, like gipsies, for eighteen whole days, and have a good time, too!"

"Delicious!" exclaimed Dorothy. "What fun it will be, Nellie! I will go with the greatest pleasure. Have you made all the arrangements?"

"George has got the vans, and you are to come down with me this afternoon and help us fit them up. Pack up as soon as you can. Meet me at Victoria at four o'clock. George will see uncle at luncheon, and tell him."

At four o'clock the ladies met, as arranged, at the railway station. In less than an hour they were in George's company, inspecting four very commodious vans—not gaudy yellow showman's conveyances, but four neat, dark green, one-horse carriages, light and airy.

"There!" said Eleanor—"what do you think, Dorothy?"

"They are very neat-looking, I must say, and remind me somewhat of the Pullman Car train."

"They are my own idea," said George; "but the outside platforms, perhaps, give them the Pullman feature. The steps let down, and the railing folds across the door and forms a bar: do you see? That is my idea also. Safety and elegance combined."

"But how do you open your bars again, supposing you want to get out?" asked Dorothy.

"That is easily managed," replied George. "The railings lock in a spring; press the spring from inside, and you can separate them. You cannot reach the button from the ground easily, as there is very little space between the door and the bar to insert the hand."

"Let us go inside the first car," said Nellie. "We will take them in their order; and mind, Dorothy, you tell us anything that may strike you."

"This is our dining-room," said George, as the ladies entered. "It is small, certainly: only fifteen feet by seven, or thereabouts; but how cosy! Nellie has already hung some tapestry up, you see, and draped the doors. Our small table will seat eight

persons, and we have benches with backs, instead of chairs, for this car. The benches will be fastened to the floor, as will be the table also, so jolting will not disturb our digestion much."

"I would suggest a swinging lamp," said Dorothy, "like the steamers' lamps, and a couple of book-shelves."

"This is our sitting-room," said Nellie, leaving her husband making the necessary measurements for the fitting of the book-shelves, and also for a small stove; and going on to the next van. "We can pass, as you see, from room to room by the interlocking platforms. We will have a tarpaulin covering overhead, and the *portières* will shroud the doorways prettily. In the sitting-room I intend to have my own way entirely."

"As usual," muttered her husband, who had joined them again.

"I will have flower-boxes in the windows here, and in the dining-room, too; you see, the window-spaces are fitted for them. Little blinds and white curtains will match our cretonnes. I have put up a few brackets, you perceive, and the cuckoo clock, already. One round table that side, a sofa, our cottage piano there, with some occasional chairs. My easel will stand yonder in that corner, so I can paint near the window, and see the landscape as we proceed."

"Then you will not travel in train fashion?" said Dorothy.

"Oh, no; we will 'inspan' and 'outspan.' At our halting-places we will 'couple up' our vans, and of the four elements form one harmonious whole. When we are moving, each van will have its own horse or horses, which we will hire."

"There is no difficulty about the sitting-rooms," said George. "The 'sleeping' and 'kitchen' cars have given us the greatest trouble, but we think we have succeeded at last. Mind how you come down here, Dorothy."

Stepping down, and up again, the ladies entered the "sleeping-car."

"This has been our puzzle," remarked Eleanor—"The van seemed hardly large enough at first, but we have managed very well. We have divided the space into three, giving each little room a window, which I flatter myself is a triumph of management."

"Yes, indeed, you have triumphed, I must say," replied Dorothy. "Three nice little rooms, and three dear little beds. They are small, as you say, but very prettily fitted up. One is for me, I suppose?"

"Yes; you will have the pink room. You like pink, I know, and it will suit your complexion. George has the cot at the farther end of the van, and I am in the centre: a wedge in the blue room," as George calls it.

"Then your friend?" began Dorothy, with a faint colour rising.

"Oh, Hurlinghame?" said George. "He will put up at the nearest inn, if he likes; but we can manage very well. You remarked on the lockers in the dining-room, Dorothy."

"Yes," she replied: "two along the left-hand side, and one on the other side."

"Those lockers, when open, represent three bachelor beds. The top lets down, and there you will find a complete and ready-made bed. Two on the left, one on the right hand. We do not propose to use them all, though. Now you see how we surmounted the great difficulty of sleeping accommodation. I must say that this time Nell may claim a little credit. She devised the locker arrangement and the bed-rooms."

"It is very nice to be appreciated," said Eleanor, looking gratefully, yet quizzically, at her husband; "and all the more especially because of the novelty."

"My wife is very hard to please, Dorothy. Mind how you manage Hurlinghame, when——"

"Please, George, be quiet! Mr. Hurlinghame and myself are poles asunder!"

"Never mind him, Dorothy. Look here: now will you kindly observe our arrangements for the servants? The kitchen is at the very end of the last car, you perceive, and we must live in a very quiet way. No joints, of course, but we shall manage capitally with our little close range. See: is not that well devised? Martin, our ironmonger, did it all. George put up the shelves and racks. We have only a few plates and dishes—dish-covers we can dispense with even if necessary."

"Yes, your kitchen is small, and the range is decidedly limited," remarked Dorothy. "Still, it is quite marvellous how you have done so much in such a small space. Where do the servants sleep?"

"Here," said George, opening a door in the partition. "A good bed-room enough—clean, neat, and tidy. Jane and Sarah are delighted at the prospect, and though only one can dress at a time, they must take turns to get up first, and go to bed last, I tell them. We have no 'cat to swing' in the room, which is as well, as the space is too limited."

"And this corner of the van is to be the pantry," added Eleanor. "Jane will be our waiting-maid, butler, and ladies'-maid; Sarah will cook and scrub. The man who will attend to the horses will fetch water, clean boots, wash up, and make himself generally useful. You and I, Dorothy, will assist in 'the house,' while George and Mr. Hurlinghame amuse themselves and us by reading or singing of an evening."

"We might take the lawn tennis things, I think," said Dorothy.

"Capital!" exclaimed Nellie. "Ah, George! you never thought of that!"

"No, Nell, I did not. Quite right," replied her husband.

"Then we might have the little tent," continued Dorothy. "If any people come unexpectedly, we might dine in the tent, and it would be nice for the afternoons."

"Good again, Dorothy; you are full of suggestions. We will bring our tent. Very likely some friends may come. We will camp on Saturday afternoons, send for our letters and papers, and remain quiet till the Monday. That is arranged."

"But," said Dorothy, "where shall we camp? On the commons?"

"Yes, if we can find a common."

"But if not, can't the owners turn us off for trespassing, and seize our house?"

"My dear Dolly, where have you been studying law? Who is your Gamaliel? You are quite right, though. Hurlinghame said the same. We shall manage it, though."

"Did he?" remarked Dorothy innocently. "What did he say about it?"

"I will explain when you go into the construction of my vans. Come here, and see how my carpenter fixed those little houses, which they virtually are."

The party then re-entered the sleeping-car, and the construction was explained by the adapter, as follows:—

"These travelling vans have been suggested by an invention called the 'Travelling Bungalow,' and a description of this invention will give you an idea as to how we will travel on wheels. In the little bungalow to which I am indebted partly for my idea there are rows of small pillars which support the flooring. Grooves in this floor hold the wooden walls, which are strengthened by skirting-boards. The ceiling is laid lightly in the ordinary way, leaving space for ventilation by means of a tube under the roof, with openings at intervals into the van. We have used iron freely in the vans, which can be made much larger, and thus practically become dwelling-houses.

"If at any time we should build a large one, we will mount it on a truck, and transport it where we please," continued George. "We can live where we like. On this principle I have made my vans, only instead of having one portable house, I prefer to divide the 'mansion' and separate the apartments."

"I am sure the rooms will be most comfortable," said Dorothy; "and if the weather be only fair, we shall enjoy ourselves immensely."

THE POSTMEN OF THE WORLD.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING, AUTHOR OF "THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

CHINESE DESPATCH-BEARER, FROM THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA (CALLED "THE THOUSAND-MILE HORSE").

HOW strange to think of the wonderful organisation which insures the regular transmission of every little letter, and its final safe delivery to its owner, at the remotest ends of the world, in crowded foreign city, or in the solitudes of the mountain or the forest! In my furthest wanderings, I have never yet reached any point so isolated as to be beyond the ministrations of the Post-office, but strangely varied have been its emissaries!

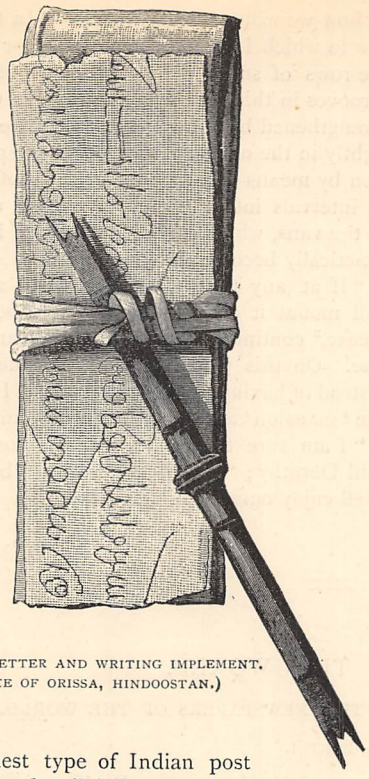
I had heard of a settler in a wholly uncivilised island, who, while building himself a boat, required some tool which he had left at home, so he selected a smooth chip of wood and thereon wrote a message, which he bade one of the by-standers carry to his wife. Of course the man, on seeing her look at the chip and then deliver to his care the needful tool, attributed the whole to magic. Nevertheless, he had unconsciously been a letter-carrier of the most primitive type.

Slightly in advance of this, is the system of writing with a sharply-pointed instrument, on long strips of the firm green palm-leaf—a substitute for paper—which is in common use in Ceylon and on the sea-coast of Hindoostan, and wherever the cocoa-palm flourishes—or still better, the broad-leaved taliput or Palmyra palm. Whole books are thus inscribed, but for letter-writing it is particularly useful, and the missive is folded and tied up with a trail of natural string plucked in the forest, and is slung from a light stick and so carried to its destination.

In my travels in the Himalayas, we found a truly useful friend in the native post-master at Kotghur, which was the furthest limit of the great postal network. Thenceforward, as we journeyed in the wilds,

RURAL POST-RUNNERS, JAPAN.

he forwarded all our letters by a very lightly-garbed special runner, who carried them, as English village children carry sweet violets, in the end of a cleft stick. Thus the letter was perhaps carried for several days, and was at length delivered, as clean as when it started.



PALM-LEAF LETTER AND WRITING IMPLEMENT.
(PROVINCE OF ORISSA, HINDOOSTAN.)

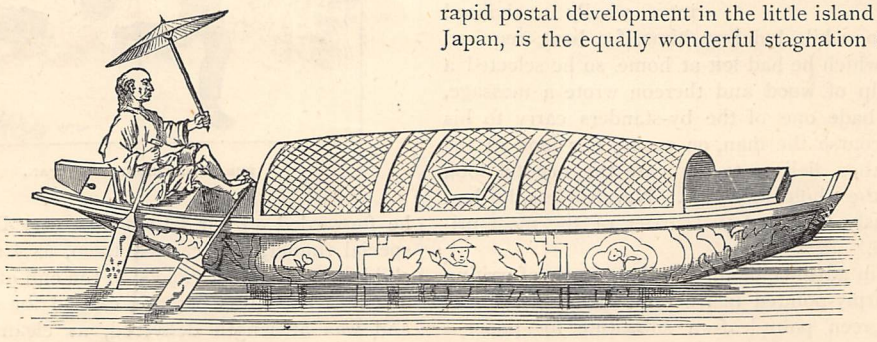
The commonest type of Indian post runner, or "Tappal wallah," wears a long white coat, very tight trousers enclose his lean legs, and his head-dress is a huge light blue turban. His letter-bag is slung on his side, and it is necessary that he should be a good linguist, and be able to read a great variety of strange, crabbed characters, for several of the multitudinous languages of Hindoostan are written in quite distinct characters, all of which are alike incomprehensible to our untutored eyes. The rural letter-carrier of Hindoostan carries a long stick with a sharp iron point, which can be used as a weapon in case of need. This stick is adorned with six little brass bells, which serve to frighten away reptiles and dangerous animals, and also to give notice of the approach of the post. The danger from wild beasts is, in some districts, a very real one, the "tappal" runners through the forest districts in the south of Ceylon having occasionally had very narrow escapes from the attacks of "rogue" elephants and other wild beasts.

Of all varieties of Indian letter-carriers, clothed or unclothed, none are so picturesque as the Camel Express Messengers. The men wear a serviceable red uniform, and large green turban embroidered with gold thread. From their girdle hangs a curved sabre in a red sheath. The camels are adorned with trappings of gay cloth and tassels, ornamented with blue beads and cowrie shells, and small brass bells round the neck to give notice of their swift approach. It is said that their rough and rapid trotting, sometimes at the rate of eighty miles a day, is so trying to the riders as to shorten their days. Two heavy mail-bags hang to right and left on each side of the camel, and the saddle is so arranged that a passenger can take a seat behind the postman.

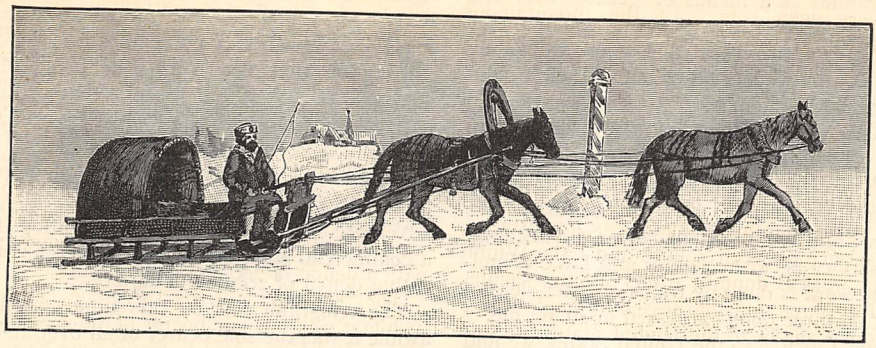
In no country of the world is the postal organisation more wonderful than in Japan; the chief marvel being that, till about a dozen years ago, there was no regular Government institution of posts in the country. In 1871, when Japan awakened like a giant from her long sleep of exclusiveness, and set to work to accomplish changes of every sort, she resolved to establish the European postal system; and with such astonishing zeal has she done her work, that within ten years the British, American, and French post-offices, which had been established at all the open ports, were closed, foreign nations being satisfied with the thoroughness of the Japanese postal system. In that short period mail routes had been organised over 36,000 miles; mail-trains and steamers, post-vans, and runners were all enlisted; 3,927 post-offices and 7,439 letter-boxes had been established; money order offices and post-office savings-banks were in full operation; 7,500 persons were employed on the regular staff; stamps, stamped envelopes, post-cards, and newspaper wrappers were issued at the same rate as our own; letter postage to any part of the empire being at the rate of 1d., and post-cards ½d.; while within the limits of the city of Tokio these postages are respectively only half-price.

Where the Post-office had thus started at full swing, it is needless to say that the telegraph was not forgotten; and by 1880 it was in full working order over a distance of about 10,000 miles, and giving employment to about 15,000 persons.

In very strange contrast with this extraordinarily rapid postal development in the little island Empire of Japan, is the equally wonderful stagnation in the vast



A CHINESE MAIL PACKET.



RUSSIAN MAIL-SLEDGE.

Empire of China, where, even to this hour, there is actually no Government institution for the transmission of posts. As I had occasion to point out in a recent article,* whereas Japan has already developed such a wide-spread system of newspapers as would of itself require an elaborate method of distribution, China, that esteems itself the most literary of nations, is still practically without newspapers. Consequently these do not call for postal consideration.

But as regards letters, a considerable proportion of the 400,000,000 Chinamen do occasionally exchange letters—those who cannot write for themselves hiring scribes to do so. These letters are consigned to firms which have houses in all the large towns, where letters are forwarded to distant ports, to be there distributed by special agents, who generally collect the postage from the receiver. There was certainly something comic in the fact that when China was no longer able to exclude foreigners from Pekin, our British postal arrangements were no sooner established than some of the Imperial officials came to ask Sir Frederick Bruce to forward certain State documents for them between Pekin and Canton. On the death of the Emperor Hien-fung, which occurred just at that time, intimation thereof was sent from his country palace (a distance of 600 li, which is upwards of 200 miles) in twenty-four hours, which is the highest speed attainable in China. But the placid Celestials, to whom hurry appears a form of vulgar impatience, and to whom telegraphs are an abomination, are content that all ordinary communications should be conveyed either by slow paddling or poling boats, or else by foot-runners, whose high-sounding title of "the thousand-mile horse" does not quicken their pace beyond about twelve miles in twenty-four hours. They carry a paper lantern and a paper umbrella, and their letter-bag is secured on their back by a cloth knotted across the chest.

But though the rise and fall of nations in the outer world of barbarians are topics wholly without interest to these millions, there *are* some subjects which call forth enthusiasm and an eager desire for early information. Foremost among these is the declaration of the list of sixty successful candidates for literary degrees in the Confucian classics at the great annual and triennial examinations. So great is the competition for this honour, that sometimes as many as 8,000 candidates present themselves in a single province! Then, when this long-looked-for list is published, the rivers and creeks in the neighbourhood are all astir, and swift, lightly-built boats, each manned by half a dozen strong rowers, start off at full speed to convey the news to anxious relations and fellow-citizens.

Others have made agreement with the owners of carrier-pigeons, to whom the lists are immediately forwarded, and the messages, being inscribed on slips of thin stiff paper, are rolled up into the smallest possible compass and attached to the legs of these winged letter-carriers, who straightway start on their respective journeys at a rate of eighty miles in three hours.

CAMEL-MOUNTED LETTER-CARRIER, HINDOOSTAN.

Of vehicles we find every conceivable variety pressed in to aid the post-runner in his labour. In Natal the post-cart is a light four-horse vehicle—not much to

* See CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, August, 1884.

look at, but capital as a means of getting over vile roads with very deep ruts. In the mountainous districts of Brazil, a two-wheeled waggon, drawn by oxen, is in use—the wheels being cut out of a solid block and fastened to the axle.

In some parts of Russia, buffaloes harnessed to two-wheeled vehicles convey the postmen on their road, but more frequently mail-sledges are drawn by horses, by reindeer, or, in the far north, by dogs.

The latter we find again in Canada—as, for instance, in the mail service between Selkirk and Lake Winnipeg, where the work is done by trains of letter-sleighs, each dragged by three dogs harnessed in single file.

Passing from Canada to the United States, we find the most gigantic postal system in the world, working with the regularity of first-class machinery, and nowhere has its wonderfully rapid development been more remarkable than in the establishment of communication between the capitals of the extreme East and West—New York and San Francisco.

Twenty years ago, settlers starting for the far West, with their heavily-laden waggons, knew that the journey would occupy six months of hard travel, and might involve many dangers of varied character—chiefly from hostile Indians, prairie fires, and rattlesnakes. Once started on that far journey, many a weary month must elapse ere any tidings could reach them from the home they had left.

Great was the excitement when a company of fearless, determined men, announced their resolution to carry letters from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific in fourteen days. The feat was deemed impossible. Nevertheless, the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express was duly organised, the vast expanse of country right across the Great Continent was divided into runs of sixty miles, and at each terminus rude log-huts were erected as stations and stables for men and beasts.

The latter were strong, swift ponies, selected for their hardiness and great powers of endurance, and the riders were all picked men, experienced scouts and trappers, noted—even in that region of keen, hard-riding men—for courage and good horsemanship; and many a time must both have been tried to the uttermost in the course of those terribly long and awfully lonesome rides across the trackless prairie, continually in danger of attack, by day or by night, by wild Indians or highway robbers.

Once a week an Express messenger started from either side of the Great Continent. From the first moment to the last, not a second must be lost. As long as the pony could gallop, gallop he must; and the eager beasts seemed as keen as their riders, and scarcely needed the cruel spur to urge them on. For sixty miles at a stretch they must keep up their utmost speed; and when at length the goal was reached, where the next messenger was waiting in the saddle, ready to start without one minute's delay, the precious letter-bag was tossed from one postman to the other, and, ere the wearied incomer had even dismounted, his successor had started on his onward way.

Then pony and man might rest and feed, and rest again, till the return of the messenger with a re-filled letter-bag, which was warranted to accomplish its journey of upwards of 2,000 miles in 240 hours. (The railway on the New York side being already constructed as far as St. Joseph, that station was the eastern point to which the Pony Express had to run.)

This Pony Express was continued for two years, accomplishing its work with amazing regularity, and involving many a feat of splendid riding and wild adventure. It proved, however, a ruinous failure from a commercial point of view, and the company collapsed with a deficit of 200,000 dollars.

The telegraph was by this time complete; so for awhile it was the sole bearer of all overland communication, and letters had to travel from New York to San Francisco *viâ* the Isthmus of Panama, which occupied just a month. In those days comparatively few steamers entered the Golden Gates (the entrance to the great harbour of San Francisco), so the fortnightly arrival of this steamer, with its precious cargo of letters and newspapers, was a signal for hours of intense anxiety and excitement. Not only were the merchants of the city eager for business letters, but crowds of miners came in from the mountains, in the (too often vain) hope that the mail might bring them some word from home.

Of the enormous amount of labour and thought which has now covered so vast a tract of country with an intricate network of postal arrangements, a faint idea may be gathered from the exceedingly bulky annual report of the Postmaster-General of the United States—a report which fills 800 pages of closely-printed matter, besides a supplementary volume of 454 pages of postal laws and regulations. Beside these imposing volumes, the modest 59-page Parliamentary report of the British Postmaster-General seems quite a small matter. Indeed, on looking over the statistics of postal facilities in the thirty-eight States and eleven Territories, we find that the three which head the list—Pennsylvania with its 3,716 post-offices, New York State with 3,082, and Ohio with 2,620—together possess nearly as many post-offices as Britain in A.D. 1854 could number, including all sorts of letter-boxes and offices, her grand total in that year having amounted to 9,973.

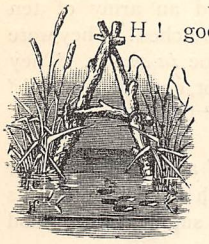
In the thirty years which have elapsed since that date, British facilities have been trebled: there are now 31,700 receptacles for the collection of letters, of which 15,951 are post-offices.

Of the postal statistics of the United States, I will only note that the total weight of mails despatched in 1883 to Postal Union countries amounted to 1,266 tons, and that "the number of pieces handled"—*i.e.*, letters, newspapers, and post-cards collected or delivered—was 1,324,637,701, the average handled by each letter-carrier being 359,955.

In systems so vast and so admirably organised as these, the work of the letter-carrier ceases to have any individuality. It is the work of a chronometer, as faultless as anything human can well be, and possessing as little picturesque interest as does a handsome, solidly-built street in a great new city.

TRAINING AGAINST TROUBLES TO COME.

(THE FORTRESS OF LIFE.—IV.) BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



"OH! good morning, *mon ami*," I said, as I entered the breakfast-room through the lawn verandah of my country quarters. I had been out listening to the birds singing, and inhaling a little early ozone, delightfully diluted with the perfume of spring flowers.

"Good morning," returned Captain H., with a pleasant smile. "I'm glad to see the sun shining once more."

"Yes, it is pleasant after a week of murky weather and easterly winds. You'll go out after breakfast into the sunshine, won't you?"

"Oh! assuredly I'll go out, and *limp* up and down the garden walks."

He threw out the word "limp" almost savagely, and I knew perfectly all it implied.

"It is the fortune of war," I said, after a pause.

"What is the fortune of war?" he asked, pausing in the act of beheading a large, new-laid, blue-green duck's egg.

"That which you have been meditating upon and fretting about," I replied—"the misery and misfortune of being placed virtually *hors de combat* for months from an accident so seemingly trifling as a slip on the ice."

"We can't help troubles, doctor. You know I am a nervous man."

"All brave men are, more or less."

"Thank you. You know I am somewhat nervous, and you have before to-day cautioned me about the evils that result from giving way to little worries."

"Yes, I designated them as part of a great body of sharp-shooters, who are ever active, ever in the van of the battle against health and life. But as there are little worries in this world to be met and combated, so also are there great troubles, which we cannot avoid. These are no mean enemies; far are they, indeed, from being despicable. And as a good general should know the strength of the enemy's forces, and never hold them too lightly, so should we, in our Fortress of Life, not only know, but never forget that misfortune, in some shape or other, is ever hovering around us, and we never can tell the moment it may alight."

"Do you refer now, doctor, to mental or to bodily affliction?"

"I refer to either, or to both combined. And I hold it to be our duty both to ourselves and to others around us, to do all in our power to steel our hearts against the one and to strengthen them against the other."

"I can understand," replied the captain, "how a person may do all that is possible—and that would be a great deal—by living a temperate life, and one strictly in accordance with the well-known laws of health, and by taking ordinary precautions against disease, to stave off bodily troubles, or, in other words, disease; but when it comes to grief, to trials and afflictions, the matter is quite different, if only for this one reason, that however carefully we walk *in medias res* ourselves, our lives are so intimately bound up with those of others, that when a friend's fortress falls, it shakes ours to its very foundations."

"You are right; but you will readily admit, I believe, that no troubles are so difficult to bear up under as those that come upon us suddenly—the unforeseen."

"True enough."

"The commander of a great fort and beleagured garrison is ever on the alert to guard against all kinds of assaults possible, is he not?"

"Certainly."

"And does he not keep his men well up in the particular kind of drill and training necessary to enable them to ward off these assaults, come when they may?"

"Assuredly he does."

"Well, then, in the same way, and for the same reason, we in our Fortress of Life should be ever in training against troubles to come. And this is quite a different thing from meeting affliction half-way by mourning over and thinking about it before it comes."

"And how are we to train against trouble? I think you wish to give me some new views of life and living."

"No, I wish to advance nothing new. I but adduce facts. Sudden and unforeseen troubles, whether in the shape of bodily illnesses, or grief and affliction, paralyse the mind and enervate the heart as much by their very novelty as by their actual power to injure. It is this very novelty, this unexpectedness, that enables them to strike at the very keystones in the arches which support the foundations of life. And it is those very men and women who make a fool's paradise of this world, who allow the pleasures of it to act upon their minds as narcotics, causing them to pass their time as if half asleep or dreaming that they shall never be moved, it is these very people, I say, who are the most easily cast down—never more to rise—by the first blow of sickness, the first puff of adversity, which would have had but little if any lasting effect upon a thinking, meditative individual. I would have every one to be prepared to meet with, to face and do battle with trouble of every kind, leaving the results of the fight in the hands of Providence. And there is only one way of training against trouble, and that is by self-communing and meditation. Self-communing is a duty that every one owes to himself. The man is not wise who goes through this world with his eyes half-shut, and never indulges in that purest of all earthly pleasures, private meditation.

"Please to bear in mind, *mon ami*, that I am talking as the physician—be harsh enough, if you please, to add as the mere man of the world—for, close together as come the duties of preacher and doctor, I would never have them overlap. I am speaking, then, of self-converse as a species of heart-strengthening, nerve-steeling drill, that shall tend to make a man more fit to do battle with all the ills of life, and calmly to face death itself. Surely this is a means to a good end.

"The very first, or nearly the first power—let me call it so—that a man stands face to face with, after he has, figuratively speaking, gone into his closet alone and shut-to the door, is the inevitable. And a startling apparition it seems at this first interview, one the heart and soul recoils from in fear and trembling. '*Must* troubles come?' he asks himself. '*Are* dangers and sicknesses, and pains and trials lying in my pathway? Is there *no* means of avoiding them—and —*must* I die?' Having asked himself these all-important questions, it will be well indeed for him if he rests not until he has answered them and has thought them out in all their bearings. Let him stand firm; let him beware of drifting into pessimism.

"Of all patients, my dear H., your pessimist makes the very worst. He is virtually dead before he is half-sick. I speak from experience; a pessimist is a happy man as long as the sun shines and all is going well with him, but when clouds arise and illness comes, then there settles over both his body and mind a gloom that is but the foreshadowing of darkness to follow. A medical man may do his best for such an individual, but it is usually a thankless task. It is a wearisome thing trying to lift a fallen man who will not do a little towards helping himself.

"A good simile as regards the effects of pessimism and optimism on a physician's patients may be adduced from the different conduct of a beaten and demoralised, and a victorious army. The former—so field surgeons tell us—have no heart, their broken bones will not unite, their wounds take on no kindly action; the sick succumb, they die like rotten sheep; and even those who are well, in very fear grow weak and ailing. How different in the army triumphant! Wounds are called "scratches," the men can hardly be prevailed upon to go on the sick-list for them. Those who must keep still, feel less pain than they would under other circumstances, they sleep well, they eat well, and are soon well altogether. "But the pessimist makes a bad soldier when at his best."

"That is certainly so," said Captain H., "and the converse is also undeniable."

"Can you elucidate what you say," I asked, "by an example?"

"I could by ten thousand."

"One will do," I answered, with a smile.

"Well, I'll knock my ten thousand examples all into one," said Captain H. "Will that do?"

"Eminently."

"Poor Hicks Pasha! He led an army of ten thousand pessimists. Unhappy wretches! They were led part of the way to meet the foe *in chains*. They were beaten before they fired a shot, or drew a sword."

"But how different the Arabs!" I put in.

"They were optimists."

"And yet," I said, "the arm of a pessimist soldier is quite as long, there is as much bone in it, it is as well clad with muscle, and as well supplied with blood as that of the optimist foe."

"Nevertheless," said H., "he becomes food for powder."

"And in that," I added, "there is food for thought. But to resume the subject of self-meditation; if the questions one puts to himself are carefully thought out and not shirked, the inevitable, that at first looked so like some dreadful apparition, soon loses every particle of its terrors. We find that it is but the means to an end, and that end—who can doubt that thinks?—is a good end. We are ashamed now to think that we have been but as

'Children crying in the night,
Children crying for the light.'

We begin to look upon the inevitable as a friend, then the scales begin to fall from our eyes, we can gaze calmly and coolly around us, we feel infinitely more happy in life. We positively enjoy it, we can do so quietly, it is no longer the feverish dream that we had to toil, and work, and worry to make the best of, ever in pursuit of pleasure that fled from us like a phantom. Why, happiness is always present with the optimist. Happiness, my dear H., is like a morsel of floating gossamer or thistledown: if you rush to seize it, it flies far away; place your hand quietly beneath it, and it alights on your palm.

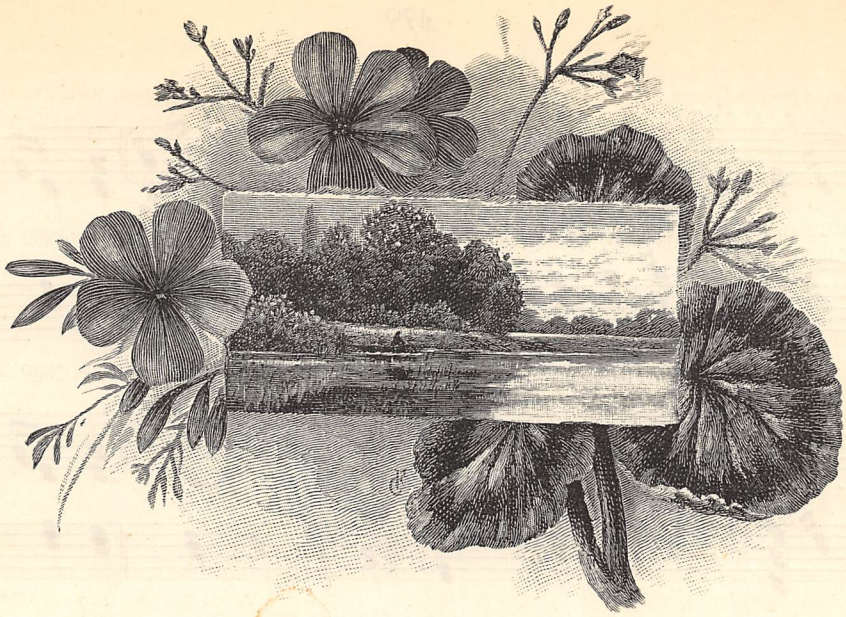
"The man, then, I say, who has trained against troubles to come, and who looks upon the inevitable as a friend sent to him by a Providence over-ruling all for his good, is no longer living in a fool's paradise; he can go out of himself towards others; he can feel for them, he can love his neighbours as himself, and all the while he walks humbly in life—he cannot do otherwise—and he is 'ready, aye ready.'

"Will you come out now, my dear H., and have a walk in the sunshine, and gladden your eyes by a peep at the flowers?"

"Yes, by all means, let us go, and—I say!"

"What?"

"I don't think this sprain of mine pains half so much as when I came down-stairs!"



Summer's Come at Last.

PART-SONG FOR MIXED VOICES.

Words by GEORGE WEATHERLY. *Music by* C. A. MACIRONE.

SOPRANO. ALTO. TENOR. BASS. ACCOMPT. *ad lib.*

p

When the swallows, swift-ly

When the swal - lows,

(MM. ♩= 84.) *p*

cres - - - - - - - - *cen* - -

fly - - - ing, Lin - ger round the cot - tage eaves; When a new - er glo - ry's

fly - - - ing, Lin - ger round the cot - tage eaves, When a glo - - - ry's

cres - - - - - *cen* - -

do. pp

ly - ing On the blos - soms and the leaves—..... On the blos - soms and the

ly - - ing On the blos - soms and the leaves—..... On the blos - soms and the

do. pp

Then each

mf cres - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - do. f

leaves; Then each breeze to breeze re - ply - - ing Whispers, "Sum-mer's come at last!" And my

Then each breeze,

leaves; Then each breeze to breeze re - ply - - ing Whispers, "Sum-mer's come at last!" And my

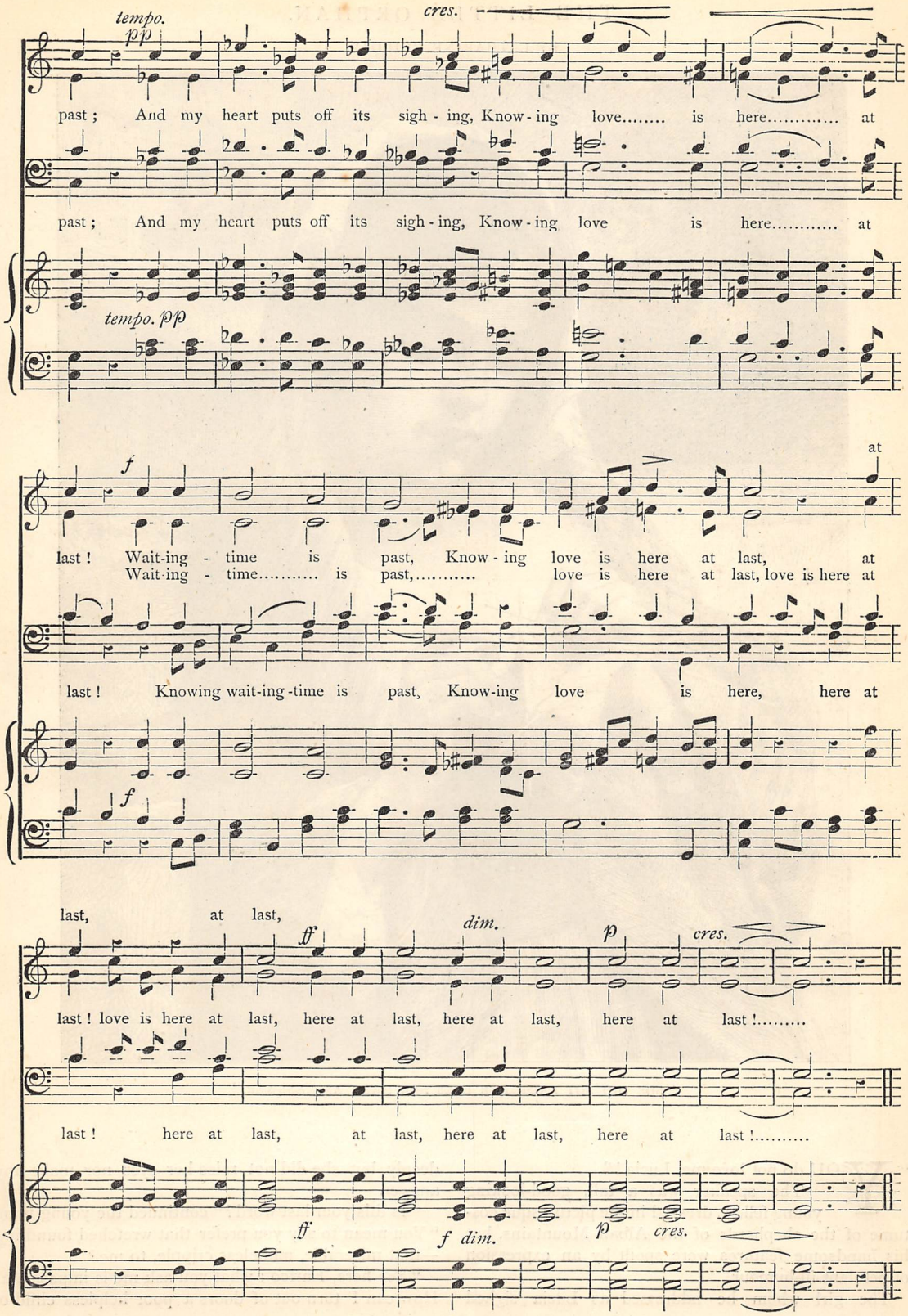
mf

p rall.

heart puts off its sigh - ing, Know-ing wait - ing - time is past— Know-ing wait - ing - time is

heart puts off its sigh - ing, Know-ing wait-ing - time is past— Know-ing wait - ing - time is

p rall.


tempo.
pp
cres.
past; And my heart puts off its sigh - ing, Know - ing love..... is here..... at
past; And my heart puts off its sigh - ing, Know - ing love is here..... at
tempo. pp
f
at
last! Wait-ing - time is past, Know - ing love is here at last, at
Wait-ing - time..... is past,..... love is here at last, love is here at
last! Knowing wait-ing-time is past, Know-ing love is here, here at
f
last, at last,
ff
dim.
p
cres.
last! love is here at last, here at last, here at last, here at last!.....
last! here at last, at last, here at last, here at last!.....
ff
f dim.
p
cres.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

BY CATHARINE CHILDAR.

"SHE DID NOT RAISE HER EYES NOR MAKE ANY ANSWER."

"YOU do not love me, Lucia!"

The speaker was a tall, good-looking young fellow, dressed in the picturesque costume of the shepherds of the Alban Mountains, but his handsome features were spoilt by an expression of petulant ill-humour.

The girl whom he addressed as Lucia sighed deeply, but she did not raise her eyes nor make any answer.

"Is this your last word?" continued the young man. "You mean to say you prefer that wretched foundling—that miserable, nameless cripple, to me?"

"See here, Enrico: what you ask me is impossible! How can I turn out of doors a poor helpless child of

six years old? Who is to feed him? Who is to take care of him?"

"But we are poor people. Why are we to keep a stranger's child?"

Lucia lifted her head eagerly: the "we" sounded encouraging.

"Dear Enrico, you shall have no expense. He shall not cost you a farthing. The English signora who taught me to knit has promised to buy all I do. I shall earn a good deal, I am sure. See, I have already begun a stocking, and the work goes on—goes on; whether I watch the goats or the soup upon the fire, I knit and knit. Look, how fast it goes!" and Lucia made the steel needles glitter in the sunlight.

"Bah! That is nonsense, and the English lady will very likely never come again. Those foreigners are not to be relied on. Besides, when we are married you will have more to do. There will be my clothes to see to, and why are you to be saddled with a foundling? He is no relation of yours."

"True, but he is almost like a brother. Did not my dear mother find him lost among the hills four years ago? Did she not take care of him as if he were her own? Has he not always shared our food and our home? And now that she is dead—she that was his best friend, always patient when I was angry, always gentle when I was severe—now, before she has lain a month in her cold grave, I am to turn out the poor child she rescued from death? No, Enrico mio, such a thing is not possible. As for loving you, ah! you know——" here the poor girl's voice broke, and she said no more.

But Enrico did not seem convinced either by her glowing words or her silent tears. He made no attempt to console her; he stood there frowning, and kicking the loose stones of the road, looking just what he was, a bad-tempered, selfish fellow. He had been brought up with Lucia, and had loved her after his own fashion ever since they were children—that is to say, he had tyrannised over her himself, but had fought her battles with others—and Lucia had repaid his championship with the deepest love and admiration of her little heart.

Enrico had taken to spending his winters in Rome, picking up what he could get as a model, and returning to his native mountains during the summer months. His affection for Lucia had become a habit, though, as she was poor, he looked upon himself as a very magnanimous young fellow for offering to marry her, considering how many girls were fascinated by his person and manners. But as to the cripple, the little orphan that Lucia's mother had been silly enough to adopt, that was quite another matter. He wasn't going to be saddled with him, a useless creature, that could never be turned to account.

Just then the poor little child who was the cause of the lovers' estrangement came hopping and wriggling towards them. One leg dangled, perfectly useless, but he had a crutch, and by means of this and his uninjured leg he managed to get over the ground tolerably fast. Enrico saw the child coming, but took no notice; he only kicked the stones more viciously than before.

"Take care, Enrico!" cried Lucia anxiously; "you very nearly hit his head."

She spoke too late. Enrico had sent a sharp flint full into the little cripple's face. It struck his lip and made him cry. Without a word of regret or farewell, Enrico turned on his heels and strode quickly away.

The two creatures he had wounded so cruelly wept in each other's arms. Little Pipino's face was cut and the smart was hard to bear, but what was that compared to the pain in the true and loyal heart of Lucia?

"Do not cry," whispered Pipino, forgetful of his own hurt, and stroking Lucia's face with his small thin hands, "do not cry. He is a bad man. When I grow big and strong I will kill him!"

"No, dear little one, you must not say such things. It is very wicked to be revengeful. Enrico did not mean to hurt you."

"Yes, he did. He told me yesterday he should like to wring my neck. He would have boxed my ears too, if Nicolo Prato had not come up just in time. Enrico is a coward; he ran away when he saw Nicolo."

"Hush, Pipino!" said Lucia angrily. "Little boys know nothing about men. Nicolo Prato can box people's ears too, I dare say."

"Ah, but not ours," said Pipino, with such a comic expression that Lucia could not help smiling and blushing. She knew very well why big, rough Nicolo Prato was so kind to the little cripple, but she tried to pretend ignorance.

"Come, come," she said, when she had washed Pipino's face and dressed his wound, "a plate of soup, and then off to bed."

"I don't want any soup. Nicolo gave me some, and I took it all, because I knew there would be more for you."

"That was very naughty of you! You are never to do so again—do you hear?"

The child made no answer. He took his reproof with an air of tolerant superiority, and walked off to his primitive couch.

He was soon asleep, but Lucia lay awake all night. Her love for Enrico was deep and sincere, and now an end had come—an end to all her fond hopes and bright plans for the future.

Enrico had never been a model character by any means, but his winter in Rome had made him worse. He had come back more idle, more selfish, more careless than ever; before that he had never talked of turning poor Pipino adrift. It was a night of sorrow and tears for Lucia, but she adhered firmly to her purpose. It was a cruel, unjust thing that Enrico wished her to do, and great as was her love for him, she dared not yield.

The autumn days drew on. Visitors were flocking to Italy. Without a word of farewell to Lucia, Enrico left Genzano and went down to Rome.

It was a long dreary winter. People never remem-

bered so much snow. There was much distress about, and Lucia, in spite of her hard work and her constant knitting, began to despair. The English lady had never come back, and it was difficult to find food for herself and Pipino. But Nicolo Prato never forsook them. He was always bringing small presents, ostensibly for Pipino, and Lucia could not be ungracious to the child's benefactor. She recollected with shame and regret how often she had laughed at the big, rough peasant—how she had encouraged Enrico to make fun of his awkward ways, and how she had mimicked his bashful speech. And now he was the only friend who stood between her and starvation.

News sometimes came of Enrico. It was a cold winter, and Rome was crowded with strangers; the models were "coining money," so Enrico sent word. But never a message for her; she was nothing to him now. She had only the tiny, clinging hands of the cripple to caress her, and his baby talk to give comfort for the future. And while she sat and grieved in silence, Nicolo, the warm-hearted, awkward peasant, stood timidly aloof, longing, but not daring, to cast his love and devotion at her feet.

One evening Pipino was later than usual. Lucia grew alarmed. What could have happened to the child? The twilight grew deeper, still Pipino did not appear.

Suddenly a firm, heavy tread was heard, and Nicolo stood in the doorway.

"What is it?" cried Lucia. "Where is the child?"

"Don't be alarmed," said Nicolo, standing awkwardly on the doorstep, uncertain whether to retreat or advance. "He is at my house——"

"*Your* house? Why? Has anything happened?"

"It is nothing serious. His crutch slipped upon a stone; I carried him home."

"But why did you not bring him here?"

It was too dark for her to see the flush of embarrassment which spread over the honest fellow's face as he stammered his reply—

"It was so much farther—my house is bigger—he thought—I thought——"

"Whatever you thought, it was foolish," cried Lucia, stamping her foot impatiently. "If the child is in your house, how can I go and nurse him?"

"Ah, Signorina Lucia!" sighed Nicolo, and then he was silent. Lucia grew embarrassed in her turn—neither spoke for a few seconds.

"This is folly," exclaimed Lucia. "Why are we wasting time while the child is suffering? I must go and fetch him here."

Nicolo felt it was now or never. He stepped further into the room and seized her two hands eagerly. Lucia was too amazed to utter a word.

"Yes, Lucia," he said, "let us go; but if you come to my house, you must never leave it again. I want you there—to stay with me always—so does Pipino. I will work for you both. I am strong. I can earn enough for us all. You will not mind my mother living with us. She loves you already, and she is not old; she is no trouble. You can mind the house together."

Lucia was so bewildered by this avalanche of words that she could not speak. The shy, bashful Nicolo, emboldened by her silence and the semi-darkness, came closer still, and put one arm round her, holding fast her other hand.

"Come," he said gently, drawing her to him—"Pipino wants you."

"Ah, no!" she said, suddenly rousing herself with a cry, and pushing Nicolo violently away. "How can you say such things to me? It is only a few months since—since——"

"You were betrothed to Enrico. I know; do not think I forget it. I know, too, I am a poor, rough, ugly fellow by the side of him, but I will take care of the child."

Lucia sank panting into a chair. Her old love for Enrico, her affection for Pipino, her gratitude to Nicolo, all fought and struggled in her heart. Then she started up again.

"Why do you keep me talking here and the child is suffering? Is it a bad accident?"

"It is not dangerous, and my mother is with him. Give me an answer, Lucia. I love you with my whole heart; will you marry me?"

The girl burst into a passion of tears. She knew what Nicolo said was true. Even when she had laughed and scoffed at him the most, she had always known he loved her. And yet—and yet her foolish heart clung to Enrico.

"Nicolo," she cried, and at the sound of his name the honest fellow thrilled all over—"Nicolo, forgive me. I cannot forget Enrico."

"Ah!" came like a gasp from the breast of Nicolo; then he was silent, and nothing was audible but Lucia's sobs.

"I know," she said pleadingly—"I know I am foolish. He is perhaps careless and idle; but if he were to return, and say to me, Lucia mia, forgive me and marry me, why, then, Nicolo——"

"He will never say so," interrupted Nicolo harshly. "Yesterday he married Maddalena."

"Maddalena!" panted Lucia, a hot flush tingling her whole body. It was the name of the worst girl in Genzano, who had gone to Rome that winter.

"Tell me that again," she said quietly—"Enrico has married Maddalena?"

"Yes," answered Nicolo, very quietly also.

A wave of outraged love and indignation swept over Lucia, and overwhelmed for ever in its depths the memory of Enrico.

"I did not speak before," said Nicolo, in a broken voice. "I was afraid I should have no chance, but I have loved you as long as Enrico. I have toiled and slaved to get a home for you, and I will work for you all my life. Come—Pipino wants you."

She rose with an hysterical laugh, wrapped a shawl round her, and went out with Nicolo into the twilight.

It was a grave and solemn walk: both realised what was implied in it.

Nicolo's mother met them at the door, and welcomed Lucia with a silent embrace; the two young people went on to where Pipino lay upon the bed.

He greeted them with a shout of rapture.

"I told you so," he cried. "I knew she would come if Pipino wanted her."

He threw an arm round each of their necks, and drew their faces down to his and kissed them. Then he said, half roguishly, half gravely—

"Now kiss each other."

But Lucia rebelled, and rising from his hold with flushed cheeks, began to reprove him.

"How is this, Pipino? Is it a trick you have played upon me?"

"No, no," cried the child eagerly. "The doctor says I have hurt my leg badly; but I don't care if it makes Nicolo happy."

And so the little orphan, who had severed one love-match, cemented another, and Lucia became the wife of Nicolo Prato.

The spring days came, and all things seemed to prosper. The English signora took up her abode again in Albano, and often visited the young wife and little Pipino, who had not only recovered from his accident, but was getting less lame under the skilful treatment of the kind doctor. The boy was very clever, too. People began to shake their heads wisely, and prophesy that he would do great things some day.

"Ah!" they said, "it was a lucky hour for Lucia when she took that child. He will turn out a genius."

Sad accounts came from Rome—sad stories of the life led by Enrico and Maddalena, but they never reached Lucia's ears. Nicolo guarded against that. To him, also, the mere mention of the names brought bitter memories, and no allusion to them ever crossed his lips.

And so Lucia's life went on, passed in tranquil happiness. The love she had accepted was honest and sincere, not full of stormy gusts, like the passion of Enrico, but patient and unselfish, filling every day's commonplace duties with sweet and thoughtful attentions. With her husband at her side, Pipino growing up, and baby voices calling her mother, Lucia has reason to bless the day she took the name of Prato.

CUMBERLAND "STATESMEN."

THE county of Cumberland has, with its neighbour Westmoreland, three distinctions: three things in which it widely differs from most other counties—its mountains, its lakes, and "statesmen." The hills are "eternal" as the lakes, but one of the olden glories of the two north-western counties seems passing away in the "statesmen." Of these, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, the county has furnished, and may still furnish, its share; but it is to the local meaning of the word that the last sentence has reference. The "statesman"—*es*tatesman—of the North-west of England was a small farmer, who "tilled the land, and owned the land he tilled;" and the numbers of the class were in the past sufficient to give a distinctive individuality to the county character. They are of the class Wordsworth pictured, who loved their "own hereditary nook," and who gave to the North-west and to its people special characteristics that have not yet faded out. The mode of life, the comparative isolation, and the conservative tendency in regard to manners and customs, led to the continuance of one type of character, and often one dialect. The circumstances of the county and the class of its inhabitants contributed to the development of the "statesmen," who have influenced very greatly the history of their district. The "statesman" had acquired or inherited a small plot of land, and it was his desire and his constant aim to add to this, and to make it a farm. He was aided by his wife and his family, and a hardy and a thrifty race grew up, living on the soil, and deriving from it almost entirely their subsistence literally. When the "statesman" type had fairly planted itself in the North-west, there was there a yeoman type of farmers, whose habits, dialect, abodes, and even dress, were distinctive.

This type of Cumberland farmers had its special attachment to the land. The acreage farmed gave plentiful mutton for the chief meal and plentiful clothing from the same favourite animal of the fell farmers, whilst much of the household needs was also self-supplied—often self-made, for the "homespun" was the usual wear of the statesmen. It was this self-containedness of the statesman's farm that gave him wealth in great degree. From its soil he extracted food and clothing; he burnt the lime the land needed to repay it, in his own kiln; he and his sons were the ploughmen, the shepherds, the farriers, and at times the carpenters also. He was on the fells in all weather, a long staff often in his hand, a cur dog generally at his heels, as skilled with sheep as his master. His talk was of "tyups," his delight in the Herdwick breed, and his fortune came largely out of the sheep and the cattle.

His home was one where frugality reigned, but "free-hearted hospitality" had ever a place. It was no mansion, but a plain farmstead, low and irregular outside, cosy and comfortable within. In the great kitchen by day meals were ever on the way; by night the fire glowed, and the family gathered to chat

by the huge screen and under the wide-spreading chimney, whilst knitting was so common with both men and women, that a great orator, on visiting one of the Northern dales to speak on politics, found his audience keeping the needles at work so industriously that he dubbed the place "Knitting Dale." It was a hard and an isolated life. In the villages, "merry neets" were an occasional relief, and the villagers met at each other's houses in little unpretentious parties on an equality so complete that these parties were held from house to house—as it was termed, "by house row"—almost without a break. It was Arcadian in one respect, too—"there the richest was poor, and the poorest had abundance." But there was with the frugality usually a little surplus after life had been sustained; and the homely porridge—"poddish," in local phrase—proved an excellent staff; and the capital grew, except where one fault that was rather common—intemperance—crept in, and in the end squandered capital and sold the farm.

In this way the statesmen ceased largely to be the power in Cumberland that they once were. The more provident enlarged their holdings, buying up those of their less temperate or more unfortunate brethren. Changes took place in the holdings also, for when the county was traversed by railways, and visitors came in numbers to the lakes, there were other needs for agricultural products. And there were attempts to introduce better implements, and a mode of cultivation more scientific than that of old. Before these changes, aided as they were by a great increase in the value of land, and supplemented by the development of mining and metallurgical industries on the seaboard, the race of statesmen gave way, and the numbers of these farmers who owned their farms have greatly declined. Enclosure Acts, too, encroached on the fells, and helped to change the face of the county in parts. And thus there was rendered less prominent what was long a distinctive type of life and labour in the North—one that gave to the two North-western counties much of the characteristic independence of thought that it had. It was a homely, heathery, hard-working type of character—not educated in the schools of thought, having little of "book-learning," but possessing the qualities of thrift, of endurance, and of tireless labour. It aided in building up a race stalwart as those in the old ballad—"lusty lads, and large of length"—and in its way it largely contributed to the development of the agriculture of the North—from no theories, but from the fruits of observation and long-continued experience. Its people wore "hodden gray," and dined on "homely fare," as did Burns' hero, with whom they had much akin; and if they had too great contempt for "silks," still the big, burly, honest Cumberland farmer was "a man for a' that." And still on the moorlands, and under the shadow of Skiddaw, and far away in the dales that are shut in during winter by long frosts, and that in summer blossom into a rare beauty, there are to be found the dwellings of the farmer proprietors of the North, who own their ancestral acres, who keep much to the old ways, and who are "monarchs of all they survey," for the hills, and the deep lanes, and the swelling uplands shut in the sight to the farms that are well tilled and productive.

THE FOX AND THE HARE.

A MODERN AMERICAN FABLE.

A FOX, who had had a long run before the hounds, dashed into the retreat of a hare. "Lend me your bed, my dear friend," he said, "for an hour or two. I am fatigued by a long journey. A little fresh air will do you good. You stay indoors too much with your interesting little family. I will take good care of the little dears in your absence."

The poor hare, half dead with fright, left her home with sad forebodings, and was soon killed by the hounds. After awhile, they recovered the scent of the fox, who was unfit for another run, having just devoured the last of the leverets.

Moral. — The rascal who cheats the poor and defenceless, whether in small stealings from individuals or wholesale robberies of charitable trusts, is generally caught at last.

GYMNASTICS FOR OUR GIRLS.

SIDE by side with the immense strides the intellectual education of women has taken in the last quarter of a century has been a gradual, but somewhat tardy, recognition of the value of systematised physical education for growing girls. Prejudice, however, in spite of the widespread extension of knowledge in regard to the laws of health, still bars the way to physical exercise being placed on anything like a sure footing. To some, gymnastics for girls means wrenching the arms out of the sockets by means of pulleys and ropes, making the waist unduly thick and the arms alarmingly muscular. For some systems of gymnastics, and as regards some people, there might be truth in these ideas, but with the application of science to the requirements and capabilities of growing girls, a safe and altogether admirable system has, fortunately, been arrived at. As it is quite novel—the work of a lady who has studied all available systems, and brought energy, practical experience, and scientific principles to bear upon her plans—and, moreover, about to become more widespread through the opening of a training college, in which girls who desire to become professors of physical education may be fitted for their task, our readers may welcome some account of the system.

It is founded upon a thorough knowledge of the requirements of all the various muscles, the respiratory and laryngial included. It is to a great extent a connecting link between dancing and so-called "heavy" gymnastics, and it bears much the same relation to both that the Kindergarten system does to higher education. The picturesque element has at the same time been carefully noted; the exercise-dress is pretty, and graceful positions are as much aimed at as the development of strength. It differs from simple calisthenics in that it is a much more elaborate training of limbs, trunk, and head, as well as hands, fingers, and feet; and it differs from ordinary gymnastics in that no ladders, ropes, horizontal or parallel bars, or jumping-horses are used. Skipping-ropes, balls, rings, poles, bar-bells, or light clubs, and dumb-bells are about the only accessories required.

The class usually opens with a vocal march or gymnastic song, illustrative of wrestling, shooting, throwing, rowing, &c. Then follow some finger and wrist exercises, hoop-bowling, exercises for the trunk and limbs, "free" or with light dumb-bells; then perhaps a ball exercise, of which there are several series, some being of considerable difficulty; next some Spanish "free" exercises, a gymnastic dance, illustrative of Spanish bathing or other exercises; following this, some skipping-rope exercises, both elementary and advanced, with light bar-bell exercises, American light dumb-bell exercises, and light club evolutions, leading up to a march as a finale. The usual instruction is to classes, but private lessons are sometimes given to delicate pupils, that the exercise may be adapted to their condition from day to day.

Certain of the dumb-bell and bar-bell movements are commenced at an early period with some pupils, the muscles of the back, shoulders, and chest being so exercised by them that they are very useful in all stages of development. Club exercises are never given until pupils have acquired considerable muscular control, and are able to realise the physiological advantages of good position. Each exercise has a distinct aim. The ball exercises are chiefly useful in providing varied and graceful actions, and unconsciously cultivating accuracy and precision of movement, sense of "time," and the regulation of force necessary for the desired result. They have, besides, a good influence upon the nerves of vision and the training of the eye. Many growing girls become flat-footed from want of a judicious strengthening of the muscles, joints, and ligaments concerned in the functions of support and progression; hence, a special series of exercises to correct this has been invented.

The respiratory and laryngial gymnastics are for the most part adapted from those used in German schools of elocution, and are useful in the relief of asthma, stammering, &c. As a preparation to voice cultivation, whether for public reading or singing, they are invaluable. Bad habits of breathing, and faulty or indolent action of the muscles and apparatus by which articulate sounds are produced, are not only baneful to the proper production of the voice, but to life, and lung gymnastics regularly practised give the needed power of methodic prolonged inspiration and respiration. The first exercises of this class are designed to create the power of advancing and retracting the abdomen during inspiration and expiration, whilst the ribs are as nearly as possible stationary; then follow various abdominal and costal breathing exercises, leading to the expansion of the chest to its fullest limit. Great care has been bestowed upon the arrangements and duration of these exercises; the period of tension is never prolonged at the expense of the period of relaxation, and thus the rhythm of the vital vibrations is preserved.

One special feature of the system is the training of the hand. No apparatus is used, but freedom, force, and elasticity is given to the muscles, joints, ligaments, and tendons of wrist, palm, and fingers, by the practice of simple flexor, extensor, and rotatory movements of the fingers, and by movements of the wrist. When we consider how valuable the strength and flexibility of the hand is to draughtswomen, needle-women, artists, piano and violin players, and others, the importance of this training is seen. Excess in exercise is carefully guarded against; the hardest exercise is taken neither at the beginning nor end, but towards the middle of the practice; each series of movements exercise the left side of the body equally

with the right, and most head and trunk movements are slowly executed. Miss Chreiman, the inventor of the system, has before her two distinct aims: the one to make every lesson thoroughly enjoyable, as the recreative benefit of movement is largely in proportion to its enjoyment; the other to get during every hour's practice the maximum of muscular exertion compatible with the strength and capability of the class, without incurring any possibility of strain or undue fatigue, the ultimate object of the exercise being ever in mind.

Gymnastics are still far from being a part of our female educational system; classes are given in some schools, but then it is too often left to a girl's choice whether she attend or not. What would be said of a teacher who, because a girl was advanced and well-informed for her age, let her follow her own inclinations as to study? The result would be the same as experience has proved to be the case with regard to exercise: nothing would be done. Yet the educational time of mind and body is the same—viz., the *growing* time. Schoolmistresses have to some extent done their duty in providing calisthenic classes for their younger pupils, but in few schools are systematised exercises available for all pupils. Now, however, that Miss Chreiman's system has been adopted in some of the largest London girls' schools, and that teachers of the system are being despatched to the various large provincial towns, the co-operation of parents is alone necessary to secure the best results. Because girls are weak, it is no reason why they should have no physical training; it is rather the weak who require it most, and the strong who can best do without it. The strong can, perhaps, take liberties with themselves with regard to clothing and diet, but the weak cannot. Modern conditions of life attack tone, stamina, and endurance most, and all of these may be increased by developing, as this new system develops, the health rather than the muscular strength of our girls: health, be it rememembered, being a general and diffused strength over all the organs and functions of the body. A great step has been made by the adoption of a reasoned and scientific plan of physical exercises suitable for girls, but a greater will have been made when the various examining bodies fulfil the hopes of our physical educationists by instituting special examinations and certificates for teachers trained in this branch of work, and by this means put systematic physical training on a level with ordinary mental studies.

LONDON BY NIGHT: WALKS IN A CITY OF SHADOWS.

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

AMONG the many thousands of people who come daily into London to swell the turbulent uproar of its great thoroughfares and take part in the ceaseless activity of its commercial life, how few there are who realise the fact that they leave its busiest streets to silence—that as the midnight darkness falls upon church and mart and hall, the sound of a single footstep may be heard upon the pavement, the rumble of wheels of some belated vehicle booms with preternatural disturbance of tired sleepers who still reside, either as householders or care-takers, within sound of Bow bells. How few recognise this fact, or that, amidst this stillness and in neighbourhoods which are supposed to be deserted, another shifting population takes possession of some of the thoroughfares, where men, women, and children creep along the by-ways—shadows amidst shadows, stealthily moving without apparent destination, and with no evident object except to find some hiding-place in which they may crouch unnoticed till the first cold steely ray of morning reveals them to the constable who comes fresh upon his beat, and begins to give an eye to the doorways of warehouses and offices, or the corners of buildings that lie beside sequestered courts and alleys.

There is always a solemnity in the aspect of London by night. When the last glint of sunshine burns with the vivid glare of a distant fire beyond the edge of the black cloud that is closing like a dark shutter on the sky, which has faded into a dim, neutral tint: when the night wind suddenly begins to stir: when, as we are gazing upward,

> "The stars rush out—
> At one stride comes the dark,"

the impression of the vastness, the possible solitudes of the great metropolis, the awful hush and pause in that mighty city, teeming with life, unmatched for wealth and power, marvellous for the endless processions of men, its daily strife, its feasting, its wailing, its multitudinous acts and schemes and utterances, is sometimes almost overpowering. Perhaps the thoughtful wayfarer who, like the poet, stands upon the bridge at midnight—say in one of the recesses of London Bridge—is most likely to be influenced by such reflections. The expanse above, so much vaster than the mere long strip of grey sky to be seen above the houses in the main streets; the strange, weird outlines of adjacent buildings and of cranes and shanties on the wharves; the indefinite extension of the irregular black silhouette formed by distant objects on the shores; the sudden twinkling or extinction of lights discerned here and there on the banks or in some window, or from a lantern on board a vessel swaying in the tide; the flash and occasional glitter and white ripple of the dark, rolling river; the dim outline of further bridges, which seem to be

suspended in the misty air rather than to span the stream—all these are parts of the grand vista that grows dim and unreal as it leads on one hand to the great palatial towers at Westminster, and on the other hand to the broadening highway of water which goes rushing onward to the sea amidst a crowd of Dutch eel schuyts, barges, billy-boys, fruit schooners, and other craft, that heave sluggishly in the stream, or creak and grind against each other by dumb-lighters, and, growing fainter to the view beyond the Custom House parade, become almost invisible at the Tower, but yet suffice to lead the eye of imagination onward by the creeks and reaches of the Thames, where great ships are being warped out of dock, or are already nearing Gravesend, on their voyage to distant lands.

But it is not to distant lands, nor even to departing ships among the fleeting shadows, that the eye of fancy is at the moment directed, except it may be by a flash of association between those great ships and the great colonies, where there is land waiting for labourers, and industries for handicraftsmen, and these nearer shadows—the shadows of starving, homeless, destitute men, women, and children. But, after all, these are no shadows. As we stand here, they are close beside us, touching us, as we peer over the stone parapet of the bridge, lying coiled up, or crouching with chin to knee, in the recesses where they think to find some shelter from the searching wind, and to lose some of the keen sense of want by fitfully dozing away the night, undisturbed by the police, whose duty it is to waken them and send them shuffling wearily away, or, if they are already below the ability to walk further, and are ready to faint and perish with hunger, to pass them to the constable at the next beat, and the next, that they may be consigned to the infirmary of the casual ward of Holborn Workhouse.

It is somewhat disquieting to the peripatetic philosopher seeking to poetise his impressions of London by night as seen from the bridge, to find his outstretched hand (which he had intended to place on the stone parapet) in contact with a bare foot or a tousled head, and to descry in the dark chasm of the recess where he meant to stand, a sudden stir amidst what is a bundle of rags, whence a grimed, pale, wistful face peers forth. There may be two or three houseless creatures huddled in this nook. An hour ago there were above a score of such, and now, as the tramp of the constable on night duty sounds at the bridge-foot, these that remain will either scuttle away or else crouch closer, in the hope of avoiding the command to betake themselves elsewhere, though neither they nor the constable know whither. The cold wind is searching the streets now, and blows in keen, sweeping gusts from the river, bringing a bitter, steely rain with it. "What *are* we to do?" asks the police-officer, as he furtively watches two blinking, shivering boys, and a pinched haggard man, hugging their scanty garments to them, and shuffling away with bent heads, muttering complaints that sound like maledictions—the moan of the houseless and the hopeless—"What *are* we to do? Our orders are to pass 'em on; and as like as not one or other of 'em might die if they were left here on a night like this to freeze on the stones. There's nowhere that they can claim to go to except the casual ward, and that's the last place some of 'em would go to if they have, or think they have, a chance of getting a job to earn a few coppers in the morning. Of course, we can't force 'em to go to the workhouse, and we can't take 'em in custody and run 'em in to any of our stations, or else where would it end, when on one night last week there was perhaps full a hundred came over the bridge, and many of 'em tried to stay here?"

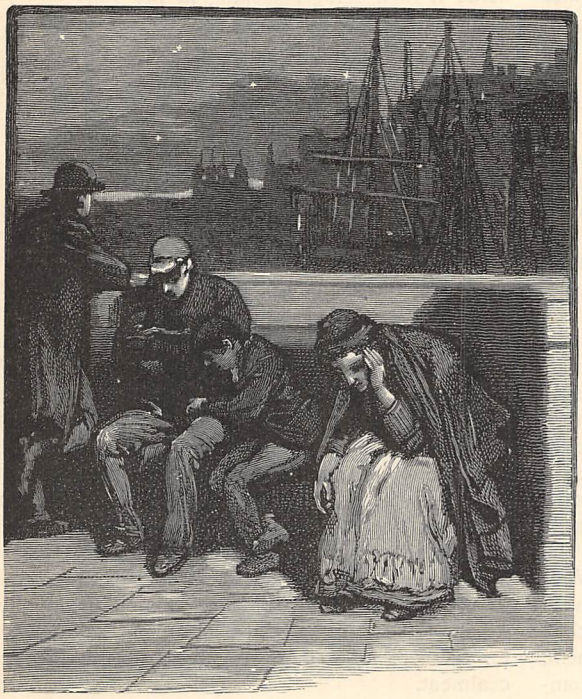
Years ago, before the Thames Embankment was made, and when the steep lanes that ran from the Strand down to the river ended in rickety wharves, and taverns to which coal-heavers resorted after their work was done in unlading the barges that were then moored alongside, a great deal was said and written about "the dark arches of the Adelphi." The arches that supported the neat, aristocratic-looking streets of that neighbourhood, formed a series of subterranean caverns, where the unaccustomed visitor might very easily miss his way, and find himself wandering amidst a gloom that was somewhat appalling, and with strange distant rumbles and booming echoes, and flitting shadows on the black walls, and sometimes voices that sounded strangely unnatural close beside him, and the sound of fugitive feet, set flying by a warning whistle. It was a dangerous place to be lost in by day, and still more dangerous by night. Strange stories were told of the horde of homeless and lawless men and boys who made it their refuge, sleeping in the vans and coal-waggons that were drawn up there after dark, or on sacks of straw and shavings collected there no one could tell how. A gang of young desperadoes were said to have banded themselves together there, in nightly orgies, making fires with pieces of coal scraped from the waggons, or picked up on the wharves or in the mud upon the shore when the tide was down. By these they sat, shivering too, in their rags, and amidst the damp and heavy atmosphere of those dark caverns, but provided with candle-ends that were stuck in lumps of mud or in pieces of stick or old bottles, and making a feast of the food filched from market carts, shop-doors, or hucksters' stalls. That the "dark arches" became not only a public scandal, but a public danger, a good many people still remember, and the fraternity of poverty and crime which infested them was routed out. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that in some of those remote recesses which still remain there may not be found, on any night in the year, a few homeless creatures who strive to hide themselves—to shrink into holes and corners, and keep out of the eye of the wind and of the police; but the place is not essentially a resort of the criminal class, and there is little opportunity there for making it a place of permanent concealment.

But our view scarcely extends so far along the river-bank as the terrace of the Adelphi, still less to what

may be hidden behind or beneath it. We are still standing on the bridge, and looking after certain figures that have slouched noiselessly away, and now look like shadows, as they disappear in the darkness, or appear to be blown into misty outlines by the searching wind, that comes sweeping in a gust across the bridge, and flutters the rags and gnaws the half-frozen, ill-clad feet and limbs of the few who still crouch undisturbed on the stones within the bays and recesses.

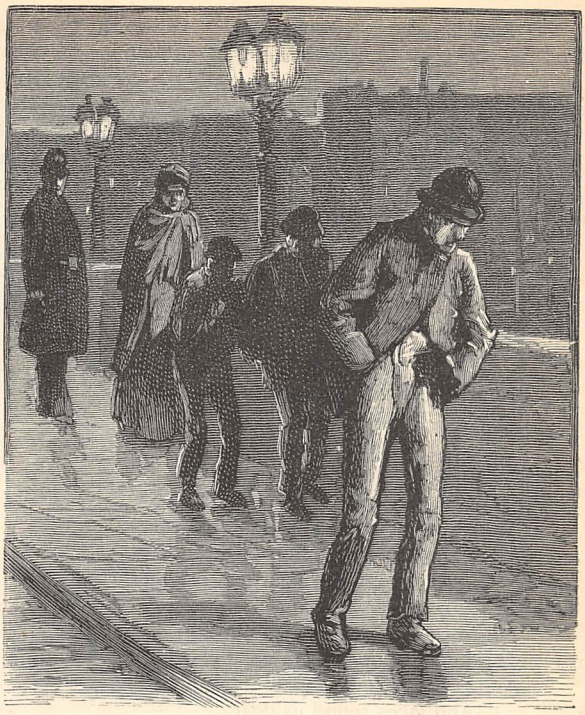
One can scarcely avoid the reflection, as the keen wind swirls a small simoom of dust, mingled with fine sleet, along the causeway, that the same spot on a sultry, baking night in autumn would scarcely be so objectionable; but, as a matter of fact, there are fewer of the houseless to take up lodgings there in the hot months—fewer shadows in the City, which lies at that time in a warm, shimmering haze under the harvest moon. Probably not many of the houseless and the destitute would seek the spare and stony shelter of London nooks and by-ways if they could hope to live the night out under the lee of some hedgerow or garden fence, or behind a bank or manure-heap in the suburbs. People who know where there are brick-fields near London, may see strange sights there if they summon courage to visit them by night. Poor outcast boys, seeking shelter and warmth, and taking with them for food a few potatoes filched from shop or market, or dug up in the fields, have been found dead—stifled to death by the kilns where they have gone to roast their suppers, and have fallen drowsy with the grateful warmth, and so gone to sleep, and never waked again in this world of wandering and want; but in the light, sultry summer the out-door life is robbed of most of its terrors, if the wanderers have enough of coarse food to stay their cravings. Across this very bridge, or from the other side of it, from Bermondsey, and all that crowded neighbourhood about Mint Street and the district, where crime and violence is so rife, hundreds and thousands of the poor—men, women, and children—pass to the great hop harvest. Last year there were nearly 60,000 persons employed in the Kentish hop-gardens alone, and of these 14,000 were conveyed from London in the special hop-pickers' trains. Not only in Kent, but in Surrey, and even farther afield, a great contingent of trampers were added to the number; but those who know how the poor will often help the poor, will also know that even among the travellers by the cheap early trains there were many who were destitute and homeless, but were taken on by those who were less unfortunate.

We may dismiss thoughts of warm, stifling autumn nights just now, and imagine the wind and the sleet once more having a fine time of it. The sound of the tide as it booms in a hollow murmur through the arches of the bridge, and goes lapping the wharves and dumb-lighters by bank-side with a surging splash, is enough to give one an extra shiver. It has done so to the man who is just now stopping for a moment to turn up the collar of his old greasy coat, and who looks at us in a furtive, half-questioning way as we ask him whither he is bound and what is his employment. "Employment! Well, if anybody could call it so, he'd had none to speak of since last Friday—four days, or three days and a half, you might call it—and there were thousands about as badly off as he was. By trade—if you could call it a trade—he was brought up a weaver, and there was little weaving done in London now compared with what used to be even in his father's time. Perhaps a couple of thousand weavers there might be in Bethnal Green and Spitalfields and Mile End Old Town, but they were so often out of work that it was hard lines for them at the best of times. The best of them might earn twelve to fourteen shillings a week for a good part of the year; many didn't earn more than eight or nine, take the year round; and some, like him, fell out of work altogether. Most of the work was done in the country now; and as to Spitalfields—well, there was no particular call for the silk made there nowadays, except that used for gentlemen's scarves and neckties. There was a demand for that still. What do the people do that have left the loom and fallen out of work? Well, they do as he did. Most of 'em, perhaps, went day after day to try to get work at the docks. But weavers



"THEY ARE CLOSE BESIDE US, TOUCHING US, AS WE PEER OVER THE STONE PARAPET OF THE BRIDGE" (*p.* 479).

mostly had such soft hands that the hard work didn't suit 'em at first. They had to get used to it, and precious glad they were to get used to it if they only had enough to do. That was the thing. Only the other day there were above four thousand men and big lads outside the gates of the London and St. Katharine Docks waiting for a job, and only about five hundred of 'em got just a little casual work. Lodging? Well, there wasn't much left for lodging out of their earnings, even for a man without a wife or family. Them that had wives and families got the bread and coals from the parish, and perhaps their wives went out to do laundry-work, or charing, or what not. As to lodging, where were people like them to get lodgings? Not in the model dwellings; the rent must be paid regular there, and the place kept tidy, and there must be no under-letting or taking partners in a room, where two families might live together. A good job too, of course, but it left a large lot of people to crowd up the slums, or else to go into the streets. The streets was all that a good many men—and some women too—had before them three nights out of six; and such was the hatred to the casual wards at the workhouses, that many of them would rather be out such a night as this and take their chance than go to any of 'em for a lodging. Of course it wasn't reasonable, very likely not; but yet there must be *some* reason—or, at all events, there must *have been* some reason, some time or another, for the hatred that hundreds and hundreds of the poor of London had to receiving parish relief, or going for a night's refuge to the casual wards. He wouldn't do it himself. He should feel that there wasn't anything left for him to do after that. He'd have got down to the lowest ebb, and would never get back again—that was the feeling. To many, the being a pauper or a casual was the same thing almost as being a criminal under punishment, and, from all he'd heard, that was how the workhouse officials looked at it. That's how they put it, by the way they took in casuals. The officers were used to have to deal with all sorts of people, and mostly with rough characters, and casuals were probably a bad lot on the whole; but one reason might be that nobody that was decent would go to a casual ward or seek for relief at a workhouse till they'd got almost to the last gasp. Many would sooner die than do it; a good many *had* died. There was a saying that poverty was no crime, but the Poor Laws often seem to contradict *that*, and was a precious deal harder on the crime of poverty than the other laws were on other crimes: in proportion, he meant, of course. Poor Law relief was in a good many cases granted as though it was disgraceful to them that had to apply for it. Yes, many people thought that they'd suffer anything sooner than go for a night's lodging to the casual ward. He would himself, too. Why, he'd only been to bed four times in a fortnight,



"'OUR ORDERS ARE TO PASS 'EM ON'" (*p.* 479).

because he hadn't earned enough to pay for such a lodging as you could get for twopence.

"Supposing he'd been to the casual ward. The casual ward was worse than prison in respect of the food and the rest, and the relief that was given; not that he'd ever been in prison, thank goodness! but he knew about it from some that had, and from reading about it—for he'd learnt to read and write, and was fair at arithmetic, having been to school when a boy. The casual ward was worse than a prison in one respect, and as bad in another. Being sent to prison was likely to fix a man or a boy as a criminal, except a helping hand was held out to them when they came out. In going to a casual ward, there was the danger of being fixed a pauper. The Poor Laws didn't offer temptations to people to be paupers, but once you began, there you were; you found it hard to be anything else. What he meant was this. Supposing he was to go and knock at the door of the casual shed to-night. Supposing it wasn't full, and he got in and had his slice of bread, and perhaps some gruel, or not, as it might be. In the morning he would have to get up—not as early as he liked, but when he was called—and to make ready to work out the price of his bread and gruel and shelter, and of his bread and cocoa or bread and gruel that he was obliged to stay to eat for his breakfast. At wood-chopping or oakum-picking, or whatever it might be that he had to do, he would have to work till perhaps eleven o'clock in the day, too late for getting a job of work at any regular employment—too late, even, to pick up a job on the loose, for they'd all be snapped up by the people that

had the luck to get a twopenny lodging, or had walked the streets or found a corner in some by-place, or an empty waggon drawn up in the market, or any other shelter.

"Where did he go when he had the money to pay for a lodging? Why, to the regular common lodging-house, of course. If I'd never seen such a place—— Oh, I had——Well, the one he went to was as decent as most of 'em, perhaps better, because quieter people went there somehow. The landlord wouldn't have rough ones if he could help it; but it wasn't genteel. No doubt I could go in and see it if I liked to walk with him, as I was good enough to say he shouldn't walk the streets that night; but he wasn't worse off than hundreds of others, he was sorry to say."

SONG.

IT is the longest day:
By the summer bay,
In sweet air and light
We linger until night,
Which but sleeps a little while
'Twixt the sunset and dawn's smile.
Yet now 'tis sad to think and see
Every day must shorter be,
Every month an hour less bright
Until midwinter white.
But in the dark nights lengthening drear,
Christmas waits us with good cheer,
And pleasant book in fire-side nook,
And faces round us dear.

It is the shortest day:
Winter's sky is grey,
The bleak winds blow,
The world is white with snow,
As by the hearth-nook warm,
We hear the wide, wild storm:
But for a space each month that o'er
Us rolls shall longer grow
By an hour or so;
And it is pleasant through the frore
Weather, still to look before
To coming days, when through the haze
Lifting o'er blue sunny bays,
Spring will reach our shore.

MY NAMESAKE MARJORIE.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

CONTAINS MANY PLANS AND A PARTING.

WHEN a very young man plunges into the pleasant mazes of honest courtship, and after more or less deliberation (generally less!) comes out of them wearing fetters that he is vastly proud of, he is usually disposed to take fortune upon trust, count on a future gilded as his present, and go headlong into matrimony, expecting the wherewithal for life's necessities to gather round him as its need arrives. But with maturer age the case is different, and Stephen Legh, at two-and-thirty, found himself pondering rather grimly over his unproductive past, blaming himself, unduly perhaps, for that lack of worldly wisdom which had ever prompted him to break rather than bend, which had let his working years slip by, leaving him with only an uncertain footing in his profession, and no such harvest as he now vainly coveted to further happiness for him and his *fiancée*.

Independence was excellent, no doubt; and business shackles worn lightly enough to allow of weeks spent in by-paths of first one, then another "ology," were very pleasant, but in retrospect this independence appeared a positive vice, and months that had brought no grist to the mill were a perpetual reproach to his short-sighted folly.

So at least he reasoned when, once secure of Aimée Forest's love, he chafed at the sole bar between them, and longed for full ownership of that *alter ego*, who grew dearer to him every day.

But she—his confidante and better self, to whom his inmost nature seemed to open as it had never done since twenty years back he buried his boyhood's frankness in his mother's grave—she made light of his anxieties, and with a brightness borrowed from his presence, chased care from his face and trouble from his mind.

"Why, I am afraid of nothing now that I am not alone!" she would tell him, the echo of past pain in her voice so overborne by a new glad restfulness, that he felt it cowardice not to share her courage—treachery to let her stand alone in such brave faith.

"But I have never earned half what I ought, nor put by a tithe of what I've earned," he once said to her, as they strayed under the March budding boughs of the Avenue Bois, always scrupulously in sight of Miss Osborne's tall white house, whence that most

maternal of spinsters could observe them, and all the most rigid proprieties at the same time; "very little has come to me from my family, and—darling, you'll be wofully poor with me!"

She shook her head in confident denial. "Not what *I* call poor, Stephen. Money doesn't make all one's wealth."

"A very appreciable part of it, little one" (his almost twelve years' seniority added a curious tenderness to his relations with his young betrothed), "an item at any rate we can't afford to overlook. I wish I had more of it for your sake."

"Then for my sake wish no such thing," came the quick answer. "Money gives, oh! such a small share of happiness, I *know;* we never had very much, my father and I, and we never wanted it. And people who have riches sometimes think so much of these and of themselves, that their gold gives them no blessings after all."

"Is that long piece of wisdom out of your own experience too?" asked Stephen, smiling down on the earnest face beside him.

"No. Out of—I suppose—out of papa's. It is what he would often tell me. He seemed to dread so that I should want much money; he was for ever telling me about its evils, and he was always so glad when I would say I cared nothing for it."

"But, my unpractical little sweetheart, your father knew its worth well enough to work hard that he might lay by a store for you!"

"Ah, he did work!" said Aimée, her voice so unsteady at the recollection, her lover repented his words. "Oh, Stephen! you don't know how he used to tie himself to copy after copy; nothing but copying, year after year, scarcely ever painting from his own fancy, because he said to be original would be running a risk; only for copies was he quite certain of payment. And it was all for me: and it was all lost. Don't, please, oh! please don't let us weary after wealth. If by-and-by when we grow old it comes, why, we can try and make people happy with it; and if we never have it, why, we two can do well enough without it."

"We two"—he repeated the trustful syllables, such heralds of gladness, they silenced as unworthy all fear of widening wants that might follow on their wedded future—"Well, so be it, dear one; we'll start in life a pair of free-lances, and carve our fortunes out as best we can. It will be strange if I can't furnish some nest fitting for you before long."

"And may I help?" begged Aimée. "People have often said I could earn by my music, and when I was feeling as if I could never strike another note, *you* know I tried other ways. I always longed to work even when I had papa, but somehow it vexed him to speak of it, so I gave it up. Now I may though, just while we are waiting."

"Dolt that I am," Stephen Legh rebuked himself, "to set her wanting any such thing!—No, child," he said very tenderly, laying his hand over hers within his arm—it was getting dusk and they were taking their last turn—"there shall be no long waiting for us, and save to repay your friend, Miss Osborne, I'll not have you slaving over a set of young ignoramuses at three francs an hour. I've seen you at some such business. Heaven forbid your beginning it again! The world holds too little chivalry for women in those positions."

"Ah! does it not?" said Aimée, proud contradiction in her tone. "Pray, once upon a time who was it defended me? But," blushing over the deliciousness of new obedience, "I will do as you tell me now. By-and-by you will be glad for me to be industrious."

"In our home, when we have it, yes," agreed Stephen Legh. "The present problem is how and where to start that wonderful domicile."

"Where? Why, in England," urged Aimée, "I do so long to live there."

"In England be it then, if any way practicable. The worst of it is the market there being overcrowded with such men as myself. It *is*"—laughing at her decided little gesture of dissent (how contentedly this stern bachelor of six months back basked now in the flattery of one woman's fondness!) "and the fight for means will be twice as keen as elsewhere."

"Then let it be as you think best," said Aimée, "only," wistfully, "I loved it so when I was very small, and went there with papa; he was painting for some London house and took me over. But I remember scarcely anything except fields full of yellow flowers, not buttercups, something with little bells, I think, and hedgerows white with bloom. I thought it the loveliest spot on earth, and we meant—papa and I—to live there when we were rich enough."

"And you shall now, with me, darling," promised Stephen Legh; "but," he added, to draw her from a sad memory, "when you were taken there, was your mother living?"

"Oh, no; I never remember her. She died at Antwerp when I was only a baby. To the very last papa could hardly speak of her to me; but once he said that with her he lost all heart, all desire to go back to his own country. Still, as I grew, and seemed by some instinct to want England, oh! so badly, he changed his plans to please me. In another year we should have been away."

"By relatives of his or of your mother's would you have settled?"

"By neither, for we had none, or no close ones that I know of. Papa was left young to the care of cousins, I think, men older than himself, whom he offended by choosing an artist life, instead of a lawyer's like theirs. And my mother! Well," with a sigh, "she must have had still fewer kindred, or perhaps they were less kind. He never spoke of any at all to me. So," close-clinging to her lover's side, "except for you I am by myself, quite."

"But having me, not so very desolate?" he questioned, taking as answer the long hand-clasp with which they parted, for over the city floated seven sonorous strokes from Ste. Gudule's tower, and till to-morrow they had now unwillingly to separate.

But on the evening of that morrow Mr. Legh went to the Maison Ste. Marie with news that heralded an end of these brief separations.

That morning Monsieur Colville had offered his English coadjutor the management of works which he had just undertaken at St. Petersburg, and that same afternoon had brought a letter from England holding out prospect of immediate engagement with probably speedy establishment in the old city of Norwich, subject to certain conditions by no means insuperable.

"So it is no longer 'what,' but 'which' shall it be? Lucky people to have the choice," said Miss Osborne cheerfully, coming at their summons from a labyrinth of letters and accounts at her end of the drawing-room to a further angle of the apartment where the few movables that Aimée owned were gathered together: books, pictures, table, and one much-used easel, a little congregation of valueless treasures, whose kindly housing formed the nucleus of a home, one spot a few feet square, whereof the very servants used to say, "This is Miss Forest's corner!"—"Now let us deliberate over pros and cons, and find the quickest way of getting rid of this young person," seating herself by the girl's side with a nod that gainsaid her words. "England or Russia? I like the last least, so let us hear what is to be said for it first."

"That the appointment would be for three years, certain," said Mr. Legh.

"Questionable advantage, considering the set you would be among!" commented Miss Osborne.

"That the income would be fixed, and a reasonably good one."

"It ought to be super-excellent, and paid beforehand, to compensate for exile."

"And that," lowering his voice over the most cogent advantage of the scheme, "I could take Aimée with me at once."

Hereat Aimée started with a lovely, vivid flame upon her cheek. Miss Osborne patted her shoulder 'Don't be frightened, my dear; 'at once' means neither to-day nor to-morrow, though, of course, I should be glad if it did. Well, now, Mr. Legh. At the end of these three years you would be——"

"Just where I am now, except that if the works turn out well, and if Monsieur Colville is satisfied with my share in them——"

"And *if* he has something else he wants you for?" supplemented Miss Osborne, "or *if* something or other else . . . No. H'm—such an offer to such a place is *not* tempting. What is the alternative one, Mr. Legh?"

"You shall hear all that I know myself," he said, and drawing forth a letter in feminine writing, read aloud its contents, with the prefatory announcement that it was from his only sister.

"BRIDGEHAM-CUM-OTTERHAM, WEARFORD.
"*March 28th.*

"DEAR STEPHEN,—Your very official letter, dated from Brussels last January, wishing us the Compliments of the Season, and hardly a line besides, has remained long unanswered, though not exactly for the want of something to write about. But the truth is, I wished to see my way quite clear to what I am going to propose before mentioning it at all."

"Quite right," approved Miss Osborne audibly.

"To come to the point of the matter, then. Of course you remember that we live by what you always would call a 'mere,' though its proper name hereabouts is a "Broad." Well, certain property on the south side of this water, opposite to us, has changed hands in the last few months, and improvements which have been unwisely postponed, seem at length likely to be entered upon. It is impossible to explain everything by writing, but I may just say that my husband, who is chief adviser to the owner of Westfield, has already named you as quite competent to carry out all the business of banking and draining, or whatever it is. You have practically nothing to do but come over and take possession of the whole affair. The advantage of it may be *very great* if it is (as I hope it will be) to your mind. Next, you may have heard of a Mr. Earnshaw, of Norwich, chief of an engineering firm, with a very fine connection. He is a friend of the doctor's——"

"My brother-in-law," interpolated Mr. Legh—

"and was quite recently telling him that he needed some one, not a tyro at his work, but an active and experienced man as a new partner. The same idea struck Robert and me. You would be the very man for him, So we asked him out here one day, and said a few words to put the matter in train for you. He might expect rather more purchase-money than you possess, but that could easily be arranged. If you secure the Westfield business, no doubt that would count in lieu of some hundreds; or, if needed, I dare say my husband would advance something: you were always a favourite with him. I gathered from your last you were only engaged in a temporary way at Brussels, so I hope you will lose no time in running over here. If you still wish to settle in England, you could have no better opportunity. There are a thousand advantages I cannot put in a letter, but must wait to tell you. Let us hear when we may expect you.

"Your affectionate Sister,
"HARRIET BURROUGHES.

"P.S.—I seldom hear from Canada. Do you? It will be a great pleasure to have one of my brothers near us. This part of Norfolk is particularly pleasant."

"The whole plan sounds admirable. I should not hesitate a moment over it," said Miss Osborne, and that being the final verdict of all three, it was decided to accept and act upon it forthwith.

"There is only one serious drawback," said Mr. Legh, "but that is——" glancing at the downbent head close by his shoulder, he hesitated.

"Aimée," interposed Miss Osborne, "it is half-past nine. Will you just say good night for me in the schoolroom? Now——" when her messenger had departed —"I know what you mean, Mr. Legh, it is leaving Aimée."

"Precisely so. These arrangements in England may occupy weeks, or even months. To marry before I go would scarcely be right, while yet uncertain of work or partnership. I cannot have my wife who will be, left here without visible means of support, and yet we both feel she has no right to burden you. Now may I——"

"No, you may not!" broke in Miss Osborne, quite warmly. "Remember I was Aimée's friend before you were, Mr. Legh. From the first hour her father brought her to me, a shy little thing of nine, and asked me to train her as an English lady, I have grown fonder and fonder of her. If I had not half a dozen nieces in England all wanting what I have saved, I would have adopted Aimée when her misfortunes came so thick upon her, and I learnt her true worth more fully than you know it yet, though of course you won't believe that. So I will have no question of pay between her and me, or me and you for her. No, wait—let me finish before she comes back. Her own little trifle of money is in the Banque Belgique, in her

name and mine, till she is of age next August. A few francs we kept out for her, but she need not spend one while with me. She pays me amply, Mr. Legh, by help in this troublesome *ménage* that I am getting so tired of; eases my governesses, helps the pupils, and works wonders with my stupid servants, who cannot understand my French. So trust her with me till August, and I shall thank you. Then I close my five-and-twenty years' bondage, transfer the school, and go back to England."

"Before which time I shall have come for Aimée," finished Stephen Legh confidently. "So since I must leave her, thank you with all my heart for your offer," and while he was emphasising his gratitude by a fervent hand-shake, Aimée returned.

"Ways and means are disposed of, my dear," said Miss Osborne briskly; "here you stay under my wing till Mr. Legh has seen, literally, how the land lies yonder. Then we all pack up and go across the sea together."

"To England, at last!" said Aimée, shadow and sunshine on her tell-tale face. "I wonder if there I shall ever light on just the scene papa painted so often for me!" Stephen's glance followed hers to two sketches hanging above the old easel: a glimpse of water with elder-boughs above, and lilies resting on the ripples, or in a later season, with tall rushes and autumn's yellowing branches mirrored back. "He never said if it was one special place, or a memory of many."

"Once there, we can fit the scene to a name easily, Aimée. My sister can 'place' it, if she will, on Bridgeford Mere."

"'LUCKY PEOPLE TO HAVE THE CHOICE,' SAID MISS OSBORNE" (*p.* 484).

"Broad," corrected Aimée. "What a curious name! And, Stephen, what is your sister like? I did not even know you had one, which seems ungrateful now she writes to us in form of a beneficent fairy."

"Fairy!" repeated Mr. Legh, amused. "There's not much of a sylph about Harriet. She's a tall woman, and years ago was what country folk call 'comfortable' to look at."

"Older than you?"

"Yes. Two brothers between are in America. When we lost our mother, Harriet took possession of the household as senior, and managed us all with—well, rather too positive a hand, perhaps. It ended in

our all getting free as soon as we could. My father married again, and, as a family, I'm afraid we rather came to pieces. Harriet is very good-hearted, and meant all for the best. Her husband is an excellent fellow of—well, fifty—so, Aimée, you will have grave and elderly relatives to meet by-and-by."

"I dread them," she declared, flushing with what Miss Osborne called her strongest weakness, a nervous distrust of her own power to please. "When Mrs. Burroughes knows I am only young, and—and poor—she will think I am not worthy of you."

"Indeed she doesn't so overrate me. But"—remembering that of old his sister's prejudgments were apt to be inconvenient—"there's no need to take her into our confidence the first day I get over. Make yourself happy about that; I'll choose my time for telling her the news, and, perhaps, not honour her with it till just before she sees you. *Then* I know she will be more than satisfied."

Just one week from that evening, and all was in train for Stephen Legh to quit Brussels. The days, of which every spare hour had been given to Aimée, had drawn her closer to him, and made their parting doubly hard, though it might be only for a few brief weeks.

"Pour le bateau?" for the third time asked the guard of an April evening's tidal train, at the Gare du Nord, before either could speak the last good-bye, or, while Miss Osborne inspected the luggage in a van close by, Stephen could stoop to leave his last kiss on the lips that tried so valiantly to smile. Then—ah! he was gone, while yet her eyes were blinded with unbidden tears; and "I think we will walk back though it does rain," Miss Osborne was saying, "it gives us longer out," and back under a sudden spring shower they were pacing, Aimée, after the first bitter minutes, taking comfort in one of nature's smiles.

For though drops shook off the bud-laden boughs in the Parc, yet over the lower city and pinnacled Hôtel de Ville lay a warm golden haze, and, struggling from copper-tinted clouds, the sun shone bravely in the west, whither, beside her love, her heart was journeying.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

AN UNPREMEDITATED INTRODUCTION.

AT Wearford station, the nearest railway point to Bridgeham, sat Mrs. Burroughes one afternoon, in her easy four-wheel, awaiting the arrival of her brother.

"I will keep the reins, you go on the platform and wait for Mr. Legh," she ordered her servant, and as the train was somewhat overdue, she had sundry minutes' leisure to meditate upon the approaching meeting.

Five years and a half had passed since her brother had stayed at Bridgeham, and a smile chased a frown from her still comely features as she recalled his last departing, preceded, if not hastened, by a distinct difference of opinion between them. For had not she, owning among sundry feminine weaknesses a pronounced liking for "good" society, then condoned her brother's folly in throwing up fairly lucrative employment through some (as she thought) Quixotic sense of honour, invited him to Norfolk, and procured for him the chance of a week's shooting at Colonel Annesley's close by, in company with a general, two honourables, and a Scotch lord, and had not he, stiff-necked as a mule, stubbornly declined joining the party on the ridiculous plea that he had not enough spare cash to fee the keepers?

"Opportunities were thrown away on some people," she had told him warmly. "Acquaintances like these might be of inestimable value to a young man with his way to make." To which he had simply answered that "he must make his way on humbler lines. For his own part he should prefer plodding along at plain work to incurring uncertain patronage, by kotoning to folks who might count themselves his superiors."

And Mrs. Burroughes had been very angry at that speech. "Superiors, indeed!" she had said. "You forget, Stephen, we Leghs of Cheshire are as well-bred as any of these Norfolk people! Pray don't talk such nonsense to any of our friends. It's downright disrespectful to your parents. I don't at all see how you are to get off joining the party at Hanley Park if you are staying here." "Then, perhaps, I had better *not* be staying here," had answered her brother, and thus had come about the curtailment of his sojourn with them on that occasion.

"Perhaps," she had often thought afterwards, knowing herself to be quick of temper and speech, "she had been a trifle hasty with him." And sometimes, in the solitude which people with few relations often feel, she had caught herself wishing that a little more pliancy on her part had courted a little more adaptability on his, so that this best-liked brother might have been drawn under her influence, and she might, in sisterly fashion, have somewhat guided his career.

But he had gone abroad. Correspondence between them had been slight, and never had occasion armed her with reason for his recall till now, when a lucky combination of circumstances seemed to promise all she could ever desire for him. Their stepmother was dead. The remnant of their father's money (not overmuch before the second wife's annuity absorbed the lion's share) was set free for his children, late in the day certainly, but a few hundreds come amiss at no point of life. These of Stephen's (as yet, she knew, untouched) would almost buy his footing in such a firm as would insure him immediate position—if needed. But from this "if needed," Mrs. Burroughes' thoughts radiated most brilliantly. Had not the change which gave Westfield, in lieu of an aged mistress, one from the Antipodes, young, unwed, and attractive, opened a delightful vista of possibilities that needed, perhaps, only a little skilful management to turn them into facts? That pretty place and all its surroundings, which once, not without a qualm at her own injustice, she had half hoped to own, might yet belong, if not to her, to one of her close kin, and one so worthy, that the desirable end more than justified the innocent means by which it was to be brought about. "But I must be discretion's self," she pondered, "and not

scare Stephen by a hint of what is in view. It shall not be my fault if this visit doesn't begin smoothly and finish admirably. Why, this is his train, and here he is," and so cordial was her greeting that Stephen Legh roused from the dulness that had encompassed him since he had lost sight of Aimée, and met his sister with a friendliness that laid the ghost of bygone jars and augured excellent understanding for the future.

Portmanteaus secured, and Willens in his place, soon they were trotted off along winding lanes and betwixt wide irregular fields, curiously dissimilar from Belgium's straight roadways and right-angled acres. From every hedgerow primroses shone out a "Salve" as they passed. High over springing corn the larks clear notes sounded a song of welcome. Kindly and genial, Mrs. Burroughes poured forth her satisfaction at his return. So, being nowise churlish, our traveller began to feel a glow of satisfaction that he had come, a mighty yearning to have Aimée here, among these sweet fresh scenes, and such a strong desire to speak of, to praise his absent sweetheart, that the temptation almost overcame prudence and shyness combined.

But most unwittingly his sister checked his almost uttered confidence, and his secret shrank safely back into his own keeping.

"I saw nothing of Mrs. Legh the last few years," she was saying of their father's widow; "I dare say she was not so bad, but her marrying papa seemed such a cruel injustice to us all, I always resented it; so we were best apart. However he came to make the blunder I cannot imagine" (Stephen could); "but the longer I live the more I am amazed at the woful blunders men *do* make in matrimony. A wife absolutely without fortune is a miserable drag on her husband. Don't you think so?"

"A point I'm not qualified to decide," he answered, more truthfully than she suspected. "But must every one marry a fortune, then?"

"Indeed no! But there ought to be some suitability in circumstances—or prospects. To come into a family practically penniless is a grave drawback on either side."

"Did Burroughes hold that opinion?" asked her brother, rather maliciously.

"Well, I suppose not," laughed his sister. "Thinking of Mrs. Legh, I forgot myself. But Robert had plenty of money, and knew he would soon have more, so he could afford to please himself."

"And how is Robert?" inquired Stephen, by way of changing a subject he could hardly discuss with ease.

"Oh, exceedingly well; writing a book on 'Local Birds,' and wanting to ask you something about the storks in Holland. He is so absorbed in this literary effort, that he grudges the time he has had to give to Westfield lately."

"To Westfield? How has that occupied him?"

"Why, poor Mrs. Assheton leaving him sole executor——"

"Stop a bit. If ever I knew, I've forgotten who Mrs. Assheton was."

"The person who lived at Westfield. Quite a recluse. Did I not tell you in my letter she was dead?"

"You said Westfield had changed hands, but I had no idea how. Now I understand though. This involved, I suppose, administering the estate to——?"

"A relative who we really didn't know was in existence. A—a person from Australia."

"Heirs have a trick of turning up from that quarter of the globe," said Stephen. "However, as long as they are the right ones, that is no matter to outsiders. So I suppose this gentleman is going to improve his property at a great rate, and thus it comes about that I'm wanted. What sort of man is he?"

"No sort," answered Mrs. Burroughes, with a smile. "Westfield is a woman's still. Be quiet, Peter"—to the cob opportunely performing an elaborate shy—"it's nothing but a rabbit, you foolish thing!—I'm not nervous with horses, Stephen, but I shall enjoy having you to drive me out this summer. The doctor is such a fidget; always up and down, investigating birds' nests, as bad as any boy. You won't try my patience so."

"Certainly not," agreed her brother; "but"—returning to a topic of keener interest—"what about this feminine employer of mine; this Mrs. or Miss——"

"Assheton. *Miss* Marjorie Assheton."

"Is she a clever business woman? Ladies are not often in a hurry over land improvements. Was the idea her own?"

"Not exactly. Freeman, the bailiff, suggested it to her. He has often talked it over with my husband. And she is very—well—active-minded, and saw the advantages at once. I expect you'll find her quite in a hurry to have the work begun."

"The sooner the better," answered Stephen right willingly, rejoicing at thoughts of what such speed signified to him. "I suppose I shall soon make my bow to her officially. Is she pleasant? What aged woman is she?"

"Oh, rather young," returned Mrs. Burroughes indifferently. "She dines with us soon, then you can judge of her for yourself. Well, you see"—as they drove by a few cottages, whose occupants gave civil recognition to the chief lady "this side of the water" ("An' a nice body she be, providing yer don't mind her puttin' of her finger in yer pie!" they used to say of her)—"you see Bridgeham is not altered, Stephen. There is the 'Cottage' (so the Burroughes' roomy residence was too modestly called; but as neither its name nor its double coach door originated with them, they stood acquitted of the pride that apes humility), "and there is Robert come out of his study an hour before time on purpose to receive you—an honour you are bound to appreciate."

Stephen Legh certainly did appreciate his brother-in-law's genial reception, and very conscious that the kindlier the feeling between him and his relatives, the smoother would be the way for her he meant soon to bring among them, he took throughout the evening especial pains to emerge from his old reserve, to please and be pleased, with the happy result that when good night was said, and his host and hostess left alone,

they unanimously pronounced him vastly improved by his years of absence.

"He used to be a little bit too rugged; with a touch of the 'honest bear' sort of man about him," criticised his sister; "but now he has toned down and altered immensely for the better. He is a man any wi—— woman might really be proud of."

"Then take your fling of pride in him, my dear," said the doctor. "Perhaps you won't have the monopoly very long. There'll be some discriminating lady anxious to share the satisfaction with you." At which Mrs. Burroughes prudently sailed off into another topic. Her pet scheme was not to be untimely divulged. In fact, she flattered herself the *dénoûment* would work round most naturally without a suspicion of scheming about it, and so determined on giving her good spouse no chance of joking over what he would have dubbed "another of her little machinations," and would, likely as not, with his head full of nest-eggs, brooding and hatching, have upset by—"And how do you get on wooing Miss Marjorie, Mr. Stephen?" or some equally innocent and fatal question, probably uttered before a roomful of people!

Unconscious meanwhile of any project threatening the happiest aim his life had ever known, Stephen Legh slept through his first night of return, till haunting, harassing dreams at dawn awoke him.

Aimée seemed calling to him from across rough troubled waves, and never a vessel little or large could he find to bear him to her. "Coming, darling; I am coming!" he kept answering back, and at last in desperation, as her voice grew more entreating, he took a fancied plunge in the angry sea, and started up with a hard gasp that changed into a long breath of relief as he muttered, "Nothing but nightmare, thank goodness!"

"MISS ASSHETON DEFTLY BROUGHT HER OWN CRAFT ALONGSIDE HIS" (*p.* 489).

Sleep declining to visit him after this rousing, he lay till full daylight thinking how long seemed the miles between him and the Maison Ste. Marie, how interminable would be the hours before he could fetch thence a wife, till by way of shortening these last he bethought himself of rising, going down to the Cottage boat-house, and rowing himself across to the scene of his new labours.

By six o'clock he was out in the fresh, keen air, beside the Broad, that sparkled in the early sunlight like some

big, restless jewel strung on the thread of a long silver stream.

Opposite lay Westfield: the house, large, warm-coloured, unpretentious in spacious excellence, half hidden by firs and elms; wide plantations of emerald-tinted larch, slender birch in fine spring robes of lace-like greenery, and sturdy oaks, their boughs as yet unclothed, sloped to the water-edge; while eastward a rambling garden, just now one huge bouquet of apple-bloom, was enclosed on all sides but by its reedy shore.

A few minutes, and Mr. Legh had ferried himself to this point. Some few hundred yards beyond the Broad spread into the wide shallow sheet which his ingenuity was to lure back into dry land, but he lingered, taking a careless stroke only now and again, by the quaint old garden, thinking how his Aimée would revel in such a spot; noting the starlings, glossy-backed and desperately busy, hunting in pairs for breakfast on the lawn; chattering sparrows sitting beneath the eaves of a thickly-thatched summer-house, bobbing their saucy little heads about like animated gurgoyles; and two fastidious wag-tails stepping daintily hither and thither, such models of bird-beauty that, watching them, he gave one pull too vigorous, and ran his boat into a bank of mud.

"That comes of trespassing!" cried a voice quite near, and to his amazement from an inlet close by shot out another boat, whose one occupant, a well-clad girl with bright dark eyes, and close-cut curly hair, bestowed upon him a frown of decided rebuke. "Ten feet from the land is my property. If you didn't know that before, my man, recollect it in future!" said she: "Now can you get off alone, or shall I whistle up a gardener to help you?"

Mr. Legh took off his cap instantly.

"I am exceedingly sorry to have intruded where I have no right. I assure you I will do so no more without permission. Thank you very much, but I can manage the boat myself. I believe I have the honour of speaking to Miss Marjorie Assheton?"

While he spoke, the young lady looked straight at him, surprised and inquisitive. This trespasser was not the sort of person she had taken him for, spite of his rough costume (the first that came handy, one that had seen good service among Dutch sluices). He was neither abashed at her reproof nor abject in his apologies. He must be a gentleman—who, she would forthwith find out.

"Oh, I see you are a stranger here," she said, "that accounts for your not understanding boundaries — Yes, I am Miss Assheton. May I ask how you know that?"

"From you and from my sister," answered Stephen Legh, smiling at her much-mollified tone. "You tell me you own Westfield: she, that Westfield is owned by Miss Assheton."

"Your sister?"

"Mrs. Burroughes."

"Good gracious!" said Miss Marjorie, leaning forward to shake hands so suddenly that she nearly capsized. "And to think I was near warning you off the place! Why, you are that magician of mills and pumps who is going to put thousands of pounds into my purse. I'm exceedingly glad to see you. Here, it's pebbly this side. Drop your oar over, and you can shove off in no time."

Obeying, Mr. Legh was very quickly in safer depths, whither Miss Assheton deftly brought her own craft alongside his. "I hope you didn't think me outrageously rude," she went on, "but do you know the people about here seem to expect me to be a nigger, or something out of the common, because I come from Australia, and they've prowled about the place, peeping at me, till I had to utter awful threats. The next who came, I vowed I'd box his ears if he were small enough, or give him to the police if he were too big. But your visit being legitimate, I won't do either one or the other to you."

"Thank you," said Stephen Legh, with a bow—"then I presume I have leave to go on with my investigations?"

"Investigate by all means," answered Miss Marjorie, "but please don't go till you've said when you'll come again. Oh! dear me, though," with a comical look on her decidedly pretty features, "how that remark would horrify mamma! She does so try to make me proper. But I only mean that I want you to begin plans and so forth, and come and show them to me. I'm in such a state of stagnation here, that I counted on beginning business to cheer me up."

"But you are not alone, surely, Miss Assheton?"

"Nominally, no. Practically, yes. My father couldn't, and my mother wouldn't, come over with me; but to come I was determined when I found I was my own mistress. I—" giving her head a wilful shake—"I had my reasons. But the people I was consigned to are off to live in Scotland, so here am I with only a collie at present to take care of me—a two-legged one—that I'm at my wits' ends to get rid of—Bassett by name. You shall see her when you call, and then you'll pity me. And you'll come, Mr. Legh——?"

"Not before a couple of days, if I am to bring a report worth listening to," he answered. "So, as this is Wednesday, I will say good-bye, Miss Assheton," raising his cap again, "until Friday."

"Nothing of the sort," returned she merrily, backing her boat cleverly to her landing-place: "I'm to dine at the Cottage to-night, collie and all. I'd ask you in to breakfast now, only in the first place my half-dozen lie-a-beds never creep down till seven, and in the next I suppose in this ceremonious old land it wouldn't be considered correct. So," jumping lightly ashore, "*au revoir*, Mr. Legh. Tell your sister seven-thirty sharp. I shall ride about all day to find an appetite."

Returning with amusement this free-and-easy farewell, Stephen Legh rowed off, Marjorie Assheton watching him till he had vanished beyond a group of willows. Then she turned homeward with a satisfied nod.

"Rows well, and speaks well, and is not sleek nor weakly good-looking"—so she summed up her observations—"altogether about the best sort I've seen in these parts. I like that man."

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

SAUCES FOR FISH, FLESH, AND FOWL.

O English people deserve the reproach of their French neighbours — viz., that, though they have many religions, they have only one sauce? We are compelled, however reluctantly, to believe that there is sufficient truth in the statement to prevent the boldest cook from contradicting it entirely. "It is very easy," says some reader perhaps, "for skilled cooks, with an unlimited quantity of butter and eggs at their command, such as they have in France, to turn out rich sauces, and so might we if we had the run of such good things." True, we reply, up to a point, and only to a point, for given the best of materials, it needs a careful hand to concoct good sauces. All praise, at any rate, to Continental housewives generally — we are not applauding professed cooks—for the pains which they will take, by judicious blending of flavours and seasoning, to obtain the delicious stock or gravy required as the basis for many kinds of sauce. If, therefore, any reader of the Magazine will, through these pages, take from them, here a hint, and there a wrinkle, we venture to believe that in the end they will feel grateful to their sisters across the Channel.

Melted Butter first—the *one* sauce which we are supposed to make, and that not well! How often is it to be met with on the one hand like bill-sticker's paste, on the other a slop which swims the plate, and looks like thin gruel! And as this is the foundation of so many sauces, sweet and savoury, it is certainly worth while to know the correct way to make it. We are nothing if not practical, so it will not serve our purpose to enlighten our readers as to the method adopted when the *richest* melted butter is required; we may say that it is almost all butter, and those who can afford it will no doubt have cooks competent to produce it. Uunquestionably the surest way to avoid lumps is to first melt the butter in a small stewpan, then to add the flour very gradually, next the water or milk, also little by little, stirring unceasingly until it boils, and for one minute afterwards, when it is ready to serve. As to quantities, the happy medium is hit, and a nice smooth sauce the result, by using an ounce of butter and half an ounce of flour to each half-pint of water or milk. When the latter is used, add the salt last; it is apt to curdle new milk if put in with it. When a richer sauce is desired, allow an extra ounce of butter, and reduce the water a little. Many of the best cooks approve of the addition of a slice of butter stirred in after the sauce is taken from the fire; a spoonful of cream is another improvement. This, as most of our readers are presumably aware, forms the basis of an almost endless variety of sauces, such as parsley, egg, onion, and fish sauces innumerable.

In some cases it is an improvement to use veal stock or gravy, instead of water, and fish sauce—when the fish is filleted—should receive all the goodness and flavour of the bones, which need slow stewing in the water used for making the sauce. We want chiefly to impress the correct *proportions* of flour, butter, and liquid upon our readers' minds; they can then alter, or deviate from, any recipes they may meet with.

We know to what an extent tastes differ; we once partook of some onion sauce, our host remarking, "*You* may not like it; it is made *my* way; I always like the onions to 'crunch.'" And "crunch" they did in a most unpleasant manner, and our host certainly could not complain that he was robbed of *his* share. How different this from a smooth, delicate, fine-flavoured onion sauce, made by boiling the onions—Spanish, if to be had—in two waters, then chopping them, and adding milk, flour, and butter sufficient to make a nice thick sauce, seasoning with salt, pepper, and white sugar, and rubbing through a hair sieve. Give a final boil up, and the sauce is ready. The addition of an egg or a little cream will enrich it to a great extent. Those who will *not* take the trouble to sieve the sauce—and we know the number is not small—must chop the onions exceedingly fine.

Brown Onion Sauce—very nice with roasted goose or pork—should be made as follows:—Fry the onions in butter and a dash of sugar to a nice brown; thicken a little with "brown roux" or flour, and add enough strong beef gravy to make a thick sauce. Season with cayenne or black pepper, and rub through a sieve.

Apple Sauce is, in other countries, made by mixing gravy with the apples, which are stewed until tender, sweetened, and spiced, according to English custom, receiving in addition a high seasoning of pepper or curry powder. This is a very palatable compound.

Dutch Sauce is in high repute in France and America; it is served with various kinds of fish and vegetables, especially *artichokes*. It sounds extravagant, but no one needs much of it, and it is very delicious. To make it, put the yolks only of two eggs into a jar or jug, and two ounces of fresh butter, with a wine-glass of water and a little salt and grated nutmeg; set this in a saucepan of boiling water over the fire, and stir until it is thick, but do not let it boil. Add, off the fire, a dessert-spoonful of lemon-juice. When for serving with calf's head, with which it is very nice, substitute veal gravy for the water. A few drops of strong white vinegar may be used instead of lemon-juice.

We tasted recently a very delicious *Egg Sauce*, in which the yolks were pounded, the whites chopped as usual. A little parsley, finely chopped, had been added, and it looked, as well as tasted, very good. The lady who made it sometimes uses fennel instead of parsley.

In New York, where salmon is dressed to perfection, *Cream Sauce* is a frequent accompaniment. The cream is made very hot, but not brought quite to the boil, seasoned to taste, sometimes with shrimp or anchovy essence, sometimes with chopped parsley. If for baked salmon, the liquor from the tin is strained

and stirred into it; it requires no thickening. It will be found an admirable sauce for fish of almost any kind; capers chopped and added will be excellent with cod-fish—a thoroughly French combination.

What a popular dainty is a tureen of *Oyster Sauce*, and how often is it spoiled by the common practice of letting the oysters boil in it! The proper way is to strain the liquor and boil that with the flour and butter, adding a dash of cayenne, lemon-juice, nutmeg, and anchovy essence, and the oysters last thing, long enough for them to become hot through, removing the sauce from the fire so that it shall not boil after they are put in. Follow this plan either for tinned or fresh oysters; when the last-named are used, the beards should be stewed in the oyster-liquor until *their* flavour is fully extracted. Many cooks recommend mace for almost all white sauces, but one fears to mention it, for it is a spice that is so overpowering in flavour that a trifle too much renders anything uneatable. In the hands of a skilful cook it is certainly valuable, though nutmeg can, in almost every case, be used as a substitute.

Bechamel, that popular French white sauce, is very easy to make in even ordinary households, where economy is practised. For instance, in making this on a large scale, a whole fowl would probably be boiled down for it, together with a knuckle of veal and a piece of lean ham. Proceed, however, as follows:—Put into a saucepan the bones of a boiled or roasted fowl, broken small, with any scraps of *fresh* veal, and a bit of raw lean ham, or the bones from a piece of boiled bacon; add a bit of carrot, a slice of onion, a *tiny* bit of mace, a few white peppercorns, and, if at hand, a few button mushrooms, with a pint of cold water, not forgetting a sprig of thyme and parsley. Simmer until there is only half a pint of liquid, or even less, and if it does not taste rich put in a tea-spoonful of gelatine. Stir until that is dissolved, then strain the sauce. In a separate saucepan bring to the boil half the measure of cream, mixed with a small tea-spoonful of arrowroot; mix the white stock gradually with this, let the whole boil for a few minutes, then serve, adding, off the fire, a few drops of lemon-juice or white vinegar and a little salt. If the stock can be allowed to cool before mixing with the cream, the fat will be more effectually removed. We have dwelt at some length on this recipe, by way of illustrating the fact that people often deprive themselves of nice dishes, simply because the quantities given in recipes are too great for their needs, and they are not sufficiently practical to reduce or alter them to meet their modest requirements. We may mention that if the meat and vegetables are allowed to stew first in a little butter the sauce will taste much better.

White Chestnut Sauce is a most excellent accompaniment to boiled fowl, and would form a pleasant change from parsley sauce, usually served with it. Boil or bake a score of chestnuts until tender, then pound the white part in a mortar to a smooth paste with a couple of ounces of butter, a pinch of white sugar, and half a tea-spoonful of salt. Mix slowly with it half a pint of cream and milk mixed; stir the liquid over the fire until it boils.

Brown Chestnut Sauce is made in the same way, but brown gravy is used instead of milk; this is usually served with *roasted* fowl, and seasoned rather more highly than the white sauce.

Lobster Sauce ought to have some "lobster butter" added to give good flavour and colour, but as this cannot always be obtained, it is well to put into the sauce, besides the flesh of the lobster, a spoonful of "lobster essence," now sold in bottles like shrimp and anchovy essences. A remarkably fine flavour will thus be given at a very trifling additional cost.

The two sauces which follow will be acceptable with a chop or steak; or any kind of meat, game, or poultry may be warmed up *in* them. In either case the sauce must not boil after the meat—which must be previously cooked, as a matter of course—*is* put in, and allowed to remain long enough to become hot through. The first given is a very favourite sauce among Frenchmen in which to serve pigs' or calves' feet, ears, or the remains of a calf's head.

Devil Sauce.—Four table-spoonfuls of cold gravy—that from a joint, or, if not to be had, use brown stock—a tea-spoonful of loaf-sugar, a quarter as much mustard, a dessert-spoonful of good mushroom ketchup, the juice of half a lemon, an ounce of fresh butter, a little salt, and pepper to suit the palate. It should be added cautiously at first; it varies so much in strength, it is almost impossible to state the exact quantity. This may be varied considerably; Worcester, or any other good sauce, can take the place of the ketchup, and vinegar, plain, or flavoured with herbs, may be used instead of the lemon-juice.

Curry Sauce.—To half a pint of nice brown stock add about a dessert-spoonful of good curry paste and the same of fried onions, together with a small apple, fried *with* the onions. Simmer until the whole can be rubbed through a sieve, after which it should be again simmered for a few minutes.

A few general remarks must close our hints on hot sauces. First, we would impress upon every one the importance of having at hand a good supply of roux, both brown and white; full directions will be found for making it in any good cookery book. It is as superior in flavour to a thickening of raw flour only, as baked pastry is to raw. Equally important is freedom from fat; it is a good plan, after skimming, to place a piece of blotting-paper on the surface of the sauce, or a thick slice of stale bread will answer. Colouring is often used in so great a quantity as to seriously mar the original flavour; many kinds, both liquid and in small balls, are very good where cautiously used. "Browning Salt" is also safe, but the salt in the sauce must be reduced when it is added. Scrupulous cleanliness is necessary in the matter of spoons and saucepans; let the first be wooden ones only, and the latter—for delicate white preparations—of enamelled iron. Tinned iron is soon affected by acids, so should not be used for sauces.

L. HERITAGE.

WIFE AND I.

COME and drain a
cup of joy
Now with me,
good wife,
And bring the girl and
boy
Now with thee, good
wife.
Let all hearts be blithe
and gay,
It is fourteen years to-
day
Since you spake the
little "aye"
That to me was life.

When in wedding white ar-
rayed
I beheld you stand,
Why, I almost felt afraid
E'en to touch your hand.
And when with love intent
Your gaze on me you bent,
You seemed a being sent
From the "Better Land."

And an angel you have
proved
Since that good glad hour,
Aye, wherever we have
roved
In sunshine and in shower.
In all goodness you trans-
cend,
And all excellences blend
In the mother, wife, and
friend,
As a sacred dower.

You have made my life more pure
  Than it might have been ;
You have taught me to endure,
  And to strive, and win.
With your simple songs of praise
You sanctify our days,
And our thoughts to heaven you raise
  From a world of sin.

Come, let's quit the dusty town
  With its noise and strife,
And seek the breezy down
  That with health is rife.
Work is good and so is play,
Let us keep our wedding-day
O'er the hills and far away,
  Happy man and wife.

JOHN GEO. WATTS.

AN OUT-DOOR UNIVERSITY.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

IF I were asked, after a long residence among them, what I should consider the leading characteristic of the American people, I should say, not as many would expect, money-making, but a love of improvement, a thirst for knowledge, not always perhaps for its own sake, but because they believe knowledge is power—the power to elevate themselves.

Nevertheless, there are, no doubt, very many who love knowledge for its own sake. I think the proportion of young girls who continue to study after their school-days are over is larger in this country than in any other I have been in. By study I do not mean the perfecting of themselves in accomplishments, but the pursuit of favourite branches of education, a continual effort for culture.

This seems to me especially the case with the classes to whom higher education does not come easily—the young men who have craved a college education without means of attaining it ; the girls who want to know far more than the average public school-girl learns—and for such as these the home culture societies of America do a great work.

These societies are so characteristic of this country, speak so plainly of its conditions and aspirations, that some account of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and the Boston Home Culture Society, may interest English people.

Of these two societies, the first-named is by far the larger and more powerful. Its members number sixty thousand persons of all ages and classes, who live in all parts of the Union ; and, to quote from one of the many tracts and handbooks published under the auspices of the Chautauqua Society, it aims to be "a school after school—a college for one's own house."

This society grew out of Sunday-school work. Its founders, Mr. Akron Miller and Dr. Vincent, conceived the idea of an annual gathering of Sunday-school teachers at Chautauqua, on Chautauqua Lake. Such as chose to spend their summer vacation there were enabled to pursue a course of systematic study, not only sacred, but secular, which would fit them for their work through the following year.

So encouraging was the success of the idea, so enthusiastic its promoters, that year by year new branches of study were added, until it became a veritable out-door university. In connection with the course of study, those who made Chautauqua a summer resort found the usual recreation of a lake-side life—boating alternated with lectures, fishing with philosophy ; and then there is the added charm of a tent life—tent life for hundreds of pallid city-bred youths and maids, tied from year's end to year's end to desk, or shop, or needle. What inducement could be greater ?

Following on this came the plan of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, more commonly abbreviated into the C.L.S.C., and so spoken of by all its members.

This was a plan for a course of reading and home study, covering the principal subjects of the college curriculum, but I cannot do better than make a few quotations from the Chautauquan handbooks :—

"The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle aims to be a college for the people who have never been permitted to enjoy advanced educational privileges ; to promote habits of reading and study in nature, art, science, and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life."

"It proposes to encourage individual study in lines and by text-books which shall be indicated ; by local circles for mutual help and encouragement in such studies ; by summer courses of lectures and 'students' sessions' at Chautauqua, and by written reports and examinations."

"It is for busy people who left school years ago, and who desire to pursue some systematic course of instruction."

"It is for high school and college graduates, for people who never entered either high school or college, for merchants, mechanics, apprentices, mothers, busy housekeepers, farmer boys, shop girls, and for people of leisure and wealth who do not know what to do with their time."

The course of study covers a period of four years, and may be accomplished by reading an hour a day during ten months of the year.

Of course, it is not expected that an uneducated person can secure a finished education by merely giving an hour a day to study, but such an amount of time devoted to well-chosen books is an intellectual training which can but make a measure of intelligence and general knowledge very often lacking even in those who have enjoyed liberal educational advantages ; while the earnest seeker after knowledge, who will work with zeal and bring to his study the preparation of an ordinary school education, must find in the C.L.S.C. the help and counsel the solitary student craves and needs. This, indeed, seems to be the great advantage of the

C.L.S.C. : that a course of study is prescribed, and the youth who teaches himself is saved the infinite waste of time and labour caused by plodding along in the dark, not knowing, till culture has brought light, the proper sequence, or *how to work*, in fact ; and the knowledge too that he is working with some twenty thousand others towards a definite end brightens his course ; for if he can answer 80 per cent. of the questions in the examination papers, he will graduate and receive a diploma ; and greater than all, if he encounters difficulty's discouragements, he can write to his unseen, unknown tutors, and have his difficulty solved. He can thus count on aid and encouragement at every step.

The course of the C.L.S.C. is so managed that all classes study simultaneously. The studies for the year are portioned out into months "as a suggestion, not a requirement," for the students ; but the subjects are arranged so that all four classes study them during the same year. To quote again :—

"The studies of the year 1881 are the same for all members of the Circle, but constitute the work of the *first* year to one class, of the *second* year to another, and of the *third* year to the class which began in 1878. It is as if a college, seniors, juniors, sophomores, and freshmen, were together in the same text-books, but one class beginning and another ending the curriculum. In a college or school this would not be practicable, since the first year's course is a necessary stepping-stone to the second year's ; but in the C.L.S.C. the work of each year is complete in itself, and does not relate closely either to what has been or what will be studied."

This sounds confusing, but it is said to work well in practice.

The principal feature of the C.L.S.C. idea, however, seems to be to remove the necessity for solitary study by the formation of local centres or circles, and in most cities and towns in the United States such circles exist, sometimes numbering, as in Cleveland, Ohio, three hundred ; at others consisting only of a few members, who meet to discuss their studies, compare notes, and make it also an occasion for social pleasure.

Widespread as I know the C.L.S.C. to be, I was surprised to learn that it numbers several hundred members in Canada, and a few students in England, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands.

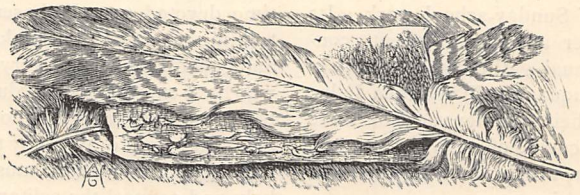
But pleasant as may be the plan of study in circles, all referring to, and corresponding with, the chief office, the boon of such help in self-culture must be chiefly felt by those individual students who are far from books, or any library for reference : a hundred miles, perhaps, from any educated person of whom to ask help in solving a difficulty ; and by all who are eager for knowledge, yet know not where to seek it.

Great as the success of the C.L.S.C. has been, it is in no sense a money-making idea—I mean, it is not remunerative to its principals, as a school or academy would be. The business and correspondence is still carried on in the small country office where it originally began.

I am told every effort is made to keep the course inexpensive, but it was found that even a few dollars per annum for the purchase of books was beyond the reach of some students, and with that kindly thought and respect for the burdens of aspiring poverty which is, I think, characteristically American, many plans were adopted by local circles to overcome the obstacles—a lending library in some cases, and the interchange of one book for another ; but perhaps the measure that most fully meets the difficulty is the publication of a monthly magazine, the *Chautauquan*. It contains many of the required books as serials, and other aids to self-culture, such as some columns devoted to the correct accentuation of the Greek or other names, or unusual words that may occur in the course of study prescribed for the month, and in other ways meeting so far as possible every difficulty likely to arise. How many and discouraging these are, every one who has attempted to teach himself a language or a branch of science can testify.

The fee charged for initiation is 50 cents per annum. This, it must be remembered, is a much smaller sum in this country than the corresponding 2s. 1d. would be in England, because its purchasing power is so much less, and this fee is intended to cover expense of correspondence.

In this short paper I have been able to give but a general idea of the plan of the C.L.S.C. I should add, however, that for those students whose zeal and leisure enable them to go beyond the usual prescribed course of reading, special courses are prepared with great care by competent authorities. For instance, there are special courses in Roman history and literature, Greek history and literature, astronomy, chemistry, &c. There are no arbitrary rules, so far as I can find ; everything seems to be trusted to the honour and good sense of the members. They may avail themselves of the advantages offered, or not. There seem to be no fines, no suspensions, and members can read one year or two, or the whole course. In conclusion, neither sex, creed, age, nor race is regarded.



MARY COTTERELL'S VISITOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SO BLUE: THE STORY OF A GIRTON GIRL," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

STELLE, are you ready?"

A little shriek of horror is the answer, and in another moment Estelle Verries comes flying down-stairs, boots unbuttoned, neckerchief unfastened, hat and gloves in hand.

"My angelic Mary, if you scold me I shall die! Blame the chair you have put in my room. It is positively too seductive—I could *not* keep awake in it. Suddenly I hear a great strike of the clock; I jump up, and find I have only a little tiny five minutes to dress in! Ah! dear, patient Mary, forgive the foreigner and her abominable ways."

"Never mind about apologising, child, but button your boots and put your hat on."

"My boots!" Estelle looks down at them in despair, and then dropping on her knees in the hall, tries to do them up with her weak little fingers.

Mary Cotterell pulls her up, orders her peremptorily into a hall-chair, and drawing a button-hook from her own pocket, proceeds to do up the high foreign boots.

"There! Now turn slowly round, and let me see that you are all right."

Estelle obeys submissively. "I hadn't time to do my hair again," she explains.

"So I see, but as it is always rough, that makes very little difference. I suppose you must do now. Put on your gloves; and where's your parasol?"

"Up-stairs. I don't want it."

"Yes, you do. I'll get it for you."

Estelle doesn't object at all; but when Mary comes down again she flings both arms round her, and calls her her best-beloved cabbage.

"Tell me, Mary," she asked, as they walked down the garden on their way to Mrs. Charlesworth's tennis-party, "will that dreadful red-haired engineer be there—you know; the man who is so stupid and *gauche?*"

"Sure to be," said Mary drily. "He's devoted to Eva Charlesworth."

"Poor girl! I *pity* her," observed Mdlle. Verries emphatically.

"Oh, you needn't do that; she doesn't care a fig for him. And besides, the dreadful red-haired engineer, as you politely call Arthur Rivers, is a very good fellow."

"I call him a beast!" said Estelle, with exceeding frankness.

"Now, Estelle," said Mary sharply, "I won't have you pick up bad words from my young brothers, and I won't have you speak rudely of my friends."

"Do *you* like him?" inquired her companion, stepping forward, so as to get a good look at her face.

"Certainly," replied Mary, not the least disconcerted by the mischievous scrutiny of the dark eyes.

Estelle let go of her arm, and held up both hands in amazement.

"You are funny, you English! You positively like people because they are *good!*"

"Certainly," replied Mary again.

"But men never *are* good," answered Estelle, changing her ground.

"Oh, indeed!"

"My mother says so, and she knows."

"Your poor mother was unfortunate in her experience of them; but surely, because one Englishman was a wicked husband to her, she would not condemn all the rest?"

"Oh, that is only part of what she knows," said Estelle confidently. "She has seen a great deal of life, and she has always taught me *never* to trust any man at all, however good he may seem."

Mary was silent, not liking to say what she thought of such training.

Estelle's French mother had been forced, when hardly more than a child, into a marriage with a wealthy Englishman, who had treated her with neglect and brutality, and finally deserted her. Released from galling bonds by the intervention of the law, she had immediately quitted his hated country, and retired with little Estelle to a quiet suburb of Paris, where the child was brought up to call herself French, and to hate everything that was English. Yet, when an invitation came from Mrs. Cotterell for Estelle to spend a whole summer with her at Coppenham, the girl's reluctance to go was overridden by her mother, who never forgot that the Cotterells, husband and wife, had been the only people in England whose sympathy she had been able to accept or rely on. So Estelle nerved herself for a visit to her native country, and once at Coppenham, found to her surprise that she was going to enjoy herself. She found English country life charmingly novel; she particularly liked the admiration accorded to her beauty and vivacity; and she took at once to Mary Cotterell, who had much of her mother's intelligent tact and thoughtfulness.

The two girls had walked on another hundred yards or so without speaking, when Mary was roused from her reflections by feeling her arm suddenly pinched. Looking up, she discovered rapidly approaching them the young man whose "goodness" had been so summarily disposed of by Estelle a few minutes previously.

He certainly was not a beauty.

Slightly above the average height, and disproportionately broad, he not only had no good looks to boast of, but carried himself particularly badly, with a kind of undignified shamble, his head forward and his hands for ever in his pockets. Estelle managed to convey her opinion of him to Mary by a rapid little

grimace and shrug of the shoulders before he came up to them.

"How do you do, Mary? How do you do, Mademoiselle—er—I really forget your name."

He put out his hand to Estelle in an unthinking way, much to her displeasure. He ought only to have bowed; and how dared he forget her name! Her reluctant little fingers just touched his.

Rivers saw now, and his lips twitched with amusement.

"Beg your pardon, I'm sure. I'll only bow another time," he said bluntly. "Hate shaking hands myself; it's a barbarous custom. I suppose you are bound, like me, for Charlesworth's, Mary?"

On her assenting, he turned and walked beside her, without asking whether his company was desired or not.

"If you were polite, Arthur, you would offer to carry my racquet and shoes," observed Mary, laughing. "You can't imagine what a bad opinion Mademoiselle Verries is forming of you."

He took the things from her, rapidly glancing up and down Estelle, who looked bewitchingly pretty under her rose-lined parasol.

"Quite right, too," he returned, with a smile. "You see, Mademoiselle, I've no sisters to lick me into shape."

Estelle was not sufficiently well up in English slang to understand quite what he meant by this; but gathering from the pleasantness of his smile that it could not have been anything rude, she condescended to answer.

"I've no sisters, or brothers either," she said naïvely.

"Ah! I thought so."

"Why?"

Rivers had guessed it from her manner, which was very much that of a spoilt only child, but he managed to escape blunderingly from telling her so. By this time they had reached Mrs. Charlesworth's lawn, and with a short, "Oh, can't say; intuition, I suppose," he hastily crossed over to where the fair, slender Eva Charlesworth was standing, racquet in hand, talking to the favourite and scapegrace of the place, Hal Armitage. Neither of these two particularly wanted him, and after a little while Eva gracefully sent him back to Estelle, who did not play tennis, and who had been left stranded on a garden chair, while the rest of the guests were occupied with the game. She felt so neglected and uncomfortable that it was quite a relief when Rivers came and sat down beside her.

"We ought to fraternise," he said, drawing his chair rather forward, so as to get a good view of her face, "since we neither of us play this all-engrossing game. Are you over in England for long?"

Estelle allowed herself to be gradually drawn into conversation, and was getting quite interested in comparing notes with him about the Riviera, when an amused approving little nod and smile from Mary brought the colour to her face. She was a complete child in many respects, and her vexation at finding herself blushing was so great that the tears started to her eyes. Rivers wondered what on earth had happened, but if his manners were abrupt, his good feeling was rarely at fault, and he showed tact now.

"I brought home no end of mementoes," he continued quietly, "and among them some flowers from Mentone—roots I mean—which I planted in the garden here for Miss Charlesworth. Would you like to see them?"

Estelle sprang up, ready to go anywhere rather than continue to sit with her face in full view of all the players. She was sure every one must be looking at her. But in a very few minutes, thanks to Rivers' tactics, she was herself again, and inwardly determined to pay Mary out.

This little episode had cured her of her dislike to the young engineer, and before the evening was over her feelings had undergone a further revulsion. She and Mary were asked, with some of the other guests, to stay to the eight o'clock supper at Mrs. Charlesworth's, and later on there was a general vote for music. Estelle was known to have a beautiful voice, but she was exceedingly nervous, and could not be prevailed upon to sing till Eva suggested that she should be supported by a violin *obbligato*.

"That would give me courage," Estelle admitted, "and I know this song for voice and violin; but who is the virtuoso?"

"Oh, my fiddle and I are at home in this drawing-room," said Rivers, coming up quickly, and drawing out the case from under a low settee.

Estelle regarded him doubtfully, making up her mind that she should stop singing at once if his playing did not please her. She need not have been alarmed. He was a thorough musician, and soon she confessed to herself that she had never been accompanied with such instinctive sympathy. Her mellow voice gathered strength and evenness as she felt she could rely on the response of his violin to its faintest inflections, and at the end of the song their eyes met in a glance of mutual understanding and admiration.

Hal Armitage turned to Eva Charlesworth with a significant chuckle.

"Our good Arthur is smitten," he said—"settled and done for."

Eva followed the direction of his eyes, and appraised Estelle critically.

"I hope it may be so," she answered gently.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

FOR a week or two Estelle went about in a frame of mind which is apt to upset the calmest natures, and which, in a girl of her excitable temperament, took the shape of extreme fitful alternations between turbulent gaiety and tearful depression. She would have worked herself into a fever had it not been for the sincere good sense and unobtrusive sympathy of quiet Mary Cotterell, who understood her visitor well.

Then one day she darted into the house, dragged Mary to her room, and there burst out crying and laughing wildly. "I am so happy!—so happy!—oh, Mary, can't you guess?"

"RAPIDLY COUNTING OUT THE PETALS, AND GLANCING MISCHIEVOUSLY UP AT HER LOVER" (*p.* 499).

"What a child you are, Estelle! Of course I can guess, and I'm as glad as ever I can be, dearie. Tell me all about it."

"I was in the garden, and he came up the path—oh, I can't go on now—I'm just overwhelmed—frantic—my heart's beating all over me!"

"That dreadful red-haired man?" said Mary mischievously.

"How *dare* you call him dreadful! Yes, yes, I know that's what I said, but then I began to like him just a tiny little, and then it went on crescendo—crescendo—forte—FORTISSIMO!"

She waved her hands as if conducting an orchestra, and ended on tiptoe, tossing them high above her head.

"So, after all, you have found a man you can trust," said Mary, half-jokingly, and not at all prepared for the sudden cloud that settled on Estelle's face. She did not answer at once, and then her tone had changed.

"Mary, you told me he was devoted to Eva Charlesworth."

"Oh, did I?" said Mary, much embarrassed—"Well, I used to think so, but clearly I was mistaken."

"No, you were not. He told me about it himself. He says a long time ago he asked her to marry him, but she wouldn't. She said she liked somebody else, but he mustn't be angry with her: they must always be friends. So he took it very quietly, and stayed near her till I came, and then he found out he only cared for her like a brother, but for me in quite a different way. He says she is very good, but I hate her. I am frightened of her: she is so pretty and sweet, and I'm such a rough, undignified baby!"

"Do you mean that you are going to begin by being jealous?" asked Mary, quite coldly.

"I have told him he must never let me see him near her!" declared Estelle passionately.

Mary's first impulse was to be indignant, but the memory of Estelle's training came into her mind, and she resolved to be very patient and gentle with her. For the moment she dismissed the subject lightly.

As to Arthur Rivers, he walked away, too full of the happiness Estelle had conferred upon him to think seriously of her confession of a jealous disposition. In the consciousness of his single-hearted devotion to her, he thought it impossible but that she must quickly learn to trust him. There were other considerations that seemed to him of more importance, and especially he had on his mind the difficult letter that must be immediately written to Madame Verries. But gradually he became aware that Estelle's distrust was far deeper seated than he had conceived possible, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most: Estelle, alternating between jealousy and remorse, or Arthur, under the continual necessity of behaving not only to Eva Charlesworth, but to all women, with unnatural formality, and of remonstrating with his angry betrothed. Estelle honestly strove to crush the unworthy feelings down, but their deep roots in her temperament and education put forth fresh shoots as soon as the old ones were killed off. At last a crisis arrived.

Eva Charlesworth had long ago promised to marry Hal Armitage as soon as he should be able to keep a wife, but her parents would allow no open engagement, as Hal was a harum-scarum fellow, with a great distaste for hard work, and correspondingly little prospect of making a sufficient income. The poor girl was beginning to suffer from the effects of long waiting, and to feel, though she never doubted her lover's affection, that he was not doing all he might to forward their marriage, when it was mentioned before her one day that Arthur Rivers had a voice in the appointment of manager for some engineering works in New Zealand. Eva resolved to make an appeal to him on behalf of the man she was ready to follow to the end of the world, and an opportunity presented itself shortly at the Cotterells', where she was spending the evening.

"I want to speak to you in private presently, Arthur," she said in a low voice, almost as soon as they had shaken hands.

Arthur bowed with the stiffness required of him by Estelle, but his words were cordial. "Whenever and wherever you like, Eva."

"In the conservatory, then, while Estelle is singing," she replied, indicating by a nervous little laugh her comprehension of possible difficulties.

Soon Estelle was called to the piano. At the end of her first song she missed Rivers, but it was not till she had finished a second that she discovered that Eva had also absented herself. In a moment her indignant jealousy surged up, and trembling all over with suppressed fear and anger, she went to the head of the steps which led down into the conservatory. Two figures were standing below her, half hidden by a tall palm.

"You know I will do all I can for you, Eva," said the man.

"I know you have always been better to me than I deserve," said the woman, her voice hardly under control. "You will keep my secret now, Arthur?"

"I will keep your secret and serve you," said Rivers, with just that strong gentleness in his voice which Estelle thought he had no right to use to any one but her. The miserable girl clenched her hands and teeth in the effort to restrain herself, conscious of the unfitness of making a scene, but self-control was not to be learnt in a moment, and passion asserted itself.

"Arthur," she said, in a low, choking voice, and stepping down towards him, "you are a traitor—you have deceived me—you——" she could hardly speak, and now she put one hand to her head, while the other, extended, forbade his approach. So she stood for a moment, then her figure swayed, she missed her footing, and he only caught the words, "Ah, you have killed me!" before she fell at his feet, sobbing, crying, raving, flinging herself about in violent hysterics, like one possessed.

Eva, shocked beyond measure, called Mary Cotterell to her aid, and with as little fuss as possible they got Estelle up-stairs, where she continued all night in a

state of half-delirious misery and rage. The only thing she was distinct and persistent about was that she would never see or speak to Arthur again. He left the house in despair, pinning his only hope on Mary, who promised to bring the poor girl to reason. "Leave her to me for a few days," she said, and Rivers obeyed, devoting all his energies to getting Hal Armitage the colonial post desired for him by Eva.

Estelle, sorely ashamed of herself by now, heard the news of his success from Mary, who added an explanation of the part played by Arthur.

"Are you satisfied now?" asked the latter, with the sternness she found more salutary than gentleness.

"Why hasn't Arthur been to see me?" asked Estelle, looking down.

"You went too far this time; you forget that he has his pride."

Estelle sprang up and dropped on her knees beside Mary's chair. "Let me go to him! Not to his house—I don't mean that, but somewhere where I shall meet him! Oh! my dear Mary, do this one thing more for me, I implore you!"

"I don't think you deserve anything of the sort," said Mary sharply, and nothing like a promise could be extorted from her.

It was therefore, of course, only a singular coincidence that the following day Arthur should be walking through Coppenham Wood just when Mary and Estelle happened to be nutting there—or rather, Mary was nutting, while Estelle stood by in her Frenchified dress, and never so much as took off her gloves. It was lucky too that just when Arthur came upon them Mary should be high up from the ground in a thick bush, and quite out of sight and hearing behind the leafy screen which compassed her about.

Where were Estelle's low spirits now? She had meant to be very humble and penitent, but it was never any use for her to decide beforehand how she would behave, and now, when she saw the "dreadful red-haired man" approaching her, the pleasure of it was so great that everything else went out of her head. There was a stile between them, and hastily gathering a field daisy, she went and stood her side of it, with a face full of childish gaiety.

"He loves me a little, much, more, not at all," she began, rapidly counting out the petals, and glancing mischievously up at her lover, "a little, much, *most* of all!" she ended triumphantly, expecting him to clear the stile in a moment, and punish her with kisses for her bad behaviour.

But Arthur did nothing of the kind. There was not the vestige of a smile on his worn face, and he looked at her so gravely that a sudden fear and heartache took possession of her.

"Arthur, forgive me," she said timidly, and taking in both hers the hand he had laid on the stile.

"Am I never to be more than the plaything of your jealous caprice, Estelle?" he asked sadly.

"Ah, you are cruel! You are tormenting me, humbling me!" cried the girl, her cheeks flaming. "You think I have not suffered. Arthur, for pity's sake do not look at me like that!"

What could the man do? Did he not love this wayward child, with all her unjustifiable distrust of himself, better than anything else in the world?

First the position of their hands changed, for he put out his other one, and took both her little ones into his strong grasp. Then his tone softened: "Estelle, Estelle, how long will this phase last?"

"I will never, never doubt you again!" she exclaimed passionately.

"Never till next time," said Rivers, with a just perceptible smile. "How am I ever to feel safe?"

She would have protested, but he silenced her. 'Words are useless, my child," he said. "We must begin again from the beginning." And therewith he got over the stile, and proceeded to make love so delightfully, that when Mary descended from her perch and insisted on going home, Estelle thought and called her a "horrid bore."

But Mary was too well content at the completeness of their reconciliation to mind being abused. Nor had she any fear for the ultimate stability of their happiness, knowing that there was in Estelle plenty of good material, and that Arthur not only understood her well now, but would conquer in the end by sheer force of love and patience.

H. L.

A SUMMER TRYST.

THE birds rose, frightened; in the lane,
Upon the hush of summer,
Broke dash of wheels and prancing hoofs:
They looked for no such comer.
A dainty damsel, waiting, sat,
Smiling in shy, sweet pleasure;
Her dog beside her watched, well skilled
Each mood of hers to measure.
"Coo, coo," the ring-doves sang—"We know:
The tale first told so long ago."

Now Fido pricks his ears; a step
Draws near; there's low-voiced greeting:
What has the curious world to do
With plighted lovers' meeting?
The summer days were made for them,
And sylvan haunts, high springing;
On through the leafy lanes they drive,
While birds are once more singing.
"Coo, coo," the ring-doves murmur low—
"You see it now; we told you so."

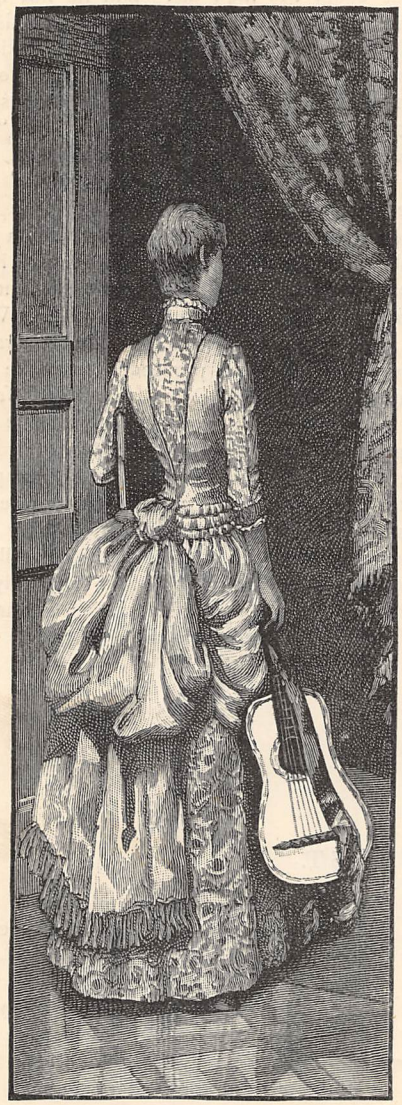
KATE THOMPSON SIZER.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

WE are pinning our faith this season to two colours—twine and green. I should say that the *penchant* for green might be accounted for by the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland, only it is quite as much adopted in Paris as in London, where the same reason would hardly affect the mode. It is not one tone, but many: dark emerald, light emerald, mousse, and eau de Nil, which last is combined with dark greens and pinks as well as the universally prevailing twine.

We have gone to nature for the hues we adopt this season—the tone of the horse-chestnut, the watercress, the willow, the fir, cypress, and soft moss.



TO THE MUSIC-ROOM.

Woollen fabrics are having a good day, for though silk is worn, it is only in combination with wool as regards more than half the dresses. Our climate is so variable, that it is not wonderful that we affect velvets and woollens even in July. Many of the stuffs are brocaded with all kinds of intermixtures of tone, happily most artistic; and tinsel we continue to be pleased with, whether it shows itself in morning or evening gowns, or in millinery. Her Majesty's Drawing-rooms have been notable for the glimmer of gold stuffs to be seen at them this season; most of the more costly trains were made of white or coloured silks, of the richest quality, shot with gold, and nothing is so regal-looking and so well suited to the occasion. Gold and silver have been often combined in one stuff, as in the case of a blue train brocaded in gold and silver. Many most effective mixtures were obtained—light pink brocaded with silver, and worn with maize; brown brocaded in gold, and worn with yellow. Often the train was simply attached to the dress by one brace on the shoulders, so that, removing it, a complete ball-gown was ready to be worn the same evening if necessary.

Many ladies who attended Drawing-rooms wore their hair turned up; it is a style that well suits plumes and lappets. But in ordinary every-day life, especially for morning wear, the basket-plaits, very fine, and coiled round and round, either in the Grecian or three-plait, continue to be worn. Such women as have not enough hair of their own are content to pin false tresses in a small circle of net, distended on wire; the size is about fifteen inches round, with a dozen wires radiating from the centre. The Princess of Wales has never worn her hair turned up to the top of the head, but has adopted the basket-plaits, and I see that she often passes a jewelled gold dagger through them. Fringes are worn, but not frizzed; they lie neat and close on the forehead.

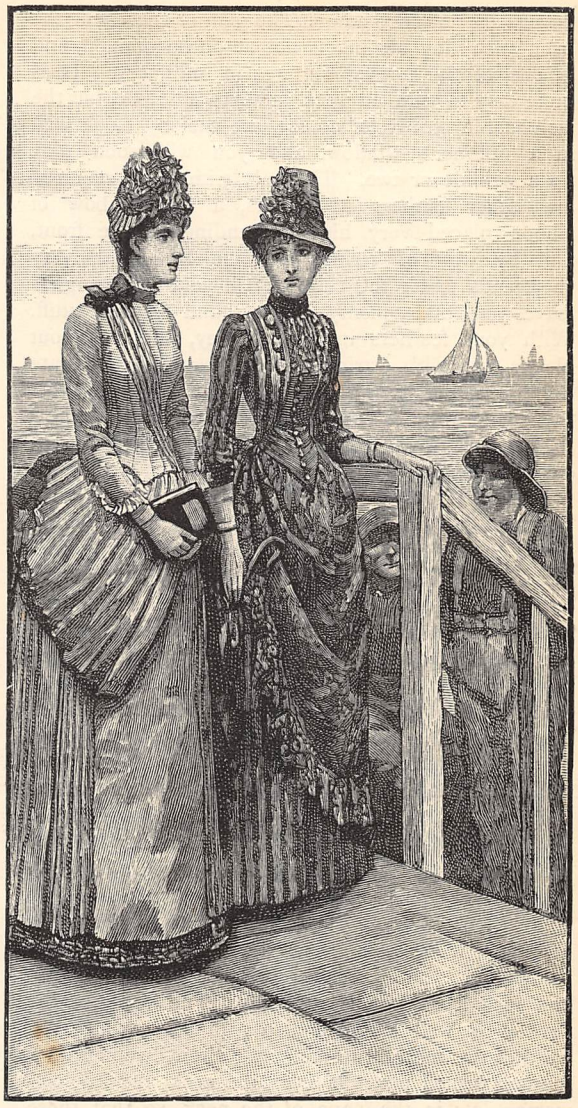
If you want an expensive dress for *fêtes* and full-dress morning occasions, order a thin canvas shot with gold in cream, or any shade you affect, and trim it with woollen lace, also intermixed with gold. If money is an object, omit the gold and choose either a plain canvas or one with open-work stripes, still trim it with woollen lace, but with no gold; you will have a very durable dress that will clean and last a season or so. The open-worked and transparent stuffs require lining with a colour.

If you are bent in the bright sunshine on boating, the most fashionable material is cream flannel with coloured stripes—that is, a mixture of several tones in one stripe, such as pink, blue, and brown or yellow; red, yellow, brown, and pink, and so on. The stripes are set close together in five or seven lines. A wide space comes between the collected stripes. The stuff is made up either with plain colour much darker, or with

cream. The skirts of such gowns have no foundation; they are generally arranged either in treble box-plaits, or just gathered with drapery looped high on the hips. The bodices are loose, having full fronts, and jackets which only fasten at the neck. If the wearer indulges in rowing, this jacket is slipped on and off, and the vest becomes a full and loose bodice. Naturally, no crinoline nor steels of any kind are worn in such dresses, and, to tell the truth, the best dressmakers have now given up steels and crinolines of any kind. In Paris, the dresses are allowed to fall softly, but are stuck out very much at the top by means of a new dress-improver made of steel, which looks for all the world like a sun-bonnet, or by means of a double mattress, the smaller one turning down over the larger. These are stuffed with horsehair and covered with satin.

The women who adopt the latest modes as a duty require sense and discrimination, or they will find themselves landed in very gaudy attire indeed. For, besides the stuffs interwoven with gold threads, there is a large choice of canvas and cotton stamped in gold. The Theodora mania asserts itself in millinery, and in gowns with canvas twine grounds, generally printed in golds, reds, and greens of Byzantine patterns, and I see that even in England these are finding favour. They require the most careful manipulation, but stylish evening dresses are made with fawn silks and draperies of this printed stuff, which happily is fabulously costly.

A word to the economical. If you have any half-worn silks by you, take a good look at them, and see if, by the admixture of canvas draperies, you cannot transform them into new garments, or the semblance of new. This year's draperies do not require a large quantity of material, and with a silk foundation and a peep of the best part of the silk here and there, I have seen most respectable-looking garments turned out under unfavourable circumstances.



WAITING FOR THE BOAT.

In woollen stuffs, Parisian modistes are fond of finding a coloured selvedge and allowing it to show, so that it forms a trimming. Striped stuffs are draped at the back so that half are perpendicular and the other half horizontal.

In Paris no mantle is worn out of doors, or very rarely, except by quite young girls. In England, however, whether for economy or not, it is a prevailing custom in hot weather, or, at all events, has been for some few seasons. This year I do not see so many people thus economical, probably because the mantelettes are smaller and less cumbersome, and are easier to wear gracefully.

Now the small shoulder-capes are larger and lighter. Many are made of chenille, with coin-like pendants in black and coloured jet. Others are entirely lace, or lace-trimmed crêpe de Chine. With two points in front, a little shaping to the figure, so that the cape falls in a mass of lace just below the waist, it becomes a mantelette, and this is the universal out-door covering. Those who consider the cost have them made in tufted woollen stuffs, with woollen lace and jet trimming, and some are made of piece woollen lace. Little jackets, such as were worn ten years ago, made of silk or piece woollen lace, have come in again, and prove comfortable, useful wear. Maybe we shall save ourselves a few colds in this way, for it is by no means always safe in England, even in hot weather, to go out in the same garment we have been wearing in-doors. Yet we are going to tempt fate in another direction, by bonnets which are so transparent they do not hide the hair, much less protect the head. The foundations are frequently made of gold wire, and this is just lightly covered with the thinnest gold gauze, and perhaps a little white guipure or black lace over, or the petals of a rose, and bonnets made entirely of

flowers are not uncommon. The plan of encrusting the brim with tiny blooms is not at all uncommon, and is one of the newest features in millinery. It is quite easy to trim all such bonnets at home, but the fashionable straws, of course, are easier. Look well in a milliner's window, and you will soon pick up a wrinkle or two. The only trimmings required are either feathers or flowers, a looped bow of ribbon placed very high upstanding in the front, and by way of strings a large bow with very short ends under the chin. With your flowers have leaves and buds, plenty of grass and feathery stuff. With your feathers intermix osprey, and marabout blends well with ostrich. If you want to elaborate the brim, bind it with black velvet, and over this twine gold braid or cord, just sufficiently close to show the velvet between. The Olivia bonnet requires very careful choosing, and suits but few English faces.

In hats, Englishwomen this year are wearing broad-brimmed sailor straws, mostly narrow at the back, broad in front, very shady and comfortable. Sometimes they are white, sometimes fancy straw, just entwined with ribbon, lace, or flowers. The Paris nets, and hats for more dressy occasions in England, are those with high crowns, and brims wide at each side, and tapering back and front. There is the boat shape, with higher crowns, and known as Amazon. These hats are made in straw, and covered also with lace and guipure muslin. To be really stylish, they should be matched by the parasol—a large one, with a square handle covered with velvet and brass nails; I am giving you the latest novelty. This kind, in red twill, with a frill at the edge, is much worn. If you have an old parasol, cover it with lace sufficiently wide to come almost to the top and to fall well over the edge; it is put on gathered very full; or you may throw a lace handkerchief crosswise on the parasol, and tack it as it falls naturally. The inside of the parasol is well trimmed also with narrow lace. A word or two more as to bonnets. Frenchwomen wear the hair turned upwards from the neck, and Englishwomen low in the nape of the neck, so that those intended for the one have to be modified for the other. An ingenious milliner has lately met the difficulty by sewing coils of hair, comb and all, to the back. A loose stitch would be a calamity!

Stiff wired collars are added to the top of evening bodices, and for day wear there are many pretty ruffles, made of loops of narrow ribbons, all colours, blended, with no lace necessarily. They make useful little additions to a dark toilette.

Cotton dresses appear to be most frequently trimmed with embroidered frilling of their own—a good plan, if they really wash well, as they come back from the laundress ready to put on without re-arranging. Navy blue is often worked in white or red; brown in white; red in white; but blue is the most fashionable in washing gowns, possibly because greens will not wash. As the season advances, you see that white gowns in washing materials have the preference over cream for the same reason; white comes back looking fresh and pure without trouble; cream requires tea or hay, or saffron, or some manipulating, to get the right tint, and rarely looks quite so well when washed.

The laces used on the white dresses are not so often of the dark twine, which has apparently passed its real fashion, and those who fall back upon it are possibly using last year's store; but it has this advantage, that it keeps the white looking fresh a long time.

Very wide sashes are worn, both with washing and silk gowns, and also for evening, and the loops are so arranged that they form a back drapery of themselves. A white lace dress, with a variety of these sashes, may be made to do a good deal of hard work for morning or evening wear. A velvet bodice in the evening, with a lace skirt, is always dressy, and the same skirt will do with a lace bodice for afternoon wear. Valenciennes is the best lace for this style of toilette.

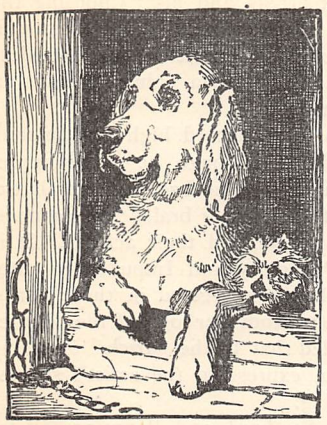
The dresses that are illustrated in our engravings are all made of canvas, for étamine (as the material is called) is decidedly the most popular fabric of the day in Paris. Probably the fashion will pass away quickly after the season is over, but the furore for it at present is remarkable.

There are three models given, one for evening, and two for seaside wear. The first, that worn by the young girl on her way to the music-room, is pale blue, figured and plain canvas; the under-skirt, the plastron both on the back and front of the bodice, the under half of the sleeves, and the small bouillonnés at the waist are of the broché canvas, the remainder of the costume is of the plain material. The sash at the back terminates with chenille fringe. A small tuft of pale blue flowers ornaments the left side of the head.

The first of the two ladies waiting for the boat wears a costume of écru canvas and brown velvet of the shade known as *mordoré*. The bodice is laced at the back, an old and inconvenient fashion once more slowly reviving. The folds that cross the bodice are fastened on the right shoulder with a velvet bow, while at the left of the waist there is another bow, this time with the addition of long ends. The sash at the back is likewise velvet, for velvet is now a favourite trimming on summer dresses, composed of zephyrs, foulards, and cottons as well as of canvas. The bonnet worn with this costume consists of a gold wire foundation covered with écru canvas worked in gold thread; the flowers are parrot tulips in streaked velvet, and these effective flowers are mounted high in front of the crown; there are no strings.

The last costume is in the Guards' colours, blue and red, than which there is no more effective combination. The blue canvas is striped with red velvet, and the pointed corselet, cuffs, collar, and sash are of the same. The full plastron and the tunic are of figured blue and red canvas. The same colours are found in the hat, the crown of which is surrounded with a blue canvas scarf, and the front is covered with a high bouquet of red poppies. This style of make could also be carried out in zephyr, which is an excellent material for summer wear.

SOME GREAT ENGLISH PAINTERS.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.
Sir E. Landseer.

"To see ourselves as others see us" is a proverbially wholesome, if not always quite a pleasant process, but a very clever French critic has written a volume on English art and artists which goes far to prove that others sometimes see us to even better advantage than we see ourselves. The name of M. Ernest Chesneau is familiar to every one who attended Professor Ruskin's lectures on the "Art of England," and our great art-critic has shown his appreciation of his Gallic brother by commissioning him to write a life of J. M. W. Turner, which is to be preceded by a history of previous landscape; and also by himself writing a characteristic preface and annotations to the book* in which "the acute and kindly Frenchman" shows us how thoroughly he has studied our national old and modern masters, and how extensive is his knowledge of their works. A very admirable introduction takes a bird's-eye view of what English sovereigns have done in the way of encouraging art from the days of Henry III. to those of William and Mary, which chiefly took the form of patronising foreign painters, and distinctly marks the period when native artists first came to the fore and asserted their own individuality; adding, "France to-day, on behalf of Europe, sets to her lips the golden clarion of renown to celebrate the still fresh glory of English painting."

In the first part of his work, which is devoted to our old masters, M. Chesneau pertinently asks whether there is an English school of painting at all, and answers himself in the negative by declaring that it is just the "absence of any national tradition that strikes me most forcibly in studying English painting. Each painter seems to stand by himself, and is, so to speak, isolated from his brother artists. No trace is to be found of any uniformity of method or of teaching, none of systematic instruction by the State, the Academy, or the Fine Art School. English art is free, and on that very account is infinitely varied, full of surprises and unexpected originality."

In these words M. Chesneau has put his finger on the secret of our strength; our artists have not followed the Italian, or the French, or the German schools, but have struck out in vigorous and varied paths of their own, and have at length commanded the serious and respectful attention of nations who fondly supposed that they themselves held the complete monopoly of artistic feeling and expression. The first noteworthy Englishman who can be classed among our so-called old masters was William Hogarth, Handel's contemporary, and the pupil and son-in-law of Sir James Thornhill, sergeant-painter to King George I., the first English artist who was ever knighted. Hogarth is aptly described as preëminently Anglo-Saxon, and his chief weapon is designated as "a merciless truth;" but though his principal pictures are skilfully and appreciatively analysed, M. Chesneau calls him essentially a moralist painter, but not an artist in the true sense of the word.

Reynolds and Gainsborough are fully recognised as artists, and the distinction between them very cleverly put, the talent of Reynolds being called "a magnificent victory of the will," and that of Gainsborough "the spontaneous unfolding of a flower accomplishing its natural transition, and ripening into fruit." Reynolds' masterpiece is pronounced to be one of his portraits of Nelly O'Brien, which is not very well known; and Gainsborough's, his "Blue Boy," of which a charming illustration is given in black and white. Here is the history and analysis of the picture:

"In one of his lectures to the Academy, Reynolds had laid down the principle that blue cannot be used in a picture as the dominant colour, and also that the most vivid tints ought to be placed in the centre of the painting.

"Gainsborough's reply was his celebrated 'Blue Boy,' by name Master Buttall.

"Master Buttall is a nice-looking, well-dressed boy of about fifteen years old, simply placed in a standing posture. His hair and eyes are black, and he has rosy cheeks and lips. Over his left hand, which is supported on his hip, hangs the flap of a light mantle, whilst his right hand, hanging by his side, holds a beaver hat ornamented with a long feather. His handsome costume of light satin consists of a short jacket with slashed sleeves, small-clothes tied at the knees with knots of ribbon, silk stockings, and rosettes on his shoes. With the exception of a muslin collarette and the slashes on his sleeves, the whole picture is of the same blue of the shade known as Royal Blue."

That Gainsborough "strove to take in all that was noble and pure in his sitters, and thus, without flattering, he gives to every work . . . . a particular character of ideal dignity combined with truthfulness," is exemplified in his portrait of the Princess Elizabeth, an oval which is very well reproduced.

The line of English portrait painters is very carefully followed, due notice being accorded to such lesser lights as George Romney, who painted Mrs. Robinson, the fair singer, who afterwards became Countess of Peterborough; John Russell of Guildford, the friend of John and Charles Wesley; Sir William Beechey, John Hoppner, and John Opie, whose talent, says M. Chesneau, "was very suitable for portraying the Saxon type of beauty, florid and massive." Sir Thomas Lawrence is described as "the last of the English portrait painters who devoted themselves to the aristocracy of their country." Very scant mercy is shown to him, for he is styled:

"An attenuated Reynolds; like him, only in a greater degree, he effects his work by artifice. He manages to conceal his numerous defects, and admirably feigns the most splendid qualities. He cannot

* The English School of Painting: London, Cassell & Co., Limited.

draw well, yet his subjects are life-like; his colouring is not good, yet his faces have a certain harmonious brilliancy. He never understood either power or truth. He is tricky everywhere and on every occasion. Simple beauty has no charm for him. He wants to depict an elegant and stylish woman, and he paints her in washy blue and pink colours, without depth, and utterly unsubstantial. And the woman thus travestied turns out charming.

* * * * * * * * *

"I can understand Lawrence's enormous success, not so much because he was an attractive painter, in spite of his faults, as because he knew how to place art at the disposal of pretty, vain women, empty-headed, affected coquettes."

Poor Lawrence would indeed have winced under this estimate of his work, for he could not bear any one to criticise his pictures!

Benjamin West, the favourite of King George III., whose "Death on the Pale Horse" sent so strange a thrill of religious terror throughout London in the early part of this century, Fuseli, W. Etty, Northcote, and Smirke receive little more than a passing mention, but it is quite as much as they deserve. Wilkie has full justice done to him, and so has Collins, whose charming and popular picture, "As Happy as a King," is given as an example of his style. Three very admirable examples of C. R. Leslie are also given, including "Sancho Panza and the Duchess;" "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in which even on this small scale every face is a study; and the inimitable "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," which is characterised as "Leslie's *chef-d'œuvre*, a masterpiece of observation, good-humour, and fun." Scarcely less charming is Newton's "Yorick and the Grisette," the work of an artist whose career was out all too short by mental malady. Mulready may be said to belong to the same group of artists, and his "Choosing the Wedding Gown" is a little picture that attracts universal sympathy, though the artist was perhaps less widely known in his own day as a painter than as an illustrator of children's books.

MISSING.—*Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A.*

M. Chesneau refuses to accord high artistic rank to Sir Edwin Landseer, although he quite appreciates the manner in which he has "learnt all the obscure intricacies of the simple brains" of animals, and his power of explaining all their actions. It is impossible to recall "Dignity and Impudence" without feeling exactly what is expressed in these words, and it scarcely detracts from our love of the pictures when we are reminded that to the "trick" of giving his animals a human expression the artist's success and fortune were owing.

Haydon, Maclise, Stothard, and Barry are all included among our old masters of lesser repute, and British art during the first half of our nineteenth century is summed up as possessing "the same characteristics as its own country: it is hard and stern, and consequently destitute of grace." Landscape painting is not, however, included in this judgment, and a very important and most interesting section of the book is devoted to it.

First among our landscape painters in point of time M. Chesneau reckons Richard Wilson, born in 1714, whose skill was overlooked during his lifetime, and exaggerated after his death; but he ranks Gainsborough as the father of English landscape. "He did not wait till a spirit from on high should influence him under other skies; he never left his island, and the Suffolk woods always seemed to him the most beautiful in the world." He appears to know George Morland better as a painter of public-house and tavern life than as a painter of pigs, but his name among us is very much associated with his studies of that far from æsthetic animal. It is very delightful to find Old Crome appreciated by a foreigner, and our French friend declares that "by the imposing majesty of his *tout ensemble*, by diversity in detail, by skill and power of expression, Old Crome attains to genius." Of R. P. Bonington he speaks very highly, telling us that we did not think enough of this young genius, who studied chiefly in France, and won his laurels in the Paris Salon; but here Mr. Ruskin puts in a dissentient word, saying: "If the young genius had learned the first rules of perspective, and never seen either Paris or Venice, it had been extremely better for him." Constable is highly praised, but M. Chesneau reserves his deepest and most reverent admiration for Turner, whose "one dream, the extraordinarily high aspiration of his life, was to gain a complete knowledge of light in all its phases."

"Turner was an artist of sublime genius, although his productions were too seldom complete. He did not die till 1851; but for long before this date he had lived a life apart, in a solitude which was said to be caused by dislike to his fellow-creatures, but in reality it was because he was so bound up, heart and soul, in the contemplation of his inner revelations, that communication with the outer world lost all charm for him. We reap the fruits in works of intense feeling splendidly expressed."

This view of the genius who realised that the colour of the purest sunshine "is white, and its shadow scarlet," is novel, but if he did thus live in "the glory and the dream," he was happier than men gave him credit for being.

The second part of "The English School of Painting" is devoted to our modern masters, leading off with the Pre-Raphaelites and their apostle. The most perfect justice is done to them and their works, beginning with Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," exhibited in 1855, and a far less known picture, Mr. Fisk's "Last Evening of our Lord at Nazareth."

A very important aspect of the early Pre-Raphaelite work is here insisted on, and that is the conflict between accuracy and faithfulness in detail, and nobility of design, but no one perhaps has ever before so clearly set forth the original aims of the first disciples of the cult:

"All the followers of Pre-Raphaelitism were agreed on one fundamental point, which was the base and groundwork of the mission they wished to accomplish. With the idea that art had adopted an entirely wrong course ever since the sixteenth century, they chose utterly to ignore and discountenance all its manifestations belonging to the intervening period. They wished to take it up exactly where it had been left by Raphael's predecessors, and immediately before it had been led astray, according to their view, into paths of craft and beautiful deceit, by a man endowed with genius, although of a corrupted order. Thus retracing their steps to a common point of departure, each one strove, in his own manner, to turn the style of art back into the paths of truth. The means they employed to forward this end were very different and varied, according to their distinctive temperaments."

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—*T. Gainsborough.*

Sir Noel Paton is classed among the Pre-Raphaelites, but rather as friend than faithful follower. Mr. D. G. Rossetti seems to have been little known save by reputation, and Mr. Millais is carefully followed, and his work illustrated throughout the former part of his career. The style of Mr. Madox Brown, which "removes us far from the common-place familiarities of every-day life," is most judiciously illustrated by reproductions of his "Expulsion of the Danes from Manchester," "Elijah and the Widow's Son," and "The Parting of Cordelia and her Sisters." Mr. Burne Jones receives warm, yet not indiscriminate, praise as "the only artist whose high gifts in designing, arranging, and colouring are equal to his poetical conceptions," and no better example could have been given than his "Merlin and Vivien."

Pre-Raphaelite landscape is discussed and admired in the work of J. C. Hook, John Linnell, Vicat Cole, J. Brett, Macallum, E. Edwards, and Macbeth, the young Scotch artist who has painted and etched so many scenes of rural life, chief among which are his "Return from St. Ive's Market" and "Potato Harvest among the Fens."

As historical painters, M. Chesneau groups together Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Long, Mr. Val Prinsep, whose "Berenice" is accounted as his *ideal*, while his realistic style is illustrated by his "Linen Gatherers;" and Mr. Briton Rivière's "Daniel in the Lion's Den" is summed up as a "finely conceived work," the figure of Daniel being "really beautiful."

As principal examples of *genre* painting we have Mr. Hubert Herkomer's "Last Muster" and "Missing," Mr. Webster's "Truant," Mr. Orchardson's "Queen of the Swords," Mr. Pettie's "Before his Peers," Mr. Hall's "Leaving Home," and Leslie's "School Revisited;" and as caricaturists, Leech, Tenniel, Du Maurier, Keene, and the Cruikshanks.

"The English School of Painting," of which a mere sketch has here been given, is a book no home library should be without; the writing is so quaintly vivid, and the study of our art and artists so minute and painstaking, that far more may be learned from its perusal than most people would be able to gather from a life-long pursuit of pictures in public galleries and private collections.

E. C.

THE GARDEN IN JULY.

UNDER the blaze of a July sun, and with an occasional warm thunder-shower, it is our own fault if our garden does not this month look its best. Very much, however, of our floral success depends not so much upon the nature of our soil (for a large number of flowers can in the best of the year be grown in most places in nearly any soil), but upon our taste and our method of arrangement of such details, for example, as the height of our plants and the combination of colours.

Let us take the commonest illustration: an old homestead standing in its acre of land, more than one-half of which we devote to kitchen vegetable and fruit garden, and the remainder comprising our lawn and flower garden. Long usage and notions of propriety have rendered it necessary to conceal from view such very matter-of-fact and domestic articles as cabbages and gooseberry bushes, so these and their companions we conceal from view by a few evergreens, which form, as it were, the boundaries between our two gardens.

But a further and most charming method of concealment is by having, some foot or two from the base of our evergreens, a little floral wall. By this we mean a few climbing flowers, such as sweet peas, or the still more elegant convolvulus major—*Ipomœa purpurea.* This showy climber flowers with varied shade of colour, and will run up sometimes as high as eight feet; nor are we surprised sometimes, when it has got to the top of the boughs round which we have trained it, to see it throwing out a tiny arm to catch hold of the nearest evergreen branch, so great are its climbing propensities. This convolvulus will grow in common soil, and may be sown in April, when many of our ordinary annuals are also sown.

One thing also we notice relative to the convolvulus when in full bloom: the flower will shut up its petals if exposed to the full blaze of the July sun, of which we spoke at the outset, or it will do so in a drought; it looks its best in the early morning or towards evening, after a good watering. Very often you will see a brilliant specimen of bloom concealed under some of its own foliage. Unhappily the flower is useless for a bouquet or for table show, as on plucking one, you will find that its petals close almost instantaneously.

The convolvulus minor, or *Convolvulus tricolor*, also requires merely ordinary soil, but seldom attains a greater height than about a foot or a little over; it has a spreading habit, and is very showy in patches. While, however, on this convolvulus subject, it is difficult to avoid saying a word about the flower in its wild state—the old bindweed, or bearbine, with which, nevertheless, we are many of us only too familiar, as we know to our cost.

When wandering along our old English green lanes it is certainly a charming object in the hedgerows, either as a large pure white flower, or as a smaller and pale pinkish one, but in our kitchen garden the destruction that its winding roots cause among some of our various fruit trees is immense: a gooseberry or a currant bush will in time be utterly killed by it. A very good winter operation, then, is a good day's digging in the neighbourhood of where you know the enemy to be, and once you get hold of a root, try and trace it to its source, and by gently drawing it out you will often get rid of a far greater quantity of these roots than by breaking them off short in your impatience to free your fruit trees of the pest. The rank and acrid juice which comes from the root the moment you have broken it, makes it next to impossible to mistake the root for that of anything else. Grub it all up, then, root and branch, whenever you have an opportunity, and not only will your fruit trees thank you, but the pigs will do so also, for these wild convolvulus roots are a dainty dish, of which they always make very short work.

Alternating with your convolvuluses as a boundary between your kitchen and flower garden should be some well-trained sweet peas, and these, with here and there a few tall perennials, and your large evergreens as a background, will produce an admirable effect. Between these and the box-edging of your flower beds, have a varied display of bedding-out plants, interspersed with some pretty dwarf annuals, and the whole display will be far more pleasing than a stiff arrangement of bedded plants by themselves.

Another, but a far more matter-of-fact arrangement for a division between fruit and flower garden, is a simple wooden paling painted green—not by any means so expensive as a wall, yet if strongly and well put up it answers very much the same purpose; it gives you sheltered situations from cutting winds, and under its wing you can often harden off some of your greenhouse bedding plants, when by perhaps the end of the third week in April you begin to move some of them out, while many flowers or creepers can be trained up its side. Then, again, if you are anxious to have your annuals early in bloom, you can accelerate their growth by sowing them early in March in gentle heat, in pots or in boxes. When they have thoroughly formed a pair of leaves—in addition, that is, to the seed-lobes—turn them out two or three in a pot, or into a bed of soil where they will still have a little artificial heat, and probably indeed up to the end of April, or it may be even later on in the year, they will still want some protection, varied in

accordance with the fitfulness of our climate. At all events, when once you are able to turn them out into the open, you will be having blooms quite three weeks earlier than you otherwise would, while successional planting and sowing, of which we have so often spoken, will give you a brilliant series of blooms on to October.

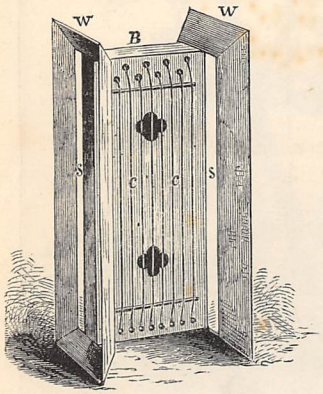
The dahlias ought to be rapidly coming on, next month being that of the perfection of their bloom; see, then, to the supports of the plants, and add fresh stakes where it seems at all necessary; a good syringing of their foliage after the sun is gone down is very beneficial to them. Then, again, much of our hope for continuous flowers depends largely upon the condition of our chrysanthemums. The potting, then, of these flowers should be seen to at this time, and a careful watering retains their foliage in a healthy condition.

Another important and interesting operation in the garden, both this month and in August, is that of rose-budding. A period of moist heat is the best time in which to begin this matter, which also requires considerable care and dexterity; seedlings, too, may be planted out from your seed-pans if you are also trying this experiment, while those of your roses that are already in beds should be kept well free of weeds and plentifully watered in a dry season. But the time when it is more than ever necessary to keep your rose stocks free of all shoots and suckers, is during the first month after the worsted has been tied round your new little bud in July.

THE GATHERER.*

A New Æolian Harp.

A modern Æolian harp is shown in the accompanying figure. It is the device of MM. Frost and Kastner, and consists of a rectangular box, B, having two sounding-boards, each provided with eight catgut strings, C C. In order to direct the current of air with more force against the strings, two side-wings, W W, are fitted to the box, with narrow apertures, S S, which allow the wind to pass. The box is $50\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and 3 inches thick. The distance between the two "bridges," or length of the sonorous parts of the strings, is about a metre (39·4 inches). The width of the wings is $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the narrow spaces between the sounding-board and the wings, $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The angle of inclination of the wings is about 50 degrees. It has often been remarked that our telegraph lines form a rudimentary Æolian harp.



Back Springs for Boots.

The elastic springs usually placed at the sides of boots have a constricting effect on the foot, and are, moreover, apt to fray and become unsightly. Recently, a new boot has been introduced by a Bristol manufacturer, in which a single spring is placed at the back of the boot, in the space above the heel. The elastic is said to be safer there from friction, and therefore less liable to wear out, and to give the ankles more freedom to move. Elastic spring boots are very convenient, and it is to be hoped that the new plan, which deserves a trial, will overcome the drawbacks of the side-springs above mentioned.

Bleaching by Petroleum.

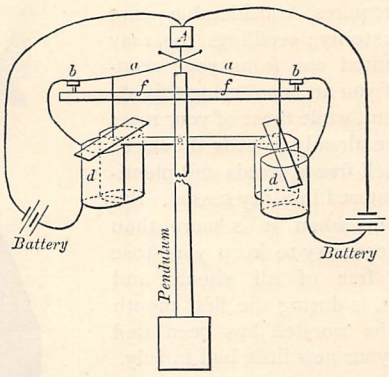
Mr. Charles Toppan, an American chemist who has prepared several useful petroleum products for surgical purposes, has now made a bleaching solvent, chiefly from petroleum compounds. It is applied to cotton goods, of which some tons are daily bleached at present. The compound has a solvent action on certain vegetable gums, and while improving the lustre of the goods it renders them lighter without impairing their strength. It has also been applied to such grass fibres as the ramie, esparto, flax, and China grass. The fibre or fabric to be bleached is boiled in the solvent, and afterwards treated with chloride of lime and acid in the usual manner. The new material has also been used to deglutinise silk cocoons, especially in the case of perforated cocoons, where the chrysalis, in escaping into the moth state, cuts the filaments and destroys the silk for reeling purposes.

An Automatic Shoal Sounder.

There has recently been brought forward a simple and ingenious appliance for indicating the depth of shoals in exploring rivers or shallow lakes. It consists of a long sounding-rod ($10\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, or more hanging vertically over the boat's side, and turning freely on a horizontal centre. This centre is in the middle of a dial marked with feet and inches. In passing over a shoal the one end of the rod drags on the bottom, and the other points out on the dial the depth in feet and inches. Moreover, after a little experience, by noting the jars of the rod a fair idea can be got of the character of the bottom.

Distributing Time by Electricity.

In the United States there is now a Time Telegraph Company, which has clock-dials in the houses of subscribers, that indicate correct time by electrical regulation from a standard clock. The mechanism moving the hands on these dials is of an ordinary step-by-step kind, but it is controlled by the armature of an electro-magnet, through which electric currents are sent from the controlling clock at intervals of a minute or a second, according to the degree of accuracy required. These currents are sent from the main clock by an automatic key or circuit-closer, which will be understood from our engraving, where A is the support of the pendulum, which carries a tilting arm, *f f*, at the ends of which are knife-edge contacts, *b b*. The two springs, *a a*, are also provided with knife-edge contacts; the meeting of these contacts completes the circuit through the coils of their respective electro-magnets, *d d*. The armatures of these magnets are attached to a rocking arm, which also moves the springs *a a*, so that the contacts are not made until the pendulum swings a little past the centre, when this contact is made, and the spring applies its force to swing the pendulum, reducing to a



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minimum the work required to make the contacts. Sparking at the contact points is prevented by introducing a shunt or by-path of high resistance for the current to flow by until the contacts are opened, when the shunt is also thrown out of circuit. The knife-edge contact pieces are made of platinum-iridium, a very refractory inoxidisable alloy, which is found to answer the purpose well. One of the main clocks in the recent electrical exhibition at Philadelphia controlled eighty dials in this manner. On some of the clock circuits in operation in American towns the electric current is supplied by dynamo machines. Another American time-regulating agency employs the telephone to transmit correct time. A transmitter connected with a clock sends a current which causes every telephone in connection with it to "buzz" at every hour and every minute, or second, except the forty-ninth! The buzz is so low that it does not interfere with ordinary talking on the telephone, and yet it is so contrived as to tell the exact time to a person listening, just as a watch or clock-face tells it to a person looking at it.

Soldering Platinum.

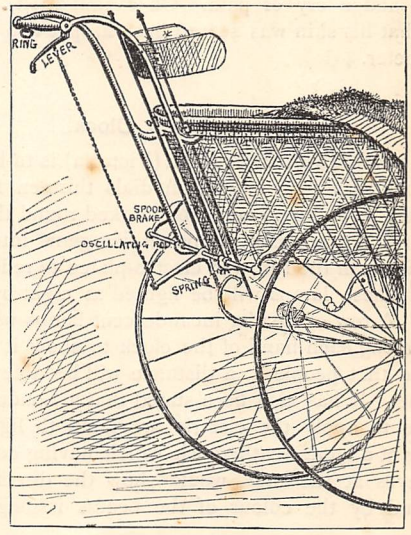
In soldering platinum by the older method, a very high temperature is required to fuse the gold employed as solder; but by a new process, due to Mr. Pratt, F.C.S., the ordinary gas blow-pipe can be employed. He uses auric chloride ($AuCl_3$) on the solder, and heats it to 200° C. in the blow-pipe, when it loses part of its chlorine, and afterwards, at a still higher temperature, runs in pure gold, which effects the junction of the platinum. Platinum wire, ribbon, or crucibles can be soldered in this way by enclosing some of the auric chloride between them and heating the salt until it blackens, then binding the two surfaces together with the blackened salt between them. On still further increasing the temperature, the gold melts and solders the parts. The joint should be hammered into shape while the gold is hot.

Salting Paths.

Every one knows how difficult it is to remove weeds from the garden walk when they have once become rooted and grounded. Salt is one of the remedies most frequently employed, and the following is said to be the best way of applying it. Boil the salt in water, one pound to the gallon, and pour the mixture boiling hot out of a watering-pot with spreading rose. This will keep weeds and worms away for two or three years. In subsequent applications the solution may be somewhat weaker. It will be as well to take care that none of the liquid falls on the garden mould.

A Brake for Perambulators.

Accidents caused by perambulators escaping from their attendants when going down-hill, or due to their being unintentionally set in motion when left unattended on the pavement outside a shop-door or elsewhere, are unfortunately of frequent occurrence. To obviate these, Mr. Brooke-Hitching has devised and patented the brake for perambulators which we illustrate, and which is shown at the International Inventions Exhibition at South Kensington. To one end of the driving handle of the carriage a lever is attached, which hangs freely, when not in use, in



such a way as not to inconvenience the nurse. This lever is connected by means of a chain to a pin fixed in an oscillating rod, whose bearings are secured to the body of the carriage. At each end of this rod are spoon brakes, like those commonly used on bicycles, acting on the two back wheels of the perambulator. When the lever is lifted, which can be done without taking the hand from the driving handle, the chain draws up the pin and thus rotates the rod to which the brakes are attached and presses them upon the wheels. A hanging ring is attached to the driving handle above the free end of the lever, and by slipping this ring over the end of the lever, the latter may be secured and the brakes thus held firmly and automatically over the wheels, so that the perambulator may safely be left unattended. A check-spring is attached to the pin which rotates the brake rod, and serves to lift the brakes from the wheels when they are not required. This brake, which removes the danger of accidents, is equally suitable for invalid-carriages.

Concentrating Rays.

Several household articles, such as glass fish-globes, paper-weights made of a pyramid of glass balls, and the lenses of stereoscopes, have been found to act as a burning-glass in the sun, and to have set fire to light materials, such as cloth and paper, thereby causing danger to life and property. Brightly-tinned or nickel-wash dishes have also been known to focus the sun's rays by reflection, and tend to bring about similar consequences. A curious case of the kind is reported from America. When the late President

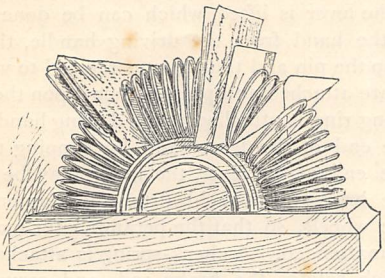
Garfield was shot, an inventor persuaded the physician that by the concentration of a powerful electric arc light on the wounded spot, it would be possible, perhaps, to discover the bullet inside. A single arc light, fed by a six-light Brush dynamo, was employed and focussed, by an elliptical hand-mirror, on the back of a substitute for the wounded President; but when the main current was switched on the lamp, the man gave a start and a cry of pain. On examination, it was found that his skin was seared over a spot two inches in diameter.

An Electric Lamp Clock.

The town hall of Melbourne (Victoria) is to have a new clock with four large iron dials thirteen feet in diameter. The hours are to be marked round the dial by electric incandescent lamps set like gems into cup-like hollows in the rim, and electro-plated to reflect the light. These lamps will be lighted at night by electricity. A row of smaller incandescent lamps will also be set along each hand of the clock to show it in the dark, so that people at a distance will be able to tell the time. It has also been stated that a London firm propose to apply the electric arc lamp to light the interior of a large weathercock which, having coloured bull's-eyes at the ends, would show the direction of the wind by the colour of the beams issuing from them.

A Spiral Letter-Rack.

Our engraving illustrates a new and simple form of letter-grip, in which the rack or holder consists of two or more spirals of nickel-plated steel wire, fixed at the



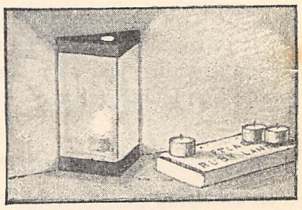
ends and bent round a semicircular frame of wood, as shown. Letters and other papers are simply stuck into the open spaces between the coils of wire, and there held.

Winds as Fertilisers.

The district of Limagne, in Auvergne, is one of the most fertile in all France. It lies east and north-east of the Dômes mountain chain, and is swept by the prevailing winds of that region, which, according to M. Alluard, transport the fertilising dusts of the volcanic hills and shed them, by means of rain or snow, upon the soil below, thus, as it were, supplying the latter with fertilising chemicals. Phosphoric acid has been found in the volcanic dust of the Dômes; so also have potash and lime. From an examination of dust brought down by rain on the Puy de Dôme, M. Alluard estimates that nearly 400 grammes of dust descend on a square metre in a year. A Gallo-Roman temple, which once stood on the summit, is said to have disappeared underground. Another fact mentioned by M. Alluard in support of the view advanced by him is that there is often a light mist in the Limagne district, whereas to the west and south-west of the Dômes the atmosphere is usually clear and bright.

A Pocket Ruby Lamp.

The device illustrated is intended for photographers on their travels, and is especially useful for amateurs. The left-hand side of the illustration shows the lamp lit and ready for use; the right-hand side shows the lamp folded up for putting in the pocket or the hand-bag. The sides of the lantern are of a red cloth, which gives a ruby-coloured non-actinic light. The top and bottom are of japanned tin, and admit the air for the flame without wasting the light. For producing the latter, night-lights or any convenient illuminant may be used. The lamp folds into a packet 6 inches long by 4 wide, and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick.



A Novel Method of Lighting Railway Stations.

In America it is proposed that the locomotives which carry the electric headlight, shall be provided with an illuminator so arranged that a flood of light shall be cast backwards over and alongside the cars. By this means the platform can be lighted by the engine-lights at the very moment when a powerful light is required.

The Soil of Manitoba.

A specimen of the black soil of Manitoba, taken from a farm near Birtle, has been analysed by an English chemist. The specimen was sandy and of a dark colour, owing to the large quantity of vegetable matter it contained. The sand and gravel were chiefly fragments of quartz, with spangles of mica and other minerals derived from waste of older rocks. The proportion of nitrogen was high as compared with the best English pasture soils. Potash and phosphoric acid were abundant. The only element of fertility threatening to become deficient is lime. The proportion of magnesia is high, a fact which is important in a wheat-raising soil. The actual quantitative analysis is given as—organic matter and water, 9·70 per cent.; small stones and gravel, 1·41 per cent.; gravelly sand, 2·45; coarse sand, 64·20; fine sand, 11·70; clay, 10·54 per cent. The finer earth, when

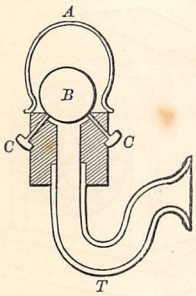
sifted and dried at 100° Centigrade, contained 10·07 per cent. organic matter and water; silica, 83·41 per cent.; ferric oxide and alumina, 4·195 per cent.; carbonate of lime, 0·96 per cent.; magnesia, 0·487 per cent.; potash, 0·271 per cent.; phosphoric acid, 0·195 per cent.; chlorine, 0·060 per cent.; and sulphuric acid a trace. The total nitrogen was 0·412 per cent.; total minerals soluble in water, 0·048 per cent.; total potash (K_2O), soluble in water, 0·0081 per cent.

Catalpa Sleepers.

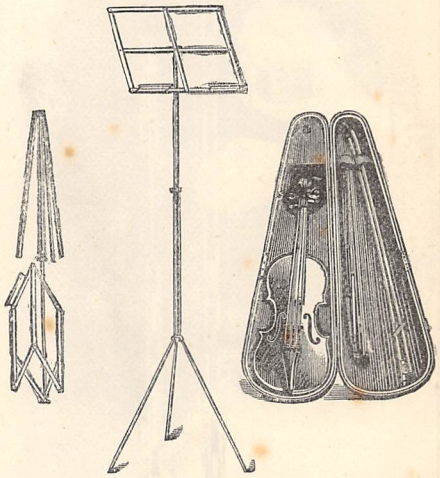
The catalpa is an American wood of very rapid growth, and owing to its remarkable durability, is now being used in the South-Western States for railway ties or sleepers. In a recent address to the Agricultural Society in Ohio, General Harrison, of Indiana, referred to a catalpa log which had been used as a foot-bridge across a stream in Wabash County for over one hundred years, and showed no signs of decay.

The Valve Telephone.

In the carbon telephone transmitter of Edison, and also in the carbon-platinum one of Blake which is now so extensively used in this country, the sound-waves first impinge upon a drum, or tympanum, which conveys their pressure to the current regulator, or microphone, placed behind it. In a new instrument brought out by Professor Silvanus Thompson, the sound-waves impinge directly on the microphone without the intervention of a tympanum. This device follows directly from the discovery of the microphone by Professor Hughes. That discovery showed that a tympanum was not absolutely necessary, since the microphone could be constructed so delicately that the sound-waves could operate it by direct action. In the instrument of Professor Thompson, which has been called the "valve telephone," there is a speaking-tube, into which the person speaks, and its further end is almost entirely, or entirely closed by a ball which resembles a ball-valve. The ball, as shown at B, in the figure, rests on contact pieces, C C, insulated from each other, but in circuit with the electric current and the telephone line. The ball and the contacts on which it rests are of carbon, or other conducting materials—for example, sulphur-bronze—and the whole forms a microphone, because the current passes from one contact to the other through the ball, which rests upon them and connects them. The waves of sound passing up the tube, T, are intended to impinge upon the ball and vibrate it. A glass cover, A, may be placed over the ball, and in practice the contacts C C are platinum-tipped screws supporting the ball.



The vibrations of the ball upon its contacts cause the electric current to vary in a corresponding manner, after the well-known microphonic fashion, and thus to transmit a current which, when received at the other end of the line in a receiving telephone, causes the latter to emit sounds which are an imitation of those spoken into the transmitter. M. Bassano and others have also brought out a transmitter which is so far similar that the microphone (in this case of the ordinary pencil form) is placed across the end of a speaking-tube, in order to receive the waves of sound proceeding up the tube.



A Folding Music-Stand.

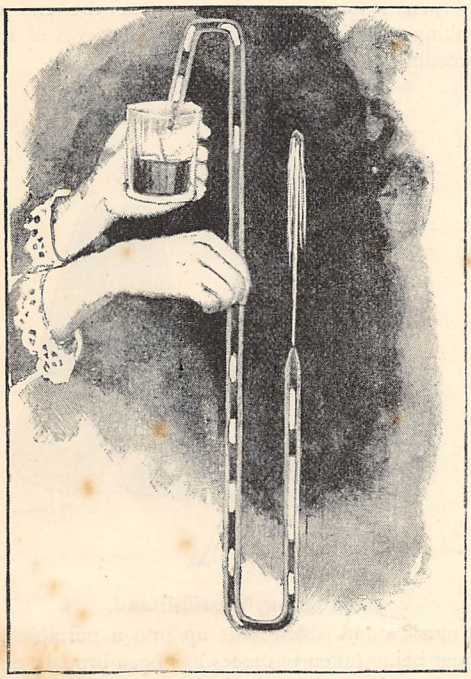
A music-stand which folds up into a portable form without being taken to pieces has been brought out by a Newbury firm. The accompanying woodcuts illustrate the stand when erected, when partially folded up, and when inserted in the lid of a violin-case for transport. All screws, bolts, and springs which are troublesome in ordinary stands are dispensed with, and the stand folds up by the jointing of its parts. Its height can be varied at will to suit any performer; and as it is constructed of thin metal and tubing, it is likely to be durable.

A New Sewage Process.

At the instance of Dr. Thresh a new process for treating sewage has been tried at Buxton. Its principal feature is the use made of one of the mineral waters of the neighbourhood, derived from the lower coal formation, about two miles above the town. This contains 1·2 grains of iron per gallon in the state of ferrous carbonate, held in solution by carbonic acid. On exposure to the air the carbonic acid escapes, and the iron, taking up more oxygen, subsides in the state of ferric hydroxide, in combination with many of the organic impurities in the water. The results are said to be very satisfactory. The sewage before treatment contains 11·74 parts per million of free ammonia, and 1·60 parts per million of albuminoid ammonia. After treatment these figures are reduced to 4·00 and 0·30 respectively. This purification comes far within the limit proposed by the Rivers Pollution Commissioners. As such mineral waters are not uncommon, the trial at Buxton may lead to others elsewhere.

A Siphon Fountain.

Some interesting experiments can be made with the siphon tube shown in our illustration. It is made by bending a piece of glass tubing 0·2 inch in bore and a metre long (39·4 inches). The first bend should be



6 inches from one end, and to an angle of 100°. Two inches further it should be bent to an angle of 90°. The other end of the tube is to be drawn out to a point, leaving an orifice about one millimetre (0·4 inch) in diameter. Twelve inches from this end it is to be bent twice at right angles in the same plane as that of the bends at the other end of the tube. The large end is to be ground off obliquely and placed in a vessel of water tinged with aniline red. After starting the water with the siphon in the position shown, lift the siphon so that part of the orifice in the vessel is out of the water, and the large bubbles will run up the tube. Again, lift the orifice entirely out of the water, allowing a larger bubble to enter, and replace it in the water. The long bubble will pass slowly down the thick tube and up the pointed end with a rush which throws a jet of spray into the air. This mimic fountain may be made to rise ten or fifteen feet.

An Electric Torpedo Launch.

A waterman's wherry, fitted with a Reckenzaum electric motor and propeller, driven by the current from fifty half-horse-power accumulators, was experimentally tried on the Thames at Westminster Bridge, for patrol purposes, during the past winter. An electric arc lamp of about 3,000-candle power was fitted up in the bows of the boat, and provided with a reflector to direct the beam over the water, and a switch to extinguish it at will. Owing to its noiseless and rapid motion through the water, and the brilliance of its search-light, the launch appeared well adapted for police and scouting purposes on the river. It has recently been stated that a foreign Government have instructed M. Reckenzaum to prepare a larger craft, propelled by electricity in a similar manner, for the purposes of torpedo warfare. The new vessel is required to cross and re-cross the Channel.

A Textile Shield.

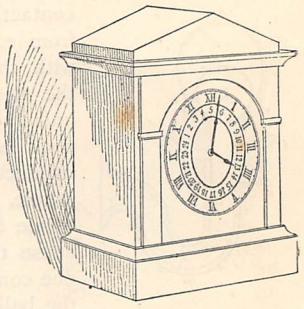
The Indians of Mexico have a plan of wetting their blankets to form them into shields in warfare. They are hand-woven, and fulled until thick and waterproof. It is found that they even turn aside bullets, either by causing them to glance, or by swaying to the blow, and thus defeating the penetrative force of the missile.

Compressed Teak.

The increase in the price of boxwood has led to the use of compressed teak as a substitute in the manufacture of loom-shuttles, and so on. The teak is put into a steel die and compressed by a hydraulic ram under a pressure of fourteen tons per square inch. The timber thus prepared is rendered very dense, homogeneous, and capable of taking a high polish.

Decimal Time.

It has been proposed to subdivide the time decimally, each hour consisting of 100 minutes, and each minute of 100 seconds. It is not likely, however, that such a change will be brought about immediately, if ever. We mention it simply because the subject of marking time has of late received more than usual attention through the introduction of the so-called "universal time." In the International Inventions Exhibition, there are some new dials for clocks and watches (see figure) which indicate both local and universal time. The dial marks the hours 1 to 12 in the ordinary way; but inside the circle of these hours is another dial, which revolves once in 24 hours in the same direction as the hour hand. This dial bears the hours of universal time, 1 to 24. By this arrangement the hour hand indicates both local and universal time. The dials can be adjusted for any longitude.



BRIGHT DAYS.—The Extra HOLIDAY NUMBER *of* CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *entitled* "BRIGHT DAYS," *is now ready, and may be obtained of all booksellers and at all bookstalls, price 7d.*

"SO LET ME DREAM MY DREAM 'NEATH THE APPLE-TREES—
AH, THERE TOO LET ME DREAM, DEAR LOVE, WITH YOU!"

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

By ALICE O'HANLON, Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," "No Proof," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

HESTER COURTENEY TELLS HER SECRET.

BETWEEN that afternoon when Charlie Nunnerley had broken off his clandestine engagement to Hester Courteney, and the evening of the concert, nearly a fortnight had elapsed.

In the interval, so far as he knew, Hester had kept the knowledge of his faithlessness to herself, and the young man began to hope that the strong element of pride in her nature would triumph over that other strong element of vindictiveness, and that she would never now reveal their common secret. Meanwhile, he had given himself up to his love for Idalia Bretherton; and, on the night of the concert, carried away by the excitement of her close presence by his side, he had again blurted out, during the interval, a passionate avowal of his attachment. To this Idalia had not, as on that former occasion, refused to listen. On the contrary, she had done so with blushing cheeks and no evidence of displeasure, and she had promised to give his proposal an earnest consideration, and to return him an answer some time during the next day.

Early on the following afternoon a visitor called at Monkswood Hall, who requested to speak with Miss Bretherton alone. Repairing to the drawing-room, Idalia found Miss Courteney there; and something in the expression of her face caused her to fancy from the first that Hester had some object in her visit other than to make a friendly call. This surmise was very soon proved to be correct. After the exchange of a few conventional remarks, Hester observed—

"Will you excuse me, Miss Bretherton, if I introduce a subject which it is not, perhaps, very usual for comparative strangers like ourselves to discuss? I understand—at least I have heard—that Mr. Charles Nunnerley is a suitor for your hand?"

"Well!" exclaimed Idalia in surprise, a warm blush overspreading her face, "I must say that I think such a question *is* rather an unusual one."

"But you must allow me to press it, nevertheless. Please tell me whether you are engaged to him?"

Idalia's beautiful eyes widened. But after a moment of hesitation, she answered with simple dignity—

"No, we are not engaged."

"But—believe me, I have a good motive for asking," Hester persisted—"you are perhaps interested in him? That *he* admires *you*, I am quite aware."

Idalia's colour deepened still further. "You should have explained your motive, I think, before putting me through this catechism," she said, smiling a little; "but since you wish to know it, I own that I *am* interested in Mr. Nunnerley."

"Then," remarked Hester, with cool deliberation, "you are interested, allow me to inform you, Miss Bretherton, in a scoundrel—a despicable scoundrel!"

Idalia drew herself up. "Miss Courteney!" she cried, a whole world of indignant astonishment in her tone.

"What I say is true," resumed Hester quietly—"though, of course, I should not say it unless I were prepared to justify the assertion."

Idalia did not reply; and for a brief space the two girls sat eyeing each other—on the one side with covert enmity, on the other with undisguised disapprobation.

Then a bitter smile curled Hester's lips.

"I won't pretend," she re-commenced, "that in revealing what I am about to do I am actuated purely by a disinterested desire to save you from falling into the clutches of a designing and heartless fortune-hunter, but, as I expect that will be the result, I have no doubt that you will come in time to regard my interference with gratitude."

"What makes you loathe him so?" demanded Idalia.

"Loathe? Yes, that is a very good word. I do loathe him, though, unfortunately, I have not always done so. Has he happened to mention to you, Miss Bretherton, that until about a fortnight ago he and I were engaged to each other?"

"*You? He?* A fortnight ago?" faltered Idalia, the colour which had again rushed to her cheeks ebbing as swiftly away. "Miss Courteney, he is our friend, and—and my father's guest. I hate to listen to anything against him—but is that really true?"

"I am quite prepared to prove my statement," rejoined Hester, in her low, calm voice. "If, however, you will first glance over some of these, it will help you to believe me more easily."

She rose as she spoke, and untying a packet, laid a number of the letters on a table before Miss Bretherton.

Half unconsciously, Idalia took one of them up and began to read. But at the end of a second or two she laid it down. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I cannot look at these: they are private letters."

"They are *my* letters, and I give you leave to look at them," said Hester; "you need, therefore, feel no scruple."

"Thank you, I cannot. I don't wish it," answered Idalia. "They were never meant to meet any one's eyes but your own."

"And your tone seems to say that you consider it a kind of treachery in me to show them. Don't you think a traitor may be fought with his own weapons?"

"I should like," said Idalia, ignoring the question, "to hear just the simple truth about this, if you will tell it me. I did not know that Mr. Nunnerley had been engaged to you, and I am very much shocked to learn it—particularly if, as you say, it was so short a time ago. Oh, are you sure? I can't understand how it *could* be only a fortnight since, because——"

"Because he was then making love to you? Yes, I know all that perfectly. Nevertheless, it is a fact that until last Tuesday week, when he politely gave me to understand that he had transferred his valuable affections, I was his promised wife. Do not suppose, however," she went on, with a momentary betrayal of her well-repressed passion, "that I am jealous of your victory, or that I would marry him now if I could. I would a great deal rather horsewhip him!"

There was no difficulty for Idalia, as she marked the venomous flash of Hester's usually cold grey eyes, in believing this assertion; and, without speaking, she sat regarding her companion with something of that mingled curiosity and repugnance wherewith she might have studied some unknown and dangerous animal.

"However, not to prolong this interview, which can scarcely be pleasant for either of us," resumed Hester, "I will, as you suggest, just state the plain facts of the case;" and without any change of colour or faltering of her firm, quiet accents, she went on to relate, with determined frankness, the history of her secret engagement with Mr. Nunnerley, and of her clandestine correspondence. She mentioned her intention of eloping with him when the right time had come, and of consummating her folly and deceit by an unsanctioned marriage. She explained, moreover, very fully the cause of her father's strong dislike and distrust of the young artist, dwelling with careful minutiæ on every particular of that crime which, under very strong temptation, Charlie had actually committed so many years ago; and she finished by subjecting the young man's character to a cool and subtle analysis, and by holding up his motives, in his love-making both to herself and Idalia, for the latter's inspection, with a very ugly and sinister light upon them.

Idalia listened to the end without the interruption of a word, but not without certain involuntary comments of her mobile and expressive features.

"Well!" she ejaculated, when Miss Courteney at length paused, "I should guess that tale has been a pretty painful one for you to tell, especially the part that shows how you have behaved to your father, Miss Courteney. But I am glad he didn't have all the trouble you were meaning him to have, poor man!"

"Thank you," observed Hester haughtily. "I am very fond of my father."

"Are you?" questioned Idalia drily.

"But the point at issue is not, I think, *my* conduct, but that of Mr. Charles Nunnerley," pursued Hester. "I suppose you believe what I have told you?"

"Yes," returned Idalia slowly, "I believe it. And" (there was a look of pain in her eyes and a slight quaver in her voice)—"and, whatever your object may have been, Miss Courteney, I am greatly obliged to you for—for letting me know this."

Hester's pursed lips parted in a faint smile of triumph. "My principal object—I don't think I have made any secret of the fact—was to punish Mr. Nunnerley for making me feel, as he has done, like a fool in my own eyes," she protested calmly, "and he will be punished if he is prevented from gaining possession of you and your fortune, though not by any means so heavily as he deserves. I imagine, Miss Bretherton, that you will not marry him now?"

"No," returned Idalia, "I shall not marry him now. Yet last night——" She paused, looking earnestly at her companion, and debating within herself whether she should give Hester something of her confidence in return. Eventually, however, she decided not to do so, and leaving the sentence she had commenced incomplete, she added, "Miss Courteney, I should like, if you don't mind, that you and Mr. Nunnerley should meet here in my presence. At a quarter to four this afternoon he is coming to this room. He expects to find me here alone. Will you wait until then?—it will not be very long."

"Certainly; it will give me the greatest satisfaction to do so," assented Hester. And the sudden gleam in her grey eyes, which vanished as swiftly as it appeared, attested the veracity of this assurance.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

NATURALLY warm-hearted, and gifted with, perhaps, almost too keen and ready sympathies, Idalia felt a little self-reproachful on reflecting, as she did during a short silence which now ensued between them, that she had not expressed the slightest regret as to the gross ill-treatment which Miss Courteney had received at the hands of the gentleman who now professed to be her own lover. But whilst she felt immensely shocked and hotly indignant against young Nunnerley, she could not, though she tried to do so, move herself to sympathy with Hester. In the first place, the latter did not seem to desire her pity. It was evident that she had suffered, but equally evident that her resentful pride had kept her from being crushed by that suffering. Moreover, whilst she had done Idalia a service (the kind of service that a doctor renders in performing a necessary but painful operation), she had not done it from friendly or benevolent motives, but in order to gain her own ends. Then, again, in the story which she had told, and in her manner of telling it, Hester had betrayed a nature which awakened in Idalia a strong aversion. She could not, therefore, notwithstanding the attempt to do so, feel much sympathy towards her visitor, and she was too honest and unconventional to pretend to sentiments which she did not experience.

It was a relief when, after a little desultory conversation, Hester took up a book of engravings, and, asking permission to look over it, carried the handsomely-bound volume to a seat in the window recess, where she proceeded to turn over its pages in silence. Guessing correctly that Miss Courteney as little desired to make talk as she did, Idalia did not interrupt her, and for nearly a quarter of an hour not a single observation was exchanged between the two young ladies.

At the end of that time the drawing-room door unclosed, and Mr. Charles Nunnerley entered.

"Ah, how good this is of you!" he exclaimed, approaching Idalia with an air of rapturous delight. "I did not expect you to be here already. It is a good deal before the time, but I was so anxious—so impatient, that—" he stopped short, struck with vague uneasiness by something in the steadfast luminous gaze of Idalia's eyes.

"You don't see that I have a visitor, Mr. Nunnerley," she said, indicating by a movement of her head the place where Hester sat, but still keeping her eyes upon him.

Charlie turned quickly and perceived Hester, who, laying down her book of engravings, now slowly rose from her seat. Instantly his face changed. The colour forsook his cheeks, leaving them of a curious leaden hue. If the young lady had been a ghost, her apparition could scarcely have called forth more unequivocal signs of alarm and dismay. In face of such confirmation, Idalia could no longer have doubted—if indeed she had doubted—the full truth of Miss Courteney's arraignments. Her countenance reflecting, in some degree, the pallor of his, she sank back upon her seat, just as the young man, by a strenuous effort, managed to recover himself.

"Hester!—Miss Courteney, how do you do?" he asked, stepping forward with an outstretched hand, and a covertly deprecating, appealing glance.

"Thank you, I am perfectly well," answered Hester, deliberately putting both her own hands behind her back as she spoke. "But I do not shake hands with you, Mr. Nunnerley."

"Why not?—Oh, just as you please, of course," stammered Charlie, again losing his self-possession, and this time evidencing it by a furious blush.

"Miss Bretherton understands the reason of my refusal," pursued Hester, "and she will be as much astonished at your audacity in offering me your hand as I am myself."

Retreating a few steps, as though he had received a physical blow, Charlie caught at the back of a chair, and stood supporting himself upon it, whilst he looked questioningly from one of his companions to the other. Then, all at once, his eyes fell on the packet of letters upon the table, and once more he changed colour.

"Yes, they are your letters," observed Hester, seeing that he had recognised them. "I brought them for Miss Bretherton to look at. I thought they might interest her a little. But you can take possession of them now if you like."

"I have not read a word of the letters, Mr. Nunnerley. You may be sure of that," put in Idalia hurriedly.

But Charlie did not appear to hear this protest. Drawing himself up, he turned towards Hester, perfectly collected now, with the blank, frozen calmness of sudden despair.

"Oh, how cruel you are!" he cried, in a strained under-tone; "how cruel and unwomanly!"

"You do well to make such accusations," rejoined Hester, with a withering smile: "they fall sweetly from your perjured lips."

"And this is your revenge? Ah! you don't know how deep it is. You have ruined my life. You have robbed me of every chance of happiness on earth! But what good will it do you?" he demanded bitterly.

"What good, indeed! Do you not see," she sneered, "how you are committing yourself in asking such questions? Do you not see how you are betraying your base selfishness, your utter ignobleness? But I will leave you now to your interview with Miss Bretherton. I think," she added, turning to bow to the latter, "that you will have a pretty clear conception by now of this gentleman's worth, and I may wish you joy of him as a lover. Good afternoon!"

Charlie sprang to open the door. "Yes, go!" he cried, "go before I am tempted to forget that you are a woman!"

Except by one quick scorching glance, Hester deigned no further retort. Gathering her skirts away as she passed him, she swept out into the hall and crossed it with a stately step, under which, poor girl, she tried to cover a miserable sense of lost dignity, hardly compensated, she already began to feel, by that of satisfied revenge.

A servant was loitering about the entrance door, and signing to the man to show Miss Courteney out, Charlie followed only a few steps, keeping guard the while over the drawing-room, in fear lest Idalia should escape. Then, when the visitor had gone he re-entered the room, and closing the door, stood leaning his back against it. Idalia had not stirred from the place where he had left her, but she had folded both arms on the table before her, and she now faced him as he came in with sad, dilated eyes. There was a quality in her gaze which gave the young man a sensation as though he were sinking through space like a lost spirit, whilst an angel bending, half in pity and half in horror, watched his downward flight from above.

Alas! only a moment before, as it seemed, he had indeed been in Paradise. He had climbed up to it by the golden ladder of hope, and he had felt strangely secure of his foothold there. He had forgotten about Hester, or, at least, he had lost his fear of her, and he had been sure, *almost* sure of his success with Idalia. What a blind idiot he now seemed to himself, and how he cursed the besotted confidence which had brought him this horrible, this unbearable disappointment! He was like a king who, in the very act of being crowned, with the sceptre already in his hand, the joy-bells ringing all around, the crown just suspended above his brow—had been found to be an

impostor, and incontinently hurried from the palace to the dungeon. The fate of Tantalus was no worse than his. He had been so thirsty—so thirsty for those pure waters of Idalia's affection, which had seemed just within reach of his lips, but which all unexpectedly had sunk from his sight into the arid earth.

From the moment of seeing Hester, or, at all events, from the moment of discovering that she had told her secret to Idalia, Charlie had felt that his case was hopeless. Idalia would never accept him now. He understood her character too well to deceive himself on that score. With such knowledge of his duplicity and faithlessness in her possession, he was doomed.

Nevertheless, he could not, he felt, accept his doom without one despairing effort to avert it.

Eagerly approaching her, he threw himself upon his knees.

"Oh! Idalia—Miss Bretherton," he implored, "have pity on me! Have a little pity on me!"

The words and the attitude might have seemed melodramatic, but that the young man's earnest utterance and pain-drawn face robbed them of all suspicion of affectation.

"You will not condemn me unheard?" he went on. "You have listened to her; you ought, in justice, to let me give you my explanation."

"If you have anything to say that I ought to hear, of course I will listen to it," said Idalia. "But please get up, Mr. Nunnerley; I cannot speak to you while you kneel there."

"It is my right position, the only one in which it seems proper for me to address you," protested Charlie; "I feel so repentant, so abject. But I will get up if you wish it," he added, rising, and seating himself in the nearest chair. "Ah! if you could only conceive how wretched and ashamed I feel!"

"Yes," answered Idalia simply, "I can see that you are wretched; and I think you ought to feel ashamed."

"I am ashamed of my want of candour towards *you*—that is what I am ashamed of," averred the young man disingenuously. "I ought to have confessed my former relations with Miss Courteney before telling you of my love for yourself. But I am not, perhaps, so culpable as you think. I don't know what Miss Courteney may have said to you," he subjoined tentatively, "but I am quite sure she has thrown the worst possible light upon my conduct."

"She told me that you were engaged to her without her father's consent. I suppose you own to that?"

"I own that there was something of the sort—some kind of foolish understanding between us," he assented, "but I deny that I ever *loved* her. Oh! Idalia, believe me in this, at any rate. I have never loved any one in the world but yourself."

"Well, that makes it all the worse for you," said Idalia severely. "If you did not love her, there is no sort of excuse for you whatever."

"But you have not let me try to give you one," remonstrated Charlie feebly. "How can I make you understand?"

"I understand enough," said Idalia: "I know that you have corresponded with Miss Courteney secretly, for though I did not read your letters, I saw that they were directed to a post-office, and not to her own home. I know that you proposed a runaway marriage, which I consider an abominable thing. How could you be so cruel to her poor father? You must have seen—any one can see how fond he is of her. I don't defend Miss Courteney, of course; I think she is as bad as you are, and I don't want ever to see her again, I believe. But *you*," with a momentary falter of her voice, "you have disappointed me awfully. I can hardly tell you what I think of your conduct. It is hateful, mean, cowardly! You had best not try to explain it, I guess. Your explanations would only make things worse."

"Then all is over between us?" cried Charlie in despair.

"Certainly it is," answered Idalia, making no attempt to deny that there had been something between them.

"And yet you were going—I *think* you were going to say 'Yes' to the question I asked you last night? Oh, tell me! Let me know the extent of my punishment—the lowest depth of my misfortune."

"No, I was not. I was neither going to say 'Yes' nor 'No,'" returned Idalia, colouring slightly; "I was intending to tell you that I liked you very much, more than I had ever liked any other young man, but that I wasn't sure I loved you. And I was meaning to ask you to wait a year, and to come to me again then, if you cared to."

"Oh, Idalia, keep to that arrangement! Dear, dearest Idalia!"—he rose hurriedly, and dropping on one knee by her side, attempted to seize her hand—"do keep to that arrangement! I will make myself worthy of you. I will become all you could wish. Oh, if you only knew how I love you—how I worship you, how I adore you—you would have some mercy—you would give me some hope. Ha! don't say 'No' now! Let me come to you again at the end of a year," he pleaded vehemently.

But Idalia, with a visible shudder, withdrew herself from his touch. "No, no, Mr. Nunnerley, I can never, never love you now; that is impossible, utterly impossible. Please move away; go back to your chair."

He obeyed with a groan. "This will kill me!" he ejaculated. "Oh, how hard you are!"

"No, I am not hard," she answered, looking at him with large, troubled eyes; "I am very sorry for you. But this has been a great shock to me. It has made me feel as though I could never trust any one again—my own impressions, I mean, of any person's character. I thought you were good, and true, and noble-minded. I—have been dreadfully mistaken in you."

In the anguish of his mind Charlie's shapely white hand tore restlessly at his long moustache, whilst beads of perspiration stood upon his brow.

"Oh, you don't know how I suffer!" he cried. "I have been a fool, it is true, and worse. But I love you, Idalia, I love you! I *can* be—I *will* be as good and as true as you have thought me. Only give me a trial. Don't give me up; if you do, I shall go straight to the dogs."

Idalia shook her head. "I don't know what you mean by that exactly," she returned, "but I hope that you are ashamed of your falseness for your own sake, Mr. Nunnerley, and that you mean to be more honourable in future because it is right and proper, and in order that you may be able to respect yourself, not in order that you may please *me*. It is of no use your trying to do anything to please me."

"Do you mean that it is too late? That you can never like—never even respect me again?" he demanded in a hoarse whisper.

"I am very sorry," said Idalia gently.

"Then you *do* mean it?"

"How *can* I like or respect any one who could behave as you have done?"

"Then it is really, really all over? There is no hope for me?"

"There is not the slightest hope of what you mean, Mr. Nunnerley," she returned, with a decision that could not fail to be convincing.

"I must leave the house at once, then!" he exclaimed, springing up in desperation. "I could not bear to sleep another night under this roof. It would drive me mad!"

"I don't suppose you would go mad," said Idalia, with a shade of sarcasm, "and I expect you will soon get over your disappointment. Anyway, you will feel

"'YOU DON'T SEE THAT I HAVE A VISITOR, MR. NUNNERLEY'" (*p.* 515).

that you have well deserved it. But I quite agree that you had better leave Monkswood as soon as convenient."

"I will be gone in an hour," he declared, standing before her, pale and crushed. "Please tell no one until I have left the house. I cannot say good-bye or enter into any explanations with Percival or Mr. Bretherton. You can do it for me, if you will. I leave my character in your hands. Not that I care though, now, what any one thinks of me, or what becomes of me," he added bitterly. "My life has lost all value!"

"That is a very foolish thing to say, Mr. Nunnerley, and a very weak one. I would be more manly!" reproved Idalia scornfully.

"Thank you; you have the courage of your opinions, at any rate, Miss Bretherton. You are not afraid of letting a fellow know what you feel about him. You have hit me pretty hard! But—but I love you," he continued, breaking down, "and your candour is only a part of your true, sweet self. Good-bye, dear Idalia—let me call you so just this once more," and he held out his hand.

Idalia put hers within it, and the tears rose to her eyes, though she did not suffer them to fall. She had really liked this young man very much. She had *almost* loved him; it had been a serious trouble to find him so unworthy of her affection. Moreover, although she knew that that affection was dead—that it had been slain by the blow just dealt to it—yet the aroma of her former liking, like the scent of the dead rose, still seemed to linger about him, and she had not during this interview been able to feel all that contempt and indignation for his conduct which a cooler inspection and a fuller realisation of it was yet to bring her.

The tears, in fact, were only kept back until she had escaped to her own room, where, though she was not the sort of girl that is given to weeping, she allowed them full vent, and in doing so found relief from the agitation and the shock she had undergone. In less than half an hour she caught the sound of wheels crushing the gravel drive beneath her window, and looking forth, she saw Charlie Nunnerley seated upon a dog-cart, which he had mounted in the stable-yard, with his portmanteau and other belongings behind him.

A few moments after he had driven off a note was brought to her. Its contents were very brief, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR MISS BRETHERTON,—I shall send a man down from London to-morrow, whom I hope you will allow to pack and bring to me the still unfinished portrait. As I have now only the back-ground to put in, I can do that easily in my own studio. I do not know whether the work will be more of an agony or a comfort to me, but in any case I feel that I cannot leave it incomplete.—Yours till life shall end,

"CHARLES NUNNERLEY."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

FOR the actors concerned in them the events just related had passed with the rapidity of a dream. It had wanted exactly twenty-five minutes to four when, in a transport of blissful anticipation, the young artist had first entered the drawing-room to find Miss Courteney there, and at a quarter to five he was being driven with a burning heart, full of frantic rage and disappointment, on his way towards the High Radstow Station.

At five—an hour yet before the usual dinner-time—Idalia, having made some slight change in her toilet, went down-stairs in search of her father. He had mentioned, as she remembered, at luncheon that he was intending, during the afternoon, to call upon a man who acted as his bailiff—collecting the rents of his farm tenants, and generally superintending the property which he possessed in the neighbourhood. He would, however, she felt sure, have returned home before this time, and Idalia believed that she knew where to find him. In a retired corner of the ground floor there was a small apartment of somewhat nondescript character, formerly used by Mrs. Curtis's maid as a sewing-room, and which, on account of its plain furniture (covered, like that of his own "best parlour" at Prospect Farm, with horse-hair), Mr. Bretherton had appropriated as a kind of private sanctuary, where he retired to write his letters, or to sit when disposed to be alone. At the door of this room Idalia now gave a little tap. There was no reply for a few seconds, and without repeating her warning, she turned the handle and entered. As she expected, her father was here, seated by the fire. But from the startled way in which he looked round on her entrance, it was quite evident that he had not heard her knock. Further, from the dejected attitude wherein she had surprised him—his body drooping listlessly forward, his hands resting nervelessly upon his knees—it was evident to Idalia that he was either unwell in body or discomposed in mind.

Seating herself upon his knee, she looked inquiringly into his face—"Father, dear, something is the matter," she said anxiously. "Are you ill?"

"No, deary, no, I ain't ill—not to call ill; though I think, maybe, I've got jest a touch o' dyspepsy," he allowed.

"I'm so sorry!" she said tenderly. "Yes, I can see that you are not well, or else you are in trouble. Father, is it that? Is there anything that is troubling you?"

"Well, not anything in partikler," he admitted, with reluctance.

"But there is!" she exclaimed, trying to turn his face further round to the light. "Tell me about it, father. I thought this morning that you looked pale and out of sorts rather."

"Did ye, child? Wall, now, thet's sorter curious, for I thought jest the same about you. I thought you were a-lookin' off colour an' peaked, an' as ef you hadn't slept well, an'," he subjoined slowly, "'most as ef, Idalia, you might hev something on your mind."

"And so I had," she answered frankly; "I had something very important on my mind, something that made me feel anxious and excited, because I hadn't quite decided what was best to do about it. And I am afraid that being so much taken up by my own affairs, father, made me not sufficiently observant of you. But now you must tell me what is the matter. I came here to tell you my own secret, but I won't speak a word about it until you have told me yours."

"But, child, I hevn't got no secret to tell. Ef I've give in to bein' a bit put out, what's thet? A man can't expect to live in a world like this, honey, without things goin' agin' him now an' then."

"But you are not easily put out, father. You have such a sweet, cheerful temper. It takes a great deal to put you out," Idalia persisted. "And I can see from your face that you have been worried," she went on, softly smoothing the wrinkles from his forehead. "Come, why don't you begin? I *must* know everything."

He turned his face a little away from her scrutiny, but drew her closer at the same time, so as to rob the action of any unkindness. "I can't tell you everything about this yere little matter, Idalia. An'—an' you musn't——"

"Is it anything about *me?*" she interposed suddenly.

"What makes you ask thet, Idalia? Is thar any reason, now, why I should be—well, kinder troubled about you?"

"No, there isn't; but you are. You dear, silly father! what *is* this notion that you have got into your head?"

"Idalia," he said gravely, after a moment's pause, "you believe, don't you, as I 'low to do my plum best to make you happy? Now, is thar—answer me this question true and honest, child—is thar anything I can do—anything in the world—ez would make you happier, or more prosperous, or—or ez would make things, in a general way, better for you? Don't you be afear'd now to speak, ef thar is."

Idalia looked at him in bewilderment. She could not even guess as to what was in his mind. But she wanted to find out, and so she merely repeated, in an interrogative tone—

"Happier? More prosperous, father?"

"Well, yes. Young folks, they're ambitious, Idalia—they're kinder ambitious; an' I don't see nothin' agin' it. Lor, no! I s'pose it's natural, though I warn't never thet-a-way myself. Now, would it help you any ef——" He hesitated, and turned pale. "I wasn't a-meanin' to ask you this question right out, honey," he pursued, "but, someways, it's borne in to me to do it. How would you like, Idalia, ef I was to go back to America?"

Idalia started, and drew back a little, in order that she might get a better view of his face. Then she nestled against his breast and laid her head there. She was beginning to understand now, she thought! Her father was finding his new home and life—this change from all his old habits and associations—too hard for him. But his faithful heart shrank from inflicting pain on his children. He was afraid that Peleus and she would feel it a trial to leave Monkswood, and so, though he was longing for it himself, he did not like to propose a return to their native valley. It was this that was troubling him—the conflict of his own wishes and interests with theirs.

The girl began to tremble perceptibly as she clung to him in silence. If it had come to this, that her father was really unhappy here, she had not a moment's doubt as to her own duty and desire. And yet, how she had grown to love this beautiful house, with its impressiveness of age, its quaintness of architecture, its delicious gables and ivy-clad mullioned windows! How well it, and all her present surroundings and present friends, suited and delighted her! How, on the contrary, her refined taste shrank from the pictured contrast her memory presented of Prospect Farm and the inhabitants of Clear-Water Valley, from whom she had been trained by her grandmother to keep aloof, and who had never personally been anything more to her than mere acquaintances! Not that Idalia had ever been consciously discontented with her former home. Occupied with her studies, and having her yearnings for affection satisfied by her father's devotion, she had thought herself quite happy. But the world had opened out to her since then; it had grown wider, and—she felt cold and sick at the thought of returning to that narrower world.

"How would you like it, Idalia?" pressed her father, breaking the silence in which she had indulged these reflections.

"If *you* would like it, father," she said, prepared now with her answer, "I should be quite content."

To her surprise, the answer seemed to shock instead of pleasing him.

"You would?" he ejaculated. "You'd be *content*, Idalia? But I wasn't jest meanin' to go and come," he went on hastily, and with a craving eagerness in his tone; "I was meanin', you onderstand, fer to stay—say a year. How'd thet do?"

Idalia brightened. "Only a year? Oh! that would not be very dreadful!" she said. "And then you would come back here?"

Again she was astonished to perceive that her assent had not gratified him. Mr. Bretherton had loosened the embrace in which he held her, and was leaning back in his chair.

"Oh! a year don't seem so long to you, don't it?" he observed, in a voice that hardly sounded like his own, so strained and harsh was it. "Then you wouldn't mind, mebbe, ef I stayed away three years, for instance, or five?"

"Five years!" Idalia shuddered as the dreary vista stretched out before her, but she made an effort to smile cheerfully into her father's face. "It shall be just as you wish, dear," she said.

There was another brief silence between them. Then something very strange happened. A convulsive quiver shook poor Mr. Bretherton's frame from head to foot, and a great tearless sob broke from his lips.

"Father! father! what is it?" cried Idalia, throwing her arms, in an agony of alarm and distress, round his neck. "My own father! what is it?"

"Why, you sound—you *sound* ez ef you loved me, honey," he faltered brokenly.

"*I sound as if I loved you!*" she echoed, in slow wonderment.

"An' it's what I've always believed. I could have pledged my life on it! An' yet you'd be willin' I

should leave you, Idalia? You'd be willin' I should leave you?" he wailed.

Idalia grew frightened. Her father, she thought, must be wandering in his speech or losing his senses.

"Oh, father! you are ill! I don't think you know what you are saying!" she cried. "Leave *me?* What can you mean?"

Mr. Bretherton sat up. His limbs shook still, but it was with a different kind of emotion.

"Kin I hev bin mistaken?" he exclaimed. "I believe, honey—I almost believe we've bin misonderstandin' one another. Yes, I do believe thet's so!" He burst suddenly into tears. "You didn't onderstand, then—ez what I meant was, should I go back to Clear-Water Valley by myself, an'—an' leave you and Peley here? You didn't understand ez I was askin' you ef you'd like that?"

"Oh! how could you! how *could* you!" was all Idalia replied.

But the keen reproach in her accent set her father's heart leaping for joy.

"You wouldn't like, then, to hev had to live without me, Idalia?" he asked, with an exultation that was almost passionate.

"Oh, father! what have I done? I must have been behaving very ill, or——"

"An' you ain't ashamed of me?" he interrupted. "Tell me, child, ain't you jest a little bit ashamed of me?"

"Do you want to break my heart?" she cried, covering his lips with her hand. "Ashamed of *you?* Oh! what have I done, father, to make you speak so?"

"What hev you done, honey? Why, you've poured oil and balm into the wounds! You've set me up agin—you've made a new man of me!"

"But how did I hurt you, dear? Oh! I didn't mean to. I wouldn't do it for the world! Have I been neglecting you? I'm afraid I have. I'm afraid I have been thinking too much about—about other people—about our visitors. Forgive me, father, if I have left you too much alone—if I have done anything to grieve your kind heart."

"*You* hurt me? *you* grieve me?" He caught her to his breast with tender fervour, whilst the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks. "Idalia, child, you've never vexed me in your life—no, never since you was born—only jest now, when I misonderstood you so. But I'd no right to hev misonderstood you," he went on, with a change of mood. "I'd oughter be ashamed of myself. To think as I should hev thought as you'd ever hev give in to thet thar scheme!"

Idalia began to cry herself now as she clung to him.

"I can't make out what it all means," she said. "If *I* haven't hurt you, some one else has. You would not say such things without reason. It isn't like you. Father," with sudden conviction, "I don't believe that dreadful idea ever came into your own head. Some one has put it there."

"Hush, hush!" he remonstrated. "You musn't say thet, deary, an' you musn't think it. Look yere, we're both kinder wrought up, ain't we? We'd best not talk any more jest now, hedn't we? Only jest sit still whar you are, an' let me think what a comfort you are."

"But, father, you must promise me that you will never, never breathe such an unkind notion again. How could you think of leaving me? How could you even dream of such a thing? It would break my heart if I thought you had really meant it."

"I didn't mean it, child. No, no! An' ef I dreamed it, it's a dream as I've awoke from. Now sit still a spell." And drawing her head to his breast once more, he softly stroked her hair. "Let us try to calm ourselves, an' sorter think matters over a bit, an' then we'll talk agin. I didn't mean to say what I hev said when we begun, but I'm thankful—I'm thankful I did. An' I hevn't forgot, honey, ez you hevn't told me yet what ye come to tell me."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

A RURAL FÊTE.

IN one of the immediate outskirts of High Radstow, not many minutes' walk from the town, there stood a large oblong-shaped house, painted white.

Standing well back from the road, it was approached by a carriage-drive, bordered on either side by tall elms. Other trees, too, in considerable number grew about the grounds, a large cluster containing a rookery coming close up to the rear of the house. The weather at present was lovely. It was a clear, bright day towards the close of April (some five or six months after the events chronicled in our last chapter), and the exuberant foliage around the house, which, as the summer advanced, would grow heavy and dark, still wore the sweet, tender green of spring.

The present proprietor of "The Rookery" (so the house was named) was a Colonel Shillito, a distant relative—second-cousin, in fact—of the Dowager Lady Standon. This gentleman had purchased the place, some three months ago, at what he considered a very low figure; and seeing that there was good fishing in the river close by, and good shooting in the Standon preserves, which Lady Standon the younger had placed at his disposal, he was greatly pleased with his bargain. An ex-officer of Hussars, Colonel Shillito was a pleasant, gentlemanly man of middle age. He had recently married a young and charming wife, and this amiable pair, who had already made the acquaintance of every family of note within a radius of ten miles from their home, were universally admitted to form a delightful acquisition to the limited society of the district.

Through the large iron gates well-appointed carriages might very frequently be seen to pass. One carriage there was which turned in at them almost every day—a dainty little phaeton, with two high-stepping, hot-blooded little ponies in the harness, driven by a lady, who, like her ponies, was young, spirited, and decidedly restive under restraint.

The same lady, although not in the same carriage,

had at this moment—early in the afternoon of that fine April day just alluded to—drawn up before the entrance of "The Rookery." She did not, however, descend when the summons of her powdered footman had been answered, but kept her

"'CHATTER A LITTLE WITH ME, THEN, LADY STANDON,' INTERPOSED A VOICE BEHIND HER" (*p.* 523).

seat in the elegant landau which she was at present occupying.

"Ah! there you are! I hope I haven't kept you waiting?"

The remark was addressed to the master and mistress of the house, when, a few seconds later, they emerged in out-door attire.

"Not at all." Colonel Shillito advanced bareheaded to shake hands. "My wife has only this instant come down-stairs. You are wonderfully punctual."

"Does that mean that punctuality is not one of my regular virtues? If so, I consider the suggestion a libel. The sports have begun, though, so we shall be a little late; and there's an awful crowd about the place."

"So I saw from one of the windows up-stairs," observed Mrs. Shillito, stepping into the carriage with her husband's assistance. "We can just see the turn of the road where the entrance stands from these left windows. Where upon earth can all the people have come from, I wonder?"

"Oh! it is a grand occasion, my dear," rejoined

the colonel, taking his place on the back seat. "The whole population of the town will have turned out. And then there are the agricultural rustics of the vicinity—quite enough to make up a decent crowd. But I imagine we shall have had plenty of the affair, Lady Standon, before it is over."

"I don't know that!" replied the young widow, who, in a broad-brimmed hat, wherewith she had superseded her usual close-fitting little bonnet, was looking more childlike than ever. "I am anticipating a great deal of fun, for my part, I assure you. I've never had the pleasure of watching a donkey-race before. And that obstruction race for boys will be very absurd and amusing, I expect."

"Ah! how nice it is to be young!" sighed the colonel, affecting a deeply lugubrious air. "There was a time—alas! in the long-vanished past—when it didn't take much to make *me* enjoy myself."

"And it doesn't take much now. Don't be ridiculous, Alec. Everybody knows what a boy you are," expostulated his wife, laughing. "I believe you would be delighted to run in a sack yourself. It would have to be a monstrous one, though," she subjoined, glancing complacently at his broad shoulders and stalwart frame.

In contrast to her husband, Mrs. Shillito was small and slight. She had red hair, clear, wistful grey eyes, a fair complexion, and a placid, lady-like expression of countenance, which corresponded with a pleasing, self-possessed manner.

"By the way," inquired Lady Standon, "what success did you have with the McNicolls, Mrs. Shillito? Are they coming to you this evening?"

"Mr. McNicoll is," rejoined Mrs. Shillito, "but not his sisters. They have not visited anywhere yet, they say, since their loss, so of course I did not like to press the invitation."

"Well, I thought perhaps they might think it rather soon to dine out," commented Lady Standon; "but Victor, you say, is coming? I guess I know why; you told him, I imagine, what other guests you were expecting?"

"Yes; I heard my wife mention that you were to honour us with your company," put in the colonel, "and you are perfectly right in supposing that the attraction was more than he could resist. Poor fellow! he is but mortal."

"Thank you, colonel. You are charmingly gallant. That, of *course*, was what I meant," said Annette. "Now, here we are. Please tell Sykes to drive right into the enclosure. There is a place near the grand stand, you know, where carriages are allowed to wait."

Colonel Shillito gave the desired direction, and moving slowly through the little crowd about the entrance gates, the landau entered a fenced-in space, where certain rural sports and competitions were in progress. This fête (quite a novel sort of thing for High Radstow) was being held in honour of the laying of the foundation stone of a new public building in that town.

The building in question was a free library, and the funds, both for the erection itself and for the purchase of a liberal supply of books wherewith to stock it, had been devised to the town by a wealthy gentleman lately deceased—the same gentleman who had been chiefly instrumental in getting up the series of winter concerts already adverted to.

A considerable number of vehicles, of various descriptions, were already in possession of the limited portion of ground allotted as a stand for carriages, but space was at once respectfully made for the handsome equipage with the Standon crest upon it. When, eventually, the latter was drawn up in the best position for commanding a view of the arena, Lady Standon perceived that the next carriage on a line with hers horizontally was a barouche, containing two young ladies in deep mourning and a gentleman. With the ladies Annette exchanged a very friendly bow and smile, but the gentleman she beckoned to approach her—a summons which was instantly obeyed.

"You abominable young man! you hardly deserve that I should shake hands!" was her greeting, with a coquettish assumption of petulance. Annette was a born coquette. She had flirted from the age of three, and she would probably continue to flirt up to the age of seventy, should she live so long; but it was, as a rule, a very innocent kind of flirtation that the girlish widow indulged.

"And, pray, what have I done amiss, fair cousin?" demanded Sir Arthur Ledsom, proceeding, as he put the question, to salute Mrs. and Colonel Shillito, with whom, despite their common connection with the Standon family, he could claim no sort of personal relationship.

"You have neglected me, sir," pursued Annette; "you have not been to call at the Park for an age. Does love-making engross your whole time? I shall express my opinion to Miss Dora, for I consider you a pair of remarkably selfish young people."

Arthur blushed. "It's very flattering to learn that you have missed me," he remarked. "I'll do myself the pleasure of repairing my error at the earliest possible opportunity."

"Oh, I miss everybody who does not pay me proper attention," returned Annette. "Don't you know that I have the social instinct largely developed? And the company of my revered mother-in-law, especially in her atrabilious moments, is scarcely sufficient to satisfy my yearnings for human fellowship. In other words, her ladyship has a knack of checking my eloquent volubility of speech, and I must have some one to chatter with, else I shall go spark out, like a fire in want of fuel."

"Chatter a little with me, then, Lady Standon," interposed a voice behind her. "Please do; for if the fire of your liveliness goes out, what on earth is to become of the neighbourhood?"

"Dear me! is it you, Mr. McNicoll?" exclaimed Annette, turning to behold Victor, who had just come up to the side of the carriage. "Actually, you have attempted a compliment! And not such a very lame one, either, for a novice in the art."

"A novice?" repeated Victor. "What makes you

say that? I hope I don't strike you as deficient in the courtesy which becomes a gentleman?"

"You strike me as fearfully matter-of-fact, and given to taking people at the very letter of their speech. But never mind that: tell me what is coming on next."

Victor tendered the lady his programme. "Please take it, and I will get another for Mrs. Shillito. A cart-horse race is the next performance. Don't you see the fiery steeds being brought up to the starting-point?"

"Oh, yes! with their tails and manes all tied up with ribbons. How delightfully absurd they look! But where are the Brethertons?"

There was a shade of disappointment now in Lady Standon's tone. Her eyes had been wandering all around the enclosure whilst she had been talking.

"I thought they were certain to be here," she went on; "but I don't see them, either on the grand stand or anywhere else."

"They have this moment arrived," observed Victor quietly, but with a heightened colour in his cheek, and a swift glad look kindling in his dark eye, which did not escape Annette's notice. "They have driven in, but they are sending their carriage away."

"Oh! do go and bring them here, then—either you or Arthur," urged Lady Standon. "We can accommodate them with seats—can't we, Mrs. Shillito? At any rate, we can find room for Miss Bretherton, and her brother can stand on the steps, or hang about somewhere. Do *you* go, Mr. McNicoll," she concluded, rather imperiously; for, whilst more than willing to obey her mandate, Victor had hesitated, looking at Sir Arthur, as though waiting to see whether he would undertake the errand, which, for his part, the latter had showed no signs of a desire to do. Pausing no longer, Victor hurried off, threading his way amidst horses with liveried grooms at their heads, drays occupied by farmers and their families, shandreys, gigs, &c., towards a space beyond where he perceived Idalia and Peleus Bretherton standing on the outskirts of the rustic throng which still seemed fatuously inclined to block up the entrance-way.

No sooner had his friend departed on this mission, than Arthur Ledsom, raising his hat and murmuring a word or two of polite excuse, also left Lady Standon's side and returned to the barouche, where Dora and Jessie McNicoll sat in the mourning garments which rather suited them both.

Breaking off at this juncture, we may leave our friends to look on at the bucolic sports they have gathered to witness, whilst we explain, as concisely as possible, certain events which have transpired during the six months whereof we have found it unnecessary to give any detailed account, although the events in question cannot well be omitted from notice.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

MISJUDGMENTS RECTIFIED.

AMONG the changes wrought by time, it is not always the most momentous that are most clearly to be detected by human vision. On its surface the tide of life may appear to be flowing smooth and unruffled, but who knows what strange seethings and tumults may be taking place in its hidden depths? It is in the calm often that the storm is brewing—in the deep stillness that precedes a cataclysm that the forces which bring it about are gathering strength. Also, it is in nature's season of apparent rest—in the quiet cryptic cells of winter—that the sweet buds and flowers of spring are germinating, and developing towards future joy and beauty.

Outwardly, and so far as actual incidents were concerned, it was for the McNicoll family that the last few months had scored in their passage the gravest marks.

Several days before that which had witnessed Charlie Nunnerley's departure from Monkswood, the crisis of Victor's illness had been reached, and he had begun, though slowly, to amend.

As a means of completing his restoration, he was advised by his doctor to try change of air, and Torquay having been fixed upon as a suitable spot, it was decided that Mr. McNicoll (who himself seemed to be somewhat out of health) should accompany his son thither.

Mrs. McNicoll, meanwhile, intended to set about a thorough disinfecting and cleaning through of the house, so as to fit it for the return of her daughters, and then to follow the gentlemen in about a week's time.

Now, during the journey down to Torquay, Mr. McNicoll proved terribly fractious and irritable. He quarrelled with his fellow-passengers, rated the railway officials, and was especially ill-natured with his son. But from the latter he could provoke no ruffled rejoinder. For years now Victor had been accustomed to keep so tight a rein upon his own temper in his intercourse with his father, that use in this respect had become almost second nature with him. But even had this not been so, it would have taken a great deal now to rouse him to real anger against his father; for in his late illness Mr. McNicoll had become to him a new man. Even yet Victor was lost in amazement at the discovery he had made. He had thought sometimes that his father actually disliked him, and he had found out that he passionately loved him. And, for the time being, what a transformation that love, coupled with anxiety, had wrought in his conduct! Mr. McNicoll had watched by his bed-side with all the tenderness and patience of a woman. Assuming (of course quite unnecessarily) the functions of a nurse, he had—particularly during the crisis of his disorder—jealously guarded his son's pillow, allowing no hand but his own to minister to him, and scarcely permitting even that his mother should approach him.

Touched beyond measure by this proof of intense affection, and shocked at his own blindness in not having discerned its existence before, Victor had concluded that, just as he had misjudged his father's feelings towards himself, so he had been mistaken in regard to those which he had supposed him to

entertain towards the rest of his family. It did not occur to the young man that this capacity for love which he had surprised was as narrow as it was deep —that the whole strength of it flowed towards and centred in his own person.

Victor felt that the dutifulness which he had formerly practised as a hard task would henceforward prove an easy one. And on this journey he felt it particularly easy to bear with a return of that acerbity which had so long been laid aside, because he perceived that Mr. McNicoll was himself unwell, and he believed him to be suffering through his voluntary confinement to the sick-chamber. This surmise was true, though how true Victor little suspected.

On the morning following their arrival at Torquay Mr. McNicoll was too ill to rise from bed. A fortnight later he was in his grave. He had caught, as it proved, the contagious disease from which his son had just recovered, and in his case the complaint developed itself in a highly virulent form. To Victor this fatal termination was a terrible blow. The young man felt his bereavement keenly, and his mourning for the dead was very sincere.

At the same time, it would no doubt both have lasted longer and proved more poignant but for a discovery that followed it—to wit, that Mr. McNicoll had left behind him a very unjust will.

By the disposition of this will—executed, it appeared, many years before—a sum of £2,000 was devised to Mrs. McNicoll, and one of £3,000 to each of his daughters, to be handed over as they respectively came of age. The entire remainder of a very large invested fortune—amounting to nearly £100,000, in addition to the house and furniture, the horses and carriages, as also Mr. McNicoll's half-share in those prosperous woollen-mills, which in itself would have constituted a handsome provision—was bequeathed unconditionally to that gentleman's "beloved son."

After one burst of disappointment, mildly enough expressed, but accompanied by a frank protestation against the injustice of the will, both Mrs. McNicoll and Dora seemed disposed to fall in with its arrangements in dignified silence. But not so Miss Jessie. Promptly drying the tears which she had conscientiously been endeavouring to shed, she declared that she would no longer grieve. In her opinion her father had crowned a life of ill-doing with a deed of wrong.

He had been an unloving tyrant when alive, and he had done that which was calculated to produce bitterness and dissension between those he had left behind. Her sense of justice — a well-developed quality in Jessie's mind — was cruelly outraged, and she took care to let the fact be known. Nevertheless, it must in fairness be added that there was nothing selfish about the girl's indignation. Jessie's notions of equity were not, like those of a good many people, governed by purely personal considerations. It was more for her sister's sake than her own that she felt the wrong. She would have liked Dora to have been able to take a handsome dowry to her husband; not that Arthur at all required additional wealth, but because it would have given Dora a truer sense of equality in the matrimonial contract.

Vastly to his younger sister's astonishment, however, Victor took the matter with what seemed to her extraordinary coolness. That the will was unfair he freely admitted, but further than this, she could not get him to say a word. Exasperated by this reticence, Jessie came very near to quarrelling with her brother. In her ignorance, the girl never reflected that the inequity that had been committed was capable of redress. All she really wanted from Victor was the acknowledgment, accompanied by as hot an indignation as her own, that it *was* an inequity; and failing to draw from him the sort of unqualified judgment she desired, this impulsive young person grew highly wrathful, and allowed herself to utter reproaches against him, and to assign motives for his conduct, which were characterised by the very lack of justice she railed against in another.

But those hard words—so hard that, had it not been for Victor's manly self-control, they might have led to permanent ill-feeling—were to cost poor Jessie a good deal of mental suffering.

As quick to repent of a wrong she had herself done as to resent the wrong-doings of others, she was overwhelmed with remorse when she found how she had misjudged her brother. For Victor, instead of talking, had acted.

Without a moment's unnecessary delay, and without breathing a syllable of his purpose to any of those concerned, the young man had, through his solicitor, effected a legal division of the property into three equal parts. Retaining one of these parts for himself, he had caused the other two to be respectively made over to his two sisters by deed of gift, each share, however, being subjected to a lien, whereby a certain liberal sum was to be annually paid to Mrs. McNicoll for the term of her natural life.

To the lawyer employed in making these arrangements, young McNicoll's generous conduct seemed to savour of Quixotism. In Victor's own mind, however, there had never existed for a moment any hesitation as to what honour and rectitude required of him, and he was seriously annoyed when at first his grateful sisters refused—or *would* have refused if they could—to take advantage of his self-sacrifice.

The property, however, being already legally settled upon them, they were obliged to submit, and Dora and Jessie McNicoll were now known far and wide to be wealthy women. That this fact should be known far and wide Miss Jessie had taken care. Filled with compunction in that she had so ill-appreciated his character, and with self-accusation on account of her undeserved reproaches, the girl noised her brother's good deed abroad with an almost wild enthusiasm. But it was especially to Idalia Bretherton that Jessie loved to enlarge upon Victor's unselfish generosity and many other virtues; for, though she delicately concealed her knowledge from him, the quick-witted girl had guessed her brother's secret, and she longed to help his cause.

And, to her delight, Jessie had always found in Miss Bretherton an interested and sympathetic listener to those lavish panegyrics which she seized every opportunity of ringing in her ears. Apparently Idalia did not weary of the theme, but how far she really joined her friend in this hero-worship of her brother, and in what degree Jessie's encomiums influenced her sentiments towards the subject of them, may be left for future discovery.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

OST people, if asked whether they could identify a friend they knew well, after he had been absent for a few years, and pick him out from among a number of other people, would answer the question in the affirmative. But when they came to reflect upon the extraordinary likenesses they must at times have perceived between different individuals, and how time can work strange changes in the human countenance, they would probably be more doubtful, and decline to be as "cock-sure" upon this particular subject as Sydney Smith said Macaulay was about everything. Had they studied the matter at all, they would certainly reply that the question of identification of a person is often one of extraordinary difficulty, that grievous and terrible mistakes have been made, leading, as we shall see presently, to judicial murders; and that those writers on medical jurisprudence who have concerned themselves with this subject have borne eloquent witness to "the utter uncertainty of testimony to identity when based on mere resemblance of face and figure." As to the ravages wrought by time, the following beautiful passage of "Marmion" will be doubtless familiar to many of our readers :—

> "Danger, long travel, want, and woe,
> Soon change the form that best we know;
> For deadly fear can time outgo,
> And blanch at once the hair.
> Hard toil can roughen form and face,
> And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
> Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
> More deeply than despair."

It may not be uninteresting, then, if we collocate a few instances out of the many on record wherein mistakes as to identification have led to disastrous and sometimes tragic results. But before doing so it may be noted that we have instances of extraordinary resemblances handed down to us from antiquity, for Pliny, in his Natural History, calls attention to certain persons who could hardly be distinguished from each other, such as the Emperor Pompey and a person named Vibius in a much lower station of life; Lentulus and Metellus the consuls; and one Artemon the impostor, who was curiously like Antiochus, the King of Syria. Thus there is in truth nothing new under the sun, nor is it surprising to find that what is a matter of common experience at the present day was well known to, and commented upon by, the ancients.

One of the most remarkable cases occurring in comparatively recent years was that upon which was founded the famous play of *The Courier of Lyons*, or, as it is sometimes called, *The Lyons Mail.* On the 27th of April, 1796, the mail going from Paris to Lyons was stopped, and the courier and postillion murdered. A young man named Lesurques, of spotless character and very good position, was arrested for the crime and executed, on the testimony of nine people, though he vainly proved an *alibi*, and though a woman who knew the real criminal, Duboscq, testified that he, and not Lesurques, was the murderer. Lesurques went to his death, leaving a very pathetic letter to the then unknown man in whose stead he suffered; and it was not till years afterwards that Duboscq confessed, when the same witnesses recognised him as the criminal, declaring that they had been misled by the remarkable resemblance between him and the innocent man. What makes this case all the more extraordinary is that these two men positively had scars of the same size in similar positions. Little wonder then that such a fact, coupled with their resemblance, caused them to be mistaken one for the other.

About the middle of the last century a certain Mr, Killet was convicted and executed on the positive oath of a man named Jackson, who swore he had been robbed, Killet's innocence being afterwards proved. Another tragical case was that of two men named Mackley and Clinch, who were executed for the murder of a Mr. Fryer in Islington in 1797, their identity being positively sworn to by Miss Ann Fryer, the cousin of the murdered man, who was with him at the time. Yet years afterwards two criminals severally confessed to the crime for which Mackley and Clinch had innocently suffered. Another unfortunate man named Coleman was executed in 1749 for the murder of a girl, Sarah Green, who swore positively to him as one of her assailants, the real criminals being discovered afterwards through one of them turning king's evidence, as it was called in those days.

Turning from these tragedies to cases wherein the accused persons escaped, we shall find equally remarkable instances of resemblance between different persons. A certain Mr. Frank Douglas, a man of fashion in the last century, was arrested on a charge of highway robbery, much to the horror of his friends, and would certainly have been hanged but for the following providential circumstance. A notorious criminal named Page happened to be caught and

brought to Newgate at the same time, and when the victim of the robbery saw *him* he recognised his real assailant, the extraordinary resemblance between the two men amply explaining his former testimony. A similar case occurred in New York some forty years ago or thereabouts, which created much excitement in that city. A hotel-keeper was charged with presenting a forged cheque, and, the bank clerk swearing to his identity, he was convicted. A new trial was, however, obtained, and after the unfortunate man's business and reputation were gone, a notorious forger happened to be arrested, who turned out to be the real criminal, a remarkable resemblance between the two being once more the cause of much misery to an innocent man.

Scores of such cases indeed might be quoted, and testimony based on resemblance has, says a great authority, been proved to be utterly uncertain, even when given by the most conscientious witnesses who desire to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Dr. Gilman, in his edition of Beck's "Medical Jurisprudence," says on this point, "The wife has been mistaken as to her husband, the father as to his child, the sister as to her sister, the life-long friend as to his friend. Such mistakes have been made, and I suppose will be made, on such evidence. Lives have been sacrificed, judicial murders have been committed, and what the law has once done, we all know it will (for that sole reason) do again."

Fully as interesting as the foregoing cases, though not ending, or nearly ending, so tragically, are the cases in which the question to be decided is whether an individual is the person he pretends to be. And in this connection a famous case, the *cause célèbre* of our own times, will at once occur to the reader—the attempt of Arthur Orton to pass himself off as Sir Roger Tichborne. The extraordinary length of that trial and its many curious incidents are too fresh in the public mind to need any recapitulation here, though it is quoted by the most recent authorities as one of the most curious cases on record.

Let us go back to 1590, to a French case, that of Martin Guerre, which came before the Parliament of Toulouse in that year, and certainly sounds more like a fiction than a true story. Martin Guerre, foolish man, left his home and his wife for eight years. Thereupon one Arnauld Dutille made his appearance, bearing a great resemblance to the errant Martin, was received by the wife as her husband, and took possession of the property. Children were born to them, and for three years Arnauld Dutille was accepted by Madame Guerre, and Martin's four sisters and two brothers-in-law, as her lawful husband. The matter, however, fell into dispute, and then came the tug of war. Hundreds of witnesses were examined, and of those some forty swore that the impostor was Martin Guerre, while as many were equally positive that he was Arnauld Dutille, and again a number of judicious persons testified that the two men were so much alike that they could not decide which was before them. The judges were naturally very much puzzled, and Arnauld Dutille brazening the matter out with consummate effrontery, they were positively on the point of deciding in his favour when the real "Simon Pure" appeared on the scene. Martin Guerre claimed his own, and the imposture collapsed.

Equally curious in its way was the claim of Pierre Megé, a soldier, to be the son of a certain Sieur de Caille who had fled to Savoy, being a Protestant, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His son died in De Caille's presence at Vevay, but nevertheless the impostor was after a trial declared to be the said son, in spite of documentary evidence from Switzerland of the man's death. The wife of Megé, however, let out the secret, and on an appeal the Parliament of Paris decided against him. This imposture, as has been pointed out, was in many respects like the Tichborne case, for there seem to have been no points of resemblance at all between the two men.

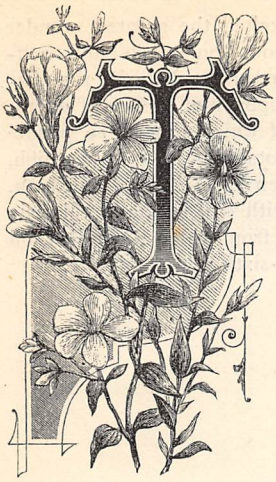
Another cause tried in France was that of Baronet, who was condemned to the galleys on the false evidence of his sister, who had taken possession of his property, but he afterwards regained his rights, mainly owing to the evidence of Louis, a celebrated surgeon of the period.

It is needless, however, to go on multiplying instances of remarkable resemblances. Enough has been said to prove that these exist much more often than many people imagine, and to show how careful we should be in our courts of law as to the admission of evidence of identity based upon facial expression and contour of form. And if any more proof were needed, let our readers ask themselves how many of their friends resemble each other, and how often they see people in the streets that they take in the distance for acquaintances, until a closer scrutiny dissipates the illusion. They will, we fancy, be rather surprised at the result of such investigations, if they have not given attention to the matter before.

We have only in this paper dealt with the identification of living people. The question of identifying the dead is beset with still greater difficulties, is too painful, and involves too many purely medical details to be dealt with in these pages. Not to part with our readers, however, in too sombre a spirit, we may mention that some years ago a gentleman at Hammersmith, who was supposed to be deceased, turned up precisely at the moment when the hearse containing, as was thought, his remains was leaving his door, and could, had he been so minded, have attended his own funeral.

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.



THERE is now more than ever great reason why Bach should be brought forward as an influence for all that is noble and good in musical art. The tendencies of the day are drifting towards what has been called the "music of the future," and we stand in much need of such celebrations as the Bach bi-centenary in the early part of this year to counteract the effects of a fashion in things musical, which finds its exclusive delight in the school of Wagner and his followers. It will not be the first time that Bach has been brought to the front as a protest against the decadence of truly classical music. The flood of Italian compositions which swept over Germany after his death caused his works to be almost completely forgotten, but the revival came with Haydn and Mozart, who combined in their music the grace and charm of the Italian school with the more solid qualities of the German art. In our own country it was not until the beginning of the present century that the works of Bach began to be heard with any frequency. In the early years of the century Samuel Wesley declared the merits of him whom he called the father of universal harmony, so ably asserting them, that he "founded amongst us a Bach cult, which, surviving many fluctuations of taste, and more assaults from indifference, has at least obtained for the master general recognition and partial comprehension."

John Sebastian Bach was a member of one of the most musical families which have ever been produced by any country. In his day the Bachs dated their origin and musical tendencies more than a century and a half back, to a Hungarian Bach. The sons of this latter member of the race had musical talents of no mean order, and his grandsons became professional musicians; from these, down to the grandsons of John Sebastian, all the members of the Bach family devoted themselves exclusively to music, and the race was so numerous that one might have been sure to find a Bach as an organist or music-teacher in almost every town in Germany. These Bachs had an annual gathering, generally at Eisenach, where a hundred and fifty kinsmen would meet and compare notes on their musical progress during the year.

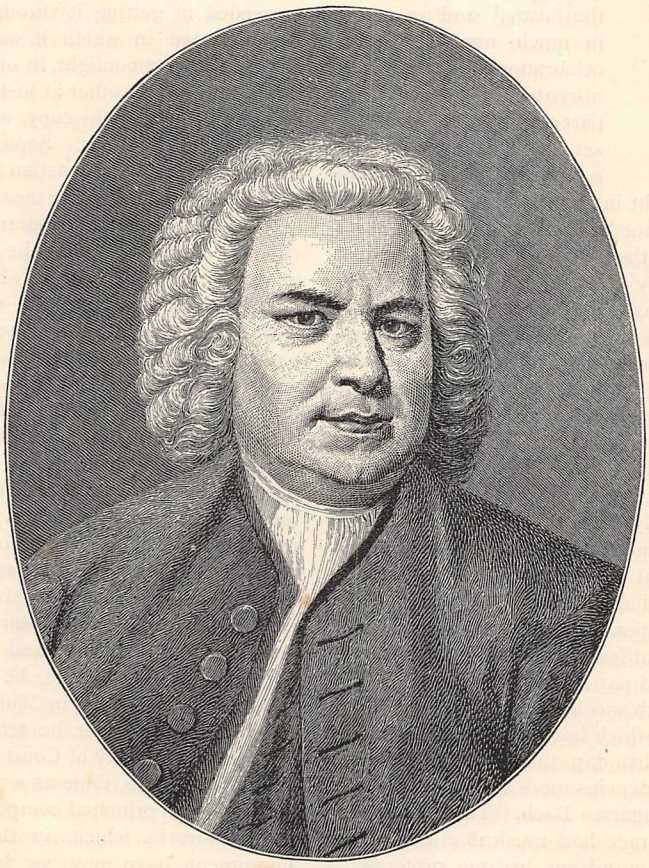
The Bach genius for music reached its climax in John Sebastian, who was born at Eisenach on the 21st of March, 1685—the same year in which Handel was born. His life, like that of most of his family, was simple and uneventful. His father began by teaching him the violin, but his studies under the parental care were of short duration. Before the boy had reached his tenth year he was left an orphan, and his musical education was entrusted to an elder brother, who, however, looked upon John Sebastian's precocity with jealousy, and gave him but little encouragement. We are told that the brother possessed a MS. volume containing the compositions of many of the prominent writers of the day. The book became an object of much longing to young Sebastian, but his brother strictly forbade him the use of it. Determined, notwithstanding, to gain possession of the volume, he succeeded in getting it through the latticed door of the cupboard in which it was kept, and copied the whole of it by moonlight, in order to escape detection. When the stern brother at last discovered the trick, he destroyed the precious copy, which had cost the boy a full six months' labour. Soon death removed this too rigid guardian, and Sebastian was left, at fourteen years of age, without friends or means.

Having a beautiful soprano voice, he entered a choir in Luneberg, where he received free education in return for his services. Here he remained long after his voice had changed—until his eighteenth year—when he secured an engagement as violinist in the band of the Duke of Weimar. Bach had, however, no great fondness for the violin, his leanings being towards the organ, and so, after serving the duke for three years, he gladly accepted the post of organist at Arnstadt. During the time in which he held this position, he laboured incessantly at his own development in both playing and theory, probably to the utter neglect of the training of his church choir. His reputation as an organist speedily became so great that he was constantly receiving applications for his services from different quarters. One of these he entertained favourably, and in 1707, when he was twenty-two years of age, he became organist in the Church of St. Blasius, in Mühlhausen. After remaining here for one year, he returned to Weimar in the honourable capacity of Court organist.

At Weimar his fame as a player reached its climax, and there his principal compositions for the organ were written—works which, in their adaptability for the instrument, have never yet been, and probably never will be, surpassed. At this time we are told of his reputation "as an executant, as a composer, and as an extemporist," growing simultaneously with his unwearied studies, and spreading all over the surrounding states. Soon after this he began to make annual tours throughout the country for the purpose of giving public performances on the organ and harpsichord. On one of these journeys he found in Dresden a French player of considerable ability, named Marchand, whose performances aroused great enthusiasm. Bach was induced to send the Frenchman a written challenge for a regular musical contest, offering to solve any problem which his opponent might choose to set before him, and of course reserving to himself the right of being allowed to reciprocate. The challenge was accepted, the time and place were fixed, and a large audience assembled to witness what promised to be an interest-

ing trial of musical skill. Bach duly appeared, but Marchand was not to be found. It was subsequently ascertained that he had quitted the city secretly, leaving the field free to his opponent.

On his return from Dresden in 1717, Bach was appointed Kapellmeister at Köthen. In 1721 he undertook a journey to Hamburg, and while there became a candidate for the post of organist in the "Jacobi Kirche." The organ there was one of the finest on the Continent, and we may be sure that Bach's disappointment was very great when he learned that the post had been given to an insignificant young man, of only moderate abilities. In 1723 Bach was appointed to the directorship of the Thomas Schule in Leipzig—a post which was thoroughly congenial to him, and which he continued to hold until his death. There he composed for the use of the Church his greatest works—the incomparable Passions and Cantatas, and his Mass in B minor, all of which exhibit his genius in its full glory. In 1747 Bach accepted an invitation to visit the Court of Frederick the Great at Berlin, where one of his sons held the post of cembalist, a fact which made the king desirous to hear the great master himself play. He was received with much kindness and enthusiasm by the king, in whom he excited the greatest wonder by his masterly improvisations on given and self-chosen themes. After his return to Leipzig, the misfortune of loss of sight fell upon him. Several operations were performed, all of which proved so unsuccessful as to reduce him to total blindness, from which, however, he was restored ten days before his death. But the restoration came with delirium, and this was followed by an apoplectic fit, from which Bach died, on July 28th, 1750, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.



JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

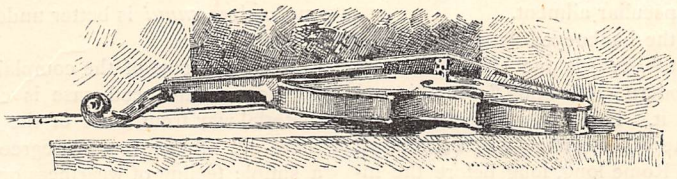
(*After a painting by Hauszman.*)

Bach was twice married, and had a family of twenty children. His second wife had a "musical nature, and a fine voice, and showed a true appreciation for her husband. She helped to encourage a strong artistic and musical feeling in his house, and besides attracting foreign artists, exerted a beneficial influence on the sons, who were one and all musically gifted." Bach was singularly fond of the peace and quietude of home life, and hence the almost complete absence from his career of those *virtuoso* triumphs and great performances which mark the lives of many of the geniuses of musical creation. He was too modest to court the favour of princes and nobles in attempts to secure himself a position as head of the musical

affairs in their chapels. "His art and his family—these were the two poles round which Bach's life moved; outwardly simple, modest, insignificant; inwardly great, rich, and luxurious in growth and production." His most recent biographer has said of him—"He practised the virtue of modesty in so high a degree that, as long as he alone was concerned, when face to face with the loud conceits of artists immeasurably beneath him, he rarely asserted his enormous superiority. Pride and haughtiness were unknown to him, and, though esteemed and flattered by nobles and princes, admired by brother artists, and respected and lauded with applause by countless devotees, he remained the same to all." Germans love to say of the great Bach that his character had not a spot: his life was perfect; and it is certainly the case that few more deeply religious, earnest, manly men ever lived. Like his great contemporary, Handel, Bach was a zealous Protestant.

But what shall we say of Bach as a composer? If we may but leave Handel out of consideration, we can at once affirm that, like Saul, King of Israel, he towers head and shoulders above the assembly in which he is found. It is now too late in the day to begin to praise Bach's works; they are occasionally voted dry by those whose only delight is in the ear-catching melody of the Italian opera, but to the genuine music-lover the compositions of Bach are the embodiment of all that is noble, beautiful, and good in music. The average musical mind demands something with plenty of "tune" in it, and this is what the average mind, from lack of proper training, frequently fails to find in the compositions of Bach. But Bach's music is in reality the very essence of tune, for every part is a melody in itself. His *fugues* are a combination of melodies, but the difficulty is in getting hearers to follow more than one melody at a time. Musical education is now so much of the surface kind; parents and teachers are satisfied with only so much as will enable those under their care to "show off" to the best advantage, and brilliant execution rather than solid acquirements is everywhere sought after. When teachers are true to their art, and instil in their pupils a love for what is good, Bach's works will be more generally known, and, as a natural result, will be more generally appreciated.

JAMES C. HADDEN.



A SUMMER IDYL.

He. THE June wind blows, and through the grass
Its laughing spirit seems to pass,
And the little stream
With lilies white is agleam;
And in the orchard the apple-blooms
In an odorous mass
Cover the place for a lover's dream—
So leave these prim cool rooms
For a little, dear lass!

She. I know the June wind blows, and that the grass
Laughs low to hear it pass,
And that the stream
With lily-buds is agleam—
But I doubt if the scented mass
Of the tender apple-blooms
Hides the place for a lover's dream!
Nor shall I leave these rooms,
Who am not your lass!

He. Well, well! I go—for see, the sun
Is burning up the noon;
The wind is hushed, and soon
Morn's freshness will be done;
Soon will the roses droop,
And the lilies stoop,
And the larks cease one by one,
And the doves to coo,
And the breeze cease being a breeze—
So I go to dream my dream
'Neath the apple-trees,
But she who fills my dream
Will not be you!

She. Stay, stay, dear love, for I am done
With household work, and soon
Will spend with you the noon;
Sweet is the summer sun
Though the roses droop,
And the lilies stoop,
And the wild-doves one by one
No longer coo
In the dying breeze—
So let me dream my dream
'Neath the apple-trees—
Ah, there too let me dream,
Dear love, with you!

WILLIAM SHARP.

ENNUI: ITS SYMPTOMS, CAUSES, AND CURE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

IT is only of late years that the symptoms I am about to describe have been dignified by a specific name; and even now, so far as I know, the term *ennui*, as a distinct ailment or disorder, has not found its way into books on medicine. Physicians fight shy of describing it; they seem rather ashamed of it than otherwise, and feel a very human inclination to quietly laugh at or pooh-pooh it. But, nevertheless, they treat patients for this ailment every day. They do not consider it, as a rule, a deadly disease; it occasions medical men no distress of mind; it is never a subject for carriage meditation. So far, so good; and much more could be said about doctors and the treatment or consideration of *ennui*, which I leave to be inferred. However, there the symptoms are, distinct enough, and no doctor would attempt to deny: first, that they are really distressing; and secondly, that they may, and often do, lead to something far worse. These two reasons form my apology for devoting a paper to this peculiar ailment.

It is usually said in the hackneyed language of the every-day journals that "*ennui* is one of the ailments of an advanced or modern civilisation." Is this so? I very much doubt it. If my reading serves me rightly, *ennui*—by some other name—was well known in ancient Greece and Rome long, long before the inhabitants of Britain had become artists in dress or adepts in the art of cookery. Do not tell me that those exquisites of *Roma Antiqua*, who listlessly dawdled their forenoons away at those wonderful baths of theirs, never suffered from *ennui*. Their poets and satirists describe symptoms very much identical with those of the modern ailment, at all events; and the same may be said for the inhabitants of the Greece of bygone days. So much for the antiquity of the disorder. As for the phrase "advanced civilisation," I will not have it. I shall not admit the right of any civilisation to be called advanced which cannot hold its own, whose manhood leans to the effeminate, or even effete. Rome fell, the glories of Greece have faded and gone, neither wealth nor luxury could sustain them, for, strange though it may seem, anomalous even, a nation and people may retrograde—may slide back towards barbarism while dressed in purple and fine linen.

But to leave these ancient nations, and come nearer home, I find that two centuries ago, or thereabouts, an ailment very much akin to our modern *ennui* existed, and was very radically treated indeed. This disorder, says my authority, gave rise in the mind to "feare and sadness, euill thoughts without any manifest cause, the braine being as it were clowded all ouer. They are oucht with a wearinesse of life, and with ill and deep thoughts of mind; oftentimes you shall finde them crying; and now they delight in solitariness; within a short time they will as much condemn it. They are ever musing, their sleep is short, and oftentimes they are therein disquieted with troublesome dreams."

To accomplish the cure of this disorder the ancient physician set himself to work with a will. One cannot help pitying the poor patient—he must have had a lively time of it. I can fancy I see him gazing out at the window with a look of affright on his pale face, and exclaiming, "What! more drugs!" as the errand-boy, hot and red, staggers up the steps with his heavily laden basket.

More drugs? Yes; just listen, reader, to the list, and it does not contain half of them: "preparers" and "strengtheners," "aperients," "emetics," "draughts" and "potions and pills," "conserves," "juleps," "quilts," "gargarismes," "embrochs," "a sirrupe to cause sleepe," "lozenges," "opiates," "oyntments," and "a bath."

The bath must have been the best of it, the worst of it probably being that all the while the lancet was kept busy—busy at its work. We live in better times, and our modern *ennui* is better understood, and more skilfully treated.

The symptoms of the complaint nowadays differ, so far as an advanced case is concerned, in no very material way from those of the ancient disorder; but there are all stages and degrees of the ailment, from a simple feeling of weariness or "boredom" to downright depression of spirits, or even melancholy.

It is also periodic in its character. Patients themselves say their ailments come and go according to the state of the atmosphere. In some parts of England—Staffordshire, for instance—it is no uncommon thing to hear people talk about being "under the weather." Well, the weather, like that unfortunate organ the liver, has to put up with a deal of abuse. But nervous people are far more easily affected by atmospheric changes than others.

The symptoms of *ennui* are so numerous, and vary so much with different individuals, that I need merely summarise them, and that itself I can only do imperfectly. They are those of nervousness and debility combined. Their periodicity even adds to their distressfulness. The sufferer or patient is well and happy one day, and weak and peevish the next, or may continue ill for a week or a month, then suddenly brighten up, only to relapse once more into the old condition in a short time.

And yet all the while he or she may be unable to point to any particular organ as the aching one, or say where the trouble lies. Some sufferers consult medical men; these are the cases in which bodily symptoms are in the ascendency: where there are stomachic troubles, flying pains, headache, &c. Others suffer without seeking for aid; in such cases the mental miseries are worse than the bodily. They do not care

to call in a medical man, or even consult him in his house. I have known a person so afflicted to send for a doctor, and then refuse to see him.

But the rule is for the sufferer from *ennui* not to seek for skilled advice at all, though he may readily enough tell his troubles to a friend, and probably actually feel pleased to know that there are other people in the world who are just as bad as, and even worse than he is.

I think myself that the case is bad enough, and deserves commiseration, when a man feels really ill—bodily and mentally ill—and yet cannot summon up the resolution to consult a physician.

It is in the very nature of his complaint to despair of relief.

"What would be the good," he says to himself, "of consulting a doctor? That would be giving in altogether. I don't want to consider myself actually sick. The doctor might do one of three things: he might laugh at me, or he might be too polite for that, and merely give me a lot of good advice and a lot of physic and stuff, the former of which I should forget, and the latter pitch away; or, worst of all, he might discover some hidden disorder that must soon prove fatal, and *tell me so*, for some doctors have a nasty way of 'putting on the black cap.' Besides, I believe my troubles are all fancy, or I'm over-worked and over-worried. I *must* bear up. It will all come right in the end, though I must confess I feel a miserable wretch."

A person of this kind is always going to do something, always going in for something, but in most cases his good resolutions never lead to anything very practical. The truth is, he wants guidance.

A distressing symptom is that mentioned by the old physician from whom I quoted: bad sleep and restless nights. But this is not always the case, for if bile predominates in the blood, or if the blood be insufficiently aërated from want of exposure during the day to a free current of wholesome air, there is a lethargic, thick-headed kind of sleep, which passes the weary hours of night away after a fashion, but does not bring much refreshment.

The causes of *ennui* are manifold, and differ in different cases. I believe that in the vast majority of instances the patients themselves know a good deal more about the cause of their ailment than any doctor could, for I do not believe there is a man, or woman either, in these islands who is so ignorant as not to be aware that direct disobedience to the ordinary laws of health must entail bodily trouble, and even mental torture of some kind, sooner or later.

"*Ennui* is often caused by idleness," so we are told, but I, for one, do not believe that idleness alone produces *ennui*. Let me here explain that the ailment is not a mere whimsical one: it has its seat in the brain, and I maintain that, from the very day it commences, changes in the brain-matter of a physiological nature have already begun. Idleness alone will not produce this changed condition of cerebral matter.

Take a healthy man, and throw him into a dungeon for years, you will not induce the disease we call *ennui*; no—he will make a companion of a spider or mouse, or he will plait straws, or construct puzzles therefrom; but depend upon it, he will find employment of some kind, and in that employment pleasure. But if you were to over-feed him, why, then you would have *ennui*, and the case might end in madness.

Ennui—I speak advisedly and from experience—is a disease of the temperate zones and of civilised peoples. Among the languid, idle inhabitants of the torrid zone, it is unknown. Among the hardier and harder inhabitants of the far north it does not exist. And why? Because the latter, although they may live as high as we do, take more exercise, and breathe a stronger air, while the former are free from it owing to the abstemious nature of their diet.

These facts—and facts they are—almost alone suggest a cure for this peculiar ailment of "advanced civilisation." And I might add that the simple natives of the torrids do not drink tea or coffee, or smoke to the extent we do.

And now, what am I to say about the treatment of this complaint? Nothing individually, that is obvious. Shall we seek for a panacea in the Pharmacopœia? Alas! there is none. And yet I do not bid the sufferer despair. On the contrary, I preach hope. At present he may see all things dark and dim, "as through a glass:" it is in the very nature of his complaint so to look at matters. He must take heart of grace. Shall he make an attempt to shake off his trouble? No; the effort would end in failure and further exhaustion. But I will not have him sit indoors gazing outwards at the gloomy weather, and inwards at the gloom on his own mind. Without actually forcing himself to any great exertions, either mental or bodily, he must not sit idle and worry. He cannot force a cure; he may induce one, though, by degrees.

If he believes that the ailment from which he is suffering is to a great extent a blood disease, he will have made a good start towards recovery. He must get his blood purified. He must live abstemiously; eat but little, *especially if weak*. The mistake weakly people constantly make is forcing into their systems food which cannot be digested, and continues to poison the blood; or they drench themselves with tonics, in doing which they are but breeding heat and fever; or they take stimulants. This last is almost a fatal mistake, for the brain of one suffering from *ennui* is far too weak to bear stimulation. By-and-by, when the sufferer feels lighter, happier, and more hopeful, then tonics may be begun most cautiously—mild vegetable tonics first, with cod-liver oil.

The cure will be complete only after months of living by rule, the daily use of the bath, and all the healthful exercise possible, with—this is a *sine quâ non*—something to occupy, without harassing, the mind.

A MYSTERIOUS ATTRACTION.

BY ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, AUTHOR OF "THE PROBATION OF DOROTHY TRAVERS," "PARDONED," ETC.

ST. JAMES'S HALL was crammed: stalls, balcony, orchestra seats, all were full: one vast mass of humanity; and yet it was only one of the ordinary Saturday Popular Concerts that was about to take place: those concerts that have taken such a hold on the hearts of the London public, that they have but to be announced, and forthwith their success is insured.

But this afternoon the hall was unusually full; one of its old favourites—and the London public is very faithful to its favourites—was about to resume his violin after months of long and tedious illness, and was to be greeted with that storm of applause such as the *habitués* of St. James's Hall love to give to those who have ministered well and faithfully to their pleasure.

Just as the clapping and cheering was at its very height, when the whole large room was vibrating from end to end with the sound, and the hero of the occasion was tossing back his long hair, that fell like a mane over his face as he bowed again and again in acknowledgment of the plaudits, a little old man, with quite white hair, frail, fragile, and well-dressed, walked noiselessly up the room, and took up his position in one of the outside stalls, sitting down quietly amidst the tumult, and letting his bright keen old eyes rove as though in search of some one far over the head of the bowing violinist to the seats behind the orchestra.

They were densely packed, as they usually are, with those lovers of good music who are content to wait patiently for an hour or more to hear the sounds their souls delight in for the moderate sum of one shilling. There was not much beauty amongst them—there seldom is amongst musical people—so that the one face for which the little old man was seeking so eagerly stood out amongst its surroundings as some beautiful picture in a crowd of commonplace mediocrities. It was a sweet, fair face, but with a depth of sadness in the large grey eyes, that looked out of place in one apparently so young.

She—for it was a woman—was dressed in mourning, and had just laid aside a book in which she had been absorbed when the great violinist came in. As she settled herself in her seat after the tumult had subsided, and the business of the afternoon was about to commence, she became aware of the gaze fixed so earnestly on her. She did not seem surprised; all last year at these same concerts, all this year up to the present time, she had felt those keen eyes riveted on her, until she began to look on them as a matter of course, having forgotten both the annoyance they had caused her at first and the amusement of a later period.

Latterly, she had made up her mind that the little old gentleman was an amiable lunatic, as time after time, in whatever part of the hall she chanced to be, his quick eyes found her out, and kept her in a full stare throughout the whole performance.

But nothing more: no meeting her at the door, no following her as she walked home; no. She said to herself, he was a lunatic, but a gentleman, and with that reflection perhaps the music would begin, and she would forget all about him. But to-day, as she smiled to see the face she had grown so used to that she missed it if by a rare chance it were absent, she could not but remark that it had, as it were, aged since the last week; the lines of age that formed a network over the delicate, sensitive old face seemed to have deepened and widened, the eyes to have lost somewhat of their bird-like brightness.

"How my old gentleman has aged this last year!" she thought carelessly to herself, as she drew in, with exquisite delight, the sweet wail of the violin, touched by a master-hand, that quickly drove all other thoughts out of her head.

Two hours later the concert was all over, and Helen Spencer was descending the somewhat breakneck staircase that leads from the orchestral seats, with her ears still ringing with Beethoven and Schumann, and a somewhat eager smile of anticipation on her lips, utterly forgetful of her little old gentleman. She was in a hurry, for she was not the mistress of her own time, and was walking down Piccadilly as fast as conventionality will allow you to walk in a crowded thoroughfare, when her passage across the street to the Green Park was stopped by a string of carriages. The brougham that halted immediately in front of her was small and perfectly appointed, and for one moment Helen caught a glimpse of its occupant. It was her little old gentleman, but he did not see her; he lay back among the cushions, with his eyes shut and a look of deadly weariness on his pale thin face. A pang shot through the girl's heart; how ill he looked, and how lonely he seemed! almost as lonely as she was. . . . . And then there was a move; the carriages had passed on, and the policeman was motioning to her to take advantage of her chance of crossing.

Another ten minutes brought her to her destination, a house in Grosvenor Place, and as the door was opened to her by a solemn butler, she asked nervously, "Is Mrs. Fane come in yet?"

"No, miss," he answered, and with a lightened heart the girl ran quickly up the staircase, and entered the drawing-room, almost as though afraid to pause.

Swift as a flash of lightning there passed over her face a smile of intense pleasure, to be succeeded at once by her usual serene gravity, as she perceived that the room was not untenanted: a tall, fair-haired man sat in one of the arm-chairs, reading the day's paper, and by his side the tea-table, with its inviting load.

Helen had thought of retiring, but the sight of the tea was too much for her. She was so tired — music always exhausted her, because she loved it so well; there could be no harm in sitting down for five minutes, even if *he* was there, and drinking a cup of tea in his company; so she advanced into the room. The fair-haired man jumped up at once.

"I suppose so," he answered, with an amused smile; "and this time for a fortnight."

"For a fortnight?"

"Yes. Does that displease you?" gently.

She gathered her senses together.

"It can be nothing to me either one way or another," she answered rather bitterly, and put her cup down.

"'READ IT, MR. FANE, AND SEE WHAT IT MEANS'" (*p.* 535).

"Been to your beloved 'Popular,' Miss Spencer?" he asked. "Then you must be tired;" and almost before she could answer him, he had poured out a cup of tea and placed it in her unresisting hand. How angry she was with herself! Why could she not speak? Why did she feel inclined to cry? Why was she so foolish as to enter the room at all?

"Yes," she said, with an effort, "I have been to the 'Popular;' and—are you come up from Woolwich?"

He looked at her in amazement, and was about to speak, when a loud knock at the door caused him to go to the window.

"It is my mother," he said, as he turned towards the room again, and then perceived that he was alone. Miss Spencer had fled. Before he had time to more than give way to a muttered exclamation there was a rustle on the staircase, a rustling of silk and satin, heralding the approach of a person full of her own im-

portance. It was Mr. Fane's mother. She came into the room: large, handsome, moneyed, arrogant—one glance at her told you all this. A strange contrast to the slim, quiet man whom she called her son, and whom she looked at suspiciously.

"You are alone, Edward?" she asked.

"It appears so, mother," he answered, with his quiet smile, as he kissed her and put a chair for her.

"I was afraid that designing girl had raced home from her concert to be alone with you, for Jones tells me she is come in."

Edward Fane frowned. "The designing girl is a lady, mother," he said.

"So she may be, but she is a penniless one, and would, no doubt, like to marry *my* son, forgetting what I had striven to impress on her, that unless you marry with my full approval, not one——"

"I have heard that before, mother; there is no necessity to repeat the lesson," he said gravely; and Mrs. Fane for once felt the rebuke, and changed the subject.

Meanwhile, up-stairs in her bedroom, Helen Spencer was walking up and down, in a state of agitation that her afternoon's employment hardly warranted. Poor thing! hers was a very sad though, alas! common enough position. Well-born and once rich, moving in better society than the lady to whom she now acted as companion, she was now an orphan, reduced by a series of misfortunes to destitution. Forced by these circumstances to earn her bread as either a governess or companion, she had chosen the latter alternative, attracted by the high salary offered her by Mrs. Fane, although by no means attracted by the lady herself. It did not require any very great astuteness to find out that Mrs. Fane had not only an arrogant imperious temper of her own, but that she was a very vulgar woman. It was a well-known fact that good-natured extravagant Charlie Fane had married her for her money, and had met with his punishment in being worried and irritated into a premature grave. His son Edward was a different kind of man; but he too was at his mother's mercy, in so far that she held the purse-strings, and never failed to remind him of the important fact. And this son, who was destined by his mother to make some brilliant and aristocratic marriage, Helen Spencer loved.

She did not deny it; alas! she knew it but too well; but to-day was the first time she had allowed it even to herself—she loved him, and she must go away. She said it over and over again, in a soft despairing voice; and then a feverish haste overtook her, a desire to fly and hide her head somewhere, where she might weep out all the sorrow that was oppressing her, and feel that she had done rightly. For to-day the danger flag had floated before her eyes, and something had told her that her love was in a faint measure reciprocated. She went down to dinner with her usually pale face lighted up by two vivid spots of colour, and her eyes soft and heavy from tears. Conversation did not flow very freely, as far as the young people were concerned; Mrs. Fane too was preoccupied, and Edward had ample time to reflect on Helen's charms, which to him seemed redoubled to-night, and to smile bitterly as he thought of his mother's menacing words to him. It was Saturday, so Mrs. Fane was not going out, and her tone was extra imperious as she bade Helen come and write some letters for her. She had been exasperated at dinner by Edward's absurd politeness and deference to a "companion," and by Helen's implied acquaintance with people who did not care to visit herself. Moreover she suspected an attachment between the two young people, and yet had no grounds on which to frame a definite accusation. There was no help for it, she must get rid of Miss Spencer, and that without delay. She was about to launch upon the subject with her usual ruthless abruptness, when she was spared the trouble by Helen announcing to her that she was very sorry, but if she was not causing Mrs. Fane any inconvenience she would like to leave her soon—very soon—in fact as early as possible.

Did Mrs. Fane desire anything better?

"You shall go on Monday, Miss Spencer," she said majestically, eyeing the girl suspiciously, and wondering why she was falling in with her own plans in this extraordinary manner. Was she doing so in order to have more freedom to see Edward? If so she should find herself grievously disappointed.

The evening wore away. Mr. Fane came up-stairs, but neither his mother nor Helen said one word to him of the latter's departure; and when, on Monday morning, he went out, he had not the slightest idea but that he should find Miss Spencer in Grosvenor Place on his return some time in the afternoon. It was late when he did come back, and as he walked up to the door, a cab with two boxes on it was just driving away. Carelessly he asked Jones who it was that was going to the station, and started, electrified, when that functionary, with outward gravity, but with some inward chuckling, responded that it was Miss Spencer who was departing—"for good," he added after a pause.

"Where is she gone to?"

But, alas! Jones did not know.

To step into a hansom and promise a double fare if the luggage-laden cab were caught up and followed to its destination, was the work of a minute, and soon Edward Fane found himself driving close behind Helen Spencer through a network of streets and thoroughfares that led to that now far-famed region, the East of London. Past Shoreditch Station, the Bethnal Green Museum, down the Hackney Road, skirting the Victoria Park, until the cab stopped at one of those little houses with bow-windows, which in their dreary uniformity form the staple habitations in that part of London.

As Helen stepped out of her cab, Edward did the same from his; and as she turned to speak about her boxes, he advanced to address her. He had meant to upbraid her, but the sight of her pale sad face disarmed him, and he was only anxious for the time to find out that she had come to some sort of comfort.

"Oh, yes," she answered feverishly, after she had got over the first start of surprise at seeing him, "Mrs. Abbott is an old servant of ours, she is sure to make me comfortable, and the clergyman's wife here is a great friend of mine. Good-bye, Mr. Fane."

But Mr. Fane had no intention of being thus sum-

marily dismissed. He followed her into the house, where Mrs. Abbott was fussing about, into the little sitting-room, all smothered in antimacassars, seating himself on the faded green rep sofa, with a judicial aspect that was almost too much for poor Helen's overwrought nerves. But it did not last long, giving way very soon to a gentle tenderness that was still more trying, and to resist which the girl had to summon all her courage.

Still Edward sat on and on; Mrs. Abbott looked in from time to time, but her woman's instinct had put her on the right track, and she did not intrude unnecessarily. It ended at last in the young man, overwhelmed with pity and shame for his mother's unkind conduct, declaring his love, and asking her to be his wife. At this Helen rose from her seat, and, assuming all the dignity she possessed, although she was trembling from head to foot with suppressed emotion, she assured him emphatically that she could never consent to such a proposal, begging him to leave her, and excitedly reiterating that he ought never to have followed her. After such an appeal he could not stay, but he went away, promising to himself that not many hours should elapse before he again found himself in her presence.

When, the following morning, he came down to breakfast, Jones, who liked his master, but cordially detested his mistress, brought him a letter, with the simple communication that it had arrived by the first post, for Miss Spencer. Edward took it with simulated carelessness, that did not for one instant deceive the butler, and after a hasty breakfast, stepped into a hansom and once more drove down to Hackney.

His mother had been at an evening party the night before, and had not yet made her appearance. He would be back in Grosvenor Place before she came down-stairs, and she would suspect nothing.

When he at last reached his destination, so comparatively early was it in the day, that Helen, shrinking from the task, had not yet instructed Mrs. Abbott not to admit him should he call, and that worthy woman at once introduced him into her young mistress' presence. He found her busy writing. She started up with a flushed, almost angry face when she saw him.

"Mr. Fane," she said, "I did not expect this from you. It is not kind of you to come."

"This is my excuse," he replied, holding out her letter, "though I own it a poor one. This document which came for you this morning looked to me so like business, that, fancying it might be important, I brought it myself."

"There is the post," she said coldly, and then fell to blushing in a manner that was anything but cold. "Will you excuse me?" she continued, opening her letter to hide her confusion. As her eyes fell on its contents she uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Oh!" she cried, "what does it mean? it can't be me; it is a mistake; read it, Mr. Fane, and see what it means."

Edward took the letter and read it. It was perfectly plain and to the point. Messrs. Farley and Smith begged to inform Miss Spencer that, according to the will of their late client, Mr. Frederick Paley, she, with the exception of a few legacies, was the sole inheritor of his large fortune, his house in Curzon Street, his carriages, horses, &c. &c., and that they would be happy to receive her instructions as to the same.

"Mr. Frederick Paley!" exclaimed Helen, "who is he? I have never heard of him in my life, much less seen him; it must be a mistake, and intended for some other Miss Spencer."

"We shall see," said Edward. "Your best plan will be to go at once to Farley and Smith, and ask for further explanations. I will go with you."

"Oh! thank you," said Helen, as she rapidly disappeared up-stairs to dress, absolutely forgetful that not five minutes ago she was meditating the dismissal of Edward Fane.

Arrived at Messrs. Farley and Smith's, Helen found that the letter was no mistake. Mr. Paley had left his money to her, and to no other; and very little light could the lawyers throw on the subject, beyond the fact that their client had been decidedly eccentric, his eccentricity taking a benevolent and musical turn, that he had mentioned that he was much interested in Miss Spencer, that she was a beautiful girl, a brave girl, and a great lover of music, and that for these three reasons he had chosen her for his heiress, and once he had let drop that he had known her mother intimately many years ago. He had died the previous morning almost suddenly.

Helen was in despair. "If I could but know who it is who has been so good to me!" she exclaimed.

"Let us go to Curzon Street," suggested Edward; then in a lower voice, "Perhaps you may be allowed to see him."

"I think that would be best," said Mr. Farley, "and I will give you a letter, explaining who you are, to the housekeeper, who has lived there many years. The poor old man had no relations."

So they drove to Curzon Street, Edward waiting outside in the cab whilst Helen went into the house. Did it not seem as though she were already his affianced wife? And yet had not a new barrier arisen between them? He waited patiently enough, too absorbed in his own thoughts to count the minutes till Helen came out. When after some time she did appear, her eyes were full of tears.

"It is my little old gentleman," she said to Edward in a low awe-stricken voice.

"What, of the Saturday Popular?"

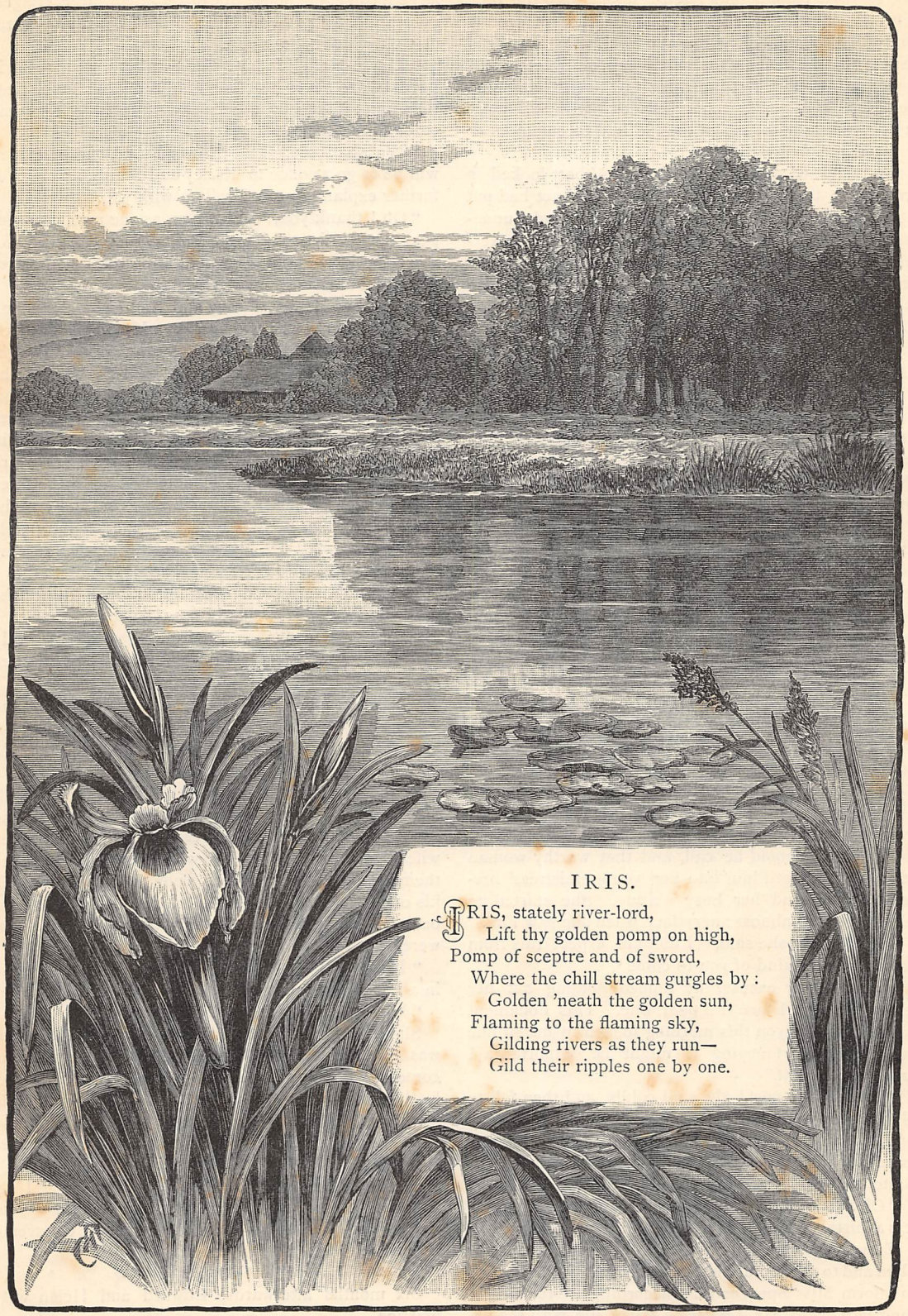
She nodded her head, she could not speak. He too was silent, thinking of the wonderful change that had come to her whom he loved, till recalled to his senses by the cabman inquiring where he should drive to next. Turning to Helen, he asked with a sudden inspiration—

"Where shall I say? to Hackney or to Grosvenor Place?"

She looked up at him with a deep blush. "I am so lonely," she said falteringly. "Perhaps—your mother would like to know. Let it be Grosvenor Place."

* * * * * *

Six months afterwards, Edward and Helen were married.



IRIS.

IRIS, stately river-lord,
Lift thy golden pomp on high,
Pomp of sceptre and of sword,
Where the chill stream gurgles by:
Golden 'neath the golden sun,
Flaming to the flaming sky,
Gilding rivers as they run—
Gild their ripples one by one.

CAKES FOR THE FAMILY.

BY LIZZIE HERITAGE.

WE will commence this paper with a few recipes for cakes to be eaten hot, and give first place to *Griddle Cakes*, which seem to be but little known here in England, except in the North, though they are easy enough to make in these days of close ranges and gas stoves, because the griddle should *not* be placed over a blazing fire. Those who have not a griddle may use an iron frying-pan, providing it is a thick one, and kept for the one purpose. Before baking the cakes, the griddle or pan should be allowed to get quite hot, then rubbed with a piece of fat pork, *just* enough to keep the batter from sticking, which for griddle cakes should be thin enough to *just* run when poured out on to the griddle. As flour varies, it is hardly possible to give the exact recipe; on trial, if the first cake appears too stiff, add a little more milk, and after the batter is right, as many may be made at once as the pan will hold, allowing, of course, sufficient room for each spoonful to spread. When one side is brown, turn the cakes. Eat them hot, with butter.

Graham Griddle Cakes.—Half a pint of brown flour, half as much white ditto, a tea-spoonful of salt (a little sugar, if liked), an ounce of lard, melted in about three-quarters of a pint of buttermilk or sour milk, two eggs beaten light, and half a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a table-spoonful of hot water. If no buttermilk can be had and fresh milk is used, cream of tartar must be added to the soda.

City Cream Cakes.—A pint of cream and a pint of milk, four eggs, salt, soda, and cream of tartar as usual; flour to make a nice batter. These are a luxury.

Buttermilk Cakes without eggs are very nice. To a pint of buttermilk add a tea-spoonful of soda and salt, and nearly a pint of white flour.

Risen Griddle Cakes receive the addition of yeast, and should be mixed over-night. In the morning the butter or lard should be dissolved and stirred in.

Rice Cakes are a dainty, and must close our mention of griddle cakes. Half a cup of cold boiled rice, the same of corn meal, one egg, a bit of butter, salt, and sugar; milk to make a rather thin batter. Grease the pan well, as these are apt to stick.

Dough Nuts seem better known in this country than Crullers are, and we give a very good recipe—as good as any we know of. One cup of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of sour milk, with half a tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in it, three ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, a tea-spoonful of ginger, cinnamon, and nutmeg mixed, and flour to make a soft dough. Cut into any shape preferred, or roll into tiny plaits, twists, and such-like. Fry in plenty of lard, and sift powdered sugar over while hot.

Crullers require some care in the frying, and, as will be seen, they are richer than dough nuts. Plenty of fat is required, very hot, then they will puff out and rise to the surface; as soon as they are brown, the pan should be drawn a little from the fire, that they may be thoroughly cooked without being burnt. Rub half a pound of butter or lard to a cream, with half a pound of white sugar. Beat in four or five eggs and half a cup of milk; then stir in flour enough to roll out as soft as you can without it being sticky. Roll into a sheet half an inch thick, and cut into rounds, or into strips, and tie in knots. Any spice or flavouring may be used, and baking powder, or soda and cream of tartar mixed with the flour, then fewer eggs will do.

A nice addition can always be made to any tea-table by setting on a dish of *jumbles*. They resemble short-bread in mode and taste, but are made small, in rings, leaves, and other shapes, not more than a third of an inch thick when baked. They should be *slowly* cooked to a pale brown, and be covered with sifted sugar before they are put into the oven.

Nut Jumbles may owe their name to walnuts or Brazil nuts; the chopped kernels of either are very nice. Cocoa-nut, too, is excellent. Almond jumbles are as good as any. Beat together half a pound each of sugar and butter and three eggs; add a quarter-pound of chopped almonds, and a little lemon-juice. Stir the flour lightly in, from half to three-quarters of a pound. Rose-water or orange-flower water is often used as a flavouring for these little cakes; and a very superior kind are flavoured with a tea-spoonful of vanilla essence.

Seed Jumbles are a plainer kind, more suitable for children. The recipe is a quarter of a pound of lard, six ounces of sugar, two eggs, a quarter of a pint of milk, half an ounce of seeds, either caraway or pounded coriander, and nearly a pound of flour.

Molasses Cookies are nursery favourites, and very nice. Mix together, and warm, one cup of butter and two of molasses; add a tea-spoonful of ground ginger and the same of nutmeg, and then, gradually, enough flour to make a stiff batter, firm enough for a spoon to stand in. Bake in greased small tins; or the batter may be made stiff enough to mould with the hands into round cakes, which may be baked on a baking-sheet in a gentle oven.

Short Cookies.—Rub half a pound of lard or dripping into a pound of rice flour, add six ounces of brown sugar, one egg, and a table-spoonful of lemon-juice. Mix with a cup of warm milk into which a tea-spoonful of saleratus has been stirred. Saleratus is much used in America; some prefer it to soda, though, if the latter is fresh and good, it may take its place.

Coffee Cake will, we think, prove a novelty, and it is worth a trial. It must be slowly baked in a tin lined with several sheets of paper, the one next the cake to be white and well buttered. Set a quart of flour in

the oven until quite hot, then rub into it half a pound of butter, twelve ounces of sugar, four ounces of figs cut up, six ounces of stoned raisins, three ounces of mixed candied peel, and a good tea-spoonful of fresh baking powder. Then put in a quarter-pint of treacle, the same of cream or good milk, a tea-cupful of strong, clear coffee, and three eggs, yolks only. It will take two hours or more to bake properly, in a shallow tin.

Chocolate Cake is made similarly to the above; the best chocolate should be used, and made as if for drinking, as thick as custard. If the chocolate is very sweet, a little less sugar should be put into the cake. Both coffee and chocolate should be added cold. These two are great Yankee favourites.

Angel Cakes are indescribably light and good; they must, to be worth anything, be consumed while fresh. Beat the whites of six fresh eggs to a froth, add six ounces of white sugar and a tea-spoonful of vanilla flavouring. Stir lightly in four ounces and a half of white flour, well sifted and quite dry: in fact, it should be warm. Pour instantly into a tin (not more than half filling it), and at once transfer to a sound regular oven. When done, do not take the cake into a cool place until it is *quite* cold. Part of the mixture might be coloured pink and flavoured with rose essence; this would give *Rose Cake*. May we suggest that, in that case, some of the two, with coffee or chocolate cake, arranged in a silver basket, in alternate slices, would look and taste good.

Dessert Cake is made in perfection by American confectioners; there are several varieties, the most liked being a very rich one, with a selection of dried fruits, such as cherries, apricots, greengages, &c., cut up in it. We lately tasted one with crystallised pine-apple in small pieces, the cake being flavoured with pine-apple essence. The foundation resembles an English Madeira cake. An oval or square tin, rather shallow, is chiefly used for them.

Soda Cakes, white, light, and delicious, are the *rule* in America, but seem the *exception* here. We believe the chief reason to be this: English cooks frequently use soda alone, without acid. In America double the quantity of cream of tartar is added to the soda. It should be remembered that soda itself has no lightening property; acid must be added before effervescence can be obtained. If the cake is a plain one, in which the butter is rubbed into the flour, the acid may be mixed *with* the flour, then the fruit, sugar, &c., next the eggs, and the soda put in last of all, in the milk. In a rich cake, when the butter, eggs, and sugar are creamed, the flour, acid, and soda (all together) may be stirred in last thing. Soda cakes want a good oven; properly managed, few kinds are nicer.

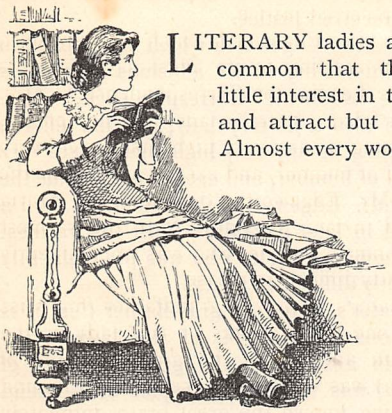
Of *Sandwich Cakes*, or *Layer Cakes*, the variety is so great that we hardly know which to select. We will first impress upon our readers the necessity of a hot oven, and of putting the cakes into it at once. The tins should be round, about the size of a cheese-plate, and an inch in depth, never being more than half filled. Two are laid together to form the sandwich, first spread with jam, jelly, or lemon curd, corn-flour cream, chocolate cream, or, what is a great favourite, cocoa-nut cream. When the two cakes are turned out of the tins, the bottom of each must be spread; the tops, being browner, should be outside. To make the cake, beat hard together twelve ounces of sugar, four each of butter and lard, and five eggs. Then stir in a pound of flour, mixed with the third of an ounce of finely-powdered ammonia. Where the latter is discountenanced, soda and acid must take its place. *Cocoa-nut Cream* is made by grating the white part of a cocoa-nut, and adding half its weight of sugar, then mixing the two with the milk of the nut and the white of an egg, to bind it into a paste soft enough to spread easily. Some of the nut may be reserved, and sprinkled on the top of the cake. For the *Chocolate Cream*, boil together an ounce of grated chocolate and an ounce of corn-flour for a few minutes with a pint of milk. Sweeten, and flavour with vanilla essence.

Honey Apple Cake will sound to English readers somewhat odd, but those who try it once will be very likely to repeat it. Soak a cup of apple-chips for some hours; chop fine, and simmer for an hour in a cup of clear honey, stirring often. When cool, add a cup of sugar, half a cup of milk, half a cup of butter, a tea-spoonful of mixed cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves, two eggs, a cup and a half of flour, and a heaped tea-spoonful of baking powder. Bake in a gentle oven, in a tin lined with buttered paper.

Our paper shall close with a delicacy seen on the tea-tables of most well-to-do American farmers—viz., *Fruit Shortcake*. Huckleberries are much liked; in this country blackberries or mulberries could be used in their stead, and nothing could be more delicious than Raspberry or Strawberry Shortcake. The recipe here given is rich enough for ordinary purposes, but of course more lard and butter can be used if liked. Sift and dry a pint of flour, rub into it two ounces of lard and two of butter, a little salt, a spoonful of baking powder, and half an ounce of white sugar. Mix to a nice paste with one egg and about a tea-cupful of rich milk. Roll into two round sheets, one thicker than the other; cover the thinner of the two thickly with the berries, well sweetened, lay the other over, and bake in a tin, just large enough to hold it, for about twenty minutes, until nicely browned. Strawberry Shortcake is usually made by laying the two pieces of crust one on the other, dividing when baked, then putting the fruit between in a thick layer. Have fully ripe berries, not too large; sweeten well, and slightly crush them; then press well on the top layer. These cakes are often eaten hot, with sugar and cream. When sour milk or cream is at hand, use it, in which case leave out the powder and put in soda.

OUR AUTOGRAPH BOOKS.

III.—LITERARY LADIES.



LITERARY ladies are nowadays so common that they excite very little interest in the public mind, and attract but small attention. Almost every woman whom one meets has dabbled in literature of some kind, successfully or unsuccessfully. One writes sentimental poetry, another articles on cookery, another pamphlets on woman's rights. A great many write novels; a very few write really good, clever books.

The sphere for woman's writing of every kind seems to have widened, and now in the literary heavens thousands of these minor stars are twinkling and shining, and giving each their little help to lighten the darkness of the world; but a hundred years ago this was not so. Their subdued light flickered perhaps for a time fitfully, but their rays never reached the earth, to cheer or enlighten it. Thus, in the surrounding darkness, the stars which did appear shone with a wondrous power, and there they have hung ever since as lamps of heaven—fixed stars, whose pure and steady light will continue to the end of the world, undimmed by time or distance, and scarcely affected in their brilliancy by the ever-spreading milky way of feminine pretension.

About a hundred years ago one of these bright and pure lights of literature appeared upon the heavenly background, and took its place there. It did not shine all at once with its full glory; at first its light was so pale as to be almost indiscernible. The publishers, with their great intellectual telescopes, scarcely noticed that another star had entered their field of observation, but for all that, it was there; and now, at the end of a century, it is there still, and its light needs no telescope, but is visible to the naked eye all over the world.

When Jane Austen, in the year 1803, brought her first story, "Northanger Abbey," with nervous hesitation and many doubts as to its intrinsic value, to a publisher in Bath, she received from this great critic and censor the sum of ten pounds—not a large price, certainly, but sufficient to encourage her to go on with her literary work; and we may imagine that she felt elated at the result of her application. The publisher, however, on a re-perusal of the MS., does not seem to have felt either elated or encouraged with the bargain he had so hastily concluded. He grew diffident as to its ultimate success, regretful for the money given, and finally, he came to a decision that the payment for "Northanger Abbey" must be looked on as money lost, and that to undertake all the expenses of bringing out such a work would be throwing good money after bad. And so the MS. was thrown aside in a drawer, and the dust settled down on "Northanger Abbey," and the hero and heroine of this enchanting book slept a sleep which promised to be the sleep of death.

But lo! at the end of years—many long years afterwards—the drawer was opened again. Catharine Morland awoke to life, the Abbey stood up erect and opened its windows to the sun, and all its inhabitants rushed forth to be courted and admired, and to sun themselves in the warmth of a popularity which has never waned, and to show themselves to a public whose admiration has not been for a moment, but for all time.

But it was not the Bath publisher who gave the great work to the world. No; his eye had not yet recognised the lustrous star, the advent of which he might have been the first to announce to the world, and to attach his name with honour to its appearance. His vision must have been faulty, or dimness must have gathered on his lens. He opened his drawer at the end of all these long years, and took out "Northanger Abbey," not to gaze at it with eyes of newly-awakened interest and delight, but to return it to the hands of the author, and to replace in the drawer, in its stead, the ten pounds which he had originally been rash enough to believe it worth.

He had scarcely, however, thus recouped himself for his previous folly, and parted with the MS., than he discovered his terrible mistake. Mr. Henry Austen, Miss Austen's brother, who had called at his office to try and effect this arrangement, had no sooner regained possession of the despised MS. than he made the unhappy publisher acquainted with the fact that the lady who had written "Northanger Abbey," and placed it originally at his disposal, was no other than *the* Miss Austen, author of "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and other tales, and with whose name the whole literary world was now ringing; and who, at the zenith of her fame, had not wished to leave one of the greatest efforts of her genius mouldering in a drawer, alike unappreciated by the purchaser and unknown to the public.

So "Northanger Abbey" was at last given to the world, and was read and delighted in by thousands of her compatriots, and will be read and delighted in to the end of all time.

Miss Austen was, as a literary lady, remarkable for one fact. The high place which she gained in the public favour was reached by her without one word or thought being introduced into her writings which could tarnish the mind of her readers or dim the lustre of her own blameless life—

> "Not one corrupted, one immodest thought,
> One line which, dying, she could wish to blot."

She was eminently a pure-minded woman, and she

succeeded in riveting the attention of her readers without deviating from the straight path, narrow though it may be, of virtuous fiction, whose interest is not enhanced by vicious allusions, and where characters full of life and power are not made more seductive by covert suggestions.

Sir Walter Scott had a very high opinion of Miss Austen's talents. In speaking of her, he said: "That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements, feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow I can do myself like any one going, but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me."

Miss Austen was beloved by all who knew her. She was distinguished alike for good sense and sweetness of disposition, added to which, she was possessed of great personal attractions.

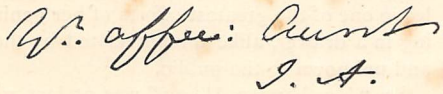
She died on the 18th of July, 1817, and was buried in the cathedral at Winchester. When asked, when near her end, if she wished for anything, she said, "Nothing but death." These were her last words.

She appears to have published all her works in the last six years of her life, though "Northanger Abbey," written and sold to the Bath publisher in 1803, was not given to the world till the year after her death.

The following letter was written by her four years before her death, and is not interesting in itself, except as an illustration of one peculiarity in her correspondence, namely, that she rarely, if ever, dated her letters, and that she invariably signed them with merely the initials, instead of her name in full. A notice of this curious fact may be found in page 80 of her memoirs, written by her nephew, Mr. Austen Leigh.

"DEAR ——,

"I hope you will be able to send us a good account of yourself, particularly that you did not suffer from your walk on Monday. It has been a disappointment to me that I could not get to Wyards in the course of the last week, but on the only days which were tolerable for walking we were obliged to go to Alton on business of the poor, which could not be put off. I have heard this morning from Hans Place. Your Uncle writes as if he were well. Best love.



Miss Edgeworth is another star of the first magnitude, and her books are equally to be admired with Miss Austen's for their purity of style, and the desire manifested in them to improve the tone of the public mind, and to inculcate morality without actually preaching to her readers.

Miss Edgeworth wrote both for the young and old, and all her books, at a time when books such as hers were rare, were greedily devoured both by young and old. Her Irish stories are inimitable, and in the flood of modern novels and stories of Irish life which have lately been produced they have never been excelled. Being Irish herself, and keenly observant of all that went on around her, she wrote of Ireland as it then was with a faithfulness that of itself was sure to create an interest, and both landlord and tenant from her hands at least received justice.

The letter of Miss Edgeworth which we publish in this article is interesting in its allusions to what is known as "The Leadbeater Correspondence." Mrs. Leadbeater was also a literary lady, and her efforts, though not aiming at any very high mark, were very spirited and full of humour, and excited at the time the admiration of Mr. Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth, and in later days drew forth the warmest praise from Thomas Carlyle, who was pre-eminently a critic sufficiently difficult to please.

Mrs. Leadbeater's father, or grandfather (for Miss Edgeworth in one letter speaks of this lady as the daughter, and in another as the granddaughter, of Mr. Shackleton) was the first preceptor of Edmund Burke, and having known the great orator intimately and for a long time, he had kept up a correspondence with him. He had in his possession a number of highly valuable letters, which afterwards became a kind of family inheritance, and which belonged at the date of Miss Edgeworth's letter to Mrs. Leadbeater.

A bargain had at this time been entered into with this lady for these autograph letters of Burke's, with a view to their publication in the new volumes of Burke's Correspondence which were then being brought out; and from the following letter of Miss Edgeworth's, we see that in the course of this literary arrangement she had been applied to, to give some information on the subject of this correspondence.

"*Edgeworthstown, December* 18, 1813.

"MY DEAR LADY GRANARD,

"We congratulate you with all our hearts upon your having Lord and Lady Rancliffe till after Christmas. I assure you there were general lamentations here, and not only lamentations but self-reproaches, the day we thought they were gone. Our carriage has been broken, it is but just repaired this day, time enough to carry Captain and Mrs. Beaufort to Mullingar. Mrs. Edgeworth is exceedingly obliged to your Ladyship for the thought of coming to see them, but they staid so short a time that this could not be expected from the most obliging politeness.

"As soon as she possibly can Mrs. Edgeworth intends herself the pleasure of paying her compliments at Castle Forbes to Lady Rancliffe and to Lady Levinge, whom we rejoice to hear is as well as the season will permit.

"Mrs. Leadbeater lives at Ballitore, her post town. I never have seen her, and know nothing of her but what I have heard from Mrs. O'Beirne of Ardbracean. I heard from her that the Bishop of Meath had taken pains to make a great bargain for poor Mrs. Leadbeater for some early letters of Burke, which they wanted for the new volumes of Burke's Letters. I am not sure whether they are yet published or not, or whether the bargain was completed.

"Burke was born at Carlow, and his first education was received at Ballitore from Mr. Shackleton, father of Mrs. Leadbeater. I am told she stammers much, therefore your friend must lay his account to wait patiently for verbal information from her.

"Adieu, my dear Lady Granard. I will bring you some lines of Madame de Stael.

"Your Ladyship's obliged and affectionate Servant,

Maria Edgeworth

"I like much what I have read of Mr. Allemagne.

"To the Countess of Granard."

In another letter of Miss Edgeworth's, not in our possession, but published in one of the magazines in May, 1882, she alludes again to the Leadbeater Correspondence. Writing to Mrs. Barbauld, she says:—"I have written a preface with notes—for I, too, would be an editor—for a little book which a very worthy countrywoman of mine is going to publish—Mrs. Leadbeater, granddaughter to Burke's first preceptor. She is poor. She has behaved most handsomely about some letters of Burke's to her grandfather and herself. It would have been advantageous to her to publish them, but as Mrs. Burke, Heaven knows why, objected, she desisted." So the bargain spoken of in Miss Edgeworth's first letter was never completed, and though Mrs. Burke afterwards wrote giving permission to Mrs. Leadbeater to make use of the correspondence, she would not consent to do so, for being a Quaker she would not go back from a promise once made, and would not take upon herself to break her covenant.

Miss Edgeworth lived to a ripe old age, for having been born in 1767, she lived till the year 1849. The owner of the autograph letter given above visited Miss Edgeworth in her own house at Edgeworthstown in the autumn of the year before her death, and found her a charming old lady, still full of life and in entire possession of her faculties.

Treading fast upon the heels of Miss Edgeworth, comes another Irish literary lady, gifted, brilliant, and attractive. Sydney, Lady Morgan, suddenly startled the world with her work entitled "The Wild Irish Girl." She was herself only a girl when she produced this remarkable story. Her father, Mr. Owenson, was an actor and manager of a theatre, and Sydney Owenson had grown up surrounded by all the infectious and fictitious excitements of such a life, and which were all the more certain in her case to give a character to her disposition, which was brilliant, susceptible, and full of natural gifts of intelligence and power.

While still quite young, she entered the family of the then Lord Abercorn as governess, and it was while in this position that she suddenly appeared on the literary horizon. She can scarcely indeed be classed among the stars of literature. She was more like some beautiful brilliant rocket which rushed up into the heavenly firmament with a prodigious noise, remained there a moment, and then breaking into a thousand coloured lights, descended gradually to the earth again. Her works, which created such a noise at the time, are now hardly ever read, and to many they are even unknown. She lives still herself in story, witty and sparkling, but she does not shed the same steady, ever-enduring light over the world as her contemporaries Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth. Her character was lively, bright, and energetic; her life was made up of a series of scenic effects. In her novel of "The Wild Irish Girl," she depicted her own character and made herself the heroine of the book, and the heroine of the public. She was socially agreeable and able to be all things to all men, and here in Lord Abercorn's family she gained the affections of Mr., afterwards Sir Charles Morgan, who was at the time private physician to Lord Abercorn's family. They were married in Lord Abercorn's house, and the ceremony, which took place in the evening, was arranged so as to produce a scenic and dramatic effect. She afterwards travelled a great deal with her husband on the Continent, where her name became well known, for she viewed all her surroundings with a curious eye, and gave her experiences to the world in a most entertaining and delightful manner.

Being well known as a favourite and distinguished authoress, Lady Morgan did not escape the penalty that falls to the lot of all successful writers, namely, the hosts of fire-flies who, ambitious to shine as stars, buzz and swarm round the larger light, in the vain hope that some day they may themselves shine with an equal if not a greater and more majestic light.

The following letter, written while suffering under attacks of this kind, will speak for itself:—

"MADAM,

"In the present state of literature I really do not know of any publisher in England or Ireland who would give the price of *one guinea* for a MS. novel whose author is 'unknown to fame,' nor who would publish such a book if given for *nothing*. Authors of considerable celebrity have published at their own expense and risk during the last season, an experiment I should be sorry to recommend to a débutant however gifted.

"I was absent from Dublin when the post letter with which you honoured me arrived. I found six other applications of the same nature from young ladies and gentlemen unknown, and I do assure you that were I to answer all who write to me on their own business, I should find life too short for the task.

"Since my return to town I have been severely afflicted with a malady in my eyes from overworking them, and I am not allowed to write, which I do now with pain and difficulty; but as you have requested secrecy, I could not employ an amanuensis.

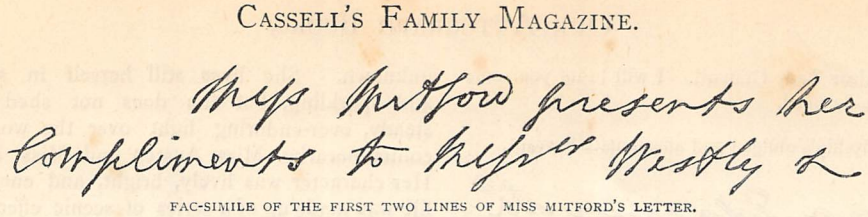
"I have the honour to be, Madam, with grateful acknowledgments of the kind opinion you have expressed of me,

"Your obliged Servant,

Sydney Morgan

"*Kildare Street, October* 7, 1835."

This letter was certainly not an encouraging one to the would-be author. One feels quite a pang on reading it; a sympathy for the aspirant who had, perhaps,



FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST TWO LINES OF MISS MITFORD'S LETTER.

hoped for better things, and eagerly watched the post for a reply. One almost hears the buzz of this poor fire-fly as she was crushed thus ruthlessly against the window-pane of hope.

We have seen how Miss Austen in the early years of her life was satisfied to accept ten pounds for one of her best books. This is the dark side of the shield, but here we have a letter from a lady authoress who has passed the portal and now dictates her own terms :—

"Miss Mitford presents her compliments to Messrs. Westly & Davis, and begs them to accept her thanks for the present of their new periodical. She regrets that their terms, which are very much indeed below any that have ever been offered to her, will not allow her to be connected on this occasion with persons so respectable, and an undertaking of which the tendency appears to be so excellent.

"*Three Mile Cross, February* 18, 1826."

Miss Mitford was a contemporary of Lady Morgan, and a personal friend of almost all the great writers of the day. Her writings were, as a rule, descriptive of village life and the rural joys and sorrows of the humbler classes, but she had also her triumphs in another style, and her drama of *Rienzi* was considered one of the finest tragedies of the day. She was undeniably a great genius. She seems at home in every rank of life and in every phase of feeling. She was a friend of the Kembles and Kean. Her life and letters have been published within the last few years, and are most interesting, and she well deserves to be classed among the literary ladies of the old and the new century.

THE POSTMEN OF THE WORLD.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING, AUTHOR OF "THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

NUREMBERG POST-RUNNER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WE have recently glanced at a few of the very varied letter-carriers of Asia and America; but without looking further afield than our own shores, we may well find matter for wonder and admiration in the postal system which enfolds us in a network so perfect, that we have learnt to look on its regularity with the same indifference as we breathe the air of heaven, and are only conscious of its existence when some momentary irregularity calls forth our instant blame.

Of the amount of care and mental anxiety whereby our postal punctuality is purchased, we may form some estimate by noting the agreements concerning the contract time allowed for the transport of the mails between the most distant countries, and the penalties exacted for delay. Thus, in the case of the mails from India and China to Brindisi, there is a fine of £200 for every twelve hours in excess of contract time. On the voyage to or from the West Indies, the penalty for over-time is £25 for every twenty-four hours, while between London and Calais it is £5 for fifteen minutes. By another contract, which comes into force this autumn, the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company undertakes thenceforward to convey the mails between Holyhead and Kingstown in fifteen minutes less than the time hitherto allowed; a fine of £1 14s. to be exacted for each minute in excess of contract time. Such details as these give us a very practical notion of the literal value of time.

Like that of all mighty institutions, the growth of the Post Office has been slow and gradual; and we, in the enjoyment of all our postal privileges, find it hard to realise how our ancestors could have endured their total privation of all such.

The establishment of a commercial postal service seems to have originated in the thirteenth century, to insure facility of communication between the eighty-five cities of Prussia, Livonia, Westphalia, Saxony, the Baltic, and the Netherlands, included in the Hanseatic League.

After this beginning, regular letter posts for the public convenience were established between Austria and Lombardy, and between Vienna and Brussels.

Judging from such old engravings as we here reproduce, these early postmen do not appear to have been very heavily burdened.

Hardly picturesque, but doubtless comfortable, is the solid-looking postman of Nuremberg, whose portrait, as sketched a hundred years ago, we here reproduce. The spear which he carries is his symbol of official dignity.

Our own admirable postal service represents the steady development of two and a half centuries. Prior to the sixteenth century, all letters in Britain were sent by messengers who wore the royal livery, but only hired post-horses as they happened to require them. In the fifteenth century a company of foreign merchants made arrangements for the conveyance of letters between London and the Continent. This private enterprise was, however, made over to the Crown, and James I. established a Post Office for foreign letters.

Another century, however, elapsed ere any postal arrangements were made to facilitate intercourse within the kingdom. In 1635 Charles I. authorised Thomas Witherings to run a post night and day between London and Edinburgh, to go thither and back again in six days, carrying all such letters as were directed to towns near the road. Eight main postal lines were established at the same time, and the bearers were authorised to carry letters on a graduated scale of from twopence to sixpence to any part of England. If across the Border the charge was eightpence, and to Dublin by packet sixpence.

To cross the Border in those days was a serious matter, for its wild glens were the refuge of the wildest spirits of both lands, and the Borderers were ever noted robbers. But even in the more settled districts, the letter-carriers were so frequently attacked by highwaymen that, so late as A.D. 1700, it became necessary for both the Scottish and English Parliaments to pass Acts making robbery of the post an offence punishable by death and confiscation.

While the "post-boys" (as they were called, without respect to the grey hairs of many) were thus subject to perils from land robbers, equal danger awaited their brethren in charge of the mails for Ireland or foreign countries. Every mail packet had to be armed as a ship of war, ready to hold her own against any privateer which might see fit to attack her; and, indeed, such pirates might chance to capture many things besides letters, for these marine posts were charged with all manner of articles—such as "fifteen couple of hounds, for the King of the Romans;" "a deal case with four flitches of bacon, for Mr. Pennington of Rotterdam;" "two servant-maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen;" and even "a doctor, with his cow and other necessaries."

In 1783, it was suggested to the great Mr. Pitt, by Mr. John Palmer, manager of the Bath and Bristol theatres, that, instead of employing horsemen, mail-coaches should be established, and escorted by trustworthy and well-armed guards. This innovation was strongly opposed by the Post Office authorities, but was eventually carried, and Mr. Palmer installed as Controller-General of the Post Office, to the immense advantage of all concerned, and the great acceleration of the mail service.*

Hence originated the mail-coaches, which so many of us can still remember as one of the cheeriest features of rural life some thirty or forty years ago,

POSTMAN OF BRESLAU OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

when the coming and the going of the coaches, with their first-class teams, and the cheery drivers and guards arrayed in scarlet, and the sound of the brass horn, were the daily great events of our villages and remote country towns—the bringers of good or evil tidings in days when telegraphs were as yet undreamt of.

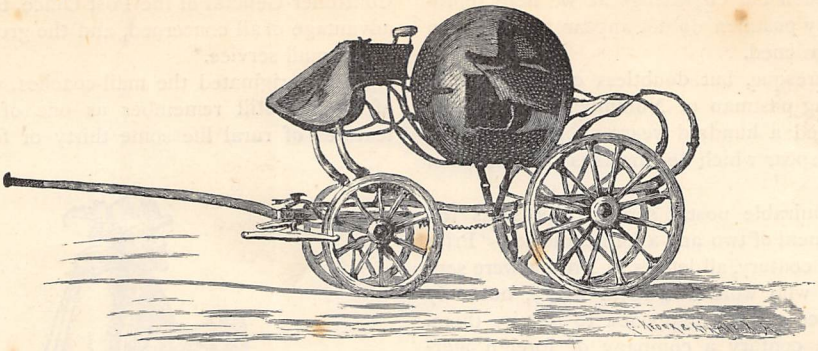
When the system was in full working order, there were 94 four-horse mail-coaches running regularly in Great Britain, besides 49 two-horse coaches in England.

Very quaint and picturesque, but certainly not so suggestive of mirth and good company as the old English mail-coach, is the essentially solitary vehicle which was devised in Denmark for the safe and swift conveyance of letters, and which continued in use till the year 1842: a bullet-shaped receptacle, into which the mail-bags were thrust, and secured by a leathern flap, the whole being lightly poised on strong springs. No place is here provided for the armed guard, and should any accident occur, the solitary driver must manage for himself as best he could.

While the British postal system was gradually developing improved methods of conveyance, the grandest change of all was brought about when, in 1837, Sir Rowland Hill first suggested the advantages of a reduced and uniform rate of postage to all parts of the kingdom. After considerable opposition he carried his point, and in 1840 the penny post for half-ounce letters was established throughout Britain, and postage stamps were invented to facilitate pre-payment.

A penny post for the delivery of letters within the limits of London and its suburbs (which then formed a comparatively small radius) had been established in A.D. 1685; and in 1776 Edinburgh had followed suit, with four letter-carriers, whose business it was to walk

* Apparently the pace had not improved since Charles I. had established his post to run between London and Edinburgh and back in six days and nights.



GLOBULAR-SHAPED MAIL-COACH. DENMARK, FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

daily through what we now know as "the old town," collecting letters, and ringing bells to attract attention.

The establishment of Rowland Hill's uniform penny post led to an immediate increase of letters which was positively amazing, being due not only to increased correspondence, but to the cessation of the illegal despatch of letters by private hands. That such were numerous can scarcely be a matter of wonder, when we consider how very small a letter could be received north of the Border for 8d., and, either from excess of weight or some other cause, the sum charged was liable to a considerable increase. Thus, an old resident in the Green Isle of Lismore, just off the coast of Argyleshire, tells us that in his young days he had to pay 1s. 2d. for every letter he received, and when the postage was reduced to 1s. it was considered a great step forward; but when, about 1835, it was further reduced to 8d., the rejoicing was great indeed.

A very considerable improvement in the regulations for the delivery of letters in rural districts in the South-west of England and Wales was effected in 1851, when Anthony Trollope (who had already been employed on similar work in Ireland) was deputed to go over every nook and corner of Cornwall, Devon, the Channel Islands, Worcester, &c. &c., in order to define the beat of every individual letter-carrier. Of this work he has left us a very interesting account in his Autobiography. He tells us that, knowing that the postal regulations of France require that every letter shall be actually delivered by an official letter-carrier to the person to whom it is addressed, he aimed at the nearest possible approach to this standard, and it became the ambition of his life to cover the country with rural letter-carriers. Their beats were apportioned on the understanding that no man should be required to walk more than sixteen miles a day. Trollope took good care to find out all the short cuts, so as to insure the including of the largest possible number of houses in the distance.

LETTER-CARRIER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, BEARING THE PRUSSIAN EAGLE.

(*From the Ambrose Collection in Vienna.*)

Bicycles and tricycles now help many of our rural postmen to "make good time," as they say in America, provided their beats lie in fairly level country, with tolerable roads. But I am not aware that the letter-carriers of the Fen districts have profited by the wisdom of their French brethren in the Department of Landes, that desert region of reedy marshes, and ever-shifting sands, only traversed by muddy uncertain roads. Year by year, owing to the prevalence of westerly winds, the *dunes* (as these sand-hills are called) encroach more and more on the fertile tracts, actually overwhelming houses and vineyards. Here and there, on the marshy heath, or in the forests of cork-trees, are scattered the wretched huts of the people, who are mostly shepherds, cork-cutters, and charcoal-burners. One of their chief industries is the manufacture of *sabots*, or wooden shoes, clumsy indeed, but warranted to stand any amount of wear-and-tear.

But even these active peasants find it exhausting work alternately to trudge ancle-deep in light dry sand, or through oozy peat-moss, so they have borrowed a hint from the long-legged water-birds that stalk among the marshes, and have adopted the plan of walking on very lengthy stilts. Thus they get over the ground at double pace, and being well raised above the world, they can keep a better out-look for their stray sheep or swine, or for the position of such game as may be worth stalking at leisure.

This, then, is the mode of travel adopted by the postmen on the southernmost seaboard of France, while going their rounds among the remote villages, conveying the rare letters, which must be such doubly precious prizes in those lonely districts.

Toilsome as were the sixteen-mile beats apportioned by Trollope to his rural letter-carriers, their task was less severe than that imposed on some of our Scottish post-runners—those, for instance, who carried the mails between Fort William and Inverness, a distance of about sixty miles. The men started simultaneously from either point, and met at Fort Augustus, where they exchanged bags, and on the following day returned to their starting-point. Thus each man did his sixty miles on foot in two days, and was allowed the third day for rest ere recommencing his weary tramp. The distance was often seriously increased by accidents of weather, deep snow-drifts or swollen rivers sometimes compelling long circuits.

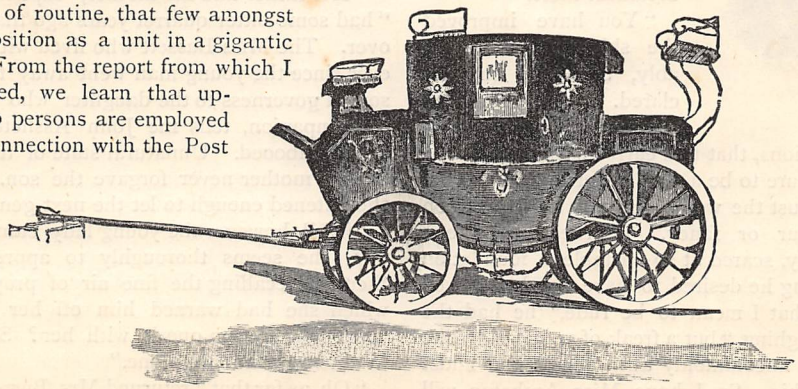
It is pleasing to turn to the report of the Postmaster-General, and to learn that, notwithstanding the severe strain of extra work at Christmas, NOT A SINGLE CASE OF INTOXICATION WAS REPORTED AMONG THE POSTMEN EMPLOYED IN THE METROPOLIS, and that there was a gratifying diminution in the number so reported in other parts of the country.

FRENCH RURAL POSTMAN IN THE DEPARTMENT OF LANDES, ON STILTS.

Of the extra pressure here referred to, we can form some notion on learning that during that Christmas week there passed through the Central Office 2,000,000, and through the district offices 4,000,000 letters above the weekly average of 13,500,000 (this Christmas return including 208,400 registered letters). To meet this heavy work 1,200 additional persons were temporarily employed, making the total number on duty in the Central Sorting Office over 3,000. To provide for the distribution of so vast an increase of postal matter, special mail-trains were despatched from London to the provinces, in advance of the usual night trains, and special arrangements were made in all provincial towns.

To most of us, the coming and going of the familiar postman of our own district is so entirely a matter of routine, that few amongst us realise his position as a unit in a gigantic organisation. From the report from which I have just quoted, we learn that upwards of 91,000 persons are employed in Britain in connection with the Post Office. Of these, about 46,000 are on the permanent establishment of the Department, and about 45,000 more combine postal duties with private occupations. No less than 2,731 women are employed on the permanent staff, ranging from the regiment of well-educated young ladies at St. Martin's-le-Grand, to the good old-wives whom we find in charge of some of our country post-offices (possibly the active representatives of their husbands), but whose acuteness in mastering the mysteries of the telegraph has often filled me with wonder and admiration.

Truly amazing are the statistics of the stupendous mass of postal matter which annually passes through the hands of these 91,000 persons. Here is the return



OLD ENGLISH MAIL-COACH, "THE FLYING COACH," WHICH RAN BETWEEN LONDON AND OXFORD IN SIX HOURS.

of letters and papers delivered in the United Kingdom in the course of twelve months :—

Letters	1,322,086,900
Post-Cards	153,586,100
Book Packets	294,594,500
Newspapers	142,702,300
Total	1,912,969,800

These figures do not include the n. .ude of letters despatched to foreign countries, n the enormous number of parcels conveyed by the parcels post.

The number of letters registered in 1884 was 11,545,072.

Out of this vast multitude of letters, 5,732,310 were so addressed as to fail to reach their destination, and, after causing an immense amount of extra trouble in returning them to the senders, there remained 561,736 which could not even be thus dealt with. The most remarkable thing concerning letters of this class is that 25,628 were posted without any address, and of these no less than 1,536 contained money and cheques amounting to the value of £5,158.

A very interesting detail in our postal statistics shows the immense increase of correspondence which has resulted from increased facilities. Thus, whereas in A.D. 1839 the average of letters per annum for each person in the United Kingdom was only 3; by 1854, under the influence of reduced postage, it had increased to 15; while we find that the average per head is now 37 letters, and 4 post-cards.

It is interesting to note in this respect how we compare with other countries. To do so, we must take the year 1882, which is the latest of which statistics can be obtained. We find that the average per head was: Great Britain, 35; United States, 21; Germany, 17; France, 16; Italy, 7; Spain, 5.

Truly a wonderful centre of busy life is our great City Post Office—great in all its details. Here upwards of 1,200 telegraph workers, male and female, are engaged in flashing messages all over Britain, by the electric currents engendered by no less than 22,000 electric battery jars, which are ranged along shelves so numerous that, were they placed in line, they would extend three miles. And with regard to other postal matter, the General Post Office daily receives about 6,000 mail-bags, weighing about 50 tons, and despatches about the same amount.

But I must bring this paper to a close, and cannot do so more fitly than in the words of the good old Scotch proverb which notes how "Mony a pickle mak's a mickle," a trite truth of which it would be difficult to find a more startling illustration than this accumulation of half-ounces.

MY NAMESAKE MARJORIE.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" &c. &c.

HAPTER THE FIFTH.

MISS ASSHETON MAKES HER DÉBUT IN BRIDGEHAM SOCIETY.

MRS. BURROUGHES was as much secretly delighted as openly amused at her brother's droll manner of introduction to Miss Assheton recounted by him at the breakfast-table.

"You have improved the shining hour admirably, Stephen," she declared. "Miss Marjorie is so prompt in her own actions and opinions, that this early visit to the scene of your work is sure to be a step in her favour."

"I fervently trust the works are not to depend on either her favour or fancy," returned Mr. Legh rather ungallantly, scared at so unstable a foundation for an undertaking he desired to have fixed and well defined. "Not that I mean to be rude," he had the grace to add, laughing, "but a freak of young-lady-like caprice would be uncommonly awkward in the midst of business like this. So I hope Miss Assheton will make up her mind and abide by it."

"Not much fear about that," put in Doctor Burroughes. "She's as determined a young lady as ever I've had the luck to meet; Assheton to the backbone! She has said the thing is to be done, and done it will be! I believe she vastly enjoys casting her life in the imperative mood."

"How came it she had the property, and not her father?" asked Stephen Legh, more interested, as his sister observed, in general than personal details of the heiress.

"Her father and his mother," explained the doctor, "had some bitter quarrel years ago that never healed over. The Miss Bassett who lived with Mr. Assheton ever since the young man went away first, I fancy as sort of governess to the daughter who died, and then as companion, tells me John Assheton's name was utterly tabooed. Unnatural state of things, wasn't it? but the mother never forgave the son. It's a marvel she softened enough to let the next generation inherit."

"Well, however the young lady came by her position, she seems thoroughly to appreciate it," said Stephen, recalling the fine air of proprietorship with which she had warned him off her estate at first. "But how is it no one is with her? She's full young to take up residence alone."

"Oh, as for that," returned Mrs. Burroughes, "people born to Australian society don't trouble themselves

about such matters as we do here. Miss Marjorie told me candidly she gave them no rest till her passage was taken, for she could not believe her good fortune till she saw it with her own eyes. Her father wrote very sensibly and gratefully in answer to Robert's letter, saying it was impossible for him to get away from his business in Sydney at such short notice, but he very thankfully accepted our arrangements for his daughter. We told him we should keep Miss Bassett in charge at Westfields, so as to be ready in case Miss Assheton came over, and of course he knew, by his mother's putting such confidence in Robert, that we were to be trusted. If his daughter remains here, I have no doubt Mr. Assheton will be coming over before long."

"If!" echoed Stephen, nervously alert to stumbling-blocks on his own road to happiness. "Surely Miss Assheton knows whether she stays or goes before she sets these costly works afoot!"

"Indeed she does," was the ready answer, "the 'if' only referred to Mr. Assheton's uncertainty. But no later than last week Miss Marjorie was saying with great satisfaction she meant to stop in Norfolk, and had written out to that effect by Thursday's mail."

"So far so good," said Stephen, with evident relief. "Then, Burroughes, with your leave I'll take the boat again, and begin a rough sort of estimate of my work to-day."

"So be it," returned his brother-in-law. "I'll bear you company across and make you known to Freeman. He's bailiff of Westfields: an excellent fellow, and you'll find him a capital right-hand man. I shan't be back to lunch, Henrietta. There's a maternal paragon of a water-fowl over there I want to watch. I presume this brother of yours will drain the poor rogues out of their natural *habitat* by next spring, so I must court their acquaintance while I have the chance. Good-bye till dinner."

Seven o'clock, the hour of re-assembling, found our trio in excellent spirits, receiving their few guests. The doctor was in high spirits over some eccentricities of plover life that his afternoon had unfolded to him; Stephen Legh satisfied that the scheme of reclaiming the Dutch-like submerged acres would be both feasible and profitable; Mrs. Burroughes, always an excellent hostess, now beaming with content as she marked their chief guest's undisguised appropriation of her brother throughout the evening. No sooner indeed had Miss Assheton arrived, and shaken hands with Colonel and Mrs. Annesley, and the country medicus, Mr. Potts, invited now to meet her for the first time, than she beckoned Stephen up with a pretty gesture of her dark head, and a smiling "Well, Mr. Legh, now I expect you've a great deal to tell me. I saw you reconnoitring about the Broad all day, and I'd half a mind to row out and keep you company. At Marypoint our house is on the bay, and I'm amphibious myself, but I thought if I talked incessantly, as I certainly should, I might have interfered with your profound calculations, so I left you in peace, for which you ought to thank me."

"I certainly do," returned Stephen gravely ("No apter," thought his listening sister, "at a compliment than he used to be"), "for we had an hour or two of east wind at midday that drove the very pike into their warmest depths. It would never have done for you to loiter about the water then. Neuralgia might have been the penalty."

"Oh, fudge!" retorted Miss Marjorie, her clear strong voice ringing out the unceremonious syllables with startling effect. "I'm not made of sugar, nor yet salt! We girls the other side of the world are not the dainty, delicate creatures you rear out here, with your late getting up, and your late going to bed, and your late dinners——Oh dear! though, that's rude!" She checked herself abruptly, catching Mrs. Annesley's eyes fixed on her in horrified rebuke. "But indeed"—turning with graceful swiftness from Mr. Legh to his sister—"I meant no impertinence. I've no doubt *this* dinner will do me a great deal of good. I know I have been looking forward to it all day long."

"Then suppose we discuss it," said Mrs. Burroughes, setting Miss Marjorie at ease with a smile that seemed to say, "Oh, we two understand each other!" and signalling her husband to lead the way with Mrs. Annesley, she followed with the colonel, explaining in a friendly under-tone that their new neighbour was really a very charming girl: so warm-hearted, so natural, only wanting a little training to fit admirably into the country society thereabouts.

"Then, my dear madam, undertake her education forthwith," returned the colonel politely; "it would be a pity for Westfields not to have an owner worthy of it."

"Oh, but she is that indeed," whispered Mrs. Burroughes emphatically, "as high-minded as high-spirited, I quite believe. Her frankness will only vanish too soon, I fear, as she gets into the world more. Her manners she will soon adapt to her surroundings under a little friendly guidance."

"Which she's likely to get, eh?" said the colonel pleasantly, looking meaningly across the hall as Marjorie and Stephen Legh passed into the dining-room, he, tallest by some inches of the men present, stooping slightly as he spoke with apparent earnestness to her (though, in fact, his subject was a no more sentimental one than the construction of ditches!), she with her animated face upturned in attentive profile. "I'm very glad, Mrs. Burroughes, to see your brother here again, and likely to remain, the doctor tells me. I've hoped to know him better ever since we met a few years back. You must keep him with us if you can."

"Precisely what I wish," answered Mrs. Burroughes, and then, well pleased with this compliment, sat down to her duties at a table admirably furnished with ornaments and comestibles, both highly appreciated by one of her guests.

"This is the nicest fish I have ever eaten," declared Miss Marjorie of the salmon dispensed by the doctor; "I only like one thing for sup—dinner, so may I have another piece, please?" and she put out her well-shaped arm, decorated with rather more beads and bands than might be strictly in good taste, and proffered her

plate for replenishing, blissfully blind to the fact of Jarvis, the Cottage butler, standing scandalised at her elbow, and Mrs. Annesley, a very Pharisee in etiquette, darting glances of no mild chiding from the opposite side. But Stephen hastily gained possession of her plate; Dr. Burroughes promptly deposited the required slice; Colonel Annesley dashed magnanimously into an anecdote of local interest; and Marjorie calmly pursued her meal, never guessing how nearly her breach of dining-out discipline had brought upon the party that terror of entertainers, "an awful pause!"

In sooth, she left no chance of such conversational calamity, but chatted on to Mr. Legh through courses she declined sharing, "because she had had enough!" her voice not unpleasant, but a trifle highly pitched, distinctly dominating those around.

"These flowers are sweet!" she said admiringly of the abundant ferns and May daisies grouped along the cloth; "not like some of our great splendid ones, of course—oh, you should see our red lilies all flaming on the trees by the shore!—but lovely, nevertheless. And I do like those little yellow bells all about the fields, they look such innocent little darlings. Are you fond of flowers, Mr. Legh?"

"I like cowslips better than any," answered Stephen, suddenly bethinking himself that the homely blossoms now bespangling the meadows must be the very ones his Aimée loved.

"Then here are some for your button-hole," said Miss Marjorie, removing part of a big cluster she wore in front of her dress, and deftly fastening them into a tiny bouquet with the supple stalk of a maidenhair frond. "There, that's my peace-offering for being so rude to you this morning!" and to Stephen's intense embarrassment the young lady insisted on his donning her gift forthwith, under a broadside of amused smiles that drove him into shy all but silence for the next hour.

"'THAT'S MY PEACE-OFFERING FOR BEING SO RUDE TO YOU THIS MORNING.'"

"You find plenty to do at Westfield still, I expect," said Mr. Potts, *sotto voce*, to his companion, Miss Bassett. "This change of work must be as good as play, for there is no lack of amusement where Miss Marjorie is, I should think!"

"Oh, she is not always as gay, I assure you," was

the retort; "I have an anxious post still. I do my best to soften her colonial habits, but she is very headstrong, and needs an immensity of patience. Of course I feel bound to keep with her. But she does try me."

"Oh, keep with her, do, by all means," returned Mr. Potts pacifically; "she's the right sort at heart, I'm certain. By the way, have you mentioned to her how curiously she is indebted to you?"

Miss Bassett's sallow complexion became one shade sallower. "Never!"

"Then I would some day. I'm much mistaken if she doesn't show herself both grateful and generous."

"More," said Miss Bassett, with an ugly contraction of her thin upper lip, "more than her grandmother did!"

"Oh, oh!" thought Mr. Potts, "disappointed of a swinging legacy, were you? that's where the shoe pinches!—Well, well," aloud, though softly still, "the two women are as different as north from south. You stood by one to the end; do the same by this one, to another sort of end. She'll"—with a comfortable paternal laugh—"soon find the right kind of management to train her into a rural aristocrat, I'll be bound."

"It is evident she must begin at the alphabet in her studies, then," returned Miss Bassett rather spitefully; and Mr. Potts, listening to Miss Assheton, then engaged in a lively controversy with Colonel Annesley, could not contradict this, for Marjorie was rattling out rank political heresies, riding roughshod over class hobbies, and making fun of observances all but sacred to the county magnate.

"Poaching indeed!" she was scornfully ending a half joking, half serious tirade; "why, how stingy you must all be not to wish the poor people to have a few perch or whatever your Broad abounds in! Fishes of the water and birds of the air are made for all alike, surely!"

"Just wait till some handy gentlemen ligger your pike, Miss Assheton, and then see if you advocate common rights so ardently," said Dr. Burroughes.

"Oh, there must be a limit of some kind, of course," retorted she, "but I don't like laws that stamp people as very wicked for just such a trifle, and put every one belonging to them under a cloud. I'm sure there's a poor old woman that Miss Bassett was somehow telling me about, named 'Wilshire'——"

"I know 'em," said the colonel: "the sons were up before me half a dozen times years back."

"And did you not tell me, Miss Bassett, that people look shy upon her still just because the men of her family used to help themselves to a little game?" ("They used indeed, the rascals!" muttered even mild Mr. Potts.) "So just out of curiosity I went to see her the other day, and found her as decent an old body as ever lived, but sad and lonely, and oh, so poor!"

"Which shows that ill-gotten gains don't prosper," said the colonel maliciously.

"Which shows," said Miss Marjorie, mixing up sentiment and politics in an irrational *mêlée*, "that the poor thing is slighted in her old age for what was no fault of hers by all you unchristian grandees hereabouts! She actually cried over my giving her half-a-sovereign and being a little kind. She blessed me ever so many times, and bobbed at me till I made her stop. I don't mind being blessed, but I hate being bobbed at. It's a sign of humility I'm not used to. But do you know she has the rheumatism horribly, and her floor is bricked? I said I'd find out her landlord——"

"I believe I am that unworthy individual," said Colonel Annesley.

"And get him to board it over. So will you do it?"

The colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"I leave these things to my agent, Miss Assheton."

"Of course you do!" cried Marjorie, spreading out her hands, on which shone many rings, with an "I told you so!" gesture. "And you wouldn't stir out of the old ruck for anything, I suppose? Oh, you are a funny people over here, and you hug old habits till you don't give yourselves the chance of finding out how much nicer new ones are. You are mapped out, every one of you, just like your pretty little country, and one mustn't step a yard off the high roads without being hooted at, as"—breaking off into a hearty laugh—"as I was to-day just for ending my afternoon canter in search of a sup—dinner appetite by a short cut over some inviting fields. A man halloed after me as if I had been a thief."

"Which of course you didn't resent," said Dr. Burroughes slily, "seeing you have such an objection to trespassers yourself!"

"Unkind hit," replied Miss Marjorie, "but"—rising with the other ladies—"there *is* a difference between open fields and the edge of one's garden. I shall leave my defence with you, Mr. Legh," and away she went gaily, with a rebuking tap of her rather too gaudy fan on the doctor's arm as she passed out of the room, looking, with her bright youth and many ornaments, a very flower among the departing female quartette.

"A very different *régime* Westfield is entering on now, I suspect," said Colonel Annesley, with an air of amusement, as the door closed. "If the sole chaperone of this young lady is to be Miss Bassett, she'll have no sinecure."

"I'm afraid she was better suited to Mrs. than Miss Assheton," acknowledged the doctor; "but being so used to the place and the people, we thought our best plan was for her to remain and induct Miss Marjorie in her new position. I confess, though, I'm in daily dread of an upset. Our young heiress is marvellously open with her likes and dislikes. Who would fill Miss Bassett's place I don't exactly know."

"Oh! you mustn't let her go," said Mr. Potts. "I was saying to her just now, she must tell Miss Assheton what an obligation she is under to her. Why, she actually owes all her good luck to Miss Bassett!"

"How's that?" asked Colonel Annesley, and at this episode of his fair employer's history Stephen Legh looked up with interest.

"Well," said Mr. Potts, "it's just one of those odd chances that make or mar a fortune in a way no mortal can calculate on. The doctor knows it, of course. I told him when I gave him John Assheton's

address. You may remember I was friendly with him, or perhaps"—catching a slight upraising of the colonel's eyebrows—"I ought to say the young squire was friendly to me, when I first settled here. And after he went away from Bridgeham he wrote to me, just with the bare news that he was doing well in Australia the first time, but his second letter mentioned wife and children."

"Who was the wife?" interrupted the colonel.

"Ah! that he didn't say. Blue blood wasn't common out there five-and-twenty years ago; even if his choice were from the upper ten of Sydney, I dare say it wouldn't be thought much of here. But to go back to my tale. I knew within a little how he had parted from his mother. But stiff-necked though he was, I fancied this second letter showed signs of coming round, especially in the way he spoke of his children, and I took it in my head that a reconciliation might be brought about. So I actually made the attempt: put on my best coat and my best manners, called at Westfields, talked away to Mrs. Assheton and her companion about time's changes and so forth, and so worked the conversation, as I flattered myself, very judiciously round to John Assheton. But, by George! I found I'd made a mistake. I suppose at first Mrs. Assheton was dumbfounded at my impudence, for she was quiet a minute. But when I mentioned his children, up she got, livid with rage, bade me good morning in a voice that threatened a fit, and just ordered me out of the house! I can tell you, I was tremendously put up," said poor Mr. Potts, irascibly scrubbing up his short grey hair at the recollection; "and I went off, vowing to have no more to do with such a Gorgon of a mother. And I didn't. She never gave me the chance. But a little while after I fell in with Miss Bassett, and she seemed interested in the unlucky son. I never had admired Miss Bassett over-much, but I liked her better from that day. She asked about the children, and I told her what he had told me: that he had four, the second girl named Marjorie (he must have cared for his mother more than she did for him, to call the child after her!), and I hoped if she—Miss Bassett—could ever put a word in for any of them she would do so. And you see somehow she's managed it, for Miss Marjorie could have been down in her grandmother's will by no other means that I know of. I wish the old lady had had the grace to leave her companion a thousand or two. I think she deserved it."

"She had always a very heavy salary, as Mrs. Assheton's cheque-books show," said Dr. Burroughes, "so she has not done badly. I think, Potts, you ought to have a complimentary fee for guiding the inheritance. If you had not been able to give me John Assheton's whereabouts when Miss Bassett sent me to you, I might have been a twelvemonth hunting up the heiress: Australia is a wide place."

Anent which observation Colonel Annesley launched into a dissertation on the effects of free trade in the British colonies, and neither Westfields nor its mistress was mentioned again till the gentlemen rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room.

Here their appearance was a great relief to Mrs. Burroughes, who had failed to effect an amicable amalgam out of her trio of guests.

Miss Assheton, with a curious want of tact in one so kindly-natured, had chosen to pursue her half-nonsensical tilt against the absurdities of precedence and rank in English society. "Patronage everywhere: ring within ring," she declared, "like box within box of a Chinese toy, smaller and smaller, till the last was only for show, and no manner of use to any human being. *She* meant to visit just as she chose. She should have that nice woman from the "Store" in the village up to tea sometimes. Why not?" And half in a spirit of mischievous fun she ran on, till she caused Mrs. Annesley, a lady who from her birth had looked on such subjects as almost extra articles of faith, to contract into an icy mood of speechless disapprobation. Miss Bassett, very silent and watchful, lent no hand out of this half-hour quagmire; and poor Mrs. Burroughes was beginning to repent having made the effort to introduce Marjorie informally to one of her most influential neighbours, when the advent of the masculine element restored things to a pleasanter state.

By begging a game of chess with her, "the only lady who could beat him piece for piece," Dr. Burroughes smoothed Mrs. Annesley's ruffled plumes. Mr. Potts took news of sundry village patients to Miss Bassett. The colonel drank coffee and talked over his summer programme with his hostess; and presently Stephen Legh, finding by a glance from his sister that he was expected to take the vacant chair beside Miss Marjorie, was involved in a *tête-à-tête*, which looked lively enough to outsiders, quiet though he was himself.

"There!" said Miss Marjorie, sweeping away her lace and satin train to make room for him; "now I have dropped some of my finery: an emerald ring. Please look for it, Mr. Legh. Oh! there it is: thank you. It's one of grandmamma's, and I had hardly room for it on this finger; but I do like rings so much that I would wear it. See"—stretching her hand out for his inspection, and turning about her jewelled toys like a pleased child—"the emerald first, then rubies, then pearls, and then this little bit of a one, only crinkly gold, and worth——"

"Worth?" repeated Stephen, forced to say something.

"Oh! nothing at all," she answered, with a laugh and a blush. "Have you a contempt for jewels, Mr. Legh? Some gentlemen have; but, I hope, not you. I shall have some splendid ones of grandmamma's by-and-by. I do so count on getting them."

"They are not in your possession yet?" he asked, smiling at her unconcealed vanity.

"No, though it is hard work to keep from getting them. They are in an old bureau in grandmamma's dressing-room. Diamonds! When grandmamma died, her maid asked Dr. Burroughes what should be done with them, and he put them straight in there, and locked it up, and sealed it with two great red seals. Of course I could open it if I liked, but Miss

Bassett said it had always been kept locked, and it had once been papa's. So then I thought it might have things of his in, and I wouldn't open it till he came over or sent me leave. Poor papa! He may as well have that little bit of property intact. I think you and he would get on nicely, Mr. Legh. He is very clever and good."

For the kindly thought of her father's possible wish, something akin to Aimée's nature, Stephen's loquacious companion rose in his esteem.

"Are you not wanting to see your father again?" he asked.

"Sometimes, yes," she answered, spreading her great fan, so as to keep their conversation strictly to themselves; "and after what I wrote I expect he will come across soon. And he'll find you very busy here, of course. And I shall want you to back me in all my plans. I will have told you more about them by then. Perhaps mamma will come too. She is very quiet—oh, so quiet! Clever in her house, and desperately anxious for Helen—that's my sister—and me to be nice and lady-like. Helen is tame enough, but I never was. Perhaps some of the others will come too. I hope you'll take to—them. Do you make up your mind all at once whom you are going to like or dislike?"

"Really, I can scarcely answer off-hand," said Stephen.

"Well, I do," said she, "and I never alter. Some people"—looking straight over her fan at Miss Bassett—"set one's very teeth on edge and make you suspect them, though they ticket themselves honest all over; and some you trust directly you know them."

And then she looked full at Stephen with a frank smile, that told him, albeit not a vain man, which class she put him in.

"Miss Assheton's carriage," announced Jarvis at this moment, and up got Miss Marjorie, lamenting she had to be rumbled off in that dreadful box, when walking or ferrying over would have been fifty times nicer.

"Either of which would have required a special escort, though," said Colonel Annesley, as, his own carriage arriving at the same time, a general movement of departure was made, and in the hall he enveloped Miss Marjorie in her soft, brilliant-hued wrap.

"Which I dare say I should have found," she answered. "Mr. Potts lives in our direction, does he not?"

But though her eyes, sparkling with mirth, rested a moment on the middle-aged country surgeon, they quickly danced off to Mr. Legh, implying plainly which she would have expected for companion; then a graceful "good-night" to all, with just a dash of amused defiance towards Mrs. Annesley, and away she was driven.

"A pretty young woman, there's no denying," said the colonel to Mrs. Burroughes and her brother, "though not exactly like a lady born to her land yet. It's a disadvantage being called to a responsible position in a country you've not been brought up in. Nothing compensates for lack of English education. What do you say, Mr. Legh?"

"That I differ from you, I'm afraid," he answered, so unhesitatingly that Colonel Annesley turned away with a barely-concealed smile, to meet precisely the same expression on Mrs. Burroughes' countenance.

Little guessed either of them that Mr. Legh's prompt decision was dictated by no sudden admiration of the heiress, but by the thought that he could show them one whose youth had known nothing of this supreme seal of good training, but yet who, to his mind, could bear away the palm for gracious courtesy among any company of fair women she might ever enter.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

WAITING: THIS SIDE AND THAT.

How wearily time lags to those who would have it hasten, and how it hurries on when anxious interest would fain put clogs upon its feet!

Before the mere preliminaries of what began to be called "the Westfields draining scheme" were well in hand, April was out. Before Mr. Earnshaw was recovered from an attack of lumbago and a visit of convalescence to the South, May was three-parts gone, and at full midsummer each plan that had recalled Stephen Legh to England seemed still in tantalising embryo.

Miss Assheton herself was of uncertain mood, constantly appealing to Mr. Legh for different services: now anxious that the works should progress with all speed—now seemingly disposed to defer them till another spring. Mr. Earnshaw hung off decision on the projected partnership, for though amply satisfied, after a few interviews, with both Stephen and his credentials, and secretly delighted at having got hold of the right man at last, yet he made a point of "thinking it over," and would not risk the dignity of his office by hasty decision on such a weighty matter. If accepted in the firm, Stephen must there invest his few hundreds now in the funds; if not accepted, and he had to undertake the Westfields business single-handed, he would certainly need them for that. Meanwhile, Mr. Earnshaw's leisurely deliberations, Miss Assheton's (for her) extraordinary vacillation, kept our Aimée's lover on tenter-hooks, deterring him from any steps towards domesticity, even from fixing any date when he might go and claim her. His every letter, the first shy love-epistles of his life, told him ill at ease. Impatience overhung every lengthening day, and the happier freedom of speech and manner which he had brought back with him began to harden under the adverse influence of suppressed care.

Entirely misled by her own hopes, Mrs. Burroughes was not ill-pleased at this change, but, elaborately discreet, withheld from any allusion to its supposed cause beyond such frequent praise of prudent marriages as confirmed Stephen in his reticence and threatened to double his future difficulties.

Sometimes he had half a mind to take the doctor

into his confidence, but reflecting that a man's secrets should be his wife's, denied himself his friendly brother-in-law's counsel, spent every possible minute upon the Broad or about Westfields on plea of work, and avoiding confidences with his sister, passed most evenings in the lively study of hydrostatic literature.

Miss Marjorie was quick to notice this change.

"Your brother is altered since he first came," she once said to Mrs. Burroughes, when, as was often now her wont, she had escaped Miss Bassett, ferried herself over the water, and come up uninvited to lunch at the Cottage. "What makes him so quiet? Has he anything to worry him?"

The shadow of a smile flitted over Mrs. Burroughes' face at this question. "Perhaps—he has," she answered.

"That's a great pity!" returned Marjorie, with frank concern. "Can't we help him through the bother, whatever it is?"

"Well, perhaps you might," answered Mrs. Burroughes significantly, though less voluble than usual, for she felt on delicate ground.

"Ah!" said Marjorie, "then it's as I thought;" and she sat silent for the space of two minutes, a lengthy pause for her, while the elder lady, in covert excitement, waited her next words. Then, looking up from her reverie: "I should be very sorry to disappoint," she went on, "in any way; and I know he wants the works begun. But sometimes I think it would be wiser to put them off. Then he could start with more satisfaction—more authority. But he mustn't go away: I can't spare him. He's so very clever, and so ready with help for anything, isn't he?"

"Yes," Mr. Legh's sister agreed; "she thought her brother was all that."

"And Freeman looks up to him in a thousand ways. There are such heaps of things I don't understand and can't manage. I wonder if he would mind acting—we can't say as agent exactly, nor yet"—with a laugh that showed off all her white teeth—"nor yet as master quite, but something of that sort, till I—till we see our way rather more clearly."

Miss Assheton betrayed a pretty embarrassment over this speech, which could only be interpreted in one way, and Mrs. Burroughes was at some pains to preserve strict prudence as she answered that her brother would gladly be of use in any way: so much she could promise for him.

"In another month, by the end of July, we can fix everything so much better, can we not?" pursued Marjorie; "especially if papa comes home. So will you tell Mr. Legh this, please? I am getting half afraid of him: he has looked so grave lately;" and then, clasping her hands about her knees as she sat in a low garden-chair, she fell into another brief brown study, broken presently by the very pertinent question, "Mrs. Burroughes, do you think husbands should be very much older than their wives?"

"Mine is much older than myself," answered the lady thus appealed to, almost driven to laugh outright, "and I always think some considerable difference desirable. But others hold the opposite opinion."

"So it's a matter of taste, after all," cried Marjorie, jumping up, "and a few years more or less are not much consequence. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Burroughes; we'll try and cheer your brother up somehow."

"And no one is better able to do that than yourself," Mrs. Burroughes allowed herself to say, bidding the young heiress an affectionate farewell, and triumphing in the almost certainty that the prize she desired for Stephen was only waiting for him to put out his hand and pluck it.

But to her chagrin he seemed wilfully slow in grasping his opportunity.

Of necessity agreeing to Miss Assheton's proposal, and equally of necessity acquiescing in Mr. Earnshaw's suggestion that the partnership should stand over till he could bring the Westfields business securely to the firm, Stephen Legh grew intensely depressed at the dead-lock affairs had come to, and this depression his sister, misconstruing into morbid sensitiveness at the difference in his own and Miss Assheton's worldly position, sought to chase away by hints and innuendoes, which a woman would have understood in a moment, but which to him meant only perplexity and annoyance.

The magic of a few words from his brave Aimée, one trustful glance from her eyes, would have balanced all the restlessness of this suspense, and made him patient; but from such healing he was shut off, and could only write to his love, poor substitute as that must always be for meeting.

"How many times," one of his letters ran, "have I wished that we had taken our chance of St. Petersburg, and depended on no one but ourselves for anything! Now it seems we have another month's wretched waiting before us, and what at the end of that I scarcely dare calculate on, for fear of further disappointments. With August an end must and shall come to this state of things. My one comfort is that till then you are in good keeping."

And a sorry comfort would that have been to him had he known all. For yonder in Brussels, besides the aching loneliness of his absence, Aimée had trouble new and unexpected put upon her when July set in.

Then, just as Miss Osborne's methodical preparations for quitting the Belgian capital began, just as her English successor at the Maison Ste. Marie had arrived to assume her position as principal during the last half-term, came a most urgent entreaty for "Aunt Lizzie" to hasten to her widowed sister's home in Surrey. There the youngest girl was stricken with illness that might prove mortal, and her one cry was for the kind and capable woman whose favourite niece she had always been. The terrified mother sent telegrams after letters, each more importunate than the last. There was little or no time for consideration, but hastily winding up as far as possible all business, Miss Osborne had to resign her home, her school, and Aimée to the new-comer, Mrs. Rochford, and travel with all speed whither she seemed so deeply needed.

"I dare not take you with me, child," she said in

her hurried farewell, "for Gracie's illness is terribly infectious, but I have distinctly arranged with Mrs. Rochford that this is to be your home till August takes you to a better one. If I can come back to you, I will. Write often, and tell me how all goes on."

So to the solitude of a strange acquaintance Aimée was left, and though she trusted the time of her probation was not to be long, she soon found it was not to be easy.

The very reverse of Miss Osborne in every detail of disposition, Mrs. Rochford soon made it manifest that she looked on Aimée as an ill-paying, useless appendage to her bargain. Skilful in languages herself, and a martinet in management, she needed no help such as the girl had so gladly and freely given hitherto, and any proffer of such was resented as interference. By the last days of July she had made her undesired charge's position in the house miserable, and all but untenable; and yet Aimée, strong in gratitude and love, if not in self-assertion, let no complaint of hers add a fraction to good Miss Osborne's burden, nor by a single line of complaint told Stephen that she was waiting other than happily for him.

He was harassed enough, poor fellow! and wanting her, could have so little to comfort him—so little to make these weary days bearable! Ah! if sight could have followed thought—as, pacing a shady boulevard one hot summer day, Aimée vainly wished it could—would a glimpse of her lover and his surroundings have eased her tender pity or laid upon her patient spirit yet another pang?

"MARJORIE APPEALED FOR HIS DECISION."

He was standing—Stephen—that July afternoon by Miss Assheton's horse in one of the rich Westfields meadows, where grass and golden buttercups almost breast-high had been laid low in long swathes of scented hay.

Leaning from the saddle towards him, her supple figure cast in vigorous type, Marjorie appealed for his decision as to stacking or selling. Freeman, close at hand, waited Mr. Legh's ultimatum.

"I know nothing about it all," the mistress was saying candidly, "but I like the sight of stacks about. They make the place look warm."

"Then it ought to be just as you wish," said Stephen, bringing himself but small experience to bear upon the question.

"Nothing of the sort," said she; "there are profit and loss, and fifty other things, for you to consider. Dybell"—calling to her groom, who was waiting at a respectful distance—"go home by the lane. I shall come by the bridle-path. Will you"—turning to Mr. Legh—"come too, and open a gate for me? For"—dropping her voice and leaning smilingly a little lower as they went off—"there's no need to discuss prices and gains before all those rustics. We'll make that a matter of private conversation, please."

Left behind, Freeman watched them out of the field with a broad grin on his honest face.

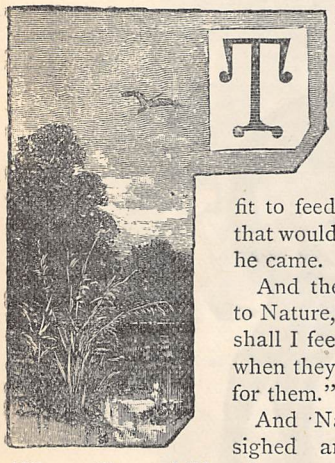
"We'll be havin' a weddin' supper before long, Stow," said he to one of the labourers, taking his "fours" by a cool sheltering hedge; "and what I'm thinkin' is that Miss yonder have made a proper, sensible choice. There ain't a many gentlemen I've ever seen that I'd like better than that Mr. Legh for the master."

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

SIX ORIGINAL FABLES.*

BY THE REV. T. ROACH, M.A.

THE WEEDS AND THE GRASS.



THE earth stretched in a vast plain that was as yet untrodden by the foot of man. But the land bare only weeds and long rank grass, unfit to feed the flocks and herds that would accompany man when he came.

And the earth wept, and said to Nature, the nurse of all, "How shall I feed the flocks and herds when they come? Give me food for them."

And Nature, the old nurse, sighed and said, "Not yet. When will my children learn to wait?" But the earth remained still unsatisfied.

And time went on, and man came with a train of wagons to spy out the land, and see its fitness, before he brought his flocks and herds. And the earth mourned more than before, and said, "I cannot feed the flocks. If they come they will surely die."

And as man passed by the wheels of his wagons crushed and tore the earth, and wherever he paused to rest the ground was bruised beneath his feet.

But in each spot where the earth had been wounded, the weeds and the coarse grass died away, and along his path there sprang up a sweet, soft grass that held the ground for ever, and fed the flocks and herds when they appeared.

And Nature, the old nurse, smiled and said, "My gifts come with the need for them, but they must often be won through suffering."

THE ANIMALS AND MAN.

THERE was a land inhabited by wild animals, into which man entered, and began to build and plough.

And the old inhabitants met and said, "Who shall drive out these intruders?" And they chose the elephants, the wisest of all beasts, to go and cast them forth; and the men fled before the elephants, who overthrew the houses, and returned in triumph. But thereafter word came that the men had returned, and the elephants came back in wrath, and lo! around the houses was a deep ditch, beyond which the men stood and slew them. And those who escaped said, "Man is wiser than the beasts; let us fly before him."

Then the lions went forth, and slew one and another of the men. But after a time the boldest lions came back no more, for the men had devised snares and pitfalls, wherein they were taken. And those who were left said, "Man is stronger than the beasts; let us fly before him."

Then the locusts said, "We will fight with man," and many mocked; but the locusts heeded not, and they went forth to devour the crops. And the men were wrathful and slew them, but in vain, for as they slew them, still more appeared. And when the fields were bare the men said, "Who can stand before the locusts?" and they left the land and fled, for the weak who are many are more powerful than the strong who are few.

THE OAK AND THE APPLE-TREE.

AN oak and an apple-tree grew side by side in a meadow. When summer came, with her balmy breezes and soft rain, they rejoiced together; and when winter came, with his cold blasts, they sighed alike; and both wooed the earth that fed them.

But one spring it befel that a mighty storm came up from off the sea, rending and destroying as it passed, and it beat upon the oak and the apple-tree, and overthrew them.

Now the roots of the apple-tree had spread far over the surface, and as the tree fell it tore up the turf with it, so that those who passed by said, "How the apple-tree loved the earth! it refuses to leave her behind."

But the oak had sent one root, and only one, deep into the ground, and when that root snapped the tree fell and disturbed the ground but little, so that no one pitied the oak.

*** To these Fables was awarded the Prize of Two Guineas offered by the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE for the best set of Six Original Fables.

And spring and summer passed away, and when autumn came the apple-tree had recovered, and though lying down, bore fruit plentifully. But the oak was dead.

And a wise man came by that way, and he said, "The love of the apple-tree is like the love of a boy, that calls aloud for sympathy in its sorrow, but which is easily forgotten; but the love of the oak is like the love of a man, which ceases only with his life."

THE TOWER AND THE SPIRE.

IN a distant country there once lived a race of men of whom now men say only that they lived and reared mighty buildings, and then passed away, leaving no name behind them, nor any other record, save the monuments of stone.

And it came to pass in that land that two buildings arose side by side: the one a tower built for strength, four-square to all the winds, and of rough exterior, and the other a fairy-like spire of graceful fret-work: the one strong but unadorned, the other beautiful but fragile.

Hundreds of years passed away, and there came a change.

Time, the gentlest of all workmen, had laid a loving finger upon the tower, removing here a glaring colour, and there a sharp angle, adding here a rich brown or a soft green, and there a roundness of figure which showed, not what the original builders designed, but what they would have wished to design.

But with the same gentle touches Time had overthrown the spire. The beautiful but fragile building could not resist the slight but constant pressure of his hand, and it had fallen into fragments.

And those who visited that land, and pondered over the shattered remains of the spire, said, "The trials that destroy the weak, only ennoble the strong."

THE KINGFISHER AND THE STREAM.

IN a mountain-land a sparkling stream ran swiftly down to the sea, and by its banks there dwelt a bright-hued kingfisher.

Every day the kingfisher plunged into the stream for its food, and every day it sought to win a smile from the river, and as the waters danced and rippled, and dimpled into a smile, the kingfisher said to itself, "I love the stream, and the stream loves me;" but it never told its love to others, for the gift of song had been denied to it.

And the heron warned the kingfisher that the stream was treacherous, but the kingfisher only said to itself, "I love my love, and my love loves me."

Now, in the summer heats the snows on the mountain-top were melted, and at night the stream rose suddenly, and as it rushed down it filled the hole wherein the kingfisher dwelt, and the kingfisher was borne away on the breast of the river, and overwhelmed in the waters. And next day a draggled corpse, with dripping feathers, was floated out to sea, but before nightfall the waters were dancing and rippling as merrily as before, for the kingfisher's whole soul had been given to the stream, while the stream had nothing to give in return; for those who love most deeply often give their love where they get no return, and are destroyed by the strength of their own affections.

THE BRIER, THE ROBIN, AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

DEEP in a shady hollow grew a bramble. Its pale purple flowers lit up the dark hollow, and each day a robin perched on the brier and sang.

And soon the robin built its nest on the side of the bank, but daily it still sang to the brier.

Now, as summer drew near there came a stranger, brown in hue and slender in form, but with a song that none who heard ever forgot: the song of the nightingale. And as the nightingale sang to the brier, the robin was forgotten.

"Leave me not," said the brier. "Build your nest in my shelter, for I have never heard song like yours."

So the nightingale built a nest with the dead leaves of the overhanging oak, and each day sang in return for its shelter.

And the robin pined in silence, for it too loved the brier, but the brier cared not now for the robin's humbler notes.

But when summer had passed, and the first cold winds blew, the nightingale forgot its love for the brier, and fled to seek a warmer home. And the brier mourned, for the nightingale was gone and the robin had been neglected. But then the robin's note was heard singing of constancy and trust, and the brier was comforted, despite the cold winds; for in adversity an old and tried friend is worth more than any new one.

THE GARDEN IN AUGUST.

AFTER all, the best gardener is Nature. And a long country ramble on one of these dreamy, summer, harvest days will give us a capital lesson in horticulture, for there is plenty to be learnt from noticing how one class of flower seems to flourish under "the shadow of a great rock," another under the moistening influence of a neighbouring lake, or the canopy of a bee-chorused lime avenue, while amid the half-cut corn we see the "scarlet poppies burn," in striking contrast with the golden grain.

And we must say something about those poppies, for it is a folly to despise them because we find them so radiant in their wild state. *Everything* once grew wild, and by noticing the habits of a plant in its wild state, the locality to which it is indigenous, the soil that it thrives in, the season of its perfection, &c., we learn how to improve upon and cultivate it accordingly, and lavish upon it by every artificial means all that we saw its nature craved after.

The poppy, then, is best suited to large gardens, and while its railway danger-signal brilliancy is certainly very effective at intervals down a long walk, it should at the same time serve to caution us against being too partial to it, for otherwise our domain will be rapidly overspread with a perpetual series of this danger-signal beauty.

What we mean is that the seed-pods ought to be constantly taken off before the seed has had time to perfect itself, if we wish to prevent our garden being covered with poppies in one season. In the sowing months, then, of March and April, at the corners of large shrubberies, along a carriage drive, or even in a few places along the border of a long, straight, kitchen garden walk, put in a pinch of well-selected poppy-seed. Sow thinly and in rich sandy soil. When they are well up, thin them out with the hoe to such a distance, one plant from another, as will enable them to grow and bloom well. As soon as they begin to show for flowering, pull up and destroy all single blooms or poor specimens. Any one that is striking in size or colour, mark for seed, but quickly remove all decaying flowers.

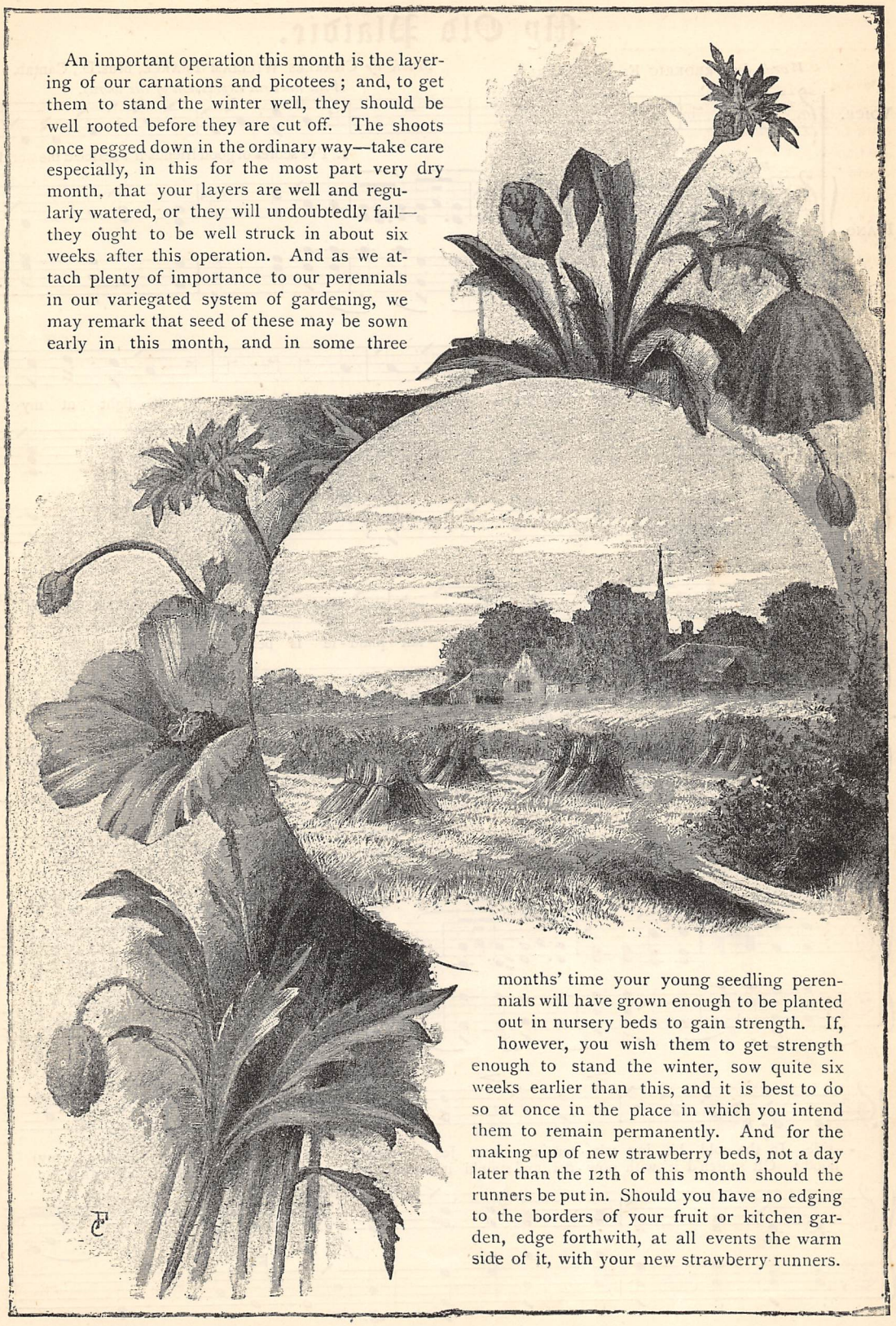
Of a widely different nature from the homely poppy is another class of flower about which we have hitherto said almost nothing at all, but of which we must in future occasionally speak. We allude to those exquisitely wonderful orchids. Who that has seen them grown in their perfection, under circumstances where expense is never spared in the garden, could fail to be struck by their marvellous beauty or occasional eccentricity of strucure?

Not, however, to discourage the aspirations of gardeners of only limited capabilities, let us say at the outset that a very considerable number of this charming species of plant may be grown in any greenhouse that has a hot-water apparatus. We will do our best, then, although we cannot all of us boast a house of Indian temperature. The mean temperature of a house in which a whole collection is grown should be some sixty-eight degrees.

As a general rule, let us say that a moist heat is what the orchid thrives best in. Of course at this time of the year there is very rarely much difficulty in maintaining the above-named temperature. In August, then, it may stand at from seventy-five to eighty during the day, and at about sixty-five at night, but as by the end of the month the temperature visibly falls, it is well to try as far as we can to acclimatise our plants by a very graduated scale of heat, so as to render them as far as we are able a trifle more hardy, for no change of treatment of any kind should be brought about abruptly or suddenly. Most important also is it that the pot in which an orchid is should be well drained. One good authority on this subject tells us that a pot should be two-thirds filled with potsherds or charcoal, or else a smaller pot placed inversely inside it, and filled round with cinders or charcoal. This is important, as although we have already said that a moist heat is what the orchid delights in, yet it will not thrive properly if the water is allowed to remain stagnating about the roots. Nor in potting should the plant be placed deep in the pot, but kept above the rim, and on the surface of the turfy peat soil on which it grows. A wide and shallow pot is the best for all orchidaceous plants.

Only some, however, of these plants are properly grown in pots; others are grown in loose open baskets or on blocks of wood, only take care that the size and strength of your block is proportionate to that of the orchid you are growing upon it. The best possible block is that of the cork-tree with the bark attached to it. Another and most important operation is that of syringing, to which orchids will not object if they have it twice daily. Or, again, the large lumps of the root of some of the larger ferns are admirably adapted for attaching our plants to. And for soil material for pot-growing, a good one is some sods from a turf-bog mixed with a few pieces of broken charcoal. The bloom of an orchid, it is thought, will keep much longer in perfection in a moist than in a dry air, nor should the temperature then be too heated. Some of the routine management of orchids we shall at times in future advert to.

An important operation this month is the layering of our carnations and picotees; and, to get them to stand the winter well, they should be well rooted before they are cut off. The shoots once pegged down in the ordinary way—take care especially, in this for the most part very dry month, that your layers are well and regularly watered, or they will undoubtedly fail—they ought to be well struck in about six weeks after this operation. And as we attach plenty of importance to our perennials in our variegated system of gardening, we may remark that seed of these may be sown early in this month, and in some three



months' time your young seedling perennials will have grown enough to be planted out in nursery beds to gain strength. If, however, you wish them to get strength enough to stand the winter, sow quite six weeks earlier than this, and it is best to do so at once in the place in which you intend them to remain permanently. And for the making up of new strawberry beds, not a day later than the 12th of this month should the runners be put in. Should you have no edging to the borders of your fruit or kitchen garden, edge forthwith, at all events the warm side of it, with your new strawberry runners.

My Old Plaidie.

Words by FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY. *Music by* CHARLES WILLIAM PEARCE, Mus.D., Cantab.

With natural expression of the words.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

In the Scotch style.

1. I've scores of good friends if I search'd the world through—Kind hearts, stalwart lad - dies, brave, hon-est, and true, To fight at my side, or to come at my call— But my old tar - tan plaid - ie is best of them all!

ad lib.

colla voce.

2. 'Twas there, in our shiel - ing on yon - der hill - side, In the cold bit - ing win - ter, my sweet Jes - sie died; Her head on my

3. Oh! oft have I drench'd it in ford - ing the flood; Oft scorch'd it with pow - der, and stain'd it with blood,— But the patch that is

p teneramente.

f

pp

ad lib.

shoul-der, her sweet gold-en head, And my plaid-ie was wet with the tears that she shed.
dear-est for love of past years, Is the patch that was wa-ter'd by Jes-sie's last tears.

colla voce.

f

4. Oh! wrap it close

Agitato.

p *cres.* *f*

round me: my fight-ing is past— But true to my plaid-ie I'll stick to the last!

p *cres.* *f con forza.*

p *ad lib.*

In our grave on the moun-tains so blest shall we be, For her sweet tears have hal-low'd my plaid-ie and

p arpa. *colla voce. legato.*

me!

WHO WAS ELAINE?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WITNESS MY HAND," "FOR CECIL'S SAKE," ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

EECHWOOD CHASE was well named. The house was nothing but roomy and comfortable — "a substantial stone mansion without architectural pretension," the county guide-book called it—but the trees around it were the wonder and delight of the neighbourhood and the pride of Lord Darley's heart. They were nearly all beeches, those fairest of forest trees, beside which oaks are clumsy and elms are stiff. The great smooth boles reached to magnificent girth; the drooping branches, all broidered with half-ripened nuts that glowed like beads of amber in the sun, spread themselves far and wide, and made great stretches of shadow on the soft grass below. Here deer couched, and squirrels ran about the laden boughs rejoicing, and shy, timorous birds, that shunned the haunts of men, built their nests in peace. The park was large, with a slope to a little stream that ran noisily over its pebbles, and mingled its baby brawling with the rustle of the trees, and the cry of the wood-pigeon, and the song of linnet and thrush.

It was seldom that the solitude was broken by anything but the tread of a gamekeeper or wood-reeve, except in the shooting season, but this year Lady Darley had been recommended country air and quiet, and had brought with her a train of distinguished guests, at whose appearance in the park the squirrels hid themselves, and the rabbits disappeared in their holes, and the browsing deer lifted startled heads, and scudded away into sylvan retreats, where no stray feet would either follow or find them.

With Lady Darley had come, as a matter of course, her special friend Delia Churchill, sole daughter and heiress of the late Sir John Churchill, banker and financier and reputed millionnaire, and more young men than are prone to bury themselves in the country in June. "But where Miss Churchill is, there will the gallants be gathered together," said Coventry Smith, who wrote for society papers, and affected wit of a more or less degraded quality. Delia looked at him with the cold scorn her admirers knew so well.

"I don't think parodies like that are quite—reverent," she said, and then returned to the book from which her dark eyes had been for just a moment raised.

"Don't crush him quite, Delia," said Lady Darley languidly. But Mr. Smith did not look crushed. He smiled jauntily and kissed his hand as he disappeared through the open window.

"Crushed? A *mangle* wouldn't do it!" said Delia. "I do dislike that man, self-sufficient, conceited coxcomb that he is!"

"I wonder if you will ever see any one you will *like*, my dear! It will not be for want of aspirants."

"No," said Delia bitterly, and there was so much pain in her voice that Lady Darley looked at her inquiringly. "Do you think I do not know why?" cried Delia, with sparkling eyes. They were quite alone now, and she got up, and began to walk about with an excitement that would have astonished those who only knew the proud and reserved Miss Churchill in society. "Ah!" she cried, "you cannot understand it, Bella—you, who were poor, who were loved for yourself! Ah! how I loathe these creatures who fawn and flatter and cringe, like that abject thing that crawled away just now!"

"Delia, do you know, I think you are a little unjust, even to Coventry Smith?"

"Unjust? very likely!" said Miss Churchill. "What chance have I of being just? How can men do themselves justice when they are seeking not love, but gold?"

"It is not fair to class them all together," said Lady Darley, who had her favourites among the aspirants, as she called them. "There is young Horner, for instance. He does not care about your money—or at least, no more than is reasonable."

"No, it is a good little boy, and has an honest fit of calf-love, I believe," said Delia, smiling with a gentleness that quite changed the expression of her face; "but, all the same, I am not the 'plum' he will pull out of life's pie."

"You may well say a plum—I begin to think your heart is nothing better than a stone," said Lady Darley, laughing.

"Here is Darley," said Miss Churchill, who was standing by the window.

"And Maurice Arnold with him! There is another man, Delia, that I am sure you must acquit of fortune-hunting. He couldn't pay you less attention if you were as poor as a church mouse."

"No," agreed Delia.

"I couldn't imagine what brought him down here, but it seems he has some old aunt who lives in the village."

"Oh!"

"So that must be it," said Lady Darley comfortably. "You know that little old lady who goes about with all those dogs?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is she—little Miss Macksey, you know. I believe she is getting a little childish, for she can't be less than eighty. She must be Mr. Arnold's great-aunt, I should think—shouldn't you?"

"Really, I don't think I should think about it," said Miss Churchill. She moved away from the window as she spoke, and the next moment the two men passed it and came into the room.

Lord Darley was short and dark and stout, and his companion was tall and slim and fair. Both were about thirty, but Mr. Arnold looked a little younger. He had a clever face, with a dash of sarcasm about the mouth, and grey eyes that expressed just as much

"THERE WAS A NAME UPON IT, BUT IT WAS NOT HERS" (*p.* 562).

or as little as their owner pleased. They were pleased to express very little just now. He did not see Miss Churchill, who had moved into the shadow of the curtain, and Lady Darley was not a favourite of his.

"I'll go and hunt up that book about the German mines, Darley," he observed. "It's somewhere in the library, I dare say."

"Well, if you must have it, I think you will find it on the third block on the right, bottom row," said Lord Darley; "but won't you come and make one at pool?"

"Not this morning, thanks."

He went away, and Darley burst into a laugh almost before the door had closed.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"YOU'LL never guess what we've been doing this morning," said Lord Darley, when Arnold had gone. "We've been to a dog's funeral—we have, upon my honour! You never saw such a sight in your life. Miss Macksey has lost one of those pugs of hers, and she took it into her head to have it buried in the park. Of course I said she might, for she's as fond of the little brutes as if they were children."

"I know," said his wife; "and calls them by such ridiculous names. That big mastiff that walks behind her chair is Sir Galahad, and all the pugs and poodles are Sir This or Lady That. One is Lady Clara Vere de Vere, I know."

"Well, there they all were, and every dog of 'em had got a bit of crape round his left fore-paw. I declare I could have laughed my head off, except that the poor little woman was in such a way. One of the keepers had dug a hole down in the copse by the brook, and Arnold put the poor little beggar in, as grave as a judge, and then we walked Miss Macksey off home, and all those ridiculous dogs trotted at our heels. I was in fits, but Arnold never as much as smiled. I dare say he knew better—the old lady's got a pretty bit of money, and can leave it as she likes."

"Lord Darley!" cried Delia, in a tone of trenchant scorn. She came forward from her shadowed corner, and the light fell on her face, and showed it curiously disturbed; her mouth trembled, her eyes flashed indignant fire.

"Eh? what's all this about?" cried the unconscious little peer, facing this angry apparition with innocent wonder. "*Lord* Darley, indeed! What next?"

"Darley," said Delia, more gently, "I think you ought to unsay that. There are plenty of men who would restrain their laughter or their tears, who would perjure themselves in any way you please for gold, but you know—you *know!*—that Maurice Arnold is not one."

Lord Darley did not answer, and something in his face made Delia turn sharply round. One glance sufficed. In the doorway stood Maurice Arnold, looking almost as confused as herself. He had come back to ask something further about his book, and stood arrested at the sound of his own name.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, but Delia fled through the window, scarlet and abashed, and Darley exclaimed, with a laugh—

"You didn't know you had such a doughty champion, did you? We shall have you proposing to the heiress next, old man!"

"I am much indebted to Miss Churchill," said Arnold stiffly; "but I think that would hardly be the way to justify her good opinion."

He went away with his question unasked, and indeed forgotten. The sight of Delia, flushed and moved in his defence, had been sweeter to him than he cared to own. Why, oh! why was she so rich, and he so poor, that to woo her would be to lose his self-respect? His only defence against the passion that had so often nearly mastered him, had been the assumption of indifference, that was all the easier because he believed her equally indifferent to himself. But indifference does not plead for the absent as Delia had pleaded for him, or fly shame-stricken at discovery as Delia had just fled. Could it be that she divined his unspoken love, and returned it? There was delirium in the thought, and visions of impossible happiness seemed to mock him as he dwelt upon it; but as the sweet summer days crept on the happiness began to seem less and less impossible. If he did not woo her, at least he did not avoid her, and the change in his manner thawed the coldness and reserve that had been, perhaps, as artificial as his own.

Delia was very happy in those bright June days that seem the natural setting for love's young dream. Each day was beautiful, for each day held the sunshine of Maurice Arnold's smile, the meeting that was all the world to two people, the parting that was only a tender postponement of joy. And yet no word was spoken.

"One daren't, and the other's afraid," said Lord Darley to his wife; and in a sense that observation was true.

Delia could not speak, and so long as Arnold kept silence, pride constrained her to deny him even the faint intangible signs that are as words to women; and Maurice Arnold was a suitor who shrank from the faintest semblance of repulse. He must be sure, beyond the security of other men, this man who was going to bend his proud neck to well-dowered Delia's yoke. Could she not understand that she was as a princess, set aside from other women by the burden of her wealth, and that the first signs of favour must come from herself? Only her own hand could open her lover's lips, if he were to escape the ignominy of seeming to seek "not love, but gold."

If he could have looked into Delia's heart he would have known how groundless was the fear. She was not a woman who loved or trusted by halves, and even before there had been any question of love between them she had defended him from the imputation of mercenary motives. He went down daily to see Miss Macksey now, but Delia did not think he went for sordid reasons, any more than she believed Coventry Smith when he laughed and hinted that there must be something more attractive than an old aunt in the village to account for the young man's visits. Delia listened with her coldest and most scornful smile, and went out into the park, where the sun was setting and the shadows were lying on the grass, and where Maurice—she had begun to call him Maurice to her own heart now—would be coming on his way from Miss Macksey's.

At last she saw the grey coat she had learnt to know so well moving amongst the trees, and stopped and looked with innocent surprise. He was down by the brook, which was not the way from the village, and it struck her that there was something unusual in his attitude and occupation. She stepped silently on the soft, yielding grass, and saw that he was cutting something on one of the great beeches. Her name—of course it was her name! and she laughed at the thought. Perhaps it was a boyish and foolish thing to do, but no woman very deeply censures a folly that is committed for her sake.

She would not reveal herself, and wandered idly amongst the trees, gathering boughs for Lady Darley's beau-pots till he had gone, and then she walked straight to the tree he had just left. There was a name upon it, but it was not hers, and she stood as if turned to stone. The name he loved, the name he had cared to carve even when she was waiting for him, was not Delia—it was *Elaine!*

"And I thought he loved me for myself," said Delia bitterly—"I have learnt the truth in time."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

IT is six years afterwards, and Delia is Delia Churchill still. It had not needed much to make so proud a man as Maurice Arnold withdraw a suit he had scarcely yet ventured to urge. A disdainful smile or two, a few bitter words, and he had left the Chase, and Delia was left to her sorrow and her pride.

The first pain is over now. The healing years have touched the wound, and perhaps only Delia herself remembers that it is there. Are there not some such scars in most lives—scars that are scarcely seen even by the nearest eyes, but that start and throb with a dull pain that will only cease at the touch of a greater healer than even Time? Miss Churchill bears hers bravely enough, fronting the world with smiles, and a tongue that grows a little bitter as the years roll on.

She hears nothing of Maurice Arnold. She wonders sometimes if he has married "Elaine," but she does not even know if he is alive or dead, till one morning she sees his name in an obscure corner of the *Times*. There is to be an inquiry into the condition of mines and miners, and he is mentioned in connection with it. Yes, she remembers now: he had something to do with mines—what, she never quite understood—but slight as her knowledge of the fact had been, it was sufficient to make the heading of the paragraph attract her eye. She saw his name no more in the paper, but a little while afterwards a report was published that was reviewed in a scientific magazine: a report that bore Maurice Arnold's name, but that concerned so limited a number of readers that the libraries would none of it, and Delia's anxious eyes could discern no copy of it on the tables of her friends. Nevertheless, Miss Churchill meant to read it. It could harm no one—not even Elaine—and it would, perhaps, still the importunate longing that was born of the unbearable silence.

"There is a book I want to see," she said to a literary friend, "and they haven't it in the library."

"What is it called?" was the not unnatural question; but Delia was dumb. She had not realised how impossible it would be to name a book so unlikely for a young lady's reading without arousing curiosity as to her interest in it.

"Try the British Museum," suggested the man of letters, as willing as every one else to oblige the wealthy Miss Churchill.

Having obtained a ticket for the Reading-room, Delia went one morning with a curious feeling of agitation, such as one might feel at meeting with a long-lost friend. It would be like meeting Maurice again, to read the words that were the offspring of his brain, and her hand shook nervously as she showed her ticket and went into the great Reading-room that is so well known to literary people. Miss Churchill was not literary, and it was all new and strange to her, but she made her way to the clerks at the central counter, without wasting time in observation. She was quite unreasonably agitated, and made her request in a fluttered whisper.

"Report on Mines?" said the clerk, with a distinctness that sounded almost brutal. "If you will go and sit down at that table, it will be brought to you."

She filled up the paper given her, and made her way to an unoccupied seat, and in the stillness of the place she managed to recover herself enough to look about her. Nearly all the readers were men, and quaint-looking people many of them were. There were a few women, chiefly with short hair, and bad complexions, and shabby gowns, and they looked at Delia's velvet and furs as working bees might look at a gorgeous butterfly that had strayed into their hive.

"Which Report is it—'83 or '84?" asked a clerk with two volumes in his hand.

And Delia, scarlet and ashamed, had to say, "I don't know—it is Mr. Arnold's that I want."

A man at the next desk lifted his head curiously, but Delia did not see him. It seemed to her that she had gone through a great deal to secure the doubtful pleasure of seeing Maurice Arnold's book, but the sight of his name on the blue cover moved her as few things had done of late years. She took it with a little eager cry, and sat down to read it.

If Miss Churchill expected a literary treat, she did not find it. It would never be in Maurice Arnold's power to make any one "glorious by his pen." But she found what was perhaps dearer to her—little turns of expression that recalled the man she had loved, and amidst the technicalities that might have deterred a less earnest reader, evidences of care for the poor creatures he had to report on, and a simple intention of fulfilling his duty, that seemed to show a loyal and upright soul.

"How could he have lied to me so at Beechwood?" thought Delia, and her eyes filled with tears.

Talking is not allowed in the Reading-room, but a hand was laid on hers, and the man who had looked up when she uttered Maurice Arnold's name whispered—

"Miss Churchill! may I speak to you outside?" Of course it was Arnold himself, who, by one of those providences we call a lucky chance, had been at the next table, and to whom the tears that had fallen on his not very moving book had been a revelation.

Delia did not refuse, and under the cold eyes of the statues in the "Grecian Room" the tale was told that had so nearly been told under the beeches of Beechwood Chase. Maurice Arnold was not a poor man now, for Miss Macksey was dead, and after providing for her pugs and poodles, had left him residuary legatee. He was not afraid of being thought a fortune-hunter now, and Delia could hardly rise from that honest, well-meaning book, and doubt the love its author offered her.

"But who *was* 'Elaine?'" she asked, when all was happily settled. And then, as he only stared—"I mean the 'Elaine' whose name you carved on the beech-tree at Beechwood Chase?"

"That?" said Maurice, with a shout of laughter that almost made the statues wink. "Do you really care to know, Delia? It was that pug of Miss Macksey's that was buried under the tree. I promised to put up an inscription for it, but I never got any further than 'Elaine.'"

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT MOMENT.

SECOND PAPER.

THE chief theme in my last paper on this subject was Tact and its concomitants. In my strain to-day the notes which I intend to strike will not ascend to any high pitch, nor will they compass any great depth; but although, owing to the apparent insignificance of notes such as these, some folk may not see any real use in their presence, or any true beauty in the correctness of tone; and some folk may not perceive any want of harmony caused by their absence, or any discordance produced, yet, notwithstanding this dulness of perception, small courtesies have in reality much to do with making life smooth and pleasant, and little rudenesses are sufficiently powerful to ruffle, or irritate, those who come in contact with them. My readers must not therefore sneer at, as useless or worthless, any of the small observances to which I draw attention in this paper.

There are many courtesies which a gentleman should render to a lady, the absence of which is at once felt, and causes people involuntarily to remark inwardly to themselves, if not aloud to their friends, "That man has not good manners." I passed that judgment the other evening when I was sitting with a friend by her fireside. A gentleman was ushered in who was well known to my friend, but a comparative stranger to me. He shook hands with her first, which was, of course, the right thing to do, and then, while speaking to her, he shook hands with me. The breaker of this law of courtesy was a young professional man, well endowed with this world's goods. I should not record this little rudeness if it was only of rare occurrence, but I often notice people guilty of this discourtesy—namely, that of shaking hands with one person while they are speaking to another person. If you wish to say more than "How do you do?" to your hostess, or to any one else whom you greet at first, it is less discourteous to continue your conversation with her for a few moments before taking notice of any one near her, than it is to stretch out your hand and shake that of her neighbour while your face is turned away and your lips are addressing another person.

The discourteous young man to whom I have alluded gave me another reason for my verdict, and as in this respect also he is by no means the only offender in general society, I shall mention the little rudeness. There are three, if not more, separate syllables and sounds which some people utter or make when they have not heard what has been said to them, or when they wish to express assent. These are—What? Eh? Uh! and a guttural sound of the letter m, which cannot be expressed in writing. "I beg your pardon," or "What did you say?" are sentences which should certainly be said when a repetition is asked for; and "Yes" should not be replaced by a grunt when an assent is given.

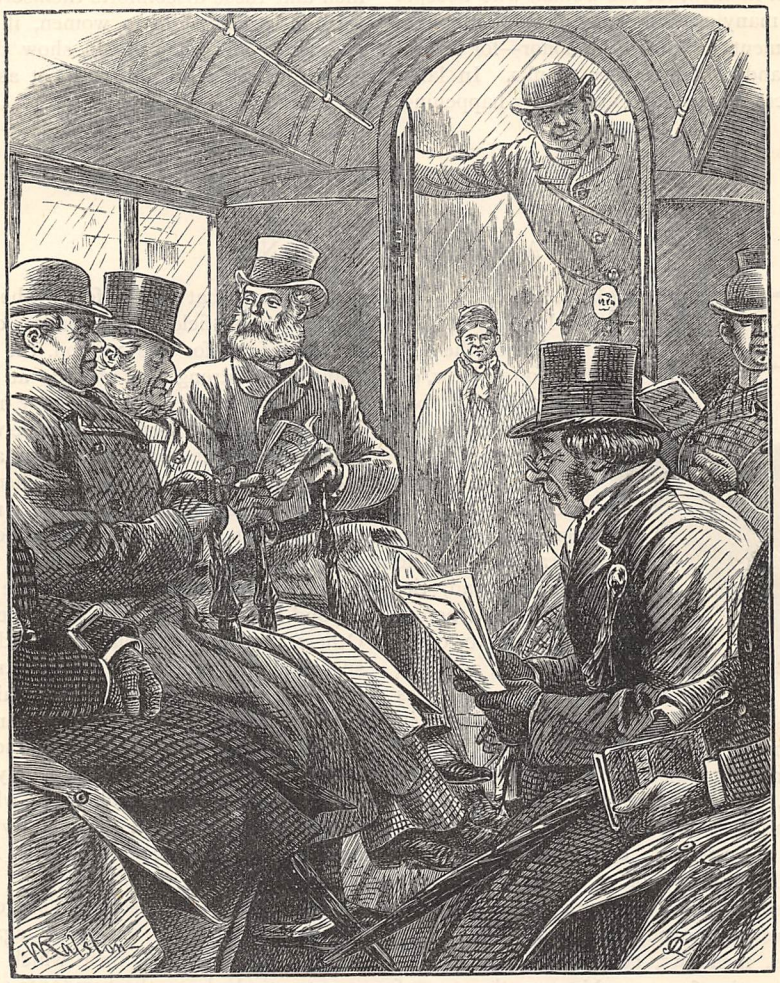
There are numerous little acts which a man of courtesy will perform. While he is calling at a house, he will rise and open the door for any lady who leaves the room, even if she is an entire stranger to him; in his own house he will not only open the door of the room, but accompany the lady to the hall door, and open that, if there is no servant at hand to do so, for a departing guest, whether lady or gentleman, should not be left to find their way alone. Neither should they be allowed to find their way into a room. When you act as a host, and your guests accompany you into the drawing-room, do not you, my dear sir, follow the practice of some forgetful or neglectful men, who walk in and march straight up the room, leaving their one guest, or a train, as the case may be, to follow and to close the door. A host should open the door, and shut it after his guests have entered the room.

Amongst other small courtesies, a gentleman will rise from his chair, however luxuriously comfortable, and offer assistance, if need be, to a lady if she goes to put coals on the fire, or if she tries to open or close a window. When he escorts her into a room, he will see that she is seated before he looks for a chair for himself; when he escorts her to a table, he will wait to arrange for her comfort, hold the chair, or push it backwards or forwards, as required, before he takes his own seat. And during the meal he will see that she is provided with all she is likely to want. The lady ought not to be obliged to ask for salt, for water, for another cup of tea, or, in fact, for anything that is on the table.

As we are on this subject, I must tell you how uncomfortable I felt at a dinner-party a few months ago, because, as I was put into this state of discomfort by a gentleman, it is well to record it as a hint as to the right thing at the right moment. My host introduced a gentleman to me, to take me in to dinner; when that was announced as on the table, my partner offered his left arm. So far so good; but he would march me off instanter. I ventured to suggest that we should delay our start for a few seconds. It was an awkward thing to have to remonstrate with your partner at the outset, but I felt it must be done. However, this had no effect, and I was obliged to yield the point, and the consequence was that we two were the first in the dining-room. Our host must have thought that we were both rude and greedy thus to precede those who ought to have taken precedence, and to appear in such undue haste to reach the table. I can only hope that the company imagined that the gentleman had carried me off, and not that I had induced him to make this unduly hurried flight from one room to the other!

To return to the small courtesies of which we were speaking anon :—

If a gentleman shows courtesy to a lady out of doors by picking up anything which she has accidentally dropped, he should raise his hat; and if he unwittingly is guilty of any little rudeness, such as stepping on her dress or running against her, he should also raise his hat and apologise.



"ANY GENTLEMAN OBLIGE A LADY?"

In public buildings and conveyances of all kinds, and in crowded thoroughfares, there are always many opportunities of showing small courtesies. As far as my experience goes in this respect—and it is wide and that of a number of years—I could record innumerable small courtesies that I have received at all times and in all places; nor can I remember many little rudenesses shown by men. I am afraid that I cannot hold up my own sex in the same meritorious light. Too often the conduct of the majority is not praiseworthy when in a crowd.

There are the little rudenesses of pushing and scrambling for places, to say nothing of the small subterfuges employed to keep places for friends, or a larger space for convenience and comfort. It may be that these flecks and flaws are to be detected in men also. Perhaps they behave in this manner to one another, but my experience says they show courtesy to women. Let me here interpolate a few words to the ladies who receive these courtesies. I would beg them to remember that they are *courtesies*, and to treat them as such, for I often notice that ladies appear to regard them as *services*, to be rendered to them as a matter of course. In one sense, they should be done as a matter of course; but the point upon which I would insist is that these attentions and offers of assistance, and bestowal of places and seats, are courtesies, and should be recognised as such, by courteous acknowledgments on the part of the recipients.

I am often indignant—I can assure you that is not too strong a term for the feeling roused within me—when I see members of my sex coolly and thanklessly accepting and taking seats offered to them by courteous men, who, according to the maxim of "first

come first served" on the one hand, and according to the rule that having paid for a seat it is your possession, on the other hand, have a right to the occupation of those places or seats.

I grant that the right thing at the right moment is for gentlemen to offer their places to ladies who otherwise would have to stand throughout service, concert, or lecture, or who would lose the chance of riding in that omnibus; but clearly and undoubtedly the right thing at the right moment for the woman who accepts the courtesy (in many cases no small act) is to make a due acknowledgment, to bow to the donor—for it is a gift bestowed—and to tender her thanks. In large towns occurrences of this kind are hourly happening, and therefore, although I have before alluded to this subject, I feel impelled to reiterate my words. I know by experience that it *is* exceedingly tiring to stand for an hour in a crowded room, that it *is* exceedingly miserable to stand in the rain and wind waiting for a place in an omnibus, that it *is* exceedingly uncomfortable to stand in an underground railway carriage while other passengers are seated. All these positions are veritable discomforts to every woman. When men take these discomforts themselves, and pass their secured comforts on to women, if these accept the courteous offer, they should show that they regard it as a courtesy rendered, and not as a service due to them.

A CURIOUS ROMANCE.

STANDING on London Bridge, leaning on the rails in Rotten Row, on the top of a 'bus in the middle of a great "block," or lounging in some green oasis of garden, with just a peep at busy traffic by river or road, the thought will flash across the mind, what is to come after all this "tumult under a cloud"? as Victor Hugo describes it. Strolling in a park, with trees in avenues, or growing singly in their strength, with massive trunks and broad-spreading boughs; looking from green hill, or grey rock, or church tower over a world of meadows, with here and there a splash of yellow corn, a farmstead, or a white road, or a peep of the tall chimneys of a cotton or an iron town, the question will come unbidden, "If the hands of man were removed, what would happen to trees, hedgerows, meadows, corn, cattle, birds, and the passive and active forces making up the sum of visible things?" Mr. Richard Jefferies has answered both questions for us,* and the answer is a picture, a romance. It could not be otherwise, with his minute and homely familiarity with bird and beast, and the green things that make nature so wonderful a study.

After London, an age of brick and mortar, soot and cloud, bustle and invention, there came a marvellous change over everything. The fathers of the old men could remember a little of the early stages in the transformation. In the first spring after London ended it became green everywhere. There are quiet and singularly graphic touches of description to render us familiar with this relapse into barbarism. By a series of sketches we are enabled to see with distinctness what would follow the abandonment of our towns and fields, the cessation of the labour that provides food for the million, the assertion in new and riotous strength of the life at work everywhere, and rarely thought of in our busy moments. We are interested in the changes themselves before we get a gleam of light upon the causes at work in leaving them free to come to pass. There is great art in this vagueness, and the traditions referred to are of a nature to suggest the uncertainties any remnant of an ancient race would feel. Some thought the level of the sea had altered; and as the sea was unknown beyond Ireland, there would only be vague theorising. Others, that an enormous dark body passed through space, altering the earth's orbit, and impelling men to return to the East. It was certain that when "the event took place," there was a general escape from the cities, the rich using their money to get away before the poor, leaving behind only the ignorant and the cultivators of the soil. "Of what became of the vast multitude that left the country nothing has ever been heard, and no communication has been received from them."

Nature began to assert her supremacy. The corn ripened, died away, and grew again in the fields. Sturdy wild plants, against which man had waged war, towered above the remnants of his crops. Tall thistles, ox-eye daisies, sorrel, wild carrots, and charlock covered any open spaces, till the original growths were killed. Footpaths soon disappeared, but bright strips of green showed where the roads had been. Aquatic grasses, flags, and reeds covered the pastures, and marched step by step from dykes and streams, overflowing the land and making sedgy swamps. The hedges pushed out luxuriantly until brambles and briars met in the centre of the largest fields. Mill-dams and bridges gave way. Towns were converted into swamps. Furze, heath, and copses of various trees spread out into the silent spaces about them. "By degrees the trees of the vale seemed as it were to invade and march up the hills." Even the downs were covered with scrub.

* "After London; or, Wild England."

The men of the woods were of several kinds. Some of them cleared a small space, or built little towns, or attended to sheep. The bushmen lived wild in the woods, and were the descendants of beggars and tramps. They lived together in camps, clothed themselves in sheepskins, and were "the thieves, the human vermin of the woods." Next came the gipsies, who were everywhere, but more numerous in the south. Unlike the bushmen, they were ferocious, and attacked travellers, shepherds, hunters, and even towns. Besides these men, there were "the invaders." The Welsh spread from Cornwall right into Leicestershire. The Irish, with their centre at what had once been Chester, made their presence felt as far as Sypolis, or Oxford, and would have dominated the north but for the Scots, who had all Northumbria, and the suddenly-revived "kingdom of York." The small republics of which wild England was composed made the country unsettled, and English cities "were kept in awe by troops of Welshmen, Irish, and even the Western Scots, who swarm in the palaces, in the council-chambers of the republics; and, opening the doors of the houses, help themselves to what they will."

But the great wonder of the land was "the lake," stretching from the Severn to what had once been the Thames, and divided by "the straits of the White Horse." It was tideless, but often swept by storms, when its numerous islands afforded shelter. London itself was a pestilential marsh at its eastern end. The river choked itself, and was forced back, flowing along the deserted streets, bursting open the drains and underground passages.

"For this marvellous city of which such legends are related was, after all, only of brick, and when the ivy grew over it, and trees and shrubs sprang up, and lastly, the waters underneath burst in, this huge metropolis was soon overthrown. At this day all those parts which were built on the low ground are marshes and swamps. Those houses that were on the high ground were, of course, like the other towns, ransacked of all they contained by the remnant that was left; the iron, too, was extracted. Trees, growing up by them, in time cracked the walls, and they fell in."

Over the swampy parts a noisome vapour exhales. The swamp is black, poisonous, and destitute of life; the rottenness of a thousand years festers under the waters. Scores of men die in seeking for the buried wealth of London. Only in winter are the exhalations innocuous; in summer, after nightfall, demons hover about, phosphorescent shapes flit upon the inky, oily waters, and any money-hunter, unable to escape, dies a fearful death.

This is wild England. There is very little trade, and that only about the lake. The nobles and the traders only can read and write. The few books remaining are children's school histories. But there are some manuscripts, though learning is despised by the hunters and the fighters. Slavery exists, the one punishment for all offences being servitude. A brazen collar is the slave's badge, whilst the moustache is the sign of the free man. The few towns that exist are defended by walls, ramparts of earth, and ditches. The nobles live in huge stockaded enclosures, containing their cultivated fields and farms, in the centre of which is the house or castle.

The manners and customs of wild England are to be gathered from the incomplete but picturesque story which forms the second part of the book. Sir Felix Aquila is the eldest son of the baron, a chivalrous youth, and lighter-built than his brothers, fond of the MSS. he treasures in his thong-bound chest, and smitten with love for Aurora Thyma, the daughter of a neighbouring noble—the baron's hearth-friend. His father's poverty, and events which have hindered his preferment with the prince, are the barriers to his happiness. He will build himself a canoe, and then sail the great lake, to court adventures or win a fortune. He carves his canoe out of a poplar, and all is ready for his secret journey. He and his stalwart brother, Sir Oliver, ride through the forest, which is described in a few masterly touches, to visit Thyma Castle, famous for its glass windows, for glass was a rarity, and only found in large pieces in palaces. Felix is not very courteously treated, but the visit enables us to study the eating and drinking and house customs. Eventually he sees Aurora alone, after the Greek plays and the games are over. Their love is confessed, and Felix, riding home alone at night through the forest, has a weird series of adventures. Next morning, taking leave of Oliver, he sails away on the lake, through the straits, into a channel he has not previously noticed. At night he lands, fastens up his cowhide on sticks, makes his fire, takes his food, wraps himself in his cloak, and, spear beside him, sleeps peacefully until the sun is up. He then sees a war-vessel passing in the distance, moving into the lake.

His adventures now begin. A castle built here, he thinks, would command the channel. He sails away again, and reaches Aisi, a walled city, with a church tower visible over it. There are two cities—the one for nobles, the other for common folk. Unable to obtain an entry to the former, he reaches the latter, and has a meal given to him by a man. After eating it, he perceives the man has no moustache. He, a noble, has accepted the hospitality of a slave! The king is away, besieging three towns, and he trudges to his camp. The rough methods of camping and warfare are described with a few realistic touches. Joining the king's levy, he does strange things, is famous for a time, and then disgraced. Once more he betakes himself to his canoe, hidden away in the reeds, and explores the beautiful lake. Here his adventures are resumed; on the second day he gets a breeze; he sails away merrily; beautiful islands appear. But what are these things overhead? Birds of all kinds, all flying in one direction against the wind. The water changes its colour, scum appears, a yellow haze is before him, it surrounds him: he is in the midst of noisome waters. He would land—the rocks give way under his tread. A burning thirst oppresses him; he seeks for water. A gloom gathers about him. He stumbles on a skeleton, and picks up a diamond bracelet and a small square of blue china-tile. Shapeless, flickering things move about him. He

touches a white wall and it crumbles. His footsteps leave luminous marks; he kicks against a black metallic heap—gold coins. He is rambling, dazed and half-paralysed, over "the deserted and utterly extinct city of London." He would seek his canoe and return, but the canoe is aglow with phosphoric fire.

Escaping, he sails away again, passes out of the swamp, is caught in a gale; his canoe splits, and he finds himself on a shepherd's island. A shepherd sees him, and takes him to his tribe. He wins their favour, helps them in their battles, and is made their king. But he longs for Aurora, and he finally frees himself from his friends. He enters the immense forest between him and Aurora, and as the sun sank "he was still moving rapidly westward." So ends a beautiful story.

E. G.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE prospect of hot weather in August leads our thoughts to suitable dresses. One material, however, carries all before it, and that is canvas. From experience, I do not consider it cool, but it is certainly light, and the good kinds are durable. In defining materials it is difficult to be quite certain where canvas ends and woollen lace begins, for a great many dresses are now made of an open-work fabric in wool, more like piece-lace than canvas. For those who desire to be fashionably dressed at small cost, this fabric has merits, for it can be made up over a silk which may have lost some of its pristine freshness, and it will stand a good deal of knocking about. The fashionable colours in such gowns would seem to be blue over red, and dark green, and both are invariably trimmed with woollen lace. The thick open-work make of woollen stuff, which is rather piece-lace than absolute canvas, does not need much drapery, or many folds. Consequently it is generally permitted to hang plainly in front, and only to be slightly draped at the back. The bodices have little points in front, and a long one at the back; the basque bordered with lace; full waistcoats of the colour over which the stuff is made up, give the necessary touch of brightness.

A QUIET MOMENT.

In washing-gowns, light materials would seem to be all made with velvet collars and cuffs, which cause them to look lighter and cleaner by contrast. The cotton crapes are well worn, for they really look a great deal better than they are. A pretty white one I have seen was made with a full skirt having four tucks above the hem; the tunic was draped with a point in front, and left plain and long at the back, being simply hemmed round; there was a velvet plastron over which the bodice, made full, was drawn at the side, and there was a belt round the waist with diamond buckle. Blue, dark and deep, and purple are the favourite velvets.

If you are going out very much, taking but few dresses, you may produce a great variety by interchanging bodices and skirts, for many colours are now blended that heretofore have not been deemed at all suitable. For example, a friend of mine has a brilliant mousse satin skirt, which she wears with a soft green silk bodice and train, and also with a cream-coloured polonaise covered with Pompadour bouquets, the green bodice being also worn with a primrose skirt.

For both morning and evening gowns, bodices totally different from the skirt are now fashionable; also bodices which are close-fitting at the back and quite loose in front, being a portion of the skirt

drapery, continue quite *à la mode.* The little Figaro or Senorita jackets are each month worn more and more; sometimes the bodice is trimmed to simulate one, sometimes one made of beads goes over all kinds of bodices. Of course if money is no object you would have one of the latest Paris designs, grey or stone cloth, literally covered with bead embroidery, and made with high epaulettes, and something of the same design in jet.

As the season progresses, we see that people really have had the courage in England to adopt the revived grass-green shade. At all the fashionable gatherings it is the one most worn by the best people, in woollen piece-lace, canvas, or silk, with sometimes a dash of primrose or grenat intermixed. It is no longer a fact that black is more worn than anything else; if black dresses are donned on full-dress occasions, they are lightened by orange-red or pink waistcoats, and pink panels on the skirts, or they have velvet appliqués laid over a colour, or are ornamented with any amount of bead-work.

Avoid the Swiss bodices if made of a dark heavy velvet, with a light material, for they are apt to become crooked, to have the points sticking out from the back, and at the best of times they distort the figure; but they are coming in again. Black lace and muslin dresses are made up over low bodices, and one of the novelties of the year is the handkerchief bodice, made in fact with a handkerchief crossed in front. They can be made to come high to the throat, or to open at the neck, and for a thin figure they are exceptionally becoming.

Looped bows appear on many gowns, light and dark, and quite the newest have a simple pearl edge. The sashes are sufficiently wide to be, in fact, a back breadth. They are indeed made of a whole breadth of silk, with large loops and long ends to fall to the hem of the skirt. With a black and a white dress many changes may be rung with these sashes of several shades and colours, and trimmings for hats or bonnets to match. Gauze ribbons are much worn, and I notice that tussore colour and white are frequently blended in this transparent material.

Canvas and woollen piece-lace are the most fashionable white dresses now worn, and if you do not wear white dresses in August, when are you to wear them? Printed muslins and mousseline de laine on cream grounds, with bunches of coloured ribbons matching the hues in the floral sprays, are capital summer gowns, which keep clean a long time.

Lead beads continue much in favour on black mantles and on black silk dresses, but they look better on lead-colour, and they show off best outlining the design of the brocade. Gold and silver tinsel are intermixed with lace, both black and white.

There are a great many parasols just now with the pattern of the black lace run in gold, the lace falling in festoons beyond the parasol; and some of the most stylish white dresses are trimmed with Valenciennes lace outlined in gold, and all kinds of stuff in wool have tinsel interwoven, especially the canvas. With these, gold transparent bonnets are worn.

VISITORS TO THE ABBEY.

None of the present bonnets are really difficult to make. You may buy the shapes at a very reasonable price, then you cover them with lace, or muslin, or guipure, taking care that they are just sufficiently long or short at the back to show the hair, whether it be a coil of plaits, or the knots which accompany the turned-up hair. A bunch of flowers and bows made to stand upright over the face, and strings only a mere bow under the chin, with a pin or brooch thrust through them, complete the headdress. In the same way it is quite easy to make a bodice of the fashionable thin materials. A great many are in the Garibaldi style, cut in three pieces at the back

and two in front, joined under the arm and on the shoulder, the skirt put on over them so that the fulness can be drawn down. Many of the new striped Turkish towelling gowns are thus made, striped blue, pink, and cream. Turkish crêpe is much worn, and Pongar Cimadouse, a more ambitious material, a silk lace in the piece, of the same coarse patterns as the woollen piece-lace. If you do not care for a silk or woollen canvas dress, wear a canvas sash tied in a huge bow.

Bonnets made of rose-leaves sound pretty, and are pretty. I saw an evening gown the other night powdered all over with the same, and it was very much admired; the foundation was white tulle.

Children are wearing huge Leghorn hats once again, and for the river and for country walks many large drawn-silk and satin hats are worn, with a flounce of lace falling down from the edge and shading the face; they require to be put on with a certain grace. I had a beautiful French hat in my hand the other day, lined with green velvet, and surrounded outside by a large wreath of field flowers—dandelions, ivy, and forget-me-nots, intermixed with grass; they looked as if they had just been gathered in the woods. Moss velvet was blended with the flowers. I have before me now three stuff gowns worth describing:—One in kilt-plaits from the waist, sewn to a band of velvet that fits and defines the edge of the bodice, which is perfectly close-fitting; the narrow sleeves have velvet cuffs to match a velvet collar. Another has a habit bodice, a kilted skirt and a draped back; the front piece falling straight at one side, and being caught up in easy folds to the waist on the other. The third is notable for a waistcoat, to which the bodice is buttoned on both sides, and above has revers, which meet at the throat and widen out on the bust; it is exceedingly stylish, and of course the revers should be of velvet. It is possible to alter the waistcoat, and so make a change in the dress; three waistcoats are frequently sent home with a single costume, and they are changed at will.

The cloaks worn as overalls are made in the ordinary dust-cloak material, and also in canvas, over a coloured lining, such as twine over pink or maize; but the shapes are nearly all the same, viz., cut to the figure at the back, having sleeves, and sufficiently long to hide the dress. A new form, however, is much puffed on the shoulder, and has no sleeves, but the hands find their way between the front pieces and elongated cape; the result is not becoming.

Striped black and white dresses, intermixed with plain black panels, are much worn again this year. Bows of ribbon on one shoulder are most fashionable, also waistcoats on one side different from the other. Those of nun's cloth, both plain and printed, are well worn still, and many of them fasten diagonally. Shot materials, both wool and silk, are fashionably worn.

A beautiful shot or "changeable" costume, made in peacock and brown silk or wool for H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, is greatly to be praised: the skirt is of silk, the bodice wool. A jacket made to go with it is of shot blue and brown cloth, with the loose straight fronts, which Frenchwomen most affect, trimmed with shot silk; the jacket being lined throughout with peacock silk. Another of these gowns is in the Guards colours, red and blue: a scalloped skirt of navy blue cloth falling over cardinal red braid, twisted and plaited; the shot tunic is cut in scallops; the bodice has a vest of interwoven braid. The accompanying jacket is navy blue cloth, lined with cardinal, edged with cardinal braid.

The make of these particular gowns would indicate that very short tunics are to be worn. Many gowns now have simply a plain, gathered back, the front arranged in panels; the sleeves are made quite to the wrist—close-fitting, but not too tight for the arm to move in comfort.

If you knit, you will be glad to hear of a new apron, made round, with a fulling or ribbon at the edge, which is made to draw, so that it turns up and forms a comfortable receptacle for knitting. Pretty aprons of lace and light materials are worn again; they give a dressy appearance to a simple costume.

High bodices, and no sleeves to speak of, are being worn in the evening; the collars are very high and edged with beads. The upper portion is filled in with net or beaded fabric; the positive bodice is generally all beads, and a deep flounce of lace borders it around the hips. The bunch or tournure at the back continues to increase in size; no steels are worn, only the double pad, but it is exaggerated and not beautiful in consequence.

The Milkmaid frock is a novelty. The drapery is drawn up on the left side through loops and cord almost to the waist, thus imitating the milkmaid's turned-up skirt with the lining showing. A pocket is placed on the left side. The bodice is laced in front, and has a striped fichu, the ends tucked into the lacing. We aim much now at being picturesque, and we occasionally succeed.

Canvas, than which, as I have previously remarked, there is no more popular material, appears in all the models of dresses we here illustrate. The young lady who is reading a letter, wears a biscuit-coloured evening toilette; the trimming is woollen lace to match, worked with brown of a dark shade, and with a small admixture of tinsel. The wide sash at the side and the bands round the sleeves are of crimson satin; the lace flounces fall on a bouillonné of the canvas.

The first of the sight-seers in our second engraving is equipped for walking, in a green canvas polonaise, broché with figures to match. The waistcoat, tablier, and under-skirt are cream canvas, flecked with gold. The bonnet is gold fancy straw, with brim lined with green velvet, while the feathers and aigrette are gold. There are no strings, for Englishwomen are now following the French fashion and wearing stringless bonnets.

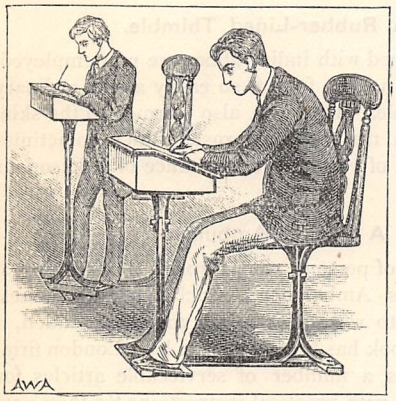
The second figure wears pale blue canvas, broché with mordoré velvet; the plastron and tablier are cream woollen lace; the bands round the waist, arms, and throat are velvet, of the shade of brown known as mordoré. The hat is straw, with velvet-lined brim, and a spray of orchids in front—a charming costume for a garden party.

THE GATHERER.

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.*

Adjustable Desks.

The use of rigid desks and forms in schools and offices sometimes tends to produce physical deformation; and hence the introduction of adjustable desks and chairs, which can be easily adapted to the requirements of the user. Such desks and chairs are here illustrated. They are so fitted and jointed that a person can readily enough raise or lower either the desk or the seat of the chair to suit himself.

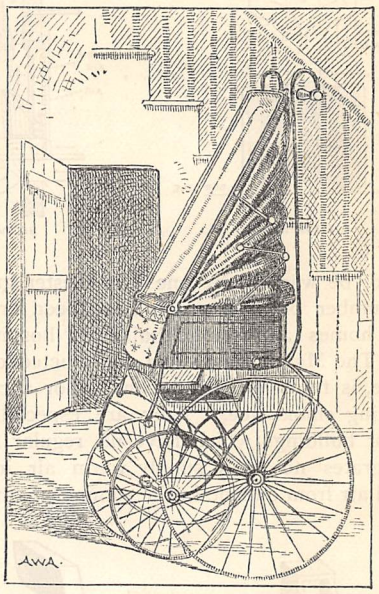


Magnetic Shrinkage.

It has long been known that thin rods of iron and steel, when subjected to external magnetism by means of an electric current circulating in a hollow coil surrounding the rod, are elongated, and the elongation has been very accurately measured. Mr. Shellford Bidwell has, however, found from recent experiments that if the magnetisation be carried to a certain point the wire no longer lengthens, but begins to shorten again, and retracts beyond its original length. This curious discovery has not yet been satisfactorily explained. Nickel rods or wires are known to retract under the same kind of magnetisation; but so far as Mr. Bidwell's experiments went this retraction did not change into elongation. It is this elongation of iron under magnetism which is believed to be the cause of the sounds emitted by the iron wire inside a bobbin of wire when traversed by an interrupted current of electricity, an effect which takes the form of a musical note when the current is interrupted a great many times in a second—for example, 1,000 times.

A New Flower-Holder.

Men and women who like to wear a "button-hole"—as who does not?—may be interested in a new kind of flower-holder. The appliance consists of a neatly chased case of silver, and is to be attached brooch-wise by means of a pin to the coat or dress. The holder is in two pieces, the back portion hinging on to the front and being kept fastened securely to it by the knob arrangement common in some purses. In order to insert the flowers, the knob is pressed backwards and the holder opens. On the inner side of the back two tiny pins are soldered in, which serve the purpose of keeping the stalks of the flowers in suitable position. This seems to be the special feature of the holder, and it will be obvious that it possesses the advantage of enabling the wearer to artistically arrange the "button-hole," before putting it on to the coat or dress, without the slightest trouble. When the holder is not in use it may be kept, just like a piece of jewellery, in a case nicely lined with velvet.



A Contractible Perambulator.

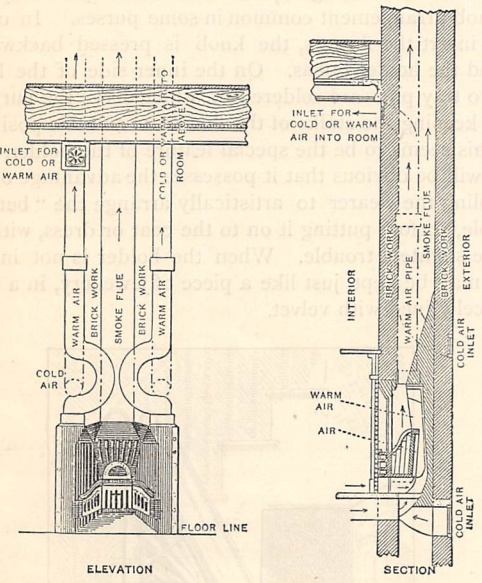
A perambulator which contracts, and is therefore capable of being driven in narrow passages or stored in small space, is shown in the figure. It is capable of holding two children in its ordinary position; but by turning a key from the rear the front section and wheels can be drawn under the back section and wheels, and the handle raised upright as shown, thus bringing the whole vehicle into a very small space.

One Fire for Two Rooms.

By the Manchester grate it is easy to warm another room than that in which the grate is fixed. For example, a bed-room up-stairs can be supplied with warm air from a grate fixed on the ground-floor. This is done by means of warm-air chambers at the back and sides of the grate, and clay or iron pipes leading

* Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor, however, cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, or to notice every article submitted.

from these either into the same room or another. The pipes are led up the chimney to the outlets for the particular room in question, as shown in the accompanying elevation and section of a fireplace. This arrangement, which is patented, can, moreover, be applied to other existing grates, thus adding to their warming and ventilating powers. Rooms containing 40,000 cubic feet of space can, it



is stated, be warmed by one Manchester grate. A large number of these grates have been erected in private homes and public buildings, hospitals, and so on. The Manchester stove, constructed on a like principle, is fitted with an ascending, or a concealed descending smoke-flue. They are especially applicable for buildings which have no regular fireplace. These grates not only supply warm air in winter, but cool air from outside in the summer months.

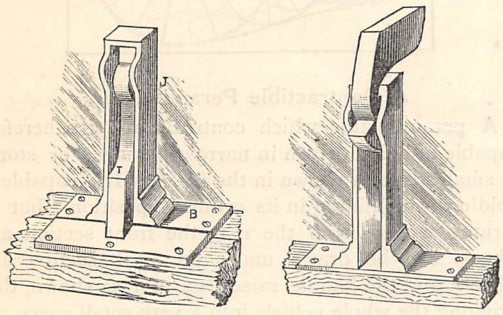


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

Another Safe Window Fastener.

There is a window fastener exhibited at the Inventions Exhibition, which we illustrate herewith. It is designed to keep out intruders, and consists of a base-plate, B (Fig. 1), which is screwed to the outer sash-bar, and supports two vertical jambs, J, from which a tongue, T, of the shape shown, is suspended on pivots. On the window being closed the tongue is placed in the position shown in Fig. 1, so that its base projects over the other sash and prevents its being raised. To open the window the tongue has to be lifted into the position shown in Fig. 2. It will be seen that a knife inserted from the outside between the sashes cannot drive back the tongue, which moves in a direction across the path of the knife.

A Rubber-Lined Thimble.

Thimbles lined with india-rubber are now employed, and are said not to fall off so easily as the ordinary unlined thimble. They are also warmer to the skin, and free from the metallic "rust," which sometimes takes the form of verdigris, a substance of a poisonous nature.

A Pocket Ambulance.

For the use of persons who, through the teaching of the St. John's Ambulance Association and classes, have learned to render early aid to the wounded, a little pocket-book has been prepared by a London firm, which contains a number of serviceable articles for an emergency, with practical instructions for their use.

A Camp Filter.

In the Soudan expedition, a number of Maignen's camp or bucket filters were employed, and favourably spoken of by correspondents. Figs. 1 and 2 represent one of these filters as used and carried. The two buckets, A A (Fig. 2), which form the outer casing of the filter when it is being transported, also serve to supply the foul and retain the filtered water when it has been drawn from the filter, which is one of Maignen's carbo-calcis filters referred to in a former GATHERER. The filter, F (Fig. 1), stands on the bucket, P, and the foul water is poured into it from the bucket, R, in the manner shown. Such a filter clarifies from five to ten gallons of water per hour. The filtering part is easily removed and cleansed for further use. Each of the 800 boats forming the Nile expedition is said to have been provided with one of this kind of filter, which is on view at the Inventions Exhibition.

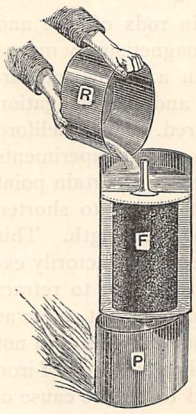


FIG. 1.

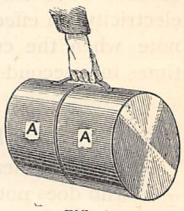
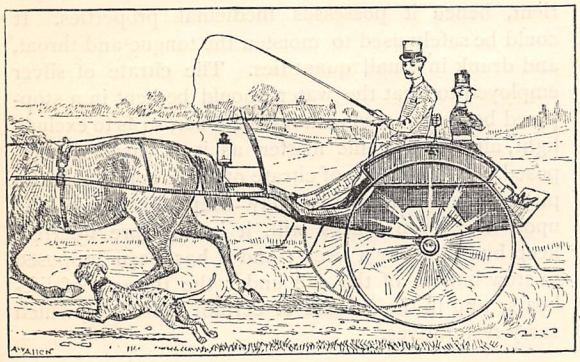


FIG. 2.

A New Gutta-Percha Tree.

Owing to the threatened dearth of the gutta-percha obtained from the *Isonandra gutta* (Hooker), it is satisfactory to learn that M. Heckel has announced a new rubber-bearing tree to the French Academy of Sciences. This is the *Butyrosphermum Parkii*

(Kotschy), which grows in the equatorial zone of Africa, between High Senegal and the Nile. It is called by the natives *karite*, and is regarded by them with superstitious feelings. The milk is contained in vessels under the bark, and on being drawn off and dried, much resembles gutta-percha in its properties.



A COMBINATION CARRIAGE.—FIG. 1.

Iron Flour-Grinders.

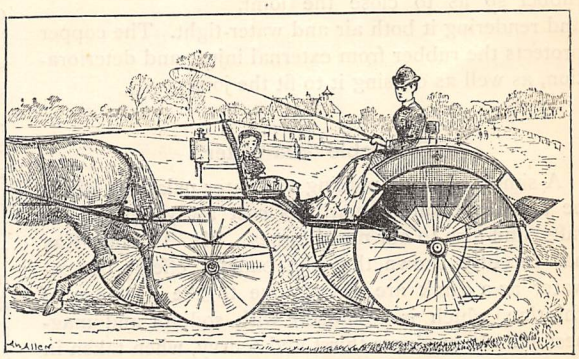
Millstones are being replaced by iron rollers in many flour-mills; the grain passing in succession through several pairs of rollers, each of which grinds it smaller than before. One roller is smooth, while the other is corrugated. They are made of chilled iron, and run at different speeds, to help the crushing effect. The process is stated to separate more of the gluten from the bran than was formerly the case, and to break fewer of the "flour-cells," seen under the microscope in flour. Along with this improvement, which is common in Canada and the United States, we may mention the growing practice of baking bread in ovens heated by gas, as exhibited last year at the Health Exhibition.

A Combination Carriage.

At the International Inventions Exhibition there is an ingenious new double carriage which can be arranged as a two or a four-wheeled carriage at will, and is only liable to a payment of duty for one vehicle, although it can be transformed into two vehicles on occasion. It forms, as will be seen from the accompanying figures, either an Alexandra car, a *vis-à-vis* phaeton, or a dog-cart phaeton; and it has also the advantage of going into a small coach-house, since the two carriages take up little more room than a single four-wheeled vehicle.

The Electric Light at the Inventions Exhibition.

In addition to the illumination of the fountains by the light of electric arc lamps, projected from below through panes of coloured glass upon the waters of the fountains, which was a conspicuous effect at the Health Exhibition last year, Sir Francis Bolton has this year arranged for the illumination of the grounds and surrounding buildings by means of small five and ten candle power incandescent lamps in coloured glass bulbs, red, green, blue, and yellow. These trace out the lines of the buildings, and twinkle among the leaves of the foliage of the shrubs and trees. In fact, they take the place of the usual small oil and tallow lamps employed at fêtes for this species of illumination; but being electric, they can be mounted on the twigs of even high trees, and do not require daily renewal. Some of them are also arranged in the ponds to imitate the flowers of aquatic plants. By means of proper switches, controlled from the switch-room in the clock tower, it is also possible to light, extinguish, or graduate the light of these lamps, according to some pre-arranged system, so as to engage the attention of beholders, and produce a kind of colour play or harmony. There are no less than 9,020 of these incandescent lamps run on insulated wires throughout the grounds, and fed by the current from Siemens' dynamos, of which the armatures are wound with copper bands, instead of the usual round copper wire. These copper bands belong to the class of "ribbon wire" which has come into use of late for winding dynamos and other electric apparatus. Being of a rectangular section it fits closer into the space provided for it than round wire, so that on a bobbin of the same size there is rather more copper than when ordinary round wire is used. In other words, there is less resistance to the passage of the current, and consequently a somewhat greater efficiency of the armature, or bobbin, for the same size of bobbin and electromotive force. While upon this subject, we may mention some silvered lamp-bulbs exhibited at the Inventions Exhibition. These bulbs are silvered on one side so as to act as a reflector for the light of the filament, which is thus directed in any required direction, and more-



A COMBINATION CARRIAGE.—FIG. 2.

over shows a bright sheet of light to the eye rather than the intense white line of the glowing filament. There is thus a saving of light by their use, and at the same time the eye is less likely to be injured than by the strong image of the incandescent filament.

A Balance Fire-Alarm.

A simple electric fire-alarm has been devised by Mr. Pritchel. It operates by the expansion of air in

a glass tube, due to the rise of temperature caused by the fire. The tube communicates at one end with another tube containing mercury, and the pressure of the expanding air forces the mercury up one limb of the latter tube, which being pivoted, has its balance thereby upset. The mercury tube is thus canted over, and in turning round its pivot it falls on two metal contacts, and closes an electric circuit. A bell is thereby rung, and the necessary alarm given.

Rubber-Jointed Pipes.

A simple, but useful, method of jointing earthenware pipes has recently been introduced, and is

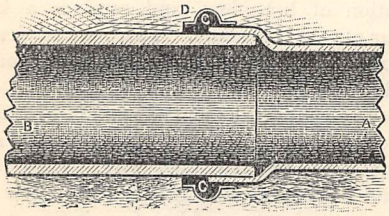


FIG. 1.

illustrated in Figs. 1 and 2, which represent a longitudinal and a cross section through the joint. The plan is especially applicable to the junction of earthenware and lead pipes in house-building. A rebated india-rubber ring, C, is slipped over the junction of the earthenware and the socketed lead pipes, B A; and a light copper band or collar, D, of hollow cross section, is passed over the rubber ring and tightly screwed together at the ends, thus pressing the rubber so as to close the joint, and rendering it both air and water-tight. The copper protects the rubber from external injury and deterioration, as well as causing it to fit the joint.

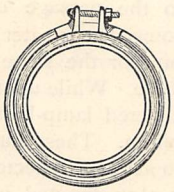


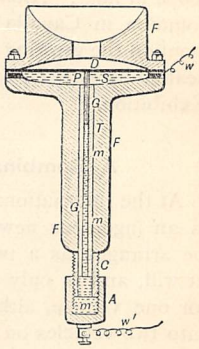
FIG. 2.

Drinkable Sea-Water.

A simple plan of making sea-water palatable would be a great boon to mariners cast away in boats or rafts, and also to our naval forces. Mr. Thomas Kay has recently shown that the baneful effects of sea-water as a drink are chiefly due to the presence of chlorine, which is combined with sodium and magnesium. It produces thirst and scurvy, when taken in excess. In order to remove the chlorine, he mixes sea-water with a certain proportion of citric acid, or silver citrate, and thus produces what may be called a mild mineral water, which is drinkable, and being nearly free of precipitated chlorine, is not injurious to health when taken in moderate quantities. At a recent meeting in Manchester he treated a pint of sea-water brought from beyond the Eddystone with 960 grains of citrate of silver, and four grains of free citric acid. Silver chloride was precipitated and the overlying liquid decanted and filtered. Each fluid ounce of it contained about eighteen grains of citrate of soda, one and a half grains of citrate of magnesia, half a grain of citrate of potash, one grain of sulphate of magnesia, half a grain of sulphate of lime, one-fifth grain of citric acid, and less than half a grain of undecomposed chlorides. The salts of soda in this liquid are diuretic, the salts of magnesia aperient, hence it possesses medicinal properties. It could be safely used to moisten the tongue and throat, and drunk in small quantities. The citrate of silver employed to treat the water should be kept in a stoppered bottle, covered with india-rubber, so as to exclude light, air, and organic matter, as it is easily decomposed. As an ounce of citrate of silver converts half a pint of sea-water, a man may keep alive for a day upon it. Seven ounces will, it is therefore inferred, keep him alive for a week; and it has been proposed to stow bottles of the salt under the thwarts of life-boats, and in the lockers of certain life-buoys, which carry restoratives.

A Mercury Telephone.

The telephone which we illustrate is the invention of Mr. Charles Lever, and is based on the fact that the surface of a mercury globule in dilute sulphuric acid is deformed when a current of electricity is passed through the dilute acid and mercury. It is therefore a variety of the telephone invented by the late M. Breguet, the well-known French mechanician. It consists of a glass capillary tube, G, nearly filled with mercury, M M, which is contained below in a reservoir, A, adjustable by a screw, C, so as to raise or lower the level of mercury in the tube. A light piston of ebonite rests on the mercury at T, as a kind of float. The upper end of the piston is in contact with the centre of a diaphragm, or drum-head, D. A quantity of dilute sulphuric acid, S, fills up the space between the mercury and the diaphragm. The whole is enclosed in an outer case, F, preferably made of glass so as to reveal the interior, and aid in adjusting the level of the mercury in the tube so as to make the piston bear slightly against the centre of the diaphragm. Wires, W W, lead the electric current through the mercury and acid. The passage of the current causes the mercury column to rise and fall slightly at its upper point, T, thereby raising and lowering the piston, and setting the diaphragm into vibration. The ear, placed at the mouth of the case above the diaphragm, interprets these vibrations as sound.



Danger from Oil-Lamps.

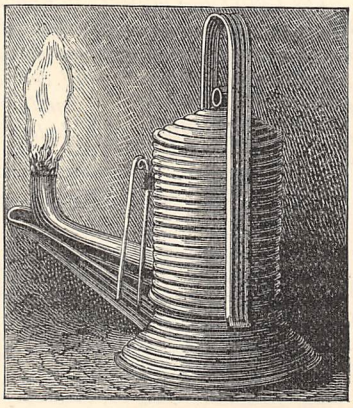
In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, Sir Frederick Abel, C.B., has shown that accidents are very apt sometimes to occur from mineral oil-lamps exploding while being agitated or removed from one

part of a room to another, or in the act of blowing them out. These explosions are due to the mixture of air and petroleum gas, which collects above the oil in the reservoir, and finding its way round the wick, is set fire to by the flame. Hence it is necessary that care should be used in moving lighted non-explosive oil-lamps, and also in blowing them out. Sir Frederick Abel recommends that the light should first be carefully screwed down low, in blowing it out, and then finally extinguished by a puff of breath blown *across* the mouth of the chimney, not down into it, as is often done. He also points out that it is advantageous to have a fine wire-gauze cover separating the reservoir from the supply pipe of the wick. This pipe should have a very fine bore. In the course of his lecture he referred to the lamps of Mr. Defries as embodying the features which exhaustive scientific inquiry has proved necessary for the safe use of mineral oils. In this lamp neither ignition of the petroleum vapour, nor outflow of the oil in the event of the lamp being overturned, can occur. The light it gives is also stated to be very white, odourless, and steady. While upon this subject, we may mention the recent trials made with Mr. Shallis's new oil-lamps for lighting railway carriages. These lamps are constructed to yield a light by which any passenger in the carriage can see to read small type without over-taxing his eyes. They are already in use on the Great Northern, and one or two other railways.

A Railway Pedometer.

Herr Stork, the Director of Swedish Railway Telegraphs, has invented an electrical apparatus which promises to become valuable for preventing railway collision. The apparatus indicates at stations the place of the train on the line. This is done by a contact device set at intervals along the rails, and the train in passing it closes an electric circuit and works a needle indicator at the station which points out the locality of the train. The details of Herr Stork's invention are not yet made public; but it is being tried on the Liljeholmen Railway, near Stockholm, and is found to work satisfactorily.

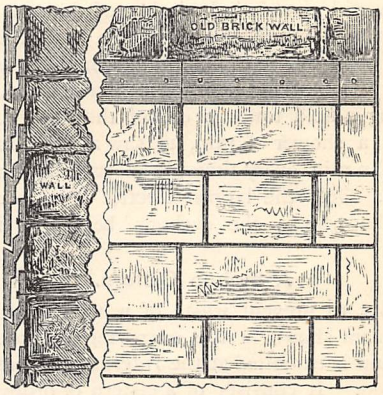
A Corrugated Hand-Lamp.



Lamps, oil-cans, and oil-jars are now made of thin corrugated iron, a form which combines strength with lightness. The figure illustrates a torch lamp of this construction exhibited at the Inventions Exhibition. It has the advantage of allowing no oil to escape when the lamp is tilted; moreover, the top comes off and serves as a cup, with which the oil may be emptied from the waste-oil compartment into the reservoir which feeds the cotton wick.

The Electric Light and Moths.

The introduction of the electric arc light into New Orleans, and some other parts of North America infested with moths and other night insects, has led to their destruction in large numbers, owing to the fact that the brilliant light allures them in the same way as a candle-flame. A New Orleans paper states that the ground below a lamp-post is frequently quite black with the dead bodies of moths killed in this manner, and it is proposed to try the light in the cotton-fields in order to kill the cotton moth.



Hanging Tiles.

An ornamental tile for facing old walls, corridors requiring light, shops, dairies, and so on, has been introduced, and is exhibited at the Inventions Exhibition. The method of fixing the tiles to a wall by nails driven into the layers of mortar will be better understood from Figs. 1 and 2, which represent a section, and the front of a wall protected by them. The tiles are made of various patterns, and can be glazed white or any other colour.

Photographing the Larynx.

Dr. Steine, a French electrician, has devised a very handsome little apparatus for enabling surgeons to photograph the larynx, and thus obtain a record of the progress of certain throat disorders from day to day. The apparatus consists of a very small electric incandescent lamp, which illuminates the throat, and is kept cool by circulating water, and a small camera with gelatine-bromide plates. The combined apparatus is neatly mounted in a portable form, and provided with a battery to supply the necessary current.

A Selenium Actinometer.

M. Morize, of Rio de Janeiro, has devised an apparatus for measuring the relative intensities of the solar rays at different altitudes of the sun above the horizon. It consists of a "selenium cell" of the kind used by Professor Graham Bell in his "photophone,"

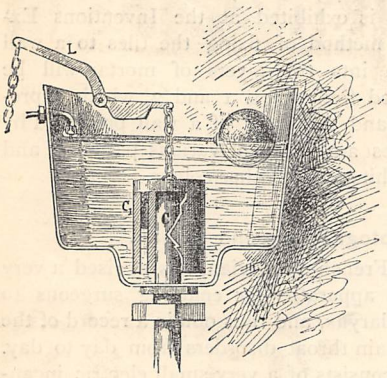
and previously described in the GATHERER. This is made of thirty-eight small discs of copper built up like a pile of coin, with smaller discs of mica plate between each pair, and the edges between each pair filled in with selenium. This cell, when connected in circuit with a battery and galvanometer, indicates the strength of the sun's rays falling on its edges by a fall of electric resistance in the selenium, which causes a stronger current to circulate through the galvanometer and deflect its needle. The cell is exposed to the sunlight in a glass vacuum vessel insulated from the ground on glass supports.

An Electrical Rainbow.

Mr. R. S. Newall, F.R.S., the electrician, has observed the singular phenomenon of a rainbow caused by a powerful electric light in lieu of the sun. While visiting the South Foreland, where the experiments are now being made to determine whether gas, oil, or electricity is best for lighthouse illumination, he was traversing a field towards one of the observing-huts, when, in a shower of rain, he saw a faint lunar-like bow in the rain every time the electric lighting tower revolved. Only the largest electric light in use produced the effect; the carbons being 1⅛ inch in diameter.

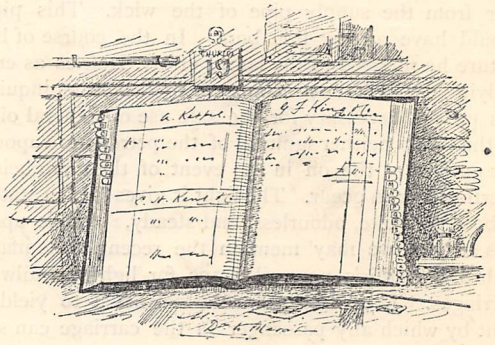
A Siphon Cistern.

In order to prevent waste of water in cisterns, the arrangement shown in the engraving has been introduced, and is exhibited at the International Inventions Exhibition. It consists of a cistern of ordinary construction, with a "well" or outlet pipe at the bottom. A short cylinder, C, with open mouth, projects from the well into the cistern. Over this is placed a double copper cylinder, C_1, which rests on three blocks, to allow the water to pass under it, and is connected by a chain to the lever, L, by which the water is let on. In the action of the apparatus the air between the two cylinders prevents the water flowing out until by the lever the copper cylinder is raised, and a partial vacuum formed. The water then overflows out by a siphon action into the well.



Belt Conductors.

The introduction of electric lighting has led to many devices for running the insulated wires underground. One of these is the belt conductor, which consists of two flat bands of gutta-percha or other insulator capable of being so treated, pressed together into one "belt," and having a number of parallel copper wires between. These wires convey the electric current, and are insulated by the superposed bands. Several of these belt conductors can be over-laid one upon another, and enclosed in an underground trough or conduit. Mr. Sellars, the inventor, has also introduced a porcelain insulator, with eyes in the sides, whereby several bare wires can be held, and at the same time insulated from each other. These porcelain pieces, placed at intervals, support the wires and keep them apart, while the surrounding air may be employed to insulate them between the pieces.



A New Index for Books.

Our illustration shows a new plan for indexing books, the index tags being used to turn over the leaves, which are thus preserved intact. The plan of cutting down the page now in vogue is objectionable, and the new plan renders it unnecessary. It will be seen that each tag represents a letter and projects from the leaf. A brass eyelet enables the fingers to hold the tag, which is of vellum or leather, and connected to the binding of the book by a sheet of calico pasted between two pages. The tags are numbered on both sides.

CASSELL'S MAGAZINE AMATEUR SHORTHAND CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Editor has pleasure in announcing the result of this Competition, in connection with which an Examination was held simultaneously in all centres on June 1st last. After careful consideration of all the papers submitted by the Candidates, the appointed Judge, Mr. F. Pitman, has declared the best papers to be those of

DANIEL CHARLES DEVINE, Tubbercurry, Co. Sligo, Ireland.

We therefore proclaim him our AMATEUR SHORTHAND CHAMPION, *and award him the Prize of Five Guineas.*

The Judge also HIGHLY COMMENDS *the work of*

EDWARD LATHAM, 16, Mildmay Park, London, N.,

to whom an Extra Prize in Books to the value of Two Guineas has been awarded.

"I BENEATH THE LILACS STRAY
TO THAT SWEET WORLD OF YESTERDAY."

"*ON THE THRESHOLD*" (*p.* 606).

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

By ALICE O'HANLON, Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," "No Proof," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

PELEUS NURSES HIS AMBITION.

THE programme of the rural sports that were just now rousing to temporary excitement the sleepy neighbourhood of High Radstow had proved sufficiently diversified. There had been gymnastic exercises on swinging and stationary bars, donkey tournaments, running in sacks, and other athletic exhibitions of various descriptions. At the present moment the "obstruction race" formerly alluded to was in progress.

The competitors in this were all boys under fourteen years of age. In the course of the race--or rather, wild scramble towards the winning-post—they had to climb up ladders and slide down ropes, to leap ditches and fences of artificial manufacture, to creep through drain-pipes and through bottomless barrels suspended at a little distance from the ground, as well as to perform other equally ludicrous feats. Lady Standon had opined that this race would amuse her, and she certainly appeared to be finding entertainment in it. Shortly before it had commenced she had left her carriage, declaring that she felt "awfully tired of sitting still," and, with Peleus Bretherton by her side, she now stood leaning against a clumsy wooden railing which had been constructed round the arena.

"What a capital view we have from here!" she remarked to her companion, after a brief conversational hiatus. "There, that nice-looking little fellow in the yellow knickerbockers is in front again! I do hope he'll win; don't you?"

"Yellow knickerbockers?" repeated Peleus, "where? Oh, yes—I dare say he will. And of course I hope so, if you do."

Lady Standon turned to look at him. "Why, I don't believe you are noticing anything!" she exclaimed. "Whatever is the matter with you to-day? You keep falling into reveries, and looking as absent-minded and *distrait* as possible."

"Do I?" said Peleus, forcing a laugh, which sounded very feeble and mirthless. "I was not aware of the fact."

"Yes, you have a kind of wildly distracted air," the young widow went on, purposely exaggerating in order to tease him, for she perceived that Mr. Percival had not relished the accusation. "You look as though you had just committed a great crime, or else as though you were meditating one. Which is it? Come, tell me, and I'll keep your secret. Are you thinking of murdering your grandmother?"

Peleus' cheeks flamed suddenly. Then as suddenly he grew pale, and leaning forward to grasp the top rail of the fence, he laughed again.

"I don't happen to have a grandmother," he faltered. "You are remarkably polite, Lady Standon."

The last sentence was spoken in a tone of half-resentful irritation. Annette regarded the young man in puzzled surprise.

"Surely you are not offended by an innocent joke?" she asked. "That would be preposterous!"

"Of course I am not offended," protested Peleus, rallying from the unaccountable perturbation into which her jesting had thrown him. "And if I have not appeared to be very much interested in these sports, Lady Standon, I think you may guess where the distraction has lain. Whatever else I may have been oblivious of, I have certainly not been oblivious of your presence."

Annette smiled. "That is a very pretty speech," she observed coquettishly. "On the strength of it I will excuse your pre-occupation, although, as a matter of course, I don't believe the explanation. Did you hear, by-the-by, that I called at your house the day before yesterday?"

"Indeed I did! You may imagine how tantalised I felt to find that it had happened whilst I was out. If it had not been for the knowledge that I should meet you this afternoon, I think I should have ventured to indemnify myself for the disappointment by riding over to Standon Park yesterday. Would you have been at home to me, Lady Standon?" Peleus' voice sank, and he put this question with tremulous eagerness.

"To be sure I should—why not?" Annette replied; her tone one of light indifference. "We haven't exhausted the States yet; and you know I like to talk to you because you are an American, and, possibly, for other reasons also. But I won't flatter you. You are desperately fond of flattery, I've discovered."

"That depends upon whom the flattery comes from," returned the young man. "But I own that for flattery with just a little basis of real feeling in it from some one I could name I would give my head!"

"It would not do much good, would it, if you lost your head?"

"I have lost my head already, and my heart too!" cried the young man, with more significance in his manner than sense in his words. "Ah! Lady Standon——"

"Oh, I say!" interposed the girlish widow, hurriedly; "do look at that ridiculous little urchin frantically struggling to get through that barrel—and all those other boys so far ahead of him. He is an emblem of many people in life, isn't he? Striving after the unattainable, you know. There's the gun. They're in. And my little fellow has won! I'm so pleased!"

Mr. Percival Bretherton's countenance reflected nothing of her satisfaction.

"Did you mean that for me, Lady Standon? What a cruel hint! But I won't take it, I warn you," he continued, trying to speak playfully, though there was an under-thrill of earnestness in his accents. "I shall still struggle towards the goal of all my hopes and desires—your favour. Don't crush me by saying that it is unattainable!"

Lady Standon laughed. "Oh dear, no; within certain limits, you shall have my favour as a free gift. But don't trouble yourself to do any struggling; I'm the easiest person in the world to please. And now I think I'll go back to the carriage, if you will take me. But tell me first why you did not bring Mr. Bretherton with you this afternoon. I'm sure the dear old gentleman would have enjoyed himself. He never seems to go anywhere with you now."

Percival changed colour again, and for a minute or two he made no reply. During the last few months he had enjoyed frequent opportunities of meeting with Lady Standon, and he had assiduously used those opportunities in an endeavour towards realising that ambitious conception which had first occurred to him on the night of the concert. But whilst his hopes of success had at times been raised almost to the verge of certainty by the very decided encouragement given to his attentions, they had at other times been depressed—indeed, well-nigh extinguished—by a certain half-contemptuous manner which Annette kept always at hand, ready to assume the instant he ventured too far, and attempted to turn their very frank flirtation into a serious affair. Above all things, Peleus hated the kind of condescendingly friendly way which the aristocratic young widow had adopted in speaking of his father; and Annette, who was quite aware that he hated it, invariably used this weapon of reference to poor Abner whenever she wished particularly to quell his son's too presumptuous ardour.

"My father, I believe, Lady Standon, is a free agent," observed the young man presently, with much stiffness. "Had he cared to accompany my sister and me this afternoon, I presume he would have been here."

"Yes, to be sure." Lady Standon smiled on him now with the utmost complaisance and politeness. It was by no means her ladyship's desire permanently to alienate this handsome swain. In her own idea, Annette could not have too many admirers. To lose one of them was almost as grievous to her as it is to a miser to part with a cherished piece of gold. And in a place where resources in this direction were so limited, the value of each vassal to her charms became greatly enhanced. In her secret mind Lady Standon considered young Bretherton a "cad." Yet it was her very anxiety not to lose his lover-like attentions which prompted her so zealously to guard against an avowal on his part such as must inevitably lead to the end she would avoid. At present, she was intent upon further securing her captive's chains. "To be sure," she repeated; "and I had forgotten that if Mr. Bretherton had come this afternoon, he might have had to return home alone. You and Miss Bretherton are going to dine with Mrs. Shillito when the sports are over, are you not?"

"I believe so," returned Peleus, slightly mollified, but not yet disposed to thaw.

"And so am *I*, you know. I've quite been looking forward to the evening," resumed Annette. "We shall be such a comfortable little party, shan't we? Only Mr. McNicoll and your sister, and you and myself" (a coquettish glance accompanied this conjunction of pronouns), "besides our host and hostess. My cousin Arthur was invited also, but he is such a devoted lover, it seems, that he won't go anywhere without his *fiancée*. By the way, I've often been amazed," she rattled on, "that Arthur didn't fall in love elsewhere. It is astounding! However, it strikes me that another gentleman is making good headway in the quarter I mean." She turned to glance towards Idalia, who was seated in her own carriage, with Victor McNicoll standing on the ground by her side. "And after all, I dare say he is the finer man of the two. It was splendid the way he behaved towards his sisters, was it not?"

"Well, if you want my opinion, I must say that I'm rather sick of that story," observed Peleus, still a little sulky. "One hears of nothing else anywhere, and, for my part, I consider the fellow a prig."

"No? Do you really?" Lady Standon studied her companion furtively, and with a rather enigmatical expression of countenance. "It would be awkward for you not to like him, wouldn't it, supposing he were to become your brother-in-law?"

"He shall not become my brother-in-law!" Peleus exclaimed. "Things will be different now—I mean, I shall—that my sister ought to have higher ambitions," he finished lamely.

Annette considered for a moment.

"Well, I dare say you are right," she assented. "With her wonderful beauty, and that interesting American flavour in her voice and manner, she'd be the rage in London society, if——" She had been about to add, "if you could get into society," but catching herself up, she concluded, "There can be no doubt of that. And now, we really must go back to the others."

It was a little after ten when Miss Bretherton's carriage was announced at Colonel Shillito's door, and Victor McNicoll, who had been offered a seat in it, rose at the same moment with Peleus and herself to bid their entertainers adieu. Although the afternoon had been so fine, the sky had gloomed over before sunset, and it now proved to be raining in torrents. Colonel Shillito and Victor had a little friendly contention as to which should hold an umbrella over Idalia's

head whilst she stepped into the carriage. It issued in the victory of the elder gentleman; and laughing with a merry pretence of triumph, the big colonel, with his little wife at his elbow, stood framed in the doorway of the brilliantly-lighted hall, watching till their guests were driven off.

"What a real good time we have had!" exclaimed Idalia.

"You have enjoyed yourself, then?" Victor asked, in a low voice, but not so low as to cover the delight in it. Throughout most part of the evening Idalia and he had been seated very near each other, and although they had not talked much together, their eyes had chanced very frequently to meet, and there had been something—an occult, inexplicable quality—in Idalia's glance which the young man felt that he had never detected there before, and which had filled him with a transport of hope and joy. "And so have I enjoyed myself," he added—"more than I could express."

"Dear me! I wonder what there has been so specially to enjoy?" observed Peleus satirically—"Just music and conversation. If you ask my opinion, I should say that the evening had been a particularly dull one."

He professed, as he spoke, to stifle a yawn. Nevertheless, unless dulness is compatible with a feverish tingling and throbbing of nervous excitement in every pulse and fibre of the body, Mr. Percival Bretherton could scarcely be said to be suffering at present from the unenviable sensation.

"But surely you must have found the conversation amusing, Percival?" asked Idalia. "I never knew any one so full of anecdotes as Colonel Shillito. If only father had been there, it would have been just splendid. How he would have laughed at those funny stories!"

"Yes, I wish he *had* been with us," said Peleus. "I hope the poor old fellow has not been feeling very lonely."

Idalia, whose face just then had been directed towards the carriage window, turned with quick gratification to look at her brother. It was almost the first time since they had left America that she had heard him speak so kindly and sympathetically about their father. The remark pleased her so much that she put out her hand, with a swift impulse, to take his own.

"That's good of you, dear!" she cried. Then, hastening to cover the exclamation, which she feared might betray to their companion more of her brother's feeling towards his father than his own observation must already have taught him, she went on—"You didn't eat any dinner, Percival? I noticed you sending your plates away scarcely touched. You are not well, I am afraid? That's the reason you didn't enjoy yourself. Indeed, your hand is quite hot," she subjoined; "I can feel it through my glove."

"Nonsense! I'm as well as ever I was in my life," Peleus replied, laughing. "A fellow can't always eat like a horse. How are the Courteneys getting on, Mr. McNicoll?" he asked, evidently wishful to change the subject. "Heard from them since they left?"

"Yes, I have had two letters from Mr. Courteney, which isn't so bad considering how short a time they have been gone," Victor answered. "They just came in, it appears, for the fag end of the Carnival. Miss Hester, her father says, is delighted with Rome, and she and her aunt intend remaining three months in Italy. But my partner will have to return in about a fortnight. I can't spare him long, you know, not possessing very much experience yet in the management of the mills."

"No; I expect you are kept pretty busy," Peleus remarked, with covert superciliousness; "although being at the head of a big affair like that is the sort of thing to make a man feel of consequence in the world. You have the advantage, you see, of idle fellows like Ledsom and me."

"That's true," returned Victor. "Work is always an advantage."

This answer not being exactly what Peleus had looked for, he did not pursue the subject. There was, however, during the remainder of the drive, no lack of conversation between the trio—in which Peleus decidedly bore the lion's share. Until Upton Lodge was reached, and Victor had been dropped at his own gate, the young man now continued to chatter incessantly. Apparently, however, his lingual efforts had proved a little exhausting; for directly Victor had left them, he sank back into a corner of the carriage, and did not again address his sister (who, for her part, was glad enough to be silent) until they had arrived at home.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

As the carriage swept round towards the front of the house, Idalia, peering through the rain-pelted window, became sensible of some change in its aspect. Wherein that change consisted she could not, in the first instant, distinguish. She seemed, however, vaguely to recognise that an unusual stir and excitement pervaded the place—very unusual, indeed at this advanced hour of the night.

Pressing her face against the glass, she ran her eye hastily over the front of the ancient edifice, and so perceived that it was full of light. Every window, even those of the many unoccupied rooms, appeared to be illumined with flickering lamp or candle-light.

The hall-door, moreover, stood wide open, letting a stream of light flow out over the shining wet steps and into the darkness beyond; and when the carriage was drawn up with a flourish before the porch, Mrs. Briscoe, the housekeeper, was disclosed standing back out of the rain, her head enveloped in a light fleecy shawl, and her countenance expressive of anxiety or alarm. Behind her two or three other servants were clustered in a little group, which broke up as she advanced, and, after a sharp glance into the interior of the carriage (which seemed to include no recognition of its occupants), put a question to the coachman. Idalia could not hear this question, but she saw the housekeeper elevate her hands with a gesture of dismay.

Her excitement, also, seemed to have communicated itself to the groom, who, though he had sprung to the ground and laid his hand on the handle of the carriage-door, made no attempt to unclose it, but stopped short to address Mrs. Briscoe in his turn.

An impatient rattling on the window-pane by Peleus recalled the man to a sense of his duty. Throwing open the door, he hurriedly commenced to apologise. But Peleus interrupted him brusquely—

"What on earth is the row, Henderson?" he demanded. "Whatever is all this fuss about, Mrs. Briscoe? By George! one would think you had all gone mad!" he went on, helping his sister to alight with a hand that shook and trembled, though Idalia did not notice the fact because her own was trembling also.

Mrs. Briscoe came forward a step, but she omitted the little South-country curtsey she was in the habit of using when speaking to her employers.

"I was asking, sir, whether master was with you," she began.

"Father? Do you mean father?" Idalia interposed, seized instantly with a vague terror. "Why, he is in the house, of course. *Isn't* he in the house?" she appended contradictorily.

"Well, no, miss, he isn't, not that we can find," replied the housekeeper. "But don't you be frightened, miss; he'll be back directly, I make no doubt."

"Back?" echoed Idalia, "where from? He can't be out of doors in this rain, and at this hour? Why, it is past eleven!"

"Come in, Idalia. Come in out of the cold," urged her brother, taking her by the arm, "and then we'll find out quietly what all this nonsense is about."

Half unconsciously, Idalia yielded, and having drawn her into the morning-room, where a bright fire was blazing, young Bretherton called in one or two of the principal servants, and bade them close the door behind them.

"Now, then, what's all this about?" he repeated, taking up a position on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire. "You say that Mr. Bretherton is—is not at home? Where is he, then?"

"We don't any of us know, sir," answered Mrs. Briscoe, to whom Peleus had looked in putting the question. "He went out about half-past eight, but he does not appear to have returned. We thought perhaps he might have come in by the side door, without any one hearing; but I've had the whole house looked through, because I really couldn't help feeling a bit uneasy-like about him. And he isn't anywhere, sir, up-stairs or down."

"Well, I don't see anything so very extraordinary or alarming in the matter," protested Peleus, laughing rather harshly. "You must have lived, all of you, in remarkably well-regulated families! Did you never know a gentleman stay out till eleven o'clock before?"

"Oh, Peley, don't! Please don't laugh!" cried Idalia, springing up and catching at his arm in great excitement. "*Father* never stays out, you know he doesn't! He likes to be in bed by ten, unless he is waiting for us, or—— Oh! you are sure he is not in bed?"

"Quite sure, miss; but——"

"Where *can* he be, then?" she interrupted wildly. "There's the Fold Farm: he never goes anywhere else. But at this hour? Oh, no, I'm sure he can't be there at this hour!"

"No, madam, he ain't there. I took upon myself to go and inquire half an hour ago," put in a well-bred London domestic, who combined in his own person the offices of butler and head footman—"And I had to rouse the house, for all the family were in bed. But there is something I've been waiting to explain, sir," he went on, turning to Peleus. "Master did not go out alone. There was a man came for him, a man who brought a letter, and master went with him."

"A letter?—Yes?—Well?" Young Bretherton's face had looked pale throughout the whole conversation, but at this juncture it became almost ghastly. "And he went away without—did he go away without saying anything, James?"

"I'll just tell you exactly what happened, sir," returned the man, gazing at Peleus with more amazement than sympathy. He had a pretty correct knowledge—as had most of the other servants—of the state of the young fellow's sentiments towards his father, and he could not comprehend the very evident agitation under which he was labouring.

"Yes, make haste; let us hear all about it?" Peleus replied. "Sit down, Idalia," loosing himself from her grasp. "Well?"

"Well, sir, there ain't very much to tell; and, of course, if we could only just understand the rights of it, we should see that there wasn't any mystery of any sort about the matter," sapiently interpolated James. "But, as I was going to say, it would be between eight and half-past, and of course quite dark out of doors, when there came a sharpish ring at the hall bell. I answered it, and there stood a man with his mouth and throat muffled up, just as though it might have been the depth of winter, and a letter in his hand. He wouldn't give me the letter, though. He said he'd been ordered to see Mr. Bretherton, and deliver it himself. So I went and told master, and he came out into the hall. Just then the front door nearly banged to, for the wind had risen quite stormy, and there was a great draught in the hall. I thought what it was, sir, and true enough, when I looked, the big window at the top of the staircase had been left open. Master felt the draught too, and said something about it. So I ran up-stairs at once to close it. But it was a stiffish job; the window seemed to have stuck somehow in the frame—it often does, Mrs. Briscoe, and should be seen about—which was the reason the maids had left it. Well, Mr. Percival, when I'd managed it at last, sir, and was running down-stairs again, I saw master with his top-coat and hat on, just going out at the door. He heard me, I suppose, for he looked back, and his face seemed to be puckered and troubled-like. Then he half stopped, and said to the man behind him, 'I'll just mention

where I'm going. . . . James, my poor daugh—,' I really seemed, madam, to make out those words, and I thought he meant 'daughter.' But I couldn't be sure of it then, and I can't be sure of it now, for the man gave him a little pull by the sleeve, and said, 'Oh, come along; don't waste time!' and the next instant the door was pulled to, and they was gone."

"And that is all?" asked Peleus, who had listened with strained attention to the servant's recital.

"That's all, sir."

The young man burst out laughing, and a quick ear might have detected relief in the sound. "Well, James, all I can say is that your story strikes me as a very queer one, and rather of the cock-and-bull description," he observed, "especially that embellishment about 'my poor daugh—,' which we owe to your fertile imagination, and which I therefore beg you will never repeat again. As you can see for yourself, there is nothing whatever the matter with Miss Bretherton. But did you conclude, then, that your master had gone down to High Radstow—to Colonel Shillito's?"

"'DID HE GO AWAY WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING, JAMES?'" (*p.* 580).

"Well, sir, just for a minute I did," admitted James. "But then, I reflected that it couldn't be so. Because, you see, it wasn't likely that he'd have set off to walk seven miles—a man like master, getting into years, and when he might have driven. And particularly if there'd been any accident or sudden illness—

which was my first notion—he'd have been all the more sure to have taken a trap or gone on horseback. And that's what made me feel from the very first that I must have been mistaken about those words you object to, sir, for all that I seemed to hear them so plain."

"Oh, Peley!" ejaculated Idalia, forgetting his tenacious objection to being addressed by this name. "It sounds like a trick! Who *could* have written that letter? He has been drawn from the house on false pretences—— But then, who could wish to harm him? Oh, it is impossible—quite impossible that any one could wish to harm him!" she subjoined, throwing an appealing glance round the room.

The glance was answered by a chorus of emphatic negatives. The servants were universally of opinion that their kind master could not have an enemy or an ill-wisher in the world; and the clamorous expression of this opinion appeared all at once to lighten the cloud of undefined disquietude which had seemed to oppress their minds.

"Dear-a-me, no!" broke forth Mrs. Briscoe; "such a good, innocent soul (begging your pardon, miss), 'tis not in nature to suppose that any one could mean him hurt. He has just been kept somewhere by the rain. That'll be it, I make no doubt. And we shall all be laughing at ourselves by-and-by, when he comes in, for being so silly and so scared about nothing."

"Of course you will," affirmed Peleus; "and I feel inclined to laugh at you now, and to feel a little angry besides. See how you have terrified my sister, and all so unnecessarily."

"We've only just told the plain truth, sir," protested James, who had no great liking for his young master. "And you looked a good deal frightened yourself a while back. You went as white as a sheet, sir."

"Really?" Peleus again indulged in a short laugh. "You've a first-class imagination, my good fellow. However, I am not alarmed now, so I think you may all leave the room. As Mrs. Briscoe says, my father is no doubt sheltering somewhere out of the rain.

"Stay, though, James. Did you know that man who called? Was he—perhaps he was—a servant from Feldhurst Court, or from the Rectory, or from Mr. McNicoll's?"

"No, sir; of course it was no one I knew, else I should have said so. He was not a gentleman's servant, but more like a farm labourer, or something that way. That was one reason why I went up to the Fold Farm, sir. Mrs. Briscoe thought it would be as well I should go and see if he was there, and take him an umbrella, for we noticed that master hadn't his with him."

"And do you think that you could describe the man?" again questioned Peleus, pulling nervously at the dark silky moustache which he had but lately acquired. "Should you know him again?"

"Well, as I told you, sir, I couldn't see much of his face, for it was muffled up, and his hat was down over his eyes, so as one might almost fancy he'd *meant* to hide himself. But I think I'd know his figure—a great, hulking chap he looked—and I believe I'd know his voice too again, if I heard it. It wasn't a particular sweet one."

"Well, well, you can go now. You are determined to make a mystery of the affair, James; but it will all be cleared up when my father returns. Let us have some coffee, Briscoe."

"Coffee!" Idalia sprang to her feet as the door closed behind the servants. "Oh, Peleus! how can you think of anything but him? Look at the hour!" She pointed to the time-piece, which now marked a quarter to twelve. "Oh, look at the hour! Something has happened to him—I feel—I *feel* that something has happened to him! Rain? it isn't the rain! No rain would keep him to this hour. He would know that we should be anxious. I must do something, Peley. I must go and look for him." She rushed from the room, as she thus concluded, and threw open the great entrance door.

It was a wild, dark night. The rain was still pouring down in torrents, more heavily even than before.

Beyond the shining pavement of the portico Idalia could not see a step out into the blackness which she strove to pierce with dilated eyes. But she could hear sounds—the creaking and swaying of the tall trees in the avenue, the whistling and moaning of the wind around the angles and gables of the house, the intermittent banging of some distant gate or shutter.

"Idalia, my dear girl, come in," entreated Peleus, who had followed her to the door. "You are so excitable and impetuous. Try to be calm, do!"

"Hush! Listen! I hear a footstep on the gravel," said Idalia, crushing the arm which he had passed round her waist. "Father! Father, is that you?"

There was no response to the half-distracted cry.

"It was only the wind, dear. There is nobody there," asserted her brother. "Why, supposing he should be in the house after all?"

This suggestion, as he had expected, instantly brought Idalia in.

"Oh, he may be! He must be!" she exclaimed, catching eagerly at the idea. "How stupid of us not to have looked for ourselves before!"

And thereupon, beginning first with the most likely apartments (his own private sitting-room and bedroom), Mr. Bretherton's anxious and terrified daughter headed a second search through the house, one that, had not the general solicitude crushed out all sense of humour, would have seemed laughably rigorous. From roof to cellar, every nook and corner of the fine old mansion was examined. Attics, cupboards, wardrobes, every place possible and impossible was scrutinised. But to no purpose, or rather, with the negative result, which put Mr. Bretherton's absence from his home beyond question.

When the last chamber had been gone into, and the futile search was over, Idalia leaned up against a wall, and pressing her hand against her heart, gave vent to an inarticulate wail of disappointment.

"Don't 'ee take on so, my dear, now, don't 'ee!" cried Mrs. Briscoe, relapsing in her sympathy to her native vernacular, and venturing to touch her young

mistress's hand. "Dear heart alive! 'twill all come right. Do 'ee trust the Lord now. But if I was you I'd have all the men go out different ways and look for him," she pursued: "'twould ease your mind, Miss Idalia, my dear, and most likely they'd come across master somewhere or other."

Before Idalia could utter the relieved acquiescence that sprang to her lips, Peleus interposed with the declaration that he had been about to propose the same thing, adding that he should himself take part in the expedition. Some fifteen minutes later, accordingly, having despatched the six serving-men who composed the household staff in six different directions, with ample instructions as to their proceedings, young Bretherton mounted a horse he had ordered to be saddled for himself, and rode off towards High Radstow, with the intention, as he informed his sister, of inquiring whether by any chance Mr. Bretherton had followed them to the Rookery. Among the six emissaries, it may be mentioned, was the head gardener, who, with his young daughter (supposed to act as janitor), occupied the lodge by the gate.

As it appeared, this gentleman had spent a considerable portion of his evening at a little roadside public-house about a mile away. Miss Maggie Blaise, his daughter, meantime solacing her solitude with some highly-spiced fiction, had been so enthralled thereby that she had failed to notice either the footsteps of Mr. Bretherton's mysterious visitor as he had passed up to the house, or those of her master and his companion as they had passed out by the gate.

How the remaining hours of that dreadful night dragged themselves away Idalia Bretherton scarcely knew. On the tenter-hooks of suspense and anxiety, the poor girl could not rest many seconds in the same place. With a tortured, hunted look in her beautiful eyes, she kept passing from room to room, peering into one after the other, as though with the desperate forlorn hope of finding her father somewhere in the house after all. Then, every few minutes, she would hasten again to the hall-door, and stand there, striving in vain to pierce the thick darkness of the moonless and starless night, and straining her ears in an attempt to distinguish amidst the strange mysterious sounds that filled the air and seemed to aggravate her terror.

By-and-by the men began to return from their quest, and poor Idalia was subjected to a renewed strain of hope and disappointment with each footstep that fell on her listening ears, to be gradually discriminated by her quickened senses as not the footstep of him she so tenderly loved.

The last of the searchers to arrive at home was Peleus, who dropped in, pallid and jaded, about five o'clock in the morning. His report, alas! proved to be only an echo of those that had preceded it. Nothing had been seen or heard anywhere of the missing man.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL SEARCH.

BEFORE the dawn of the following day the news of Mr. Bretherton's disappearance had spread far and wide.

Carried by the servants to so many different centres, it had radiated around each of them with that proverbial celerity which attends the dissemination of ill tidings, until almost every soul in the district seemed to have heard the report. And in its effect the report was singularly universal. Intuitively, every person who had ever seen Abner Bretherton appeared to discern that he was not the man to stay out all night of his own accord or without stern reason. He did not, it was well known, drink (the new owner of Monkswood had been an object of considerable curiosity in the neighbourhood, and his habits had been pretty well canvassed), and the notion of a "spree" was one which no one found it possible to connect with him. The thing was a mystery, and as a mystery it stirred even the slow-flowing bucolic blood of the country-side to some excitement.

As early as six o'clock, honest Farmer Basset, his ruddy face full of concern, came down to the Hall to inquire after his friend, "the Squoire," as he always called him. The liking which these two men—in whose characters there were points both of strong resemblance and of strong diversity—had conceived for each other at their very first meeting had gone on up to the present moment steadily increasing. (It is in the nature of all true friendship to be progressive.) And of late a deeper element of sympathy had been developed in this friendship through certain occasions which had arisen for it. About a fortnight ago Mr. Basset had lost the aged father of whose "spryness" he had been so boastfully proud, and to whose person he had been so touchingly attached, and Mr. Bretherton had followed along with him those honoured remains to the grave. Further, the kindly American, with a view to cheering him by companionship, had almost every day since strolled up to the farm for a chat with its proprietor.

He had been there, as Idalia had already learned, on the previous afternoon, and he had stayed on that occasion later than usual, by reason, no doubt, of her own and her brother's absence, and had drunk a cup of tea with the family.

"And after tea the Squoire and me drord up to the fire and had a pipe and a crack," observed the farmer, getting slowly under weigh with the information Idalia was eagerly endeavouring to extract from him.

"Yes. And what did you talk about? Oh! Mr. Basset, did he say anything about having any engagement in the evening? Is there anything you can think of that might give us a clue as to where he is gone?"

"Nay, missy, for truth there beant naught I can think on. There 'a sat, as nat'ral as a pictur', smoking his pipe."

"But what did he say? Oh! please try to remember every word he said," urged the girl.

"Lor' bless 'ee, so I will. But 'twas me talked most, my dear, and the Squoire he listened most. 'A sat there smoking his pipe as nat'ral as a pictur'," he repeated. "And not an idee in 's head, I'll be sworn, but of sleeping in his bed like any Christian man. And you found 'un gone, missy, when you com'd

home? Lauk-a-massy! I be that took aback myself as I scarce know what I be after. You found 'un gone?"

Again Idalia, greedy of every scrap of information she could gather concerning his proceedings of yesterday, pressed to know all that her father had said and done at "The Fold Farm." "I'll answer your questions afterwards, Mr. Basset," she promised, with the pathetic ghost of a smile. "You must please answer mine first."

"So I will, so I will! You want to hear what 't was us talked about, do 'ee? Well, my dear" (after a reflective rub of his unshaven chin), "'twas most about my daughter, my little gell Susan. Her's been ailing this good bit past, pining away, as 'twere, and drooping; and neither her mother nor me, we can't for life of us make out what be amiss wi' her. And your vather, missy, he do have noticed it too, how peaked and thin her have growd, poor little wench, and how all her pretty pink colour have gone from her cheeks. But you'll have maybe noticed it yourself?"

Idalia shook her head impatiently. She had, it was true, thought Susan Basset looking changed and ill the last time she had met her, and at any other moment she would have been full of sympathy upon the subject; but just now she really could not speak nor think of Susan Basset. It seemed almost an impertinence that her name should have been obtruded upon her notice. Overwhelming grief and anxiety is a touchstone apt to detect egotism, even in the noblest and least selfish of mortals. To Idalia, the question as to what had become of her father was the only question worth considering in the universe. "Yes, but my father? Try and tell me something about him, Mr. Basset," she entreated.

The good farmer proved quite ready to tell all that he could tell about his friend, and to tell it a good many times over. But it soon became apparent that nothing whatever had occurred during Mr. Bretherton's visit of yesterday that could throw the faintest light on the mystery of his subsequent disappearance. Susan's failing health and drooping spirits had, it was plain, formed the principal topic of conversation between the two men during the hour or so that Mr. Bretherton had remained at the farm after the substantial repast which his host now described as a "cup o' tea," and it was equally plain that warm-hearted Abner had entered with the deepest interest into a discussion as to the probable causes of Susan's indisposition, and as to the most likely remedies to use for her recovery. Among other things, he had suggested that the company of "young folks" might be what she needed, and he had insisted that she should come and stay at Monkswood for a "spell," in the cheerful society of his young folks.

This being all that Mr. Basset had to communicate, with the exception of certain remarks about the live stock on his farm, which Mr. Bretherton had visited together with him in the afternoon, Idalia was thankful to have the flow of his garrulity (for when once he had overcome a preliminary difficulty in getting up steam, Mr. Basset was a great talker) interrupted by the advent of a second visitor. This proved to be the Rector of Upton, and before that gentleman had been very many minutes in the house he was followed by his curate, Mr. Heath, an amiable and intelligent young man, who, in secret, nourished a hopeless admiration for Miss Bretherton. That it *was* a hopeless one he had recognised through the firm, but kindly, manner in which Idalia had checked his very first attempt to give it expression.

Scarcely had the two clergymen departed, with a promise to come again in the course of an hour (neither of them had yet breakfasted), in order to consult with Peleus and herself as to the best steps to be taken for continuing the search, when Idalia caught the sound of horse's hoofs trotting up the avenue.

The horseman turned out to be Colonel Shillito, who, disturbed by Mr. Percival's midnight visit, had been unable to sleep again, and who had ridden out thus early with the same sympathetic motive which had actuated the kindly inquirers by whom he had already been forestalled.

That the world is not such a hard place, nor human nature so selfish and pitiless, as some pessimistic philosophers are in the habit of representing it, the young Brethertons, at all events, were being supplied with ample proof.

After a little talk—fruitless, so far as any feasible suggestion respecting the missing man's whereabouts was concerned—Colonel Shillito invited himself to breakfast, and begged that it might be served early. This claim on her hospitality (Idalia was too much her father's daughter not to accord it a hearty and instantaneous response) had a happy effect in drawing the poor girl for a brief space out of her anxious absorption.

Leaving the room, she gave orders that the morning meal, of which she herself stood sorely in need, though she did not recognise the fact, should be at once prepared. Then she ran up-stairs to wash and to change the gala dress which she still wore, and which looked so unsuitable to the hour, and impressed her (now that she was sufficiently collected to observe it) as so wretchedly incongruous with the state of her feelings. In her plainest and warmest winter gown—for misery had made her feel chilly—she presently descended, and was just about to re-enter the morning-room where she had left Colonel Shillito, when once more the hall-bell rang. On the *qui vive* of expectancy, the poor girl flew, with a beating heart, to answer the summons herself. But it was not, alas! the lost father, for whom she now seemed to have been watching for weary days or weeks. This time it was Victor McNicoll who appeared.

"I've only just heard," began the young man, showing no surprise at finding that it was Idalia herself that had let him in—"I've only just heard this—this strange news. Can it be true?"

Idalia drew him, without speaking, into a small reception-room to the right of the entrance-hall. Then she closed the door behind her, and put out both hands towards him.

"Oh, Victor, find him for me! Find him for me!" she cried, suddenly giving way, and shedding the relieving tears which had refused to come all through that long night of anguish.

Victor seized the outstretched hands, and held them in a firm supporting clasp. "Idalia, I will," he said; "I will find him if I have to seek the whole earth through! But," he added, after a short pause, and in altered, tremulous tones, "surely there is no reason to feel so greatly alarmed? Tell me, my——tell me just what has occurred. I hardly waited to listen at home to what they were saying."

And, for a little time, the young man did not listen *now*, though he appeared to be doing so, to the explanations which Idalia, with a curious new hopefulness in her mind, had commenced to pour forth. He still held in a gentle but strong grasp the hands which quite unconsciously she had left in his own; but his heart was beating so violently that he almost feared his companion must hear its heavy thuds. To him the last few moments had revealed a priceless secret. That sudden spontaneous appeal to him for help, Idalia's use of the Christian name which she had never given him before, that instinctive confidence which she seemed to possess in his identifying himself with her griefs and interests—all struck Victor as facts pregnant of delicious meaning.

So, likewise, did the trustful way in which she had

"'TIS MR. PERCIVAL I WANT. . . I WANT HIM TO COME OUT AND SPEAK TO ME,'" (*p.* 587).

given him her hands, and in which she now stood looking up into his face, with the large tears shining in her lovely dark-fringed eyes. It was all Victor could do to prevent himself catching her to his breast, and pouring forth an impassioned avowal of the love which had so long secretly burned in his own heart, and on which this unconscious betrayal of an answering affection on her part had now acted like oil upon the flames. The conviction, however, that Idalia would be deeply shocked by so untimely a disclosure, and that she was herself utterly unsuspicious of all that her manner had revealed, fortunately saved the young man from committing so flagrant a mistake. Of his own accord he presently released her hands, and, by a strong effort of will, bent his attention to listen to what she was saying. He had not, however, caught either many words or the sense of them, when the interview was broken in upon by Peleus. The young fellow had heard the opening of the entrance-door, and had come to see who was the new visitor, as also to announce to his sister that breakfast was now ready.

As a matter of course Victor was invited to join in the meal; and when, by-and-by, Mr. Hardcastle and Mr. Heath returned, and the party had been further augmented by the advent of Mr. Bretherton's steward —a man of the name of Brook—the question at issue was seriously grappled with: where and how was the missing man to be sought? Naturally, as it appeared to every one, the primary and most important point was to discover the identity of the individual who had brought that message, which, whatever its purport or object, had been successful in luring poor Abner from his home. To this end James was again summoned, and subjected by the conclave of gentlemen to a close and rigorous examination. It ended, however, in their eliciting merely what the man had stated on the previous night, *i.e.*, that the visitor had been a "big, hulking fellow," whose face he had been unable to see, whose voice and figure he had failed to recognise, and who, he fancied, was a stranger to the neighbourhood. In addition to this, James could only repeat, as he did over and over again, an unavailing regret that he had "bothered about that stupid window," instead of remaining in the hall near his master.

In this direction, then, nothing being forthcoming that might serve for their guidance, it was finally decided that the only thing to be done was thoroughly to scour the whole country around.

This task, after arranging a systematic plan of procedure, and bidding Idalia keep up heart and hope, the kind friends who had gathered about her departed to execute—Peleus of course taking, as on the previous evening, his share in the exploration.

As for Idalia—afraid to leave the house, lest her father or some tidings of him might arrive in her absence, yet unable to rest within-doors—she wandered, like an unquiet spirit, hither and thither through the grounds, and in and out of the wood at the back of the house.

It was a clear bright morning, and all nature seemed to be full of newly-awakened life. The tall trees in the wood swayed gently in the breeze, rustling their tender green foliage softly, and keeping up a hushed, rhythmical accompaniment to the music of a hundred birds, that were spending a glad honeymoon amidst their branches. From a wheat-field, not far beyond, a lark, springing every now and then, would carol his way up to the pale blue sky. The hedges around the wood were festooned with honeysuckle in full leaf, whilst their banks underneath showed a mass of starry white blossoms. In the wood itself, carpeted with verdant moss, the wild hyacinth, with its long spear-like leaf, and its fragrant bell-shaped flower, had almost ousted the yellow Lent-lily and the delicate anemone which had held the stage before it; and the whole gleaming, shadow-crossed ground shimmered with a lovely turquoise sheen, as the pendent blossoms bent and swayed before the wind.

For poor Idalia, however, there was no joy or beauty to-day in the sweet sounds and sights of early summer. The winter of distress in her soul was more potent than all these things. Subjective realities had deadened her perception of objective nullities. For the moment the outer world had become a blank, and Idalia could hardly have told whether there was snow or sunshine around her.

Once in returning from the wood, after one of her brief rambles through it, Idalia met Sir Arthur Ledsom going there to look for her.

Since his engagement to Dora McNicoll, the young baronet had almost ceased to visit at Monkswood. Idalia and he had met very seldom, and when they had met, a curious constraint had marked their intercourse—at least on the young man's side.

But this morning there was neither stiffness nor reticence in Sir Arthur's manner, as he advanced to meet her with hurried steps.

"Oh, Miss Bretherton! is it true—this about your father?" he asked excitedly. "What can I do?—How can I help you? My time, my property, my life, everything I am or have, is at your disposal. Only tell me what I can do!" he cried, forgetting, in his passionate sympathy with her anguish, all his wonted precaution, and letting the love which, so far, his best efforts had been powerless to slay, shine out of his eager eyes and tremble in his agitated tones.

Even in the midst of her engrossing anxiety, Idalia could not but recognise the thrill of emotion in his accents, and understand what had brought it there. Love is a passion not easily hidden, especially from the object of it, and long ago Idalia had more than suspected that, although Arthur Ledsom had offered his hand to Dora McNicoll, she it was who possessed his heart.

A vivid colour rose for a moment to her cheeks, and the blush instantly reflected itself in Arthur's face. Then, in a few words—words which in the utterance of them recalled the poor girl to a full sense of her wretchedness—Idalia explained all that had occurred, and Sir Arthur, lingering no longer in the presence that was dearer to him than any other

on earth, hastened away to spend himself in her service.

Alone again, Idalia re-commenced her restless wanderings, racked with suspense, tortured by wild alarm (which she increased by conjuring up a thousand imaginary horrors), and, above all, smitten with heart-breaking remorse in that she had allowed her own pleasure to take her yesterday from her father's side.

"Oh, if I had not left him! If only I had not left him!" was the cry which inwardly she had been repeating all the night through, and which now kept forcing itself at intervals from her lips.

In this way the morning passed slowly away. Afternoon and evening followed it, broken only by a succession of new visitors, and by the return, one after another, of the searchers—each of whom had set out on his mission animated by the hope of being the one to unravel this strange mystery, but who, one and all, had to present themselves to Idalia's silent, piteous interrogation, crest-fallen and unsuccessful.

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

IDALIA IN DESPAIR.

A WEEK later, Idalia Bretherton—a mere ghost of her former self—sat waiting for her brother to finish his breakfast. The hour was a late one, but Peleus lingered over his meal, professing, as he partook of it, to be studying the morning's paper. In reality, however, he was studying his sister's face over the edges of it—a frown knitting his handsome brows, and an expression compounded of angry impatience and of half-reluctant compassion on his countenance.

"Idalia," he broke forth suddenly, laying down the newspaper and pushing his chair from the table, "are you never going to try to be a little more cheerful? What good does it do to mope and brood like that? You only make yourself ill, without its being of the least use to any one."

Idalia looked up, but she did not rouse herself from the listless, drooping attitude which spoke so plainly of hopeless dejection. There were dark circles round her eyes and hollows in her cheeks. The poor girl's features seemed to have shrunk altogether, and her face to have grown smaller—all but the large violet-blue eyes, which by contrast appeared larger, and which were full of a still, pathetic anguish, that set the beholder's heart aching to contemplate.

"Peley, I think it will kill me!" she answered calmly, with nothing of that fevered excitement in voice or manner which had marked the first fall of the calamity. This now had all gone, and to its place there had succeeded the dull quietude of despair—less wearing, perhaps, in its immediate effects upon the physical frame than those alternations of racking suspense and disappointment, but not less to be feared in its consequences should the cause thereof endure. "If he had but died in my arms!" she went on. "If I could only have nursed and watched by him, I could have borne it. But not to know—not to know what the end has been! That is the horror of it."

"But what makes you so sure that he is—is dead, Idalia?" demanded her brother. "I don't believe it myself. I see no reason why we should believe it. Wait for the answer to the telegram, dear; and, in the meantime, do try, for my sake, if not for your own, not to give way like this. Your father is not the only person in the world. You surely owe some consideration and affection to *me*. And if you are going to wear that death's-head and cross-bones aspect for ever," he added petulantly, "you'll be a charming companion for a fellow!"

Idalia's only reply to this remark was a look; but it was a look which caused Peleus' eyes to fall beneath her own.

"At any rate," he subjoined, taking up his paper again, "you might try to keep up your spirits until we hear from America."

"Until we hear from America!" echoed Idalia, moved to a passing impatience. "How can you pretend, Peleus, to believe for one minute that he can have gone there? You *know* you don't believe it! Would he have left us without one word of warning? Would he have set off to travel thousands of miles without even a hand-bag? What folly!—what wretched folly!"

She got up from her seat, shaken out of her lethargy by the transitory anger which this suggestion always produced, and walked towards the window. Within a foot of it, however, she stopped short, uttering a startled exclamation. On the other side of the casement a face had met her view. It was a young face, and a girl's face, but one that was almost as greatly changed—almost as much like a faded shadow of what it had once been—as her own.

Idalia opened the window. "Susan Basset? Is it really *you*, Susan? Poor child! how ill you look!" she cried, forgetting her own sorrows for the moment in a rush of sympathy.

But Susan paid no attention to her inquiries. She stepped past Idalia into the room. "Is *he* there?" she asked.

"He? Who?" repeated Idalia. "Oh, Susan! whom do you want? Have you—have you any news for us?"

"'Tis Mr. Percival I want. He's there, I see. I want him to come out and speak to me," replied Susan.

"You want *me?*" Peleus laughed, with a very forced amusement. "All right! Delighted, I'm sure! I'll get my hat and be with you in an instant, Miss Basset."

"No, no! come in here, Susan," interposed Idalia. "Why don't you come into the house? You know something about my father." (Catching at straws of possibility, Idalia had given up considering the likelihood or unlikelihood of any vehicle of information.) "I believe you know something about my father, and *I* must hear it, as well as my brother. I—I am quite prepared for the worst, Susan."

"But I don't know anything about your father—

not the least thing," protested Susan. "'Tis Mr. Percival I want. 'Tis just something between him and me."

"Really? How extremely flattering!" commented Peleus *sotto voce*, for his sister's benefit. Then hurrying out, in fear lest Susan should further commit herself or him, he drew the girl away from the house. Idalia remained where she was, leaning her head against the window-frame, and watching their retreating figures, but with an abstracted, unseeing gaze. Already (convinced that it bore no reference to that one subject of profoundest concern) she had ceased to feel the slightest curiosity about Susan's visit, or as to what business she could have with her brother.

Mind, as well as body, had suffered, poor girl, through the long strain she had undergone, and but for one secret source of support and comfort—scarcely recognised by herself, but still there, like the red embers in the heart of a fire that seems to be dead, keeping life and warmth and potential brightness alive—Idalia might so have succumbed to her misfortunes as absolutely to lose her reason.

For nothing—not a sign nor a trace—had yet been discovered of her father—that father whom she loved with an ardent devotion, such as it is fashionable in fiction to represent as appropriate only to the relations of lovers, but which, in real life, happily develops itself sometimes in connection with the close and tender ties of blood.

Had the earth opened and swallowed him up, poor Mr. Bretherton could not have disappeared more completely and mysteriously. The "hulking fellow," moreover, whom James had described as the bearer of that fateful letter, might, so far as appeared, have been a figment of the servant's imagination, for not a soul in the neighbourhood had either seen him that night or seemed able to recognise the bald description.

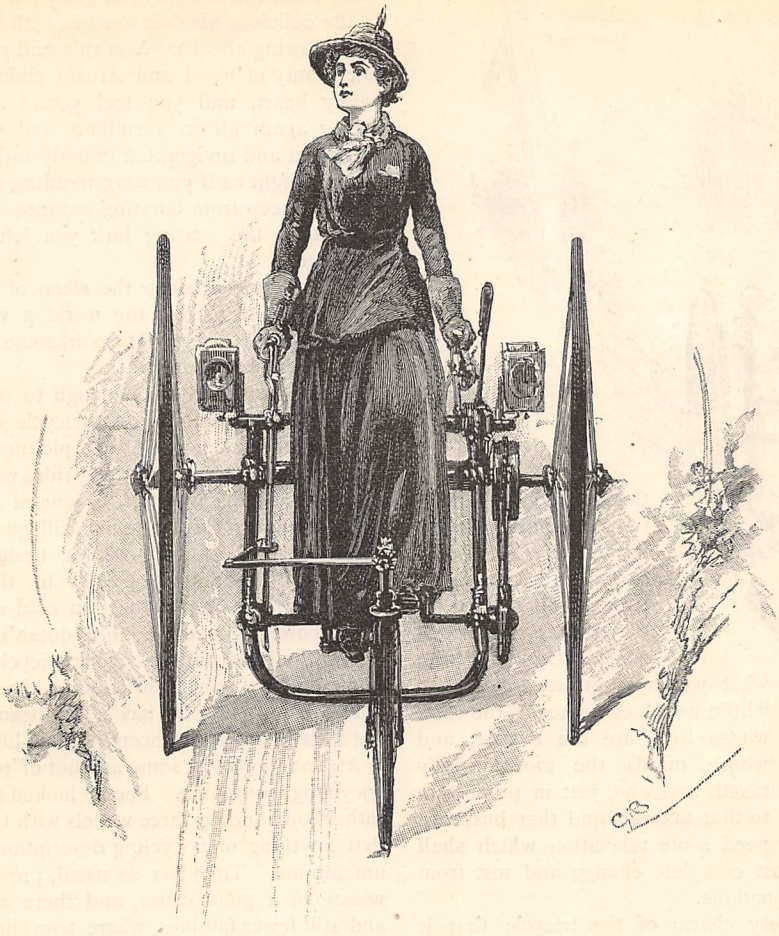
As a matter of course, it had at once been concluded that the missing man could not have wandered far upon foot, and the strictest inquiry had been directed towards discovering and tracing any vehicles that had been abroad on that wet and stormy night. With the exception, however, of a milk-waggon returning from High Radstow, and belonging to a small farmer whom everybody knew, only one other conveyance had been seen. About that conveyance a good deal of suspicion had been aroused, and still continued to be felt; but, unfortunately, all efforts to trace it to a destination had failed, notwithstanding that those efforts had been undertaken principally by the lost man's own son as his share in the work of investigation. The conveyance in question appeared to have been a kind of spring-cart, the hinder portion of which had been covered with a tarpaulin. It had first been noticed by Molly Osbourn, one of Mrs. Basset's strapping maid-servants, who had been to post a letter at that country post-office before alluded to in connection with Miss Hester Courteney's clandestine correspondence.

Molly had overtaken the cart, and had passed it very near to the entrance of Monkswood Hall. That had been, so far as she could judge, about a quarter past eight, and at about a quarter to nine the landlord of the public-house yclept "The Griffin," going to his door to inspect the weather, had observed the same cart—or, at least, a cart with a tarpaulin cover gleaming wet in the light of his bar-window—passing towards Upton—that is, in an exactly contrary direction.

Neither Molly nor the landlord, however, could describe the driver, who had worn a mackintosh coat, with the collar pulled up into his neck, and a waterproof hat drawn down over his face and provided with ear-flaps. But that he was not a particularly large man, and therefore not identical with James's "hulking fellow," was the impression of both witnesses. To conclude the matter, this cart had been traced as far as a tiny hamlet at a distance of three miles beyond the parish of Upton, where it had been seen by one person. After that, it seemed to have disappeared as completely as Mr. Bretherton himself had done.

In this quarter, then, no less than in every other whereto inquiry had been directed, baffling failure had been the sole result. It had been felt shortly that the only thing left to do was to advertise freely in the newspapers, local and provincial, offering a heavy reward for any information likely to be of use, and also to place the matter in the hands of the police. In addition to this, on a suggestion made by Peleus that his father might possibly have returned to America, all the ports whence passenger vessels ordinarily sailed had been visited by one or other of the gentlemen who had devoted themselves to the quest. Further, although poor Abner's name appeared on no list of passengers who had sailed, or were about to sail, for the New World, a cable message had been sent across the Atlantic. And for an answer to the inquiries that would have to be sent forward to Clear-Water Valley, Idalia's friends were now waiting, certainly without much hope. As for Idalia herself, she regarded the very supposition that her father could possibly have taken such a step as an insult to his memory; and to mention the telegram in her presence invariably awakened the indignation which she had shown this morning when her brother had ventured to do so. Her own fears pointed to some fatal accident. Day by day she grew more sure that her father was dead—that never in this life should she behold his dear, kind face again; and this conviction, striking her with a fresh pang as she now stood leaning up against the window, abstractedly watching the retreating figures of Peleus and Susan Basset, brought a rush of hot and blinding tears to her eyes, through which she ceased to discern the figures at all.

END OF CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.



WOMEN ON WHEELS.

BY A LADY CYCLIST.

IN these days of the higher education of women, people have gradually come to recognise the fact that if a man's field of study is equally open to a woman, a certain amount of exercise and recreation, hitherto regarded as exclusively the heritage of man, must become the right of woman too. This fact is, as I say, pretty well understood and appreciated nowadays, and lawn-tennis, skating, and boating are as important factors in the amusements of a woman's life as the classics, algebra, and Euclid are in her education.

But of all the healthful and enjoyable modes of exercise now thrown open to women, there is none so beneficial to health and spirits, none so conducive to pleasure, interest, and wholesome excitement, as that to be obtained by the use of the tricycle.

Four years ago a woman on wheels was a rare and conspicuous sight; but to-day there are few parts of England—perhaps I may say of the United Kingdom—where a tricycling maid or matron excites any wonder in the mind of the spectator.

Certainly no more delightful means of locomotion was ever placed within my sex's reach. Women are seldom good walkers; their duties and pursuits confine them far more within-doors than do those of men, and even those who are most ardent over tennis or archery think, as a rule, that they have rather achieved a deed of prowess when they have taken a ten-mile walk. But the tricycle gives them at once a means of wandering far afield; of exploring forest glades and heathery moorlands; of finding close to their own familiar haunts beauties hitherto undreamed of, which, without such aid, they would never have been able to discover. We have slowly grown to realise that, in these days of over-brain-work and over-civilisation, no medicine but fresh air can calm the restless pulses and soothe the fevered mind, and the tricycle offers to women that panacea for over-wrought nerves and tried tempers.

"Why not ride instead?" asks some one. Certainly almost all that can be said in praise of the tricycle applies equally to the horse; but while thousands may enjoy the former, the latter is within the reach of

the rich alone. And it is particularly to the women of the middle class that I wish to recommend the use of the tricycle; that class which suffers most from what we have grown to call the "little health of women;" the class whose lives are the busiest, and whose minds the most heavily taxed, and who, just in proportion to that taxation and that business, need some relaxation which shall offer them the most complete change and rest from their ordinary occupations.

For it is the very charm of the tricycle that it affords instant change of scene and thought. All worrying cares, all fretting petty details of daily life, seem to fall from one like an ugly shadow when one mounts one's iron steed. Who can keep a wrinkled brow or a heavy heart as one darts swiftly and smoothly through the sweet keen air; or glides down some long descent with an exhilarating rush which is more akin to flying than any known motion? Suppose yourself a dweller in some great dull town, where the air is heavy with the smoke of a hundred thousand chimneys, and your heart is sick with the endless roar of the streets. The country seems a dozen miles away; life seems all grime, and ugliness, and money-getting, with an upper-current of housekeeping cares, or the commonplace round of daily monotonous duties. Your tricycle is at the door; you mount your saddle, and press the pedals with feet which seem as languid and spiritless as the heart within you. A few turns, and the quickened circulation begins to act upon you. Your sad eye brightens; the colour mounts to your pale cheek; you draw a longer breath, and settle down, no longer languidly, to your work. A few minutes, and the dreary town surroundings are left behind. God's own fresh, pure country stretches before you, with smiling meadow and budding hedgerow; there is a burst of heavenly melody from the lark that hangs on quivering wing bathed in the sunlight glory; a rush of perfume in the delicious air that touches with its soft sweet lips your glowing cheeks. You ride and ride, till the calm fair beauty of wood and stream sinks deep into your weary heart, and you feel young and strong, and happy again all on a sudden, and you reach home refreshed and invigorated in body and in mind, feeling as you alight as if you were treading on air, and could scarcely keep from bursting out into singing as blithe as that of the soaring lark you left behind you an hour ago.

That night you sleep the sleep of tired childhood, and you wake to feel the world a very good place. after all, and duties not so irksome by half as you thought them yesterday.

Or if you are fortunate enough to own a lot cast in country places already, your tricycle opens up to you a thousand new joys. What pic-nic parties may be yours in summer! What long rides with a merry party to visit some distant ruin, or quaint cathedral town! What pleasant teas in quiet village inns, or gipsy-meals beneath forest oak, or beside the sounding shore! What nutting parties in the autumn, and what brisk rides to the meet on cold winter mornings, when cowering over the fire doesn't seem to warm one in the least, and only your tricycle-ride sends the quick blood tingling and dancing through every vein! Ah! the woman who has never been on wheels has not tasted half the innocent joys of life!

At first there was some amount of prejudice against tricycling for women. People looked askance, perhaps rather confounding three wheels with two, and fancying that anything of a cycling description must needs be unfeminine. Time has, as usual, proved the best advocate of a good cause, and there are few districts, and still fewer families, where tricycling now suggests anything fast or unwomanly.

That any prejudice against tricycling for women still exists is due, I fear I must own, a good deal to women themselves. Such lamentable spectacles as those afforded to the public from time to time by some riding women go far towards injuring the whole cause of tricycling in the eyes of the world at large; and the unwomanly desire to compete in tricycle races, which lately gave rise to such hot discussions in the cycling press, has done still more. But it is palpably unfair to condemn tricycling for women at large because a few clumsy girls dress unsuitably, ride awkwardly, and attract a good deal of unflattering notice; or because a small minority of silly women pant to win prizes in competition with men in the racing-field.

Of course in tricycling the first consideration must be the tricycle. The question of expense often disposes one to invest in one of those second-hand articles so temptingly advertised on all sides, but as a general rule the few pounds so saved are dearly saved. Never buy a tricycle without a personal examination and as prolonged a trial as possible. Faults, at first unsuspected, often make themselves apparent by use. Avoid rear-steerers—a class of machine which, for some occult reason, were considered, until quite recently, as appropriate for a lady's use. They are less

easy, less pleasant, and far more dangerous than the front-steering build.

The tricycle being secured, the next step is to ride it. Very little practice is needed by any woman of average quickness and common-sense, the motion is so easy. The steering is, of course, the difficult part, and a little usage is required before one grows aware how almost unconscious one's touch must be—as light and delicate as that on the tiller-lines of a boat, or the rein of a horse. Of course, as in all else, it is experience that teaches in tricycling. One learns by degrees to save oneself much hard labour by letting the pedals do most of the work for themselves, and by economising all that outlay of strength and breath with which one was at first so over-lavish. One great secret of graceful and easy riding is having the saddle sufficiently high—*i.e.*, just so that the instep rests on the lower pedal as one sits at full height. To sit low is infallibly to ride awkwardly and to exhaust oneself.

Dress is the next important question in the female mind. The great fault of most costumes devised by men is their excessive weight and warmth. Men never seem able to comprehend that a woman cannot carry what would be a light burden to themselves. The Touring Club uniform, otherwise neat and appropriate, suffers from this grave defect; also from being too expensive for many lady riders. The taste and fancy of the wearer can best decide how much and what quality of clothing should be worn, but there are two or three indispensable points to be considered. The gown must not be over two yards in width, or it may catch in the wheels; it must be guiltless of steels, or other dress-improving arrangements; it must be long enough to touch the instep as it reaches the lowest pedal; it must be made plainly and simply, with no floating flounces or frills. A colour calculated to withstand dust and grease is the most sensible wear, and jewellery, coloured ribbons, artificial flowers, &c., are all entirely out of place. Shoes should always be worn, and the head-gear should be chosen with a view to wind, sun, and possible showers.

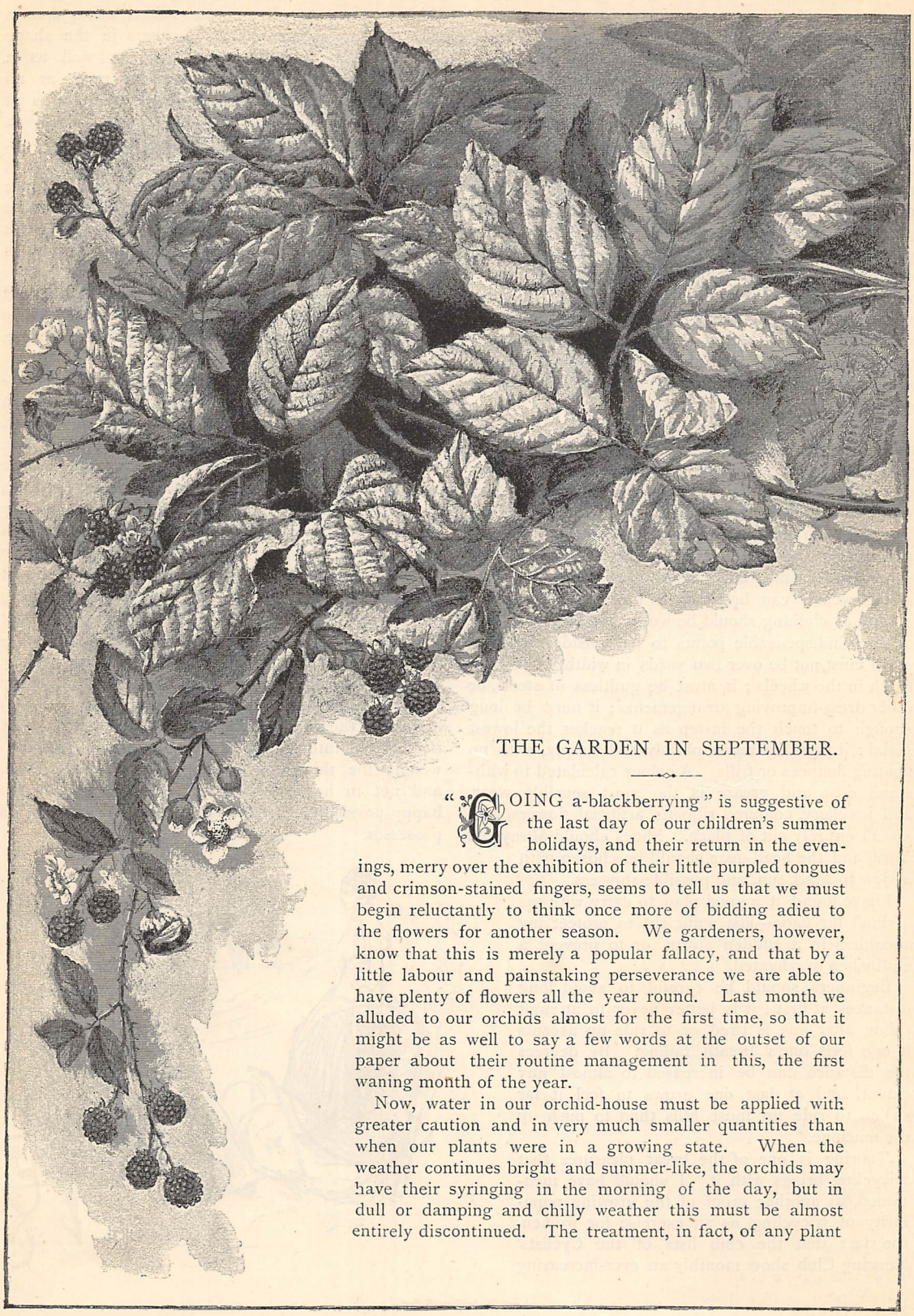
I have found it a good plan to carry with me a small fur cape—just sufficient to protect my shoulders in a sudden storm, or to prevent a chill when overheated.

Beginners should be careful to avoid long distances at first; it is better never to attempt riding after one is tired, or to ride up ascents if one feels one's breath failing. By degrees the distance can be increased to almost any extent, and at last one grows to feel it far easier to ride up most hills than to push up the machine.

Touring is one of the great pleasures that tricycling brings with it. I should have mentioned, as another proof of the growing popularity of tricycling as an exercise for women, the fact that the club lists of the Cyclists' Touring Club show monthly an ever-increasing number of ladies' names. This Cyclists' Touring Club, which is open to all amateur riders, offers certain very real advantages to its members in the shape of official maps, hand-books, &c., as well as a settled tariff of charges at reduced rates at all inns bearing the club badge, of which there is at least one to be found in almost every town in the kingdom. Besides this, there are consuls appointed for the different divisions of the country, whose duty it is to supply information and assistance to all touring members applying for their aid. The subscription to the club is half-a-crown annually, with an additional shilling as entrance fee. Uniform is worn at option.

The club already numbers over sixteen thousand members, and any lady-tricyclist who contemplates touring should certainly add her name to the sixteen thousand.

And what form of touring can equal the utter enjoyment of the tricycle tour? Far longer distances can be covered with less than half the fatigue of walking, and there is far greater independence than in driving, and even riding does not afford such varied pleasure as the tricycle. To rise betimes on a sweet fresh summer morning, to mount one's steed after an early breakfast, and to whirl away mile after mile through fragrant hedgerows, or amid cool forest shades; to rest at some roadside inn through the burden and heat of the day, only to start once more as the sun is waning in the west, and to ride again under broadening shadows or by rising moon; to sleep in quaint old-fashioned hostelries, where the fare is sweet and hearty and the welcome warm and kind; to gain daily strength and health, and tone of mind and body; to learn that the pure healthful joys of life outweigh all its feverish intoxicating pleasures, as the gold outweighs the thistledown—all that is to have lived, and not to have lived in vain! And that is the happy possibility that every tricycle opens up to its possessor.



THE GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER.

"GOING a-blackberrying" is suggestive of the last day of our children's summer holidays, and their return in the evenings, merry over the exhibition of their little purpled tongues and crimson-stained fingers, seems to tell us that we must begin reluctantly to think once more of bidding adieu to the flowers for another season. We gardeners, however, know that this is merely a popular fallacy, and that by a little labour and painstaking perseverance we are able to have plenty of flowers all the year round. Last month we alluded to our orchids almost for the first time, so that it might be as well to say a few words at the outset of our paper about their routine management in this, the first waning month of the year.

Now, water in our orchid-house must be applied with greater caution and in very much smaller quantities than when our plants were in a growing state. When the weather continues bright and summer-like, the orchids may have their syringing in the morning of the day, but in dull or damping and chilly weather this must be almost entirely discontinued. The treatment, in fact, of any plant

when it has entered on its quiescent stage varies, as we know, immensely from that which we bestow upon it when it is in a rapidly growing state. Our dendrobiums, for example, will most of them about this time have done growing; beginning, then, as they now do, their state of rest, withhold water from them, but except perhaps for any very hot periods of the day, of which a few may yet be left to us, let them have for a time in their house the brightest sunlight you can give them. Similarly, ventilation must also be given cautiously to orchids in a state of rest, though at the same time they should have air pretty freely in the best of the daytime; but the house must be closed early, and a proper temperature maintained by fire-heat. Of course, if we can afford to put up a second and a small house in which to maintain a high temperature, we can then do wonderful things in the way of orchids; and not only so, for we shall be able to force a few other plants or bulbs, and bring them at times for exhibition in our green-house, or indeed into our drawing-room. In the case of having this little luxury, the temperature now for orchids of the Indian class should be some 85° by day and 70° by night. Not, however, to disappoint those gardeners who can boast of no Indian house, there are orchids—such, for example, as some of the class *Oncidium*—which are fairly hardy, and do not require so high a temperature and such artistic training. The *Oncidium flexuosum* may be named as a hardy one; but keep a look-out against insects, and take every opportunity you can of collecting the necessary composts and soil contrivances in your orchid-house.

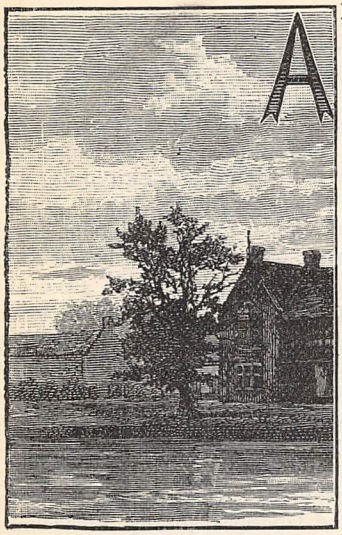
It is time, however, that we passed on to a few of the many other departments in our garden which this month must demand our special attention. And this being a great harvest month, it may be as well to speak first of our fruit garden before we give a few hints as to the management of our flowers in general. The peaches and nectarines, then, are rapidly, of course, coming on, and many have doubtless been already gathered from our south walls. While gathering them, they should be handled and touched as little as possible; treat them just as a careful schoolboy would his collection of eggs that he has got together and blown. Those brown-looking indentations that you often see on a peach are nearly always caused by awkward pinching and handling, to see whether the fruit is ripe. The least touch will easily detach a ripe peach from its hold on the tree, and the nose will tell you what are beginning to ripen: just as when you pull down the glass of your melon-frame in the morning a whiff of fragrance warns you that at least one melon is, not perhaps *ripe*, but ripening. Fine gauze is a good thing for the protection of wall fruit just now, as sometimes in September the wasps and blue-bottles have a fine time of it. With these pests it is, however, possible in a measure to come to terms. You will often find on your tree one or more malformed or blighted fruit, which appears to fascinate the winged vermin. Do not, then, pick it off, but leave it carefully exposed for them, and protect the rest, trapping all others, of course, that you can; and as for the slugs and snails, a night attack upon them is the best and only means of getting at them, as these horned adventurers are easily captured by the aid of a lantern. The generality of our keeping apples we do not, of course, trouble ourselves much about until October, yet we can keep ourselves supplied temporarily by windfalls, though there are some few sorts ripe for early gathering by the end of August. Where the pips of the apple are white, and not beginning to turn brown, you may decide that the tree is not ripe.

The heat of melon frames can be maintained by a fresh lining of manure; only water your melons early in the morning. When you are a little in doubt as to others being able to ripen before the warm weather entirely goes, close up the frames early, when the sun is still fairly strong upon them, so as to bottle up, as it were, all the heat you can. From the old strawberry plantations remove all the runners, and then give to your bed a top-dressing of rich loam and some decomposed manure.

The work, however, in the flower garden this month is certainly heavy and laborious, for by Michaelmas we strip our beds of their annual bedding-out attire, and begin of necessity to cram our green-house with as many plants as it will hold. Now, where our space is limited—and too often, alas! is this the case—it is a good plan to cut down some of the largest geraniums to little more than dwarf stumps with one or two arms, and pot them, perhaps half a dozen of them together, in one good large pot, round its edge. Our object is to have next season a few good sturdy plants that we can set out at the first opportunity that the months of April and May will afford. The calceolarias, being, if anything, more hardy than the geraniums, can readily, unless in a winter of more than usual severity, be planted out in the open—say, in a sheltered part of the kitchen garden—and covered over with some bell-glasses, or set out under the protection of a discarded cucumber-frame. When the severe weather comes, any that you are experimenting upon under a bell-glass or two will need some matting over them as an additional protection.

The general stock of cuttings should have been taken off last month, but it is not too late to do so in the first week in September, if the weather is still more or less summer-like; but it should not be postponed later than this, as it is well to have the cutting stock for a short time stood out in the open before removal to the green-house for winter quarters, as this tends to harden off the plants. We must not omit to say a word about the chrysanthemums, to which we look for our farewell floral display of the year. Where they have been planted out in order to obtain good strong plants, they should now be carefully taken up and potted, and placed in your green-house till they have recovered themselves; or if they have been grown in pots, give them a final shift. A little clear manure-water will benefit them. By-and-by these will form an admirable show along the lowest stand in your green-house.

"WHEN GRANDFATHER WAS YOUNG."



AMONG the many details of a more or less personal character to be found in the recently published "Reminiscences" of the Rev. T. Mozley (Longman and Co.) there is much that cannot fail to attract the attention and excite the interest of the general reader. The author's experiences go so far back as the early part of the present century, and therefore to a period anterior to the wonderful development of the "resources of civilisation" so characteristic of the Victorian era.

We, who have become so accustomed to the conveniences of modern life, find it often exceedingly difficult to realise that such a comparatively short time has elapsed since many of the most important of them were entirely unknown, and are, on the other hand, almost surprised to find that many of the habits and customs generally associated in our minds with a bygone age were still existent within the memory of persons yet living amongst us. It is, in fact, only by the perusal of such records as those we have now before us that we are enabled to form a correct estimate of English life in the days when our grandfathers were young, or of the innumerable changes that have been brought about since that time.

This is, however, only one point of interest among many. There are others of a social, biographical, topographical, or anecdotal character scattered in profusion throughout the work. We do not propose to touch upon more than a few of these in our present paper, and shall only make a chance selection of topics here and there, as we pass along.

THE PILLORY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Has any reader of English history ever thought of the pillory as a nineteenth-century mode of punishment? We fancy not; and yet Mr. Mozley actually witnessed its use on one occasion, though he fancies it must have been the very last instance of its infliction. This was not far from the year 1820!

"On approaching St. Sepulchre's," he writes, "from the west one day, I saw a crowd before Newgate, and in the midst of it something that one had to make out. A large door on a low platform revolved round a perpendicular central axis. On one face of the door you could discern with difficulty a head and a pair of hands. When the other face of the door came round, there was a body without head or hands. Neither exhibition was at all effective. The crowd looked on quite silent and indifferent. I asked several bystanders who it was. None could answer. I found afterwards that it was a fellow-townsman who had committed perjury in the Bankruptcy Court."

Our penal code was at that time very severe, though the necessity of a reform in this matter was daily becoming more and more clearly recognised. Capital punishment was by no means reserved for murderers, but was equally inflicted on those found guilty of such offences as cattle-stealing, arson, forgery, and the like. Public executions were consequently a matter of the most ordinary occurrence, and too often formed the principal feature among holiday amusements. A story is told of a servant-girl at Gainsborough who obtained permission from her employers to walk to Lincoln to see an execution, but who returned in the evening in tearful disappointment. There had been a reprieve!

We often hear complaints in these days of the law's delays. That could hardly have been the case sixty years ago, unless the following incident was altogether exceptional. On coming in to afternoon school one day, Dr. Russell, then head master of Charterhouse, informed his pupils that during the dinner-hour he had had his pocket picked of a handkerchief, and had got the thief sentenced to seven years' transportation. It seems that while walking down Fleet Street he had felt a man's hand at his pocket, and on suddenly turning round and seeing the delinquent, he instantly gave chase to the latter, who was speedily captured, and conveyed to the Old Bailey. The Recorder was at the time engaged in a trial, but on hearing what had taken place, he immediately proceeded to hear the new case, and within twenty minutes of the attempted theft had passed sentence on the offender.

TRAVELLING BY LAND AND WATER.

The means of locomotion were very scanty in the metropolis, and probably were even more so in provincial districts. "There were no cabs, or omnibuses, or river steamers, but only 'hackney-coaches,' very slow, very dirty, very expensive, and very dismal altogether. . . . Genteel people avoided them, and for making calls would engage a 'glass coach,' not very much better, but cleaner and more neatly appointed. I must mention, however, that it was always necessary to let down the glass before you opened the door, the glass being framed into the carriage as well as the door. Country ladies and gentlemen had to break a glass or two, and pay for it, before they understood the arrangement."

The stage-coach was, of course, the usual means of transit from one part of the country to another. Mr. Mozley informs us that the journey from Derby to London "took seventeen or eighteen hours, and there was always a night in it. What cold, what wet, what snow did I not suffer!" he exclaims. "What wakeful-

ness, what sleepiness! Towards the close of a wakeful night there was no life in me, not even enough for sleep. I felt as one of Milton's convict souls, wedged in deep-ribbed ice. When the sun had risen an hour or two sleep came, not to refresh, but to torture me." On one occasion he travelled with a thin, pale, elderly woman, ill-clad in black, who never once during the whole journey descended from her perch on the outside of the coach, or even moved to shake off the snow that had settled on her lap and shoulders. The guard, being spoken to on the subject, said she had come all the way from Edinburgh, and had never moved except to change coaches. She feared that if she once got down she would be unable to get up again. She had taken no food of any kind the whole way.

Travelling by water was sometimes adopted, but, so far as comfort was concerned, not always successfully. Two ladies wishing to journey from Bridlington to London, came in a collier, at the invitation of its owner, a relative. The winds proved adverse, and they were tossed about a whole fortnight, during which time they touched scarcely any solid food, and only a few cups of coffee. Steamboats were not as yet much in vogue, and even where they were better known, were looked upon with much disfavour by the sailors, who thought them "a very profane intrusion on the realms of old Neptune."

It seems to have been the custom, however, for all families who could afford it to travel post in those days. Young ladies never thought of travelling alone in a public conveyance, and, indeed, compared to what they achieve in this direction now, can scarcely be said to have travelled at all. Judging from our author's experiences, this was not an altogether unmitigated evil. "Happening to return home a few days later than usual one Christmas, I found myself the only passenger. Outside and inside the coach was piled and crammed with fish and oysters. I was inside, and had hardly room to squeeze in. The guard was full of apologies, but appealed to his own hard case. There were a hundred and thirty packages to be dropped all along the road, and he had no little difficulty in finding them. I had to help him. My situation improved gradually, but upon my arrival at Derby a certain 'ancient fish-like smell' betrayed my company on the road."

Coach accidents were not so common or so disastrous in their results as those of the railway have since become. Still, they were not altogether unknown. "Returning to town one beautiful frosty moonlight night in January, 1821," says Mr. Mozley, "not far from Queen Eleanor's Cross, near Northampton, we met another coach. Our coachman did not detect in time that the other coachman was asleep, and trusted to his taking his proper side of the road. The result was a collision, the wheels becoming locked, the harness giving way, and the horses scampering off over the fields. Both coachmen were thrown to the ground, and one was much hurt."

Speaking of accidents, Mr. Mozley tells us of a novel expedient adopted on one occasion by a party of travellers for escaping the ordinary consequences of a railway collision, and which appears to have proved very successful. The story is told of the Rev. Henry Caswall. "He was once in a bad railway accident in the United States. The train was making up for lost time in a long winding decline. His fellow-passengers knew the state of the case. They took out their watches, and they betted on the prospect of making up the time. By-and-by the pace, which they could measure, left no doubt that at such a curve they could hardly escape going over. 'The driver's a plucky fellow,' they said, 'for he's in the post of danger.' Thereupon they prepared for the worst, and it may be as well to describe how they did it. They all formed themselves into balls, as hedgehogs and spiders do when they are frightened, by gathering themselves, legs, head, and arms, into the smallest compass and compactest form. The train went over, and they rolled and bumped about, getting plenty of contusions, but no broken bones. Caswall did the same with the like success."

THE TRENT TIDE.

Most students of English geography have heard of the Severn "bore," but we fancy that few of them are aware that there exists a formidable rival to this remarkable phenomenon in what has been enthusiastically described as "one of the wonders of nature." We refer to what is locally known as "the eagre," or Trent tide. Mr. Mozley thus alludes to it:—"Under frequently recurring circumstances we could be sure to see 'the eagre' rush up the river, a wall of waters seven or eight feet high, and capable of carrying a ship from its moorings, or floating one that had just before been reposing in the mud. My father once saw a ship caught by 'the eagre' and carried away with such force that the mooring-chain broke, and a portion of it flew as high as the mast-head. As this formidable power came up the river with the speed of an ordinary railway train, it was the duty of everybody who caught sight of its approach to give the alarm by crying out 'War' eagre!" At all high tides this sudden inrush of water is felt for several miles above the bridge at Gainsborough. It was at this town that the Danish king Sweyn effected a landing on English soil, and made his first settlement. Here also was born his son Canute, who lived in the palace which had been erected on the site afterwards occupied by the "Old Hall," the grounds of which stretched down to the river. Tradition asserts that it was here that Canute took occasion to rebuke the flattery of his courtiers. "There would," as our author suggests, "be some point in challenging 'the eagre,' for it has a strong personality, and the name itself is said to imply a sort of deification, being that of a Scandinavian divinity."

ADDISON'S COUNTRY.

Among the many topographical touches with which these "Reminiscences" abound, those relating to Gainsborough and Derby are perhaps the most interesting, inasmuch as they are more intimately connected with the author's early life. We select one, however, having reference to an entirely different locality—

namely, Salisbury Plain. After comparing this "to the Atlantic Ocean suddenly fixed in mid-storm, only that there were no crests of foam," the writer proceeds: "The Plain has its share of compensations. Addison, born and bred in the midst, knew and felt them. No one could have written his translation of the 23rd Psalm unless he had passed many a hot, sultry day in the midst of thirsty downs, dusty lanes, and water meadows. About twelve o'clock clouds of dust, the tinkling of bells, and barking of dogs, and the hoarse voices of the poor shepherds, announced columns of sheep rushing down for three or four hours' pasture on the fresh luscious grass, after which they were driven back to pure air and dry quarters. . . . . Beacon Hill, like most hills in the south of England, presented a very gradual slope to the east, and a very precipitous front to the west. You could drive up one side and roll down the other. The precipice overhung a dark, dismal valley, which our remote ancestors or predecessors made a national burying-ground. It contains some scores of king barrows, priest barrows, and other barrows, from huge rings to gentle heavings. I traversed it at all hours, and, never seeing a soul far or near, felt its weirdness. I am sure this was the Valley of the Shadow of Death in Addison's mind. A little way from the precipice and the barrows there is a large piece of broken ground, showing the vestiges of a more luxuriant vegetation than is found in the neighbourhood. Once in three or four years it breaks out into springs, which flow long enough to create an oasis. This must be the 'barren wilderness,' which the poet tells us is sometimes made to smile, and in which he sees the marks of a gracious and wonder-working God."

The whole of the chapters bearing on this portion of the country are intensely interesting, and we feel compelled to give one more extract from them having reference to the Roman occupation. "The history of Salisbury Plain is written, or left, on its surface, in mounds, coins, rings, brooches, and other bits of bronze. Modern agriculture is fast effacing or carrying away these interesting records. I found a good many bronze coins, chiefly those of Carausius and Allectus—if I remember right, two pretenders to the purple, who rose rapidly to power, and were as rapidly disposed of. My antiquarian friends told me that bushels of these had been found. The pretenders had but little of the precious metals, so they coined bronzes to pass current at a nominal value far above their intrinsic worth. As long as the alternative lay between taking this money, or parting with commodities for no money at all, these coins were taken. When the pretenders, one after another, were slain, not only did the coins lose their fictitious value, but their possession was construed into a proof of treasonable compliance with the enemy, and the possessors put to death accordingly. So they were quickly thrown away."

We must conclude this short notice with an amusing anecdote given in connection with an out-of-the-way district in the Fens. It seems there was some one "in the neighbourhood who had a miniature forest, with wild animals, a lake, an island, a commodious planter's log-house approached by a bridge, and Indian curiosities. He invited the most fastidious dresser in the neighbourhood to come and see his settlement in the 'back-woods.' The bridge was a drawbridge ingeniously constructed, and he dropped his friend into the dirty pool below. 'Well, it's very sad, but I think I can find change for you. Happily,' he added veraciously, 'there's nobody here to see you in a strange guise.' So he dressed his friend in the gardener's third-best suit, with the addition of moccasins and an Indian mantle. 'Come to the fire and warm yourself,' he said, leading his friend into the principal room, where he found himself the centre of a large and admiring circle!"

MRS. JOHN ALLEN, OF RIDGE VIEW.*

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. BY CATHERINE OWEN.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"*Ridge View, Linwood, N.Y., U.S.*
"*Sept.* 1*st*, 18—.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Our dear Kate's letter has filled me with distress. Surely she must exaggerate the danger! Need I tell you, dear Fred, that the first impulse of my heart was to come to you? All the twenty years that have passed have not weaned my heart from you and my old home; but, my brother, my duty lies here—my dear husband needs my care. Try and understand why I do not fly, without thinking me cold and selfish. My heart turns to you—longs for you—and yet I cannot come. Explanation, as to all my reasons, would be too long to give, but my will has nothing to do with them—believe that!

"Kate's portrait is just as I pictured her to myself. Ah me! how my childless heart yearns for her!

"I think, my brother, if you could be in my mountain home, and enjoy the pine-scented air, you might take in new life; but alas! alas!"

* * * * *

The letter of which the above is a part was received in an old English manor-house in Norfolk. The one who received it was on his death-bed. A tall, slender girl stood near him.

"Kate," he said, "it is as I have often suspected. There is something wrong with Mary, which she hides from me. That man is not kind—tyrannises over her, or something. Vaguely I have feared it—not

* American copyright secured.

from what she says, but from what she does not say, and now there is no doubt she is concealing trouble. Nothing but impossibility would prevent her coming over. How often, of late years, I have intended to go to America, and see how things were with her! But good intentions—good intentions! how fatal they are! Now it is too late."

He sighed heavily.

"Perhaps, dear father, things may not be as you fear with aunt; and you may yet go," said his daughter soothingly.

"Never, my dear." There was a silence then.

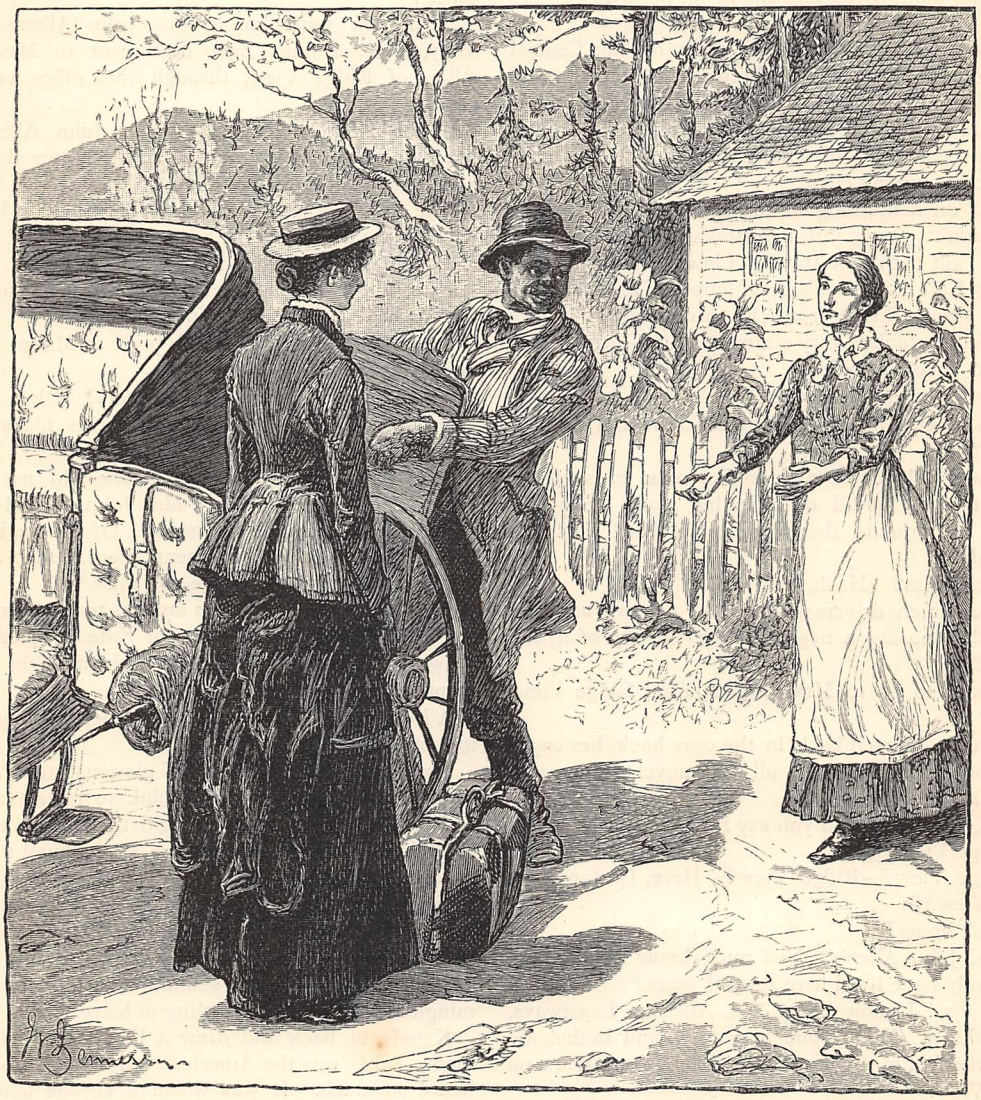
"Kate, the Sinclairs are going to New York in October. Will you fear to go in my stead?"

"And leave you?"

"My poor girl, I shall never see October; if I do, you need not go. If you are alone, promise me to wait for no formalities, but start at once. You will not fear? Once there you will be with your aunt, and she is your natural guardian."

"I will not fear," came bravely from the sad lips.

"I have neglected Mary. I ought not to have taken her word. She may be poorer than she allows me to know, or in debt and difficulty. I do not know how I leave you provided, my girl; the old place goes to the next male heir, your cousin. My efforts to increase my personal estate have been hitherto disastrous. You will be above want, but may not be



"'MY DEAR! MY DEAR! I KNOW YOU'" (*p.* 599).

able to live with the luxury to which you have been accustomed. I have directed in my will that my affairs are not to be settled till the expiration of the time the law allows. Therefore, be careful; husband your money, limit yourself to a certain sum while you are away, and return in one year from my death and bring your aunt, if you find she is not happy."

* * * * *

Linwood is a brisk country town on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, between Elizabeth and Somerville. It is backed by mountains—a long, low ridge, full of brilliant colour in this month of October, some parts steeped in sunny splendour, others shadowed by a passing cloud.

It was on a morning in the middle of the month that a bright young girl, unmistakably English and a stranger, got out of the train at Linwood Depôt.

It was Kate Hamilton's first glimpse of an American country town. Fresh from the drowsy green beauty of Norfolk, it looked very strange to her—garish, and new, and uncomfortable.

She had obeyed her father, and, waiting for nothing after his funeral, had joined the Sinclairs and come to see her aunt.

She was self-reliant and, unlike most girls of her age, not at all afraid of travelling alone. She had quitted her friends, therefore, and started alone to Linwood.

"Hack, miss? Hack, 'm?"

Half a dozen drivers of assorted colours besieged her, and, choosing a negro for the novelty of it, she said—

"I want to go to Mrs. John Allen's, Ridge View, please."

She settled herself back in the cosy hack, her eager eyes and ears taking in all the novel scenes and sounds around her.

"Yes, 'm; where did you say?"

"Ridge View."

"Ridge View?—Ridge View? Here, Ike! where's Ridge View?"

"Don't know."

"Mrs. John Allen's. You must know Mrs. Allen. The family have lived here several years."

"Oh, aye! I know plenty Mrs. Allens. Leastways, two or three. There's one over to Mount Bethel, an' one to the foot o' the mountain; but I don't know no Ridge View."

The coloured driver had subsided before the superior loquacity of Ike.

"Well, some one must know—some of the tradespeople. Mrs. John Allen must be quite well known," said Kate resolutely. "Her letters have been addressed here always."

"Guess ye'll have to go to the post-office. Maybe as they'll know, Pete."

Pete whipped up his horse, and in a couple of minutes stopped before a new building.

"This is the post-office, miss, and I'll get out and inquire."

"No, thanks; I'll get out."

This post-office, with its many numbered boxes and windows, was very curious to Kate; but she was too anxious to find her aunt to take much notice of cis-Atlantic novelties just now.

"Can you tell me in which direction Ridge View is?"

"Ridge View, madam? I don't know of such a place!"

"Oh, you must know Mrs. John Allen's place. Why, a letter must have been sent to Mrs. John Allen, of Ridge View, through this office very recently."

"John Allen? Oh, ah! Yes; John Allen gets letters, and, come to think of it, his letters do come addressed to Ridge View."

The clerk has rather an amused twinkle in his eye, which Kate can't understand.

"Will you please direct my driver?"

Pete had followed her in, and she moved aside to let him have the benefit of instruction.

"You know old John Allen's place at Mount Bethel, don't you?"

"Him as brings down the baskets? Oh, I know! Didn't know, though, as he called his place Ridge View."

Kate listened with a surprise she did not show. Her uncle spoken of as "old John Allen!" But perhaps it was American custom. Of course, it must be so. But what did they mean about baskets?

"Pretty rough drive we've got, miss."

"Oh, never mind! I am anxious to get there."

The hack turned a corner, and Kate, in spite of her growing anxiety, could not restrain a slight cry of surprise.

A long, straight road was before her, leading to the foot of a long range of hills.

These hills were a blaze of glorious colour, every shade, from palest gold and pink to rosiest crimson and purple brown, with here and there still a tinge of green, and over all the gorgeous scene hung a tender quivering mist; a brilliant sun in the deep blue sky bathed everything in a golden glory—even the trees that skirted the road seemed filled with light and warmth; and as they left the town behind, the air was alive with nature's sounds—the hum of insects mingled with the crisp rustling of leaves.

Kate leant back and drew a long breath of enjoyment. This was the American fall of which she had heard so much. It was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see.

She fell to wondering about these unknown relations to whom she was going. This Aunt Mary, her father's favourite sister, who had married—not against the will, but against the advice and wishes of her family—married and come to America, since which they had never seen her. For years there had always been some apparently good reason why she never came to see her friends; of late she gave no reason, except the impossibility of leaving her husband. Happily all the fears of her family as to her happiness seemed unfounded, for her letters gave no cause to fear that unhappiness had been her lot; they were cheerful, even gay; and these hills, in their autumnal beauty,

Kate recognised from her aunt's description of the surroundings of her home; the home itself was playfully alluded to as "a cottage in a wood," and the family had had a mental picture of a charming cottage residence on a hill-top, with a glorious view from its verandahs.

After they had gone some three miles up-hill, over a stony road, the carriage half filled with crimson leaves from the trees that met over-head, now and then allowing a glimpse of the deep blue sky, Kate asked if they were not almost at Ridge View.

"About another mile an' we'll be a-top, an' then we've about half a mile along the brow to go."

"It's on the ridge, then, of the hill, and that's why it's so named," thought Kate, and she rejoiced that she was going to live amid such a world of colour.

When they had bumped over the last thank-ye-ma'am,* and reached the top of the mountain, Kate neglected the glorious panorama spread before her, so eager was she to reach her aunt's house.

She began peering forth to see some gable or chimney-stack, some well-trimmed fence, or gate, or avenue of trees to indicate a private residence, but as yet all was wild woodland; "backwoods," Kate thought in her own mind, and would have been terrified, but not surprised, to see a panther or other denizen of American "backwoods" spring out on their path.

She had not been alarmed or surprised that her aunt and uncle did not meet her, for she had learnt, when she reached New York, that the vessel which had brought her letter had been delayed—came in, in fact, only an hour or two before herself, and possibly her aunt had not yet heard of her departure from England.

She was picturing her aunt's surprise if this should be the case, and wondering when they would arrive, when the hack suddenly stopped.

Kate looked out and saw before her a little three-roomed labourer's house, such as may be seen anywhere in America, a few miles from a city. The wood, if it ever had been painted, was now bare and grey, not a shutter or piazza, or anything to make the poverty less arid. A mere square box with a door and windows. Great sun-flowers flaunted in the yard, and near the door was a bed of bright flowers carefully tended; a few geraniums stuck in tomato-cans stood ready to go in-doors, as house plants; all else was sordid, hopeless, and wretched; the only way in which the miserable dwelling differed from the hundreds of thriftless homes of the kind, scattered over the land, was the effort at comfort shown in the little white muslin curtains, the cleanliness, and the flowers. The *woman's* part here was well done.

"He is going to inquire," thought Kate, when she saw the driver get down and go to the tiny gate.

"Poor souls! what a desolate life people must lead in such a house in winter!"

"This is John Allen's, miss."

"Oh! Then we have come to the wrong place, after all," she said quietly, but with a feeling of desperate disappointment; she was very weary, and longing for welcoming arms.

The man's black face was grinning broadly.

"Guess we've come right, miss; this is the only John Allen's I know anything about."

A figure issued from the cottage, a tiny woman clad in a well-washed brown calico dress, which hung loosely to her form.

The face was deadly white, the whole frame seemed to shake and quiver. Kate felt a sudden tightening of her heart; something in that pallid face and trembling form told her this was her aunt.

A tragedy was revealed to her, in a flash of intuition.

She waited for no inquiry, so firmly had the conviction taken possession of her. She put the money in the driver's hand, and got out just as Mary Allen reached the gate.

"My dear! my dear! I know you!" There was a pathetic tone in the voice, a suppressed sob, and the poor thin arms were half extended.

Something of the sad truth flashed across Kate, and the impulse of her womanly heart was to comfort; she divined the agony of humiliation her aunt was suffering.

"Dear aunt," she said, and folded the frail little woman in her strong young arms.

"Come in," said Mrs. Allen, in a smothered voice. Then, as they crossed the threshold—

"Oh, my dear, my dear! what a place for my brother Fred's child to come to!" then she sank into a chair and broke into a passion of sobs.

"Aunt, dear aunt, don't think of me; if you can live in it—if it is good enough for you, it is for me. You must tell me all about it. I am young and strong; we can soon make things better."

"Oh, my dear, dear, how you bring back the past! How like you are to your father!"

"I know it, aunt, and had my father been alive and known this"—the fresh young voice broke for an instant—"he would have taken care of you, and I am going to do it. I can work and make money in this wonderful country, I know I can."

Without a sign of surprise at the bareness, the arid poverty of her surroundings, Kate took off her things as if it was a daily occurrence for her to lay them on a painted chair.

"I have a great deal to tell you—to make you understand—all this," came in sobbing words from Mrs. Allen's lips.

"Aunt, I see there is a sad history underneath those bright letters we got from you—a history my dear father has lately suspected; after he became so helpless in body, his mind seemed to gain in clearness, and he regretted again and again that while in health he had not come to find you out—'There must be some real reason why she never comes back on a visit; she is not so happy as she pretends'—but the actual truth he had never suspected."

Tears were coursing down the pale cheeks.

"I will tell you all, or you will not understand.

* A sort of bolster to stop water, causing a carriage to bounce or *curtesy* in passing over it, hence the name.

"Of course you know I married John, who had left our neighbourhood when I was in the schoolroom, came to this country a poor youth, stayed three years, and returned with golden accounts of his prosperity. He was very handsome, Kate, very winning, and I loved him very much. Your father warned me, told me all was not gold that glittered, and that he did not believe John had any fixed principles. To all this I turned a deaf ear, as girls in love always will. And, against your father's earnest entreaties, I married and came to America.

"For a time all went well. I found, when I came, that John's way of making money was different to anything I had known of, and it did not seem very stable; he was for ever buying and selling stocks; but I met many who did the same, pleasant respectable people, and I contented myself.

"There came a day when John's luck, as he called it, changed, and it never came back. He lost his seat in the 'Board,'* he dropped to doing business in any way, and I'm afraid he made money when he could, borrowed when he couldn't, and did not pay back. This came to my knowledge by degrees, and it took some years for him to get down to the lowest depth.

"In writing home I never contradicted the first glowing accounts I had given of my happiness and prosperity; why should I have distressed my brother, by telling of trouble I, for a long time, hoped was but temporary? By the time I became convinced that we should only go from bad to worse, I knew also that my brother's worst fears of my husband's character were justified, and—oh, Kate! it was wicked of me, but how could I tell the truth? How write, in so many words, that the man I had married was—was—an unprincipled man? Who would have understood my living with him still? and yet I could not leave him; without me he would go to ruin utterly. I haven't been able to prevent it, it is true. Yet, things would have been worse, far worse," she said deprecatingly, "if I had not clung to him."

Kate pressed her hand in token of sympathy, and her aunt went on.

"I have not told the truth in my letters, Kate—but, if you recall them, I told no *untruth*. I was only silent about the way I lived. When I told you, in reply to your inquiries about social matters here, that I had been to a great Linwood wedding, and described the dresses, I did *not* tell you that I went only to help. Yes, my dear, it has come to that, that I do anything I can find to do, to add to the little John gets. And I want you to believe one thing," she said, with affecting earnestness—"John has always been kind to me at the worst of times. He really did love me. Although I had a little money, he did not *marry* me for it."

"I see how it has come about, aunt; but what does Mr. Allen do for a living?"

A scarlet flush came over the pale face.

"It will sound odd to you—but he *peddles*, that is, buys up anything the little farmers on those hills have to sell—eggs, chickens, nuts, and even baskets and mats—and takes them to the town to sell."

Kate was silent. Had one who was once a gentleman come to that?

"Aunt," she said, after a pause, "tell me how it was that a man like—like Mr. Allen came to live in such a spot as this? I should have supposed the city would have offered better chances of living for one like him."

A distressed look came into her eyes.

"It is better," she said, "to be here, away from every one. He changed some land in Texas for this piece here, and when the worst came, we came here, and have stayed."

"Poor aunt!" The girl with her clear mind saw that there were many vacant spots in her aunt's narrative, many thin places glided over, but she would not ask for more details.

"And where is Mr. Allen, aunt?"

"He went away this morning, Kate, directly we got your letter. I think he was anxious to avoid you, till you knew all."

Later Kate made her own explanations: how before her father died he had advised her to come to her aunt; and as a very unusual chance had presented itself of coming with a family, she had availed herself of it, and left Norfolk directly her father was buried.

"But you spoke of working, my dear; surely Fred must have left you well off."

"My brother ran through a great deal before he died, aunt; my father had, besides, heavy losses. I don't know how things will be yet, but there may not be a great deal. My father desired his executors to wait a year before settling his affairs. So, in case there is very little for me, I mean to work or do anything I can. I have five hundred pounds with me, and the first thing I do will be to make you comfortable."

"That was to last you your trip," said Mrs. Allen, "and you mean to spend it on me, that is why you mean to work."

Kate smiled. "Aunt, if I can get any work, it will be play to me."

Mrs. Allen looked down a moment. "Kate, my dear, don't let *any* one know you have that money—any one but me—you understand?"

"I do, aunt."

She did. She knew her aunt was warning her against her husband.

Towards evening Mr. Allen returned; he looked oddly at Kate for a moment, then, when she started up with a pleasant smile, he made up his mind things were going to arrange themselves agreeably, and he shook hands and sat down.

He had dressed himself in a suit of clothes he wore to go to New York, or occasionally to Linwood, a suit that made him look the gentleman he had been.

John Allen in city clothes, and a dollar in his pocket, looked ten years younger than John Allen in butternut.

* Board of Brokers, New York Stock Exchange.

He talked gaily of their troubles, made light of them, spoke of their present mode of life as being very temporary.

"You see you can't judge things in this country by old-country standards; once down, there, you are down for ever; here, people are up and down all the time."

"Very uncomfortable, isn't it?" asked Kate.

"Oh, one gets to think very little of it! You see me, now, at a pretty low ebb; but in a year I shall be flourishing—a rich man very likely. I'm waiting for a friend of mine who has capital to come from abroad, and I have the biggest thing going. It requires very little capital," he said, looking fixedly at Kate, "a few hundred dollars, if I only had that, I'd make as many thousands in a week, and you would see your aunt in the position she ought to have."

Kate said nothing. Mrs. Allen sewed in silence.

Mr. Allen looked irritably at his wife. "Your aunt, you see, doesn't believe it, because I've had bad luck once or twice; but if I had the money now she would see. The trouble is, time is precious, and the chance may slip."

He had talked himself into a state of excitement, and he rose, pushing his chair hastily back, and paced the little room.

"Oh, it is unbearable to have success certain as day just in sight, and not be able to grasp it for the sake of a wretched few hundred dollars!"

Mrs. Allen's eyes stealthily sought Kate's, with a warning glance, and then returned to her work.

The next morning Kate, who, in order to carry out her plan for her aunt's comfort, meant to propitiate her uncle, said to him—

"Uncle, I am not all sure how my father has left me provided, I shall not know for several months; I want to have more money to do with than I have. I mean I want to be able to use that, and not eat it up; do you think that I could give some music lessons in Linwood?"

"No doubt."

"Then I must live down in the town of course. Do you think you could spare my aunt to come and stay with me till I get used to things?"

"My dear, I could not leave your uncle; he could not stay here alone," said the wife anxiously.

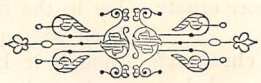
"Certainly not, aunt; but could not we get some person to keep house for him here? You see," she added hastily, "if I get lessons, I can afford the necessary expense."

Mr. Allen's eyes brightened; things looked promising for a loan.

"I'm thinking we can manage. I've needed to go to Philadelphia on business for some time; if I can manage to get a few dollars together this week I'll go. Mary can stay with you. I should have gone before, but I couldn't leave her alone up here."

"Oh, certainly not," said Kate blandly.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIRST.



A MUSICAL PROFESSOR.

A MODERN AMERICAN FABLE.

A MONKEY, having had the advantage of a three months' tour on an Italian's organ, returned to his former home, and took up the profession of a teacher of music.

He succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. His native forest resounded with the melody of the drum, the tambourine, and the Jew's-harp. The noise and racket were so great, that many quiet and respectable monkey families moved to a distance.

Moral.—If you live in a thickly-settled neighbourhood, and possess a piano, do not allow each of your six daughters to practise on it four hours a day.

SOME HINTS ON ECONOMY IN DRESS.

ONE of the most difficult problems of the day, especially for ladies, is how to dress well without spending too much money: how to make the best appearance at the least cost. The necessary fabrics grow dearer instead of cheaper, and the style of dress has, until very recently, involved such a multiplicity of flouncings, kiltings, &c., that a vast quantity of material has been required, and an extraordinary number of hours have been consumed in the making. Time is money with those who earn their money by dress-making as well as by any other business, and of course this has added considerably to the cost. It is to be hoped, however, that with the advent of "housemaid," or, as we used to say, plain skirts, an era of comparatively modest expenditure has set in, as they can certainly be completed in far less time, and with half the labour required by their more ornate predecessors.

The maxim that in dress "the best is the cheapest" is so old as to be almost trite, but it is nevertheless quite true. Dark stuffs, however, need to be of better quality than light ones. A very good rule for those ladies who are obliged to study economy is to confine themselves to one or two colours, as, for instance, black or blue, or brown, and white, so that one set of ribbons, waistbands, &c., and one hat or bonnet, may be worn with two or more dresses. It is almost *de rigueur* for every one to possess a black costume, and for every young person to have a white one, which is always new and fresh after being washed or cleaned. Good taste and a few dainty etceteras will suggest a good many changes and combinations even with only these two dresses, and if to them can be added a dark and a light brown or blue, the semblance of a tolerably extensive wardrobe can be managed. A tailor-made navy blue serge, with jacket bodice and waistcoat, is the best possible dress that any lady can wear for walking during the greater part of the year, and may be varied with one or two different waistcoats. The three young Princesses of Wales have recently had such costumes made for them, and their royal mother frequently wears something similar.

A most important point in keeping an out-door dress presentable for a very long time is being careful not to wear it in-doors more than can possibly be helped. If each dress is kept ready to wear, with frilling in neck and sleeves, or collar and cuffs, fastened in their right places, very few minutes need be occupied in changing; and though it may with many be necessary to put on a good walking-dress at breakfast-time and wear it till night-fall, the custom of exchanging it for something lighter for the evening is not only civilised, but economical. An old velvet or velveteen is most valuable for this purpose throughout the winter, as none of its imperfections, short of actual holes, are visible by gas or candle-light, and a lace fichu, and something of the same nature at the wrists, or, better still, the sleeves cut short at the elbow, and finished off with a deep piece of lace, always make it look elegant and dressy. And by way of a word to the wise, here is a suggestion for those who cannot afford velvet, and shun velveteen as being heavy and clinging. Save all remnants of silk dresses, and have the velveteen lined with them. It will look as good again, and will slip on and off with the greatest ease, and always feel lissome and pleasant in wearing. For a thinner dress there is nothing like a good black net bodice and tunic worn over an old silk or satin skirt. It can be freshened up by ribbons of various colours, and is wonderfully tough and serviceable. Grenadine wears so quickly under the arms that, though very pretty and soft, it has disadvantages well-nigh insuperable where the purse is not well furnished.

A great deal of economy may be practised in minor matters, though it sometimes involves some extra outlay in the first instance. The frilling that has long been so popular costs a great deal of money, and though it keeps clean for several days, is utterly useless when dirty. A few yards of real lace—Maltese, English pillow, Torchon, or Valenciennes—bears washing a great many times (always supposing that it is done at home by a careful hand), does not show the mending which at length becomes inevitable, and when quilled into the dress, with a strong white thread catching the pleats at the top to keep them in place, is more becoming, and in the long run cheaper than any frilling.

Out-door boots and shoes should never be worn in the house; nothing tends to make them rusty and shabby so rapidly as this bad practice, and the continual friction of the hem of the dress wears out the upper leather. Slippers are the prettiest and most economical for in-door wear, because they can be so easily renewed. For this purpose, satin or prunella slippers should be chosen in the first instance, and when the tops are worn out, any one with nimble fingers and a rather long needle can re-cover them with small pieces of black satin, velvet, or velveteen, fastening it down close to the sole with rather large hemming stitches, binding the opening with a bit of crossway silk or ribbon, and making all smart with a ribbon or satin bow on the instep. The number of times that a pair of slippers can be made to undergo this process before the soles are demolished would hardly be believed by any one who has not tried it, and

even the sole lasts as long again as it would otherwise do if a cork one is used inside it.

Gloves, again, are most expensive items, and yet the outlay for them may be considerably reduced by a little care. Good kid gloves must be sparingly used by the economically-minded, watched at the tips of the fingers, so that the first stitch that gives way may be repaired, and always pulled out when taken off, instead of being turned inside one another and made into a little ball. None but the best are worth buying, and light ones will clean once or twice, though it is next to impossible to perform this operation at home. With Suéde gloves the case is quite different; the light undyed colours soil far sooner than they wear out, and it is advisable to have a pair of boxwood hands of the right size on which to wash and dry them. The mixture for the purpose should be made of white curd soap cut up small, and boiled in a little milk, and the dirty gloves should be well rubbed and cleaned with a little bit of flannel dipped in it. After being sponged over with warm—*not* hot—water, to remove this, they should be wiped with a towel, and left on the boxwood stretchers until quite dry.

The great trouble with silk gloves is the tendency of the finger-tips to wear rapidly into holes, and the very best way of avoiding it is to put a tiny bit of cotton wool or wadding into the extreme end of each finger. Some people, before beginning to wear them, tack a tiny bit of an old glove in, but the stitches, however carefully done, have an unpleasant trick of showing, and the wool is far preferable.

Those who wear silk handkerchiefs round the neck in cold weather will find pale pink the best colour, because it will bear washing, and always look new and good afterwards. The same can hardly be said of any other tint, for though a light blue will sometimes stand soap and water, it is but rarely, and white handkerchiefs turn yellow.

Winter coats, cloaks, and mantles are expensive articles, and it is true economy to buy them very good, but not of any striking pattern or colour. A plaid coat or Newmarket will soon look remarkable, but one of plain cloth may be worn year after year, and look well to the last. A cashmere or smooth cloth mantle, when shabby, may be taken to pieces, covered with a silk or broché, which, though thin by itself, looks good when it has so substantial a lining, put together again and re-trimmed, and will be to all appearance new and handsome at a very small outlay.

Though last, not least, the jersey bodices may be purchased with immense advantage by all women who are neither old nor stout. They are made now in many colours and varieties, and with a well-hung plain skirt to match, a costume is complete without much expense in dressmaking, or if the wearer be clever enough to make her own *jupe*, without any.

The foregoing are only a few hints on economy in dress, but most people who are obliged to practise it, and wish to do so with a good grace, will call to their aid "Messrs. Hook, Crook & Co."—as a clever woman once called her domestic devices—and will have reason to rejoice over numerous pence and shillings saved, and pounds either laid by for rainy days, or spent on objects of more intrinsic importance than those which our French neighbours call by the generic name of *chiffons*.

A NEW ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS.

II.—THAT VERY INTELLIGENT POLICE OFFICER.

"My heyes! what a splendid perliceman you would make, Sammy!" said Mr. Morgan to his son. "Why, you've actually catched that there rat as I've bin a-trying for more'n a year! Here's sixpence for yer, Sammy."

That settled it—either the praise or the sixpence. From that day Sammy Morgan made up his mind to be a policeman. And now he was to be seen at every "Petty Sessions" held in the place where he lived, listening with open mouth to the cases that came before the magistrates, and paying particular attention to the evidence given by the policemen in their several cases.

It was perhaps a fortunate thing for our hero that the magistrates seldom held a sitting in that village; otherwise his time would have been taken up to the disadvantage of his education. Only once a month was justice made a martyr of in that particular spot, and once a month Sammy's Saturday holiday was spent in the manner most agreeable to his soul.

Time, which brings most things to most men, brought the great desire of his life to Sammy. By great good fortune his first remove was to his native village, where we may see him in all his full-blown pride—P.C. Z 1. For a little time, but only a very little time, his old friends and neighbours, who had known him from his babyhood, called him Sammy. He gave them to understand that this kind of trifling with the majesty of the law would not do. He was either "Constable," at your service, or Mr. Samuel Morgan, still more at your service. And his services were often required. It is generally held by their neighbours that the Welsh are a very moral people, or, perhaps I had better say, a very law-abiding people, and this is set down to something that runs in the blood. May it not, also, in some measure be due to the abilities of their policemen? P.C. Z 1's birthplace was a rather important village, called Brew, on the English borders. This was the scene of his most brilliant exploits. Any man, it is said, who is proud of his profession is sure to shine in it. Undoubtedly P.C. Z 1 shone. His first case of any

importance arose in consequence of the loss of Mrs. Evans' donkey.

There are a good many donkeys in Wales, especially in the two extremes—the English border and the Welsh coast; and though, perhaps, these donkeys are "rum 'uns" to look at, yet, like the exciseman's horse, they are "good 'uns to go." Mrs. Evans' quadruped was a case in point—indeed, it carried things so far as to go altogether! Great was the lamentation when the loss was discovered, and speedy information was conveyed to P.C. Z 1. Possibly, nearly every man thinks he is a born detective—certainly our policeman thought so, and it was quite refreshing to see the way in which he threw himself into the case.

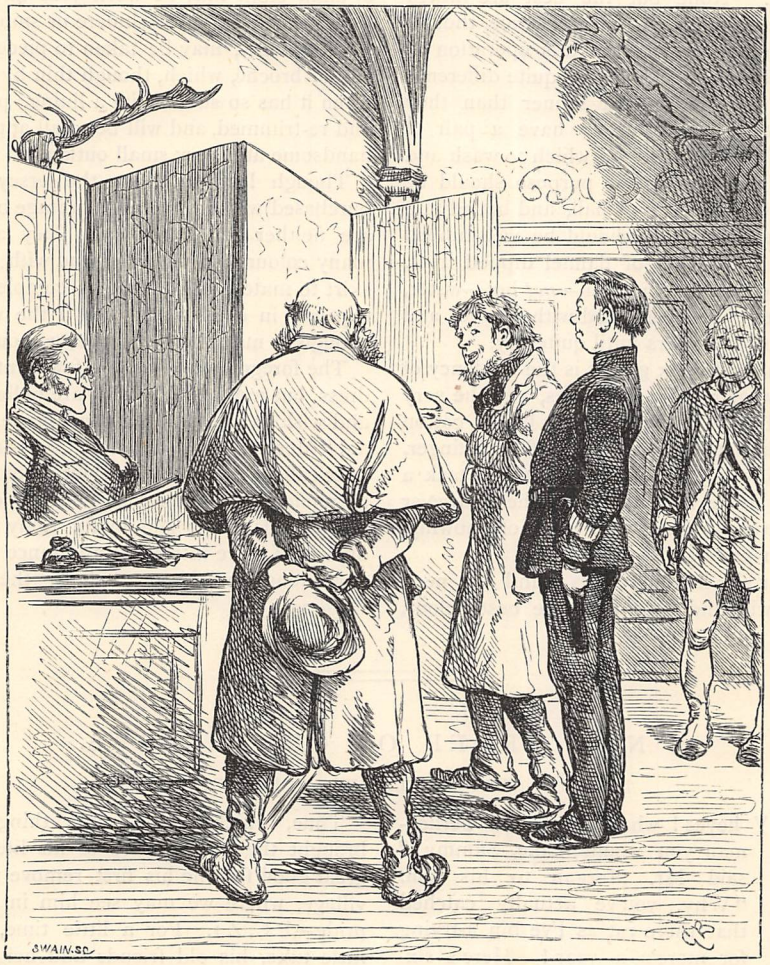
He put Mrs. Evans through a severe examination, endeavouring to draw from her some particulars that would assist him in his quest. All he could gather of any value to him was that the creature had very long ears (even for a donkey), a very short tail, and a very loud voice.

"Had he any marks on him?" asked the constable.

"None worth speaking of, except a black mark down each side of the head," was the answer.

That night the constable was sitting in the parlour of a wayside inn, whither he had gone in search of information, when he heard a person in the kitchen offering to sell a donkey. This was a remarkable piece of good luck, and, still more luckily, he heard an arrangement made for the donkey to be brought on view at the same inn at six o'clock the next evening.

P.C. Z 1 determined to be on view also; and at the appointed time, dressed in plain clothes, he sauntered into the inn-yard. There stood the donkey—it was impossible to mistake it. The long ears were there, unquestionably, so was the short tail, so were the black marks, while, as for the voice, it would have made the fortune of any costermonger in London.



"THE PRISONER WAS AGAIN QUESTIONED, AND THE FARMER LISTENED" (*p.* 606).

As the constable entered the yard the would-be purchaser was saying, "If he's such a good 'un, why do you want to sell him?"

The other answered, "He is not rightly mine. The man as owns him owes me some money, and he told me to sell the donkey and keep the money."

"Well, I'll give you twenty-five shillings for him," said the other.

"I'll not take a penny under thirty," was the reply.

At this juncture our hero struck in. "Hasn't he got very long ears?"

"Most on 'em has," said the seller.

"And a very short tail?" quoth the former.

"I'm not recommending him for tails," said the latter.

Here one of those sudden impulses which are said to accompany genius seized our hero, who exclaimed—

"I'll give you what you are asking for him if you'll take him to Brew."

The seller hesitated. If the woman who hesitates is lost, much more is the man!

"Money down?" asked he.

"Money down," was the answer.

"Shake hands on it, then." They shook.

That night at eight o'clock, when, under the shades of night, the stranger brought the donkey to the riverside inn at Brew, P.C. Z 1, in full uniform, was waiting to receive him; and still later that night the stranger slept the sleep of the unjust in the police-station at Brew. The next morning the constable and his prisoner stood in the presence of a neighbouring magistrate; and the constable, having stated his case, drew from his lordship the remark that he was a credit to the force. Thereupon Mrs. Evans kissed the book in order that she might swear that the donkey described in the charge was her own property and had belonged to her for ten years, when a little girl, who had just been brought into the room, came up and whispered to her, "Mother, our donkey's come home!"

"Then," said the magistrate, "all that remains to do is to discharge the prisoner."

"Begging yer honour's parding," said he, "there's more remains to be done. I got to draw thirty shillings for this donkey! I sold him, and can prove it."

[Extract from Samuel Morgan's diary:—"April 1. Paid 30s. for a donkey I did not want. I wonder which is the biggest!"]

For the first time in his life P.C. Z 1 was the owner of a four-legged creature, and his greatest desire was to terminate that ownership. He offered it for sale to nearly every person in the village, but no one cared to relieve the constable of his bargain, except at a ruinous sacrifice. As he had no place prepared for a donkey's reception he was compelled to rig up a temporary stable in the coal-shed, and as that was close to his bedroom window he found himself frequently awaking from sleep with a sudden start, and then suddenly burying his head beneath the bed-clothes to keep out, as far as possible, the horrid din that ascended from below. At last the nuisance became so great that the neighbours began to grumble, and more than one threatened proceedings at law.

Driven to desperation, our hero determined to be rid of the animal at any cost, and he caused it to be announced that "on a certain afternoon a capital donkey would be disposed of by auction, at the close of the sale of the effects of the late Mr. John Jones."

On the day appointed, before a large concourse of spectators, and amidst much laughter, the donkey was put up.

"Will any one favour me?" asked the auctioneer, looking round about him.

"Ay, I will," responded a man from the crowd.

"What shall I say?" asked he of the hammer.

"You can say that that theere donkey was stole from my field a three-week last Monday, and if the man as has 'got him don't hand him over pretty sharp I shall give him in charge of this here perliceman," indicating Z 1, who was standing near.

The stranger was somewhat surprised at the loud burst of laughter that followed his speech. Z 1 was equally surprised to see the donkey docilely following the stranger away from the sale. Having satisfied himself, however, that there was no deception in this case, he presently saw the last of his unfortunate speculation.

* * * * *

Towards the close of the year the entire village of Brew was in a state of ferment. For some months previously fowl-stealing had been going on in the neighbourhood with startling frequency, and hitherto the perpetrator, or perpetrators, had not been brought to justice. Now, however, it was suddenly announced that P.C. Z 1 had made a very clever capture, having caught the thief red-handed. The donkey episode had left an unpleasant memory in the policeman's mind, and he was determined, by special activity and zeal, to prevent the minds of his neighbours from keeping a like unsavoury recollection of him. So, when the hen-roosts of the district began to suffer, P.C. Z 1 began to watch. One result of the policeman's watchfulness was to establish the singular fact that the robberies were committed alternately on opposite sides of the parish, and that they almost invariably took place on Sunday evenings. Moreover, the thief laid his plans wisely, for he selected the most lonely and isolated hill farms for the scenes of his depredations.

Having at last resolved on a plan of operations, P.C. Z 1 proceeded to put it into execution. The plan was simple in the extreme—to visit on several successive Sunday nights the outlying farms at the opposite extreme of the parish to that in which the last robbery occurred. Success, glorious and ample, crowned his efforts the very first night. Passing an outlying barn where fowls were kept, nearly half a mile from the farm-house itself, the constable's attention was attracted by a noise amongst the fowls. Approaching the barn, he listened, and heard two men speaking in under-tones. One voice said, "We'd better get another couple; mebbe we shan'na' come here again fur a good bit."

"Two of them!" soliloquised the policeman. "Two of them! It would be a good deal better if there was two of us and one of them! Perhaps if I make 'em

think I've got a mate here they'll run, and I can grab the last."

Then shouting, "Come on, mate; we've got 'em now!" he made a rush at the door, and heard a stampede of feet towards the opposite door of the barn. He followed, throwing the light of his bull's-eye on the retreating figures, and seizing the latter of them as he, impeded by a bag he was carrying, tried to get through the door, called upon him to surrender. The prisoner made some remark in Welsh. The constable, though a Welshman, could speak nothing but English, so whatever the unfortunate delinquent might have pleaded in self-defence was thrown away on his capturer. In the bag the thief was carrying were ample proofs of his guilt in the shape of several couples of fowls freshly killed. All Brew heard of it next morning.

"Smart man, that son o' yourn," said the head-keeper to old Morgan.

And the old man replied with pardonable pride, "Ay, Sam was always smart."

Ten o'clock the next morning saw the hero of the last night's adventure marching triumphantly down the village with his prisoner on their way to the Hall, where the nearest justice of the peace resided, in order that the culprit might be remanded to the next petty sessions.

Very proud was the heart of that policeman then. The donkey *fiasco* no longer loomed large in the mist of memory, while in the near future were the glitter of anticipated reward and the glory of being publicly spoken of as "that very intelligent police-officer." More than this, Mary Jane, the lady's-maid at the Hall, would look more kindly on him when they met; and it was even possible that the farmers in the neighbourhood would unite to present him with substantial tokens of their goodwill, for they were men of substance and kind hearts. It is, then, scarcely to be wondered at that, when our hero stood before the squire and began his story, the happiest moment of his life had come.

"The facts were very clear," said Z 1.

The justice said he was glad to hear it, as he did not like to deal with cases where the facts were obscure.

The constable, having been sworn, deposed that from information received he had been led to suspect a robbery would be committed at a certain spot, and he laid out his plans accordingly; that on the night of Sunday, the 14th day of November, at nine o'clock in the evening, p.m., he was passing a certain barn, situate at Tanat Farm, in the parish of Brew, when his attention was arrested by the loud outcry of fowls, and on looking through the barn-door, he saw two men, of whom prisoner was one, in the act of stealing the said fowls; that at once, without an instant's delay, he rushed in upon them and endeavoured to take them both, but that, although he made strenuous efforts, he was unable to accomplish it. In corroboration of his statement he produced the bag of fowls which was found in the prisoner's possession.

On being asked what he had to say for himself, the prisoner replied in Welsh. The magistrate asked the constable what was the English of it. The constable regretted that he did not understand Welsh. He was then despatched into the stable-yard, to see if any of the men spoke Welsh. On his way he met the owner of the fowls coming in; so, knowing he was a bi-lingual individual, he returned into the magistrate's study with him. Then the prisoner was again questioned, and the farmer listened.

"What is that?" asked the magistrate.

"He says," replied the farmer, "that he is my servant, and was acting by my direction."

"What an unmitigated scoundrel he must be!"

"Not so sure o' that, squire! I hired him in May, and he's lived with me ever since, and though he's a bit short of sense like, an honester man never lived in my service. As for that fool of a policeman——"

Charity is kind, though that Welsh farmer was not, and I therefore decline to say anything more on the subject.

Many years have gone by since then, but the testimonial is still unsubscribed, and Mary Jane is still unwon. It is even rumoured that his fellow-officers look upon "Sammy" as a discredit to the force—with which opinion my readers will doubtless coincide, for, on the whole, a more splendid body of men could not be found the whole world over.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

WHILE I was singing yesterday,
Beneath the lilacs, dear,
A little bird perched overhead
As if it longed to hear.
I cried, "Oh, bird, sing—sing to me!
No song of mine can ever be
So sweet as your wild minstrelsy."

The little bird began to sing:
At every note and sound
It seemed as if strange listeners came
And softly gathered round.

And still the bird sang loud and clear—
I shut my eyes that I might hear
The voices in the strange world near.

And when at last the bird was still
I opened wide my eyes,
But all around were but the trees
Uplifting to the skies—
The little bird is far away,
But I beneath the lilacs stray
To that sweet world of yesterday.

REA.

AN OLD DUTCH CITY.

TWENTY minutes by rail from the heart of Rotterdam, or seventy minutes by steamer from the Boompjes, lies the most pictorial of all the old towns in southern Holland. Whether or not it be true that Rotterdam is more picturesque than Venice, Dordrecht is certainly more picturesque than Rotterdam. It is a typical Dutch town in almost every aspect. If it has not the historical associations of Leyden or Haarlem, it is cleaner than either, livelier than either, and, to all appearance, more prosperous than either. Grass does not grow between the stones of the principal street at Dordrecht, as it does at Leyden. That famous university city is a mere ghost of itself, an echo of the day before yesterday. Dordrecht is ghostly likewise, in a sense, for in the Middle Ages it was the wealthiest of Dutch cities, rivalling in its trade Amsterdam itself, whereas now it counts no more than some 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants, and its trade is almost entirely in timber. But Dordrecht, although eclipsed, is not ruined like Leyden. The commerce has mainly gone, the population has dwindled, but there is not the sense of loneliness and emptiness which chills one at Leyden. Its streets are busy and full of attractive shops, the fairly laden tram-car runs from the river-side to the old gates, and there are no rows of empty or half-furnished palaces, as in the city of the siege.

Dordrecht is not a city of sights. It has no famous Cathedral, no Renaissance Hôtel de Ville, no museums, no historic remains in particular. Its interest is purely pictorial. I do not pretend to an extensive knowledge of Holland; but I am told by those who do possess that knowledge that this quaint old place is to this day more like an old Dutch city than any other south of the Zuyder Zee. I do know that, in the course of a long day's wanderings through the narrow streets and beside the shady canals, I counted less than a score houses which looked new, and that I took note of so many dozens of buildings bearing dates prior to 1650 that at last I lost count. Dordrecht is a paradise of old houses, brown, red, and yellow, brought together in tangled confusion, large and small elbowing each other like people in a crowd.

Dort is picturesque as approached by steamer from the river, but it is a picture indeed when first seen from the railway station. The railway is not ten years old at Dordrecht yet, and this is, of course, the newest end of the town. Two or three of the brand-new French villas which are such hideous abominations in the outskirts of every Dutch town, dot the road, and damp the ardour of the visitor. But soon the true Dordrecht reveals itself, lying straight in front, the delicate spire of the cathedral rising from the midst of crow-stepped gables and autumn-tinted tiles. It is useless to adopt landmarks or to take bearings here. Make up your mind to be lost at once and you will have no further anxiety.

In Dordrecht there is something new, or rather something very old, in every street. The houses are tall and fantastically gabled, and as the streets are mainly very narrow, one can take a walk in the grateful shade on the hottest summer day. Nine-tenths of the houses are at least two hundred years old, and many of them are a century and a half older. In many of the busier streets and along most of the canals, the old gables lean totteringly forward, as though to meet their venerable friends on the other side of the way. The builder's men were very gingerly demolishing a fine gabled old place, coloured a mellow russet-brown, which was in danger of falling down, owing to some settlement in the sandy shifting soil. Great figures of beaten iron upon the front attested that it was built in 1580. Every now and again, in the streets of Dort, I came upon a house large enough to have looked well in an English park. A double flight of steps, well-nigh wide enough for the passage of the traditional coach-and-six, led up to a massive front door, behind which, when it was occasionally open, I caught a glimpse of a hall ample enough to hold an "eligible detached villa residence." Sometimes a coat of crowded quarterings was floridly sculptured above the broken pediment of the door; sometimes a bit of allegorical carving ornamented the windows. There are very few old towns anywhere which have retained the olden homes of the departed merchant princes in such numbers or in such admirable preservation as Dordrecht.

Dort is a city of pictures, and some of the most effective of them are to be seen along the innumerable canals. The little drawbridges which span these green and sluggish waterways are the only places whence any view can be got of the narrower canals, which are bounded by the backs of the houses, as in Venice, and possess nothing in the shape of a sidewalk. On a sunshiny day, such as that which I spent at Dort, the canals, more particularly these narrow ones, strike one as picturesque beyond compare. This particular canal, about as wide as Paternoster Row, curves gently inward, the perspective being filled in with the oddest jumble of houses ever seen out of a picture. They are tall and short, coloured as diversely as Joseph's coat. Some of them have water-gates and steps leading to the canal, where a small boat lies idly moored. From this I judge that it is occasionally found convenient to "slip out the back way" in Holland, as it is nearer home. Beneath some of the houses there are black archways, frowning even in the sunlight, through which the water flows into the next canal. Many of the buildings are contorted as though in agony; some overhang the water, into which they seem ready to fall. Fantastic little bal-

conies, seemingly hardly large enough for the owner's long pipe and flagon of beer, are perched outside the windows. So vividly do they remind one of the embellishments of a doll's house, that one is startled when a servant-maid trips out upon the balcony and sets to beating a brilliant Eastern rug.

One long, narrow, tortuous street bisects the whole of Dort. It runs from the banks of the Maas, where the Rotterdam steamer lands you, right away to the Vuilpoort (the Dirty Gate) at the opposite end of the city. No other street leads anywhere, so far as I could discover, and this one soon takes us to the Market Place. There is nothing remarkable about this stony square but a fine statue of Ary Scheffer, who was a native of Dort. It was a very commendable thing for the Dordrechters to put up a statue to their famous townsman; but they need not have allowed it to become covered with contumely, in the shape of spiders' webs.

That French will carry one all over Europe is quite an idle legend. Since I made the acquaintance of Holland I know better. When I lunched at Dort I did it in this wise. I first assaulted the landlord of the hotel in the most guttural of French, for I thought he would be more likely to understand French spoken with what I conceived to be a Dutch accent, than the elegancies of Parisian diction. But it was useless. I was courteously waved into a seat; the landlord disappeared and presently introduced his little son, aged about twelve, who, between the whiffs of a cigar, informed me that he spoke French. I soon found that he had been taught one sentence in that language upon each birthday. He took my order for lunch with professional alacrity, but it was never executed. I got a lunch, and a very fair one too, for Holland, but of what it consisted I have never discovered—certainly not of what I had ordered. My young friend was very talkative, but our method of communication was cumbrous. Having come to the end of his French, he brought out a huge volume of dialogues in French and Dutch, and pointed to the sentences which most nearly represented what he wanted to say, and he desired to say so much that I had to read most of the sentences in that book before he had done with me.

Let it not be supposed that, because it was never the scene of such thrilling events as have emblazoned Leyden and Haarlem upon the page of the historian, Dordrecht has no history. It is memorable as the birthplace of the Dutch Republic, one of the richest,

A DUTCH WINDMILL.

DORDRECHT: A CANAL.

strongest, wisest, most heroic states which have ever held sway in Europe. It was in 1572 that the first assembly of the States of Holland, which resulted in the foundation of the Republic, was held there, and within the walls of Dort during that memorable July was poured forth some of the fiercest eloquence uttered during the most tremendous struggle of modern times. The famous Synod of Dort was held in 1618, while prosperity still blessed the sluggish waters which surround her. Fifty or sixty years later, shortly after Cornelius de Witte, brother of the Grand Pensionary, had ceased to be Burgomaster of Dordrecht, his native place, our old city was the scene of the more or less fabled discovery by Cornelius Van Baerle, a member of a rich family of Dutch merchants, who are still represented in Holland, of the wondrous black tulip. To grow a black tulip was the dream of that day, as the discovery of the Philosopher's Stone had been the chimera of a remoter time. Dumas the elder has told with all his characteristic vivacity the troubled and slightly apocryphal story of how Cornelius Van Baerle gained the prize of one hundred thousand guilders (£8,000) for the bulb which the Prince of Orange christened *Tulipa nigra Rosa Barlænsis*.

Every one who goes to Holland should see Dordrecht, particularly if he does not intend to penetrate to the north of the Zuyder Zee. It is as characteristic a bit of Holland as Amsterdam or Haarlem. The traveller may see sights there, in the midst of that environment of rivers, which he cannot count upon seeing elsewhere in the Netherlands. At the proper season of the year the rivers which flow into and around the town are blocked up with the huge rafts of timber which have been floated down the Rhine from the Black Forest. Timber is the staple trade of Dort now, and the hundreds of windmills in the outskirts are merrily occupied nearly all the year round in sawing up Swiss and German logs. The picturesque might almost have had its birth at Dordrecht. There is a flavour of the Dutch school about it, which the nativity there of Cuyp and Scheffer may perhaps account for. There is many a "bit" in the streets of Dort which might have been taken bodily from an old Dutch picture. Strolling in the outskirts of the town I came upon a smithy which looked familiar. Not that I had ever before physically beheld it; but it reminded me vividly of many a little masterpiece. The tall gables of an opposite granary threw the entrance into shadow which deepened into gloom within the open door. In the mysterious twilight the sparks flew vividly around the wiry smith, as upon an enormous anvil of ancient make he fashioned the heavy shoe of a draught horse. The scene lacked but two or three armed loungers at the door and a litter of rapiers, arquebuses, and dinted breastplates, to recall an armourer's shop as it must often have appeared little more than two hundred years ago in the gabled streets of Dort.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

MY NAMESAKE MARJORIE.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

A REVELATION.

DESPITE a fund of good humour, a fair share of ability, and good looks above the average, Miss Marjorie Assheton failed as summer wore on to gain ground in that society to which she had been so unexpectedly called.

Whether out of bravado, or a spirit of mischief, or simple obtuseness, she was perpetually rubbing people's prejudices up the wrong way. Now joking over some custom sanctified by fashion, now running straight athwart some time-honoured tradition of exclusive classdom, the heiress was for ever, as Colonel Annesley put it, "making kangaroo-like conversational springs, and lighting on people's very tenderest toes!"

"But it's impossible to dislike her," he argued with his wife, who, as most of Marjorie's feminine critics, was harder on her eccentricities than the men-folk, "and we really ought to visit her; she'll tame down in time."

"Then when she has tamed down the visiting can begin," returned Mrs. Annesley very severely, and restricted her intercourse with Westfields to one formal call, when she was beyond measure outraged by Marjorie coming in to receive her direct from a hay-field, her curly hair, to use her own expression, "as touzled as a terrier's," and a huge wooden rake in her ungloved hand.

Mrs. Burroughes, whom Marjorie honestly liked, she took pains to please. Miss Bassett, whom she as honestly disliked, she took especial delight in horrifying. The one saw in her faults only a girlish waywardness that time and marriage would very soon dispel. The other accepted her perversities as accumulating affronts, to be paid for when the right time came.

With Dr. Burroughes, Marjorie behaved unvaryingly well. Grateful for all the trouble he had taken over his executorship, she protested that his favourite pursuits should be no farther hindered by her. Mr. Legh could attend to everything for her, and now she, in her turn, would help the doctor over his "Local Birds," not one of which she vowed, though, could match the beautiful, sweet-noted magpie of the land she had left.

So to her observation that valuable book owes its authenticated record of a barn-door owl going a-fishing for its young; of that liveliest of little marine thieves, the water-ouzel, swallowing enough spawn in spring-time to stock a Broad; and of the clever little marsh titmouse neatly clearing up every chip it had made in nest-building, and craftily carting off the *debris* bit by bit beyond a distant hedge. The good doctor praised his coadjutor highly, and, wrapped in his beloved researches, suspected no love-phase in the drama playing before his eyes.

Far astuter, Miss Bassett read through Mrs. Burroughes' sisterly designs as clearly as if they had been confided to her throughout. Apparently she approved enough to further them whenever she had the chance, and though from wide diversity of character she was not warmly esteemed by the doctor's wife, yet that lady recognised and requited her quiet co-operation by always urging on Miss Assheton a kindly toleration of her presence at Westfields, at least for a short time.

Only a short time Miss Bassett herself opined her sojourn there would last, and breaking through her cat-like caution of demeanour, once hinted as much to Mrs. Burroughes.

It was as they left the old hall of St. Andrew's, at Norwich, after a concert at the close of July. Marjorie, greatly desiring to go, had urged, past refusal, Mrs. Burroughes to accompany them, and for Mr. Legh "to sacrifice himself by taking care of them all just for once."

Perhaps Miss Assheton intended this as part of her amiable scheme for cheering Stephen up, but curiously enough the evening had precisely the opposite effect upon her impressionable self.

Standing in the old church-like porch as they waited for their carriage to draw up on the plain, the two elder ladies close by, and many a glance turned towards them—for Stephen's tall, wide-shouldered figure, and Marjorie clad in white, with a very garland of crimson roses about her neck, made them a noticeable couple—he presently felt her hand unsteady, trembling on his arm, her face turned towards him as if to hide from others, and looking down, saw her dark eyes flashing wistfully up at him through a haze of unmistakable tears.

"Why, what is it?" he said, hating, as such a man does, to see any woman sad, his tone softening as if he were comforting a child. "Have your twelve-mile drive and all this music tired you out?"

"No, it's not that," almost whispered Marjorie, "it's—it's—nothing. Only that horrid song!" (The impassioned "Come, Margarita, come!" of Sullivan's then new cantata)—"I'm no Margarita, I know: I'm only Marjorie, but it seemed as if somebody might be calling *me!* Oh, Mr. Legh—" clinging to his friendly arm, "I—I—want to stop here, but sometimes I feel as though I ought to go back!" and just swallowing a sob, and gathering her lace wraps closer about her, she

shrank, very girlish, very dependent, still closer to her escort.

Only the words, not the gestures of the pair were lost on two observers. Over Miss Bassett's long face spread a peculiar smile. "Miss Assheton is very anxious for her father's appearance," she said in an undertone to her companion; "I trust when he comes he may be satisfied with the way in which she has settled her own future."

"I trust he will," answered Mrs. Burroughes, rather put on her mettle by this remark, which she could not affect to misunderstand. "At any rate, Mr. Assheton will find his daughter has not chosen beneath her. We Leghs are a little proud of our name and bygones, Miss Bassett!"

"And love may smooth over any other inequality," said Miss Bassett, very suavely, as if gently hinting that the game was not quite secure yet.

"Oh! love is omnipotent," replied Mrs. Burroughes, parrying this side-thrust unconcernedly—"it makes some of us do much stranger things than ever it will exact from Miss Assheton."

At which very general observation, first a tide of colour and then an unusual paleness overspread Miss Bassett's dull complexion, but both her change of countenance and Marjorie's hysterical excitement were soon sheltered from observation in the carriage at that moment called, in which—Mr. Legh, by his own choice, beside the coachman—they were speedily upon their homeward road.

It was on the morning after this expedition that Marjorie rode round to the Cottage (there was no better horsewoman in the county than herself, and she often said she could live in the saddle on the wide sheep-runs of Australia!) and, without dismounting, used her privilege of intimacy to tap with her whip at the long window of Mrs. Burroughes' morning room.

She was looking wondrously bright and fresh, overflowing with the animation of pleasant news.

"I have heard from papa," she exclaimed as soon as her friend had opened the window, "and we shall see him here in a month at the latest: in a fortnight perhaps. And—and—" with a shyness that made her rarest as well as her very prettiest aspect, "can I speak to Mr. Legh?"

"My brother has been at Westfields somewhere for more than an hour," replied Mrs. Burroughes. "Freeman sent to him for orders about emptying pike-pools, I think. Do you want him?"

"I'm afraid I'm always wanting him," confessed Marjorie, "and just now," with a very fine blush, "I did particularly. But I may meet him. If not, some one on the place can find him, and ask him to come up and speak to me. I have written out to papa a letter that he will find at Naples. Now I am going to post it at Wearford to catch this mail. Is there anything I can do there for you?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I bring Mr. Legh's letters, if there are any for him?"

Mrs. Burroughes was vastly amused at this persistent dragging of "Mr. Legh" into every sentence, but, determined to see nothing till she was told all, answered, with thanks, that she need not trouble Miss Assheton; her brother's letters came up each morning in their own bag.

"Oh, that they don't indeed," said Marjorie, very positively. "I've seen them often on the little shelf at Wearford office, 'to be left till called for'; and he goes over for them—at least, he often tells me that he is going there—so I thought I might save him a journey."

"For which thought he is indebted to you then," said Mrs Burroughes. "But you certainly know more of his movements than I do," with just enough pique in her manner to make Marjorie fear she had done mischief.

"Now don't go and be cross with him," she begged coaxingly. "I dare say it is only some stupid foreigner who writes to him so. Say nothing about it, please."

"Well, I won't, then: at any rate, not yet," yielded Mrs. Burroughes with good grace. If Marjorie were not jealous, why should she be? Nevertheless, as the young lady trotted gaily off, she pondered over the information somewhat uneasily, casting about how she could ever satisfy herself on this question of her brother's unknown correspondent.

As fate willed it, the clue was given her very quickly.

Stephen returning, mud-besplashed, at midday from the work he had assisted as well as ordered, sat down at the writing-table in his own room, when his garments were changed, to pen his second weekly letter to Aimée.

To-day the task seemed doubly difficult, for again the burden of his lines, alas! must be delay.

Twice he began his epistle, but, discontented, tore in shreds the unfinished page.

Then he directed the envelope, and once more began, but scarcely had he traced the first syllables, "My dear——" when came a tap at the door, and, "If you please, sir, Dybell from Westfields has brought a message from Mr. Freeman, if you could just step down and see him."

Without a moment's thought Stephen descended, leaving his door wide open, his discarded clothes hanging full in sight of his sister, who just then crossed the landing.

"Untidy man!" said that neatest of housewives mentally, and entering the apartment intent on setting things in order, the first thing that caught her eye was the white envelope with its address—

"MISS FOREST,
Maison Ste. Marie,
Rue du Prince,
Bruxelles."

And in an instant it flashed upon her, "Here was the writer of Stephen's *poste restante* letters!"

A few seconds she stood looking at the direction, which fixed itself surely upon her memory, then with one glance, that took in the torn fragments and the missive just begun, she went down to the luncheon table, cogitating over the name "Miss Forest" with quite a qualm, determining to get possession of her

brother for an afternoon drive, and to extract from him full explanation of who this lady might be.

Unlucky Mrs. Burroughes, and unluckier other folks! this plan was formed only to be defeated.

Up-stairs she heard her brother hurry: returning soon (in the few minutes he had penned what, little as he dreamt it, was to be his last note abroad to Aimée), he just stopped by the dining-room only to beg his sister to lunch, as often before, without him. Freeman had sent word that Colonel Annesley would be over on the Westfields banks directly, and it was necessary he should be there too, to fix certain water boundaries. He might most likely go round to Wearford, but would be home for dinner.

"Till then good-bye," said Mrs. Burroughes, but at the mention of Wearford her face darkened. Stephen should enlighten her about that small mystery before it was many hours older, she resolved, and would most certainly have carried her point, had not those next few hours brought her an alarmed anxiety, that for a time drove the lesser perplexity entirely into the background.

Still in highest spirits, Marjorie meanwhile returned from her morning canter to Wearford.

Directly she entered the house she began a series of inquiries. "Had Mr. Legh been? Had the servants seen him? Had Freeman said if he was coming this afternoon?"

Gaining the information at last that Mr. Legh was expected on the seven-acre piece at three o'clock, to meet Colonel Annesley—

"Then I shall go too!" she announced to Miss Bassett, whom she found sitting in the cool library—a room little used now, for Marjorie was no reader—"Will you ring the bell, please, and tell them to be quick and bring something to eat?"

Miss Bassett laid aside an improving book—she much affected little-known theological authors—and turned her hard grey eyes upon the young house mistress.

"Luncheon will be ready in the proper place, at the proper time," she said coldly. "I do wish, my dear Miss Assheton, you would remember that, in establishments like this, regularity is above all things necessary. Good English servants expect it."

"Then good English servants won't get it if they wait upon me," returned Marjorie curtly, "for I shall order what I like, when I choose. Do ring the bell, please."

"Presently," said Miss Bassett calmly; "but first, may I ask to speak to you?"

"Oh, certainly," said Marjorie, "if you're not long;" and tossing her felt hat on the table, she sat down, fidgeting impatiently with the buttons of her habit through the first part of the conversation that ensued.

"I trust you see," began Miss Bassett, with excessive though repressed nervousness, for now was approaching a crisis on which she had staked great hopes, "I trust you recognise, Miss Assheton, that my office here with you has been no light one. Now, when I can but see that it is likely to end"—Marjorie looked up, blushed, but did not contradict—"I must recall to you how I have endeavoured, honestly and faithfully" (her hearer's pretty mouth curved into an ironical smile), "*most* faithfully to guide your manners and conversation in such a way that you might move creditably in English circles."

"Thank you very much for having done so, and for so kindly reminding me of it," answered Marjorie, her wrath beginning to smoulder, for Miss Bassett's perpetual "guiding" had irritated her the whole summer through, as the personal attendance of a gadfly. "Excuse me for saying that I see no need to dwell on this. And excuse me for recalling to you that your services have been extremely amply paid. When papa comes over and—other arrangements are made, I shall no doubt be able to release you."

Miss Bassett turned a shade sallower. *She* had other arrangements to make before then. With these in view, she kept voice and temper under rein.

"I think," she said, "there is one matter we must come to a conclusion about before I am 'released.' My salary, to which you have been good enough to allude, may seem perhaps unusually large for the duties I have performed. It is so. But I must tell you plainly that this salary, which for five-and-twenty years I received from Mrs. Assheton, for five months from yourself, is payment for something more than merely keeping her and you company."

"Well?" said Marjorie, for Miss Bassett stopped, taking a long breath.

"It was for keeping—her secret and yours!"

"*My secret!*" cried Marjorie, pushing back her chair as though she thought the speaker gone suddenly mad. "What absurd tale is this, Miss Bassett? I have no secret that you need be paid for keeping!"

"A little explanation, and you will think differently," was the answer, uttered with the assurance of a strong position. "Men—gentlemen—I may as well say a husband—would most likely wish what I refer to kept quiet; *I* should say it is best kept from a husband himself. There is no need that I can see for you to arm a man, proud perhaps of his own family, with taunts that he could at any time cast against yours."

"Taunts against my family!" repeated Marjorie as she rose, and folding her shapely arms upon each other, stood a proud young picture of erect defiance. "And pray, Miss Bassett, what can you tell me or my—my husband, or any one, that we Asshetons need be ashamed of?"

"Well," said Miss Bassett slowly, "I could tell them that the mother of 'you Asshetons' was a common country girl, born in a cottage, and dragged up in poverty, whose father was known far and near as the cleverest poaching thief of his day, and whose brothers were worthy of the title given them by the whole bench of magistrates, Colonel Annesley included, 'the most incorrigible rascals that ever went unhanged!' I know," pursued Miss Bassett hurriedly, for she saw a storm of varying emotions brewing in Marjorie's eyes, though the girl had sat down again, very pale—"I know this is no fault of yours. I think it would be hard for you to suffer for it. And you would have

to suffer if it were made public. But *I* have no desire to make it known that Lucy Wilshire was your mother."

"Wilshire?" repeated Marjorie, "daughter of the woman——"

"Whom you have visited once or twice? Yes—who is so old and so poor—all but a pauper. She it is who is precisely the same relation to you that Mrs. Assheton was."

Here was a combination of offences that Marjorie, with sense sharpened by experience, foresaw would never be overlooked in this English world that she had come to.

Silently she pondered over the position through minutes that Miss Bassett felt interminable. At last, her own conclusions being arrived at, she spoke.

"You are perfectly certain this is true?"

"Perfectly."

"'THEY HAVE BEEN GOOD; THEY PLANNED TO BE KIND LIKE; THEY'VE SENT ME THESE'" (*p.* 615).

Marjorie looked up at the library walls where hung that rich grandmother's portrait, handsome and haughty, opposite the more delicate features of the scholarly husband she had early lost.

"Was this tale to be credited?" ran her troubled thoughts. "Was here the meaning of that difference, easily recognised, not easily defined, between her parents, which had often puzzled her? Was this why her father had lived exiled from his country, bringing his children up neither to ask nor know anything of distant kinsfolk? Was this why that father dominated all the household, and the mother, often to her second daughter's impatient ridicule, was but his shadow or his echo? 'Poor and illiterate' had her mother been? 'Rascals and gaol-birds' were the men of her family?"

"How came you to know it, and no one else?"

The tone was peremptory as a true Assheton's. Miss Bassett's first impulse was to resent it; her next to put it to Marjorie's debit account.

"I came here," she answered, "within a month of your father's leaving. I was present in this room when his letter reached your grandmother, telling her he had kept his word with the girl he loved, and made her his wife. It was in the weakness of what was almost a death-blow to her that Mrs. Assheton let me share the tidings. Embodiment of pride though she was, I believe to have borne them alone would have killed her."

"And you were her only confidante?"

"The only one."

"How came it the other people, the Wilshires, were not told?"

"Because your father was his true mother's son. He could make a low marriage, that nearly broke her heart, he could cut himself off from all hope of her wealth, but of his own free will he gave her that one poor consolation. 'While you live,' he wrote, 'not a soul in England shall know who my wife is. I promise this in her name and mine.' And to that they have adhered. Doubtless they are desirous of still doing so."

Marjorie's face was a study of pain and shame as she asked—

"So that lonely old woman in the cottage yonder—she does not know who or where her daughter is?"

"No," said Miss Bassett eagerly; "she knows nothing!"

"Then," said Marjorie, rising slowly, for somehow the earth seemed less firm beneath her feet than it had done ten minutes before, "then it's time she did know. And I shall go and tell her!"

"Miss Assheton!" almost shrieked Miss Bassett, all the atonement for the legacy she never got, all the grand schemes of profit she had based on this revelation, melting into thin air, "do, pray, first think of what you are doing! There's not the slightest use in letting the story get wind. Let it rest. I can guard the secret for you as I did for Mrs. Assheton."

"For the same—pay?"

"Yes!"—*very* eagerly, rejoicing in renewed prospect of that comfortable income.

"And keep it from—from—my—husband too?"

"Most certainly!"

"Then 'most certainly,'" flashed forth Marjorie, contemptuously, "I shall hire you to do nothing of the kind! If this is the sort of training with which you would turn me into an English gentlewoman, I decline to be made one. Your news is not pleasant, I confess, but I'm not such a coward as to double its pain by purchasing more concealment. Such as it is, it shall be borne by me and mine. You can keep it to yourself or spread it abroad, precisely as you think fit!"

Marjorie had pride enough of her own, and a great pain throbbed in her breast as she spoke. But she held up her head dauntlessly, caught up her hat, and was out of the room before Miss Bassett had found breath to expostulate.

"Myles," her voice sounded in the hall, "if Mr. Legh comes, tell him I shall be back in an hour, and I particularly require to see him." And then, delaying only to remove her habit, she sped away a-foot on her errand towards the village.

Cold with rage, though the August day was sultry enough, Miss Bassett was left alone. Never had she calculated on such masterful independence as this girl had shown. Never had she doubted but at this crucial moment she should secure some of that fortune which for long years she had fawned, flattered, plotted for—in vain! Blunderer that she had been, to force the bargain before Marjorie's marriage had made the secret more marketable, her silence more saleable!

"But you mean to be rid of me! You'll carry all with a high hand without me, will you?" she said, getting up to watch Marjorie's rapidly retreating figure with an ominous smile. "Then as surely as you live, Miss Assheton, you shall be sorry for the day when you made an enemy of Harriet Bassett!"

How was it, one may naturally ask, the disappointed woman had made no use of her strongest claim upon Miss Assheton's generosity? Had she forgotten the friendly surgeon's advice, or did she wilfully neglect a weapon far likelier to do her good service than the one she had used?

Questions, these, which only her own actions in due course can answer.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

MISFORTUNES NEVER COME ALONE.

FLUSHED and excited, her impulsive nature all aglow to remedy what seemed to her gross wrong, Marjorie Assheton went, quick as the winding road could take her, to old Jane Wilshire's cottage at Bridgeham.

Whether this step were wise or not, never entered her mind. From the confusion into which Miss Bassett's story had plunged her brain, the blackest spot her warm heart singled out was the cruel concealment practised on a desolate old woman, and that, without loss of time, she was going to repair.

In her haste along the last lane, Marjorie nearly stumbled over a little rosy-cheeked child, diligently making dust-pies in the path.

"Out of the way, you little nuisance!" she exclaimed sharply, in no mood for hindrance of any kind; but before half a dozen steps were set, she hurried back, and flung to the astonished juvenile all the small coin carried for chance gate-openers in her pocket.

"Who can tell?" she was saying to herself; "perhaps I have the honour of being remote cousin to the grubby little wretch! The parish may be peopled with such connections, for anything I know! Oh, my poor pretty Westfields"—looking back over the sparkling water to her home enshrined in foliage, cool and peaceful amid the August heat, that quivered over busy harvest fields around—"will this send me away from you, or shall we have courage to stay? *He* shall decide for us. I'll leave it all to him."

The modest domicile she was bound for was soon reached: a cottage with leaded casements, rickety, thatched, patched, whitewashed within and without—the dwelling of her nearest relative on English soil. It stood parted off from the high road by a narrow strip of garden, the doorway flanked by tall red hollyhocks, their brilliant rosettes of bloom the happy hunting-field of fluttering white butterflies, whose frolicking irresponsible enjoyment of life Marjorie had almost envied as she waited many seconds for an answer to her first knock. Another summons brought steps moving slowly over the brick floor, the latch was raised, and the old widow stood curtseying before her, with hazel eyes, keen and bright despite her seventy years, raised to the visitor with the patient,

half-timid glance Marjorie could recall in her mother's when waiting on some utterance of her father.

"May I come in?" asked the caller, suddenly turning very nervous, and seized with a disposition to cry. "I want to talk to you, Mrs. Wilshire. Are you quite alone?"

"All alone, miss," was the answer, with another curtsey, "and proud to see you. I've bin countin' on seein' you again ever sin' you come before."

"The woman who lives with you: where is she?" asked Marjorie, entering and closing the door. (Oh! how small, and mean, and poverty-stricken looked the place, redeemed from misery only by excessive cleanliness.)

"Gone gleanin'," was the reply, "for they tell me the fields are gettin' cleared. But I've seen naught of 'em the year. Nowadays my steps aren't many."

All the vitality of a face that must have been pretty half a century before centred now in the dark questioning eyes. She looked truly such a frail old creature that Marjorie instinctively offered to help her to her chair, noticing thankfully that the lean brown hand placed upon her arm was scrupulously clean, as every thread of her poor homely dress.

With a "Thank you kindly, miss," the antiquated walnut seat beside a round oak table was regained, and excuse dutifully made for want of manners in not standing up before a visitor.

"But," needlessly explained the infirm old woman, "since winter, when the rheumatics took such a hold of me, I've bin nigh tied fast, and 'cept for just creepin' out into the warm now and again, I sit here most all the day long alone."

She spoke without complaint, but there was a pathos in that last "alone" that spurred Marjorie to her task. Drawing up a wooden stool for herself, and lifting her hat from her heated forehead—

"Must you be alone?" she asked. "Is there nobody of your own to be with you?"

Jane Wilshire shook her grey head sadly. "The most of mine are dead and gone, miss."

"All?"

"The three men of us lay up by the church, miss," was the reply, the furrows on the patient old face deepening at their mention, "and my boys left none behind them."

"But you had—a daughter?"

"Once."

"And where is she?"

"I wish I knew—I wish I knew. Ay; often I think I'd be glad to have her along of the rest. It 'd be something to know her safe up there."

So pitiful the droop of the time-worn figure, such a strain of unspoken grief ran through these words, Marjorie could contain the truth no longer. Reaching across the table, she laid her firm young fingers upon the thin shrunken wrist.

"I can tell you where your daughter is," she said: "At Gracepoint, in Australia; and she is—my mother!"

So wildly improbable this sounded, Jane Wilshire gave a strange frightened cry, grasped Marjorie's hand a moment, and then let it go. She dared not believe her ears, but shaking in every feeble limb, repeated beneath her breath—

"Your mother! *Her* mother! Miss Assheton's mother! Oh, no, no, miss, no; it—it—it isn't true. It can't be!"

"But it is!" insisted Marjorie, herself by now unnerved completely; and then she gave the name of her own informer, withholding nothing of the whole tale told her by Miss Bassett.

Bewildered, as waking from a dream, sat her hearer, not once interrupting till the end. Then said she—

"May God be praised! My girl's an honest woman!" and turned her head away to hide from her long-lost daughter's lady-child a mingled joy and pain denied by age the great relief of tears.

For nigh an hour Marjorie stayed on, calmer now herself, able to soothe the old woman's wondering delight.

"My girl rich! And his wife—the young squire's wife! Him that I felt fearful should light his eyes on her for harm, and never let her speak his name, if I could help it, even after he did us the good turn with our poor gathless men! Oh, pray God I mayn't wake up and find it isn't true! My Lucy well and happy, and looked up to, her own self! You said she was looked up to, didn't you, miss?"

"Call me Marjorie," said the girl kindly. "Yes; my mother is looked up to, and deserves it. She worked, I have heard my father say—worked hard to help him to make and save his fortune—and now there's no one down all Sydney Harbour better thought of than Mrs. John Assheton. But I wish, oh, I do wish"—a generous indignation crimsoning her cheeks—"that they had told you! They shouldn't have left you"—looking round the bare tenement—"poor like this. It was a shame!"

"But they never meant to," interrupted Jane Wilshire earnestly; "they didn't want me to be poor. For," opening a little box that stood beside her on the table, "look here, miss—well, I can't seem to frame the word right yet—look here, then, Marjorie—to think you're not above my sayin' that!—they have been good; they planned to be kind like; they've sent me these."

And lifting first a wooden tray and then a folded paper, she pointed out at the bottom of the box her daughter's exoneration from one charge in a number of bank-notes, flattened and smoothed into small space.

"They came," she explained, whispering timidly, "ever since my own man died, year after year. And with the first there was a line to say that she (my Lucy) was well and happy; but I dursn't believe it. I'd my doubts—may I be forgiven 'em!—of your father. So I spoke of the paper notes to none, an' never changed but two bits into gold, and that only to keep body and soul together without goin' to the 'House.' Folks thought my people from the Fens sent it to me, for I come of them that stood right up enough; an' my own mother had a hundred pounds, I've heard tell, on her wedding morn. But now, now"—lifting out the crisp notes with her shaking hands——

"Now use them as you will," said Marjorie. "And

tell whoever you choose where they come from, and who sent them. You must have had hard times enough keeping silent; now speak out to all you like."

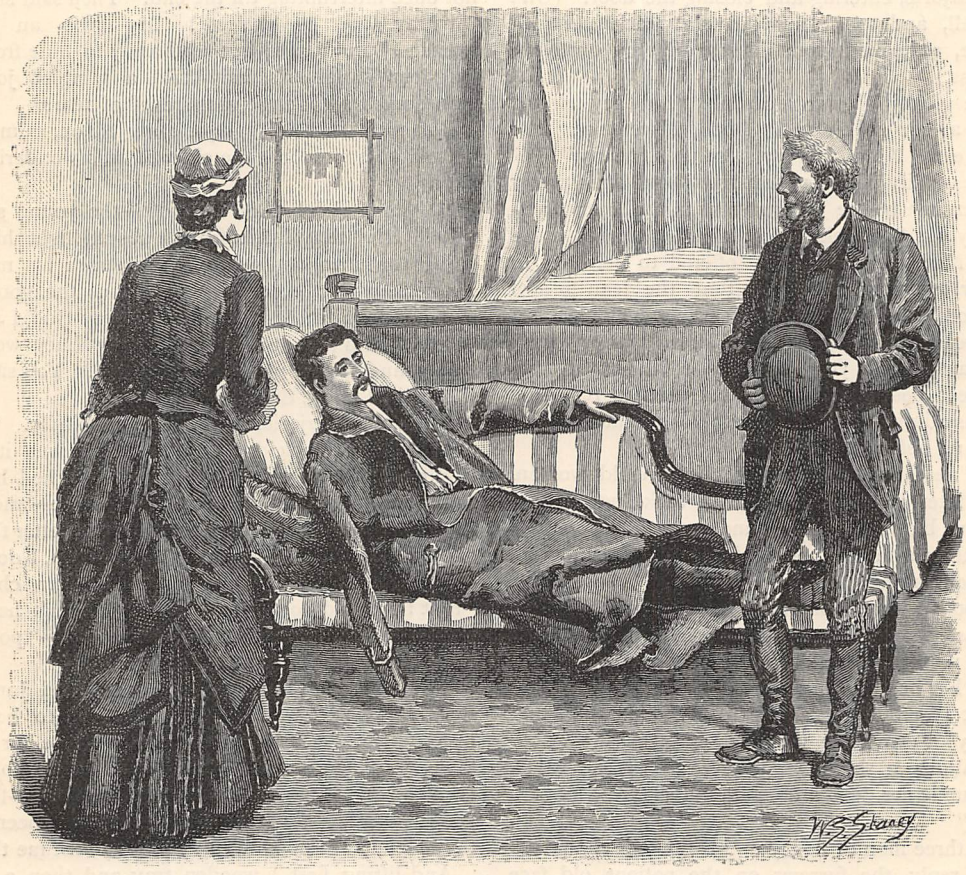
Jane Wilshire looked with intensest admiration at the frank-hearted girl, but in her humble way she was worldlier and wiser than her grandchild, and with a gesture of dissent—

"No," she said gravely; "I've bin still too long to want to prate about it now. Your news have made my heart go lighter than it have done since the hour my Lucy was born. An' that's enough. You haven't taken count, perhaps, my pretty, what tellin' si'nifies to you. Don't go an' talk, nor yet let her that told you talk, till you've took some one's counsel. There's none shall know it first from me."

In no humour yet to retract a syllable of what she had said to Miss Bassett, Marjorie answered this generous counsel only with good-byes, stooping to let the glad old soul just touch her young face with a parting kiss.

"I shall soon come again—grandmother," she said, and closed this strange interview with more genuine pride at Jane Wilshire's grand unselfishness, and less mortification at her close kinship with one of poverty's children, than would have been possible under similar conditions to any English girl born and bred.

Hurrying from the cottage, and meeting gleaners on their homeward way—for by now it was four o'clock—Marjorie spent the minutes as she went along debating whether or not Miss Bassett had made her tidings public, whom she had told or meant to tell, and how it would sound to one individual whose opinion and advice she meant speedily to seek.



"FREEMAN DEPARTED, FULL OF HOPES FOR THE INVALID'S AMENDING" (*p.* 618).

"If Mr. Legh tells me——" she was thinking, when an abrupt turn of the road close to the Broad brought her on traces of some recent accident.

With an exclamation of dismay, she recognised one of her own vehicles—a dog-cart, shaftless and dismantled—being dragged up a steep incline on one side of the bridge, the grey horse, always appropriated to Mr. Legh's service, standing broken-kneed and badly injured close by, a knot of men around discussing whether it could be sent home or should be killed outright upon the spot.

"What has happened?" she cried out, and Freeman, her own bailiff, stepped forward to answer.

"A very bad spill indeed, miss. It was Mr. Legh was drivin', and Miss Bassett along with him." Marjorie changed colour. "They tell me up at the house, miss, he came there after he left Colonel Annesley, and waited a bit to see you, and, as you didn't come, and he wanted special to get round to Wearford Post, he had the cart out to drive hisself there. And as he started down came Miss Bassett, sayin' she wanted to go there too, if so be that he'd take her, which he did. I stood in the oat-field here, and see 'em come along all right, till just by yon gate the hoss took an' shied at some children with gleanin' on their heads—bother 'em !—and bolted like a steam-engine. Mr. Legh, he'd got the reins as tight as a drum, and I could see him regular holdin' of Miss Bassett down, she wantin' like to jump out; an' they'd have got on all safe, till if just as they got across the bridge, hanged if she didn't take and give a screech like mad, an' clawed at one of the reins, an' down they come a pretty smash, an' no mistake. The wonder is the whole of their necks wasn't broke."

"Who—which—is hurt ?" Marjorie faltered—"Where are they ?"

"I'd a wagon up from the field and got Miss Bassett back to Westfields, miss, an' Mr. Potts is seein' after her by now. She never spoke. She's pretty bad and no mistake."

"And—Mr. Legh ?"

"He came off best, miss, but that ain't much to boast of."

She gave a sigh of qualified relief.

"Dr. Burroughes came up by good luck with his four-wheel full of birds' nests and such-like rubbish, and he helped us to get our Mr. Legh in, an' drove him right off home."

"I must go to the Cottage, then," said Miss Assheton instantly; "tell them at home to send there for me in the evening. Do whatever is most merciful for that poor horse, Freeman. And tell them that Mr. Potts is to have anything or any one he requires for Miss Bassett. You are going up to the house now ?"

"Not directly, miss. Mr. Legh, he didn't wholly lose hisself, and he gave me charge of his letters. I promised to catch the postman, and give 'em to him. He'll be by soon."

"Be sure you don't miss him, then," said Marjorie, "for Mr. Legh would be vexed;" and, without wasting another moment, she struck off along a meadow-path to the Cottage. Here she found pain and dismay supreme: Mrs. Burroughes, always nervous in the face of physical calamity, pacing about the garden, excessively distressed at banishment from her brother's room; there Dr. Burroughes—with his old skill to the fore, and steady-handed Jarvis for assistant—was attending to an awkward double fracture of Stephen's right arm, whereof the setting brought such a groan from the scarcely conscious patient as arrested the steps of the two women in the sunshine without, turned Marjorie very pale, and set Mrs. Burroughes a-sobbing.

"Oh, if I had only gone home earlier and stopped him, or kept that unlucky Miss Bassett from him!" whispered Marjorie, feeling very guilty and perplexed.

"Or if he hadn't gone to Wearford at all! What DID he want to do that for?" returned Mrs. Burroughes, fully as perplexed on another score.

"I am so sorry," went on Marjorie, her eyes brimful of tears, "for him and for all of us. I did want to see him to-day so very, very much."

"Perhaps we shall none of us see him for ever so long," was Mrs. Burroughes' cold comfort. "Robert is dreadfully strict over keeping people quiet."

And "Robert" said precisely the same himself when, an hour after, he came down with later news of his invalid. "I can't have him disturbed about anything whatever for several days after such a shaking as this," was his dictum. "We can't tell all the mischief yet. Jarvis and I must turn nurses, and you ladies must leave him to us till he's over the worst."

There was no disputing this. Marjorie had obediently to take herself and the new cares of this eventful day back to Westfields, and Mrs. Burroughes—far too anxious to be useful—had to wait till the close of the next day before she was permitted even to look in upon her brother. Then, for the first time since his accident, sleep had overcome pain, and he lay (careworn and old for his years, his sister, watching him, thought), his lips moving uneasily under the influence of some fretful dream.

Twice, thrice he muttered something, gathering distinctness with reiteration, till Mrs. Burroughes heard plainly—

"We can't marry. We can *not* marry. I never should have promised to—to— Oh! if I were my own master!"

A restless turn started the pain afresh—awoke the sleeper to more hours of suffering, and Mrs. Burroughes had barely time to glide away unnoticed. But she had heard enough to rouse her suspicions. There was the skeleton of some old love-story standing between her brother and his acceptance of Marjorie Assheton's all but proffered love. How, with these fragments of knowledge, to deal with the complication—how to extricate her brother from an entanglement he had not confided to her—became now an absorbing question to Mrs. Burroughes, but one which she promised herself should not get the better of her, whatever might be the means with which she cut the knot of all its difficulties.

At Westfields, through the hot harvest time, lay the worse victim of the accident, and for one week it seemed unlikely Miss Bassett would struggle back to reason and to life.

Of attendants and medical skill she had no stint. "Spend all you wish upon her," was Miss Assheton's direction, "but don't ask me to see her. I'm out of place with invalids" (which Mr. Potts set down as an ungracious end to a most liberal speech); but nevertheless, day after day found Marjorie at the Cottage, her gay spirits strangely sobered, so very anxious over Mr. Legh's slow improvement, so desirous of seeing him again, that Mrs. Burroughes counted confidently on their first meeting as sure to bring

about the betrothal she so keenly desired—if only one obstacle were removed.

She was sitting with her brother—under strict injunctions from the doctor of cheerful and judicious conversation—some eight days after his imprisonment, when she ventured to broach the engrossing subject with—

"Miss Assheton is wonderfully anxious to see you, Stephen."

He sighed as he answered, "She can't be more anxious than I am to see her. Has she heard from her father?"

"Yes; I think it's about that she wants to talk to you. He is expected over almost directly."

"Thank goodness!" said Stephen wearily. It was on his mind to say more, for, weakened by illness, his insistent anxiety for Aimée grew almost insupportable, but just then entered Dr. Burroughes with a cheery—

"Well, my man, and can you stand another visitor? Here's Freeman badgering my life out to let him come up. I suppose I must give in. Ten minutes he may stay, and no longer. Henrietta, you come and turn him out then;" and to his great satisfaction honest Freeman was forthwith ushered up, and occupied the allotted ten minutes with his deputy master chiefly in fervent congratulations on his narrow escape. But, to his thinking, Mr. Legh didn't progress fast enough. "He'd like to see him looking heartier," he said, adding, with a wise nod over his prophetic hint—

"What you want just now, sir, is a nice wife about you—askin' your pardon. She'd make a different-lookin' man of you in no time, a wife would."

It was rough sympathy, but it hit the mark. Stephen, craving to speak of Aimée to some one, any one, unloosed his tongue. Mrs. Burroughes coming in at the moment, detained behind the door-screen by a bolt catching the lace of her sleeve, heard his answer—

"A wife, Freeman? You are right. I've the best one in the world ready for me, and wouldn't keep her waiting a day if I weren't so unluckily tied by——"

Back shot the bolt, and to the front came Mrs. Burroughes. Freeman departed, full of hopes for the invalid's amending. Tired of talking, Stephen lay back in silence, while, with his words revolving in her active brain, his sister sat devising how she would loose him from his bonds.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

TO A SEA-SHELL.

A SONNET.

O SEA-SHELL, singing, as if in thy soul,
In a melodious low-voiced monotone,
Of sounding shores where foam-bright breakers roll,
Of sunlit seas where but wave-songs are known!
Thy crimson-wreathèd ear, in days long flown,
Drank deep the wondrous music of the sea;
And now thy heart, with mingled mirth and moan,
Still sighing swells with ocean's melody.
A shell upon life's morning shore like thee,
The sad soul, severed from its natal bays,
Yet holds high treasured in dear memory
The glorious cadence of love's early lays,
And pleased in sorrow, listens to the low
Heart-holden symphonies of long ago.

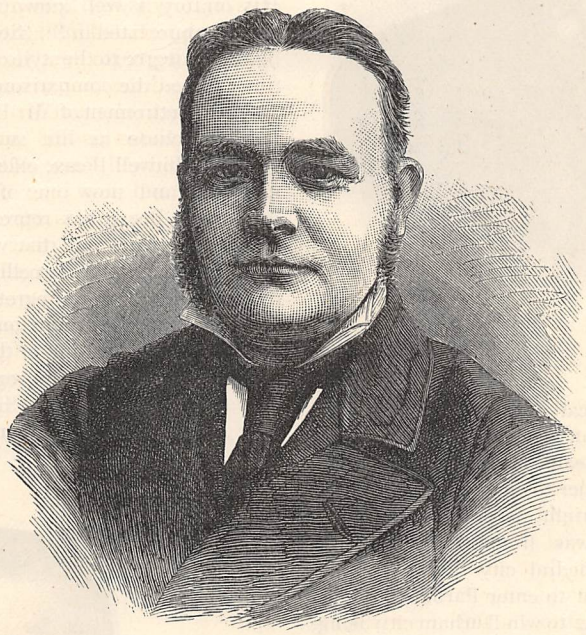
J. W. M.

"FRIENDS" IN THE COMMONS.

IN widely differing methods two centuries have brought the House of Commons and the members of the Society of Friends into contact. When the denomination was young, the House of Commons brought to its bar one of the most eloquent advocates of the new faith, adjudged him a "blasphemer," and, in spite of Cromwell's remonstrance, branded, burnt, flogged, and imprisoned that "much-afflicted man, James Nayler," as Lamb calls him. There were versions of the punishment, only a little milder, inflicted upon other Friends, who were collectively deemed enemies of the Commonwealth. Under Charles II. their sufferings were slightly alleviated for a time, but fresh "Acts" were passed to crush the sect. Under James, partial toleration was secured by the "lobbying" of Penn, and then the legislative interest of the body turned to Pennsylvania. One Friend had been elected to the House of Commons, but the legislative oath and other circumstances prevented Archdale taking his seat; and though others had been invited to become candidates, we have to come down to the Reform Bill of fifty years ago for the first Quaker member of Parliament.

Durham was divided by the first Reform Bill, and one of the new constituencies delighted to honour the late Joseph Pease. He had laboured to aid in giving his native county the first public railway; he was largely interested in the commerce of South Durham; his family was of long and good repute in the district; he was personally popular, "and a winning tongue had he." He had the scruples of one or two of his family

and friends to overcome, and he had a sharp fight, but was returned at the head of the poll. The question of the oath was to be faced, however. On Friday, February 8th, 1833, he entered Parliament, was tendered the usual oaths, and refused them. He had expected this. On Lord Althorp's proposition, a committee was appointed to inquire into precedents. It may be added that the case of Joseph Pease was pleaded by a rising Quaker barrister—the late Mr. John Hodgkin. The committee reported, and on the following Friday Mr. Pease took his seat on his simple affirmation. This much is generally known; but it is not so well known that the question of the oath came up again in Parliament in Mr. Pease's case. On the 17th of May, on the members of the Coleraine election committee coming up to the table to be "sworn," the Speaker called attention to the fact that one of the members was Mr. Pease, and asked for instruction whether his affirmation was to be accepted in all cases. Sir Robert Peel, Mr. O'Connell, and other members spoke in favour of such a course, and their advice prevailing, the last bar to the admission and the usefulness of members of the Society of Friends in the House of Commons was removed. In Parliament this first Quaker member served several years—abating no jot of the peculiar habits of his body.



MR. J. F. B. FIRTH, M.P. (CHELSEA).

There were no interjectional "sirs" in his speeches, and none were specially "right honourable members" to him. His mulberry-coloured coat was collarless; yet in it one of the sketchers in the House in those days described him as "the best-dressed man amongst" the legislative "six hundred." Until 1841 he was a useful, if not a prominent, legislator; but long after his retirement he retained interest in politics, and showed the same skill in popular speaking when, in 1857, he advocated the cause of his brother Henry, then a candidate for South Durham. Mr. Joseph Pease lived to see his eldest son occupying his seat, and to know that Britain recognised one of her foremost orators in a member of a body once proscribed.

With peculiar fluency of words, with wide knowledge of men, and with a keen sense of the humorous, the speeches of Mr. Joseph Pease are treasured up in the memories of some who heard him. He had a wide knowledge of dialect, and also a keen sense of when to use it. His speeches had the didactic enlivened with wit, and largely they shaped and directed for long the politics of the division which he lived in. When he praised the peacemaker, in one time of war-fever, an interjaculatory sentence—"but mind, never interfere between man and wife"—restored good-humour. When he spoke of railways and of business details that would have been dry, his knowledge of the facts, his personal observation of the place and the people, enabled him to command the attention, because he pictured subjects that were so alive with interest instead of dull abstractions.

Some anecdotes are told of Mr. Pease and the "House" officials that are apocryphal, but that have a basis of truth in the well-known repugnance that the Quakers of old had to the removal of the hat as a sign of respect. It is, however, told that when the news of the triumph of the first Quaker member reached one eminent politician, a lady of title, she was in the centre of a festive throng at her husband's palatial residence, and recognising the gain that the political party she was attached to had experienced, she ordered the musicians to strike up the fitting piece—"Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife!" Returning to the Legislature, the truth of the stories to which we have referred is found in the fact that Mr. Pease did decline to uncover, and that even to the Speaker. On other occasions good-humoured "chaff" was evoked, and the "price" of the member for South Durham for a more consistent support of the Government was once facetiously said to be the "Commandership-in-Chief or the Bishopric of Durham." A more serious assertion of the principles of the Friend followed some dispute as to the Irish representatives in those days, and the member for Drogheda (Mr. Dwyer) sent a "formal challenge to fight" to Mr. Pease, to which the only and the fitting reply was silence. When he retired from the representation, in 1841, he proposed Mr. John Bowes as his successor; and a contemporary writer sums up a description with the

MR. THEODORE FRY, M.P. (DARLINGTON).

statement that even political opponents "hang with admiration on the periods of the Quaker orator. None of them, they know, can speak in that style, and with real good-nature they whisper to each other as Joseph proceeds that he is a downright clever fellow!"

Singularly enough, it was from the county of Durham and from its cathedral city that Mr. John Bright derived first the right to enter Parliament—the unsuccessful attempt of 1842 to win Durham city being successful on its renewal in the following year. And, with the exception of four short months since that time, Mr. Bright has been one of the best known of the members of the Legislature—so well known that it is needless to add anything here, except that in his own Society his influence is felt, and in its Parliament his voice is at times as influentially heard. At the general election of 1857, and again at that of 1859, South Durham elected Mr. Henry Pease. He had the aid in these elections of his brother's eloquence, and in parts of the division he needed it. There was then surviving the prejudice against the "three Quakers" who had visited Russia prior to the Crimean war, of whom Mr. Henry Pease was one, and there were local objections to him. In one of the hotbeds of the opposition, then, the visit of the candidate had been prefaced with personal attacks in the press, in which the "Russian deputation" figured. It fell to Mr. Joseph Pease to reply to them, and after his reply they were no more repeated. Singularly enough, in another town Mr. Henry Pease was asked whether he would oppose an enlarged military expenditure. Close to him on the balcony was a venerable Quaker, with hat of broadest brim, and with straightest-collared coat, and pointing to his friend, the candidate's reply, brief and conclusive, was—

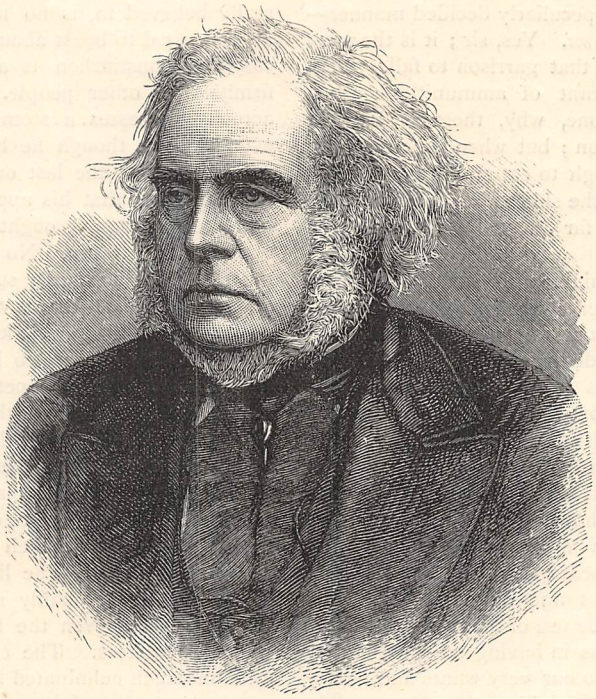
"I wear a dress and hat like that!"

A pleasant speaker, though not eloquent—one with very exquisite choice of words—a philanthropist rather than a politician—a courteous, kindly man—was this Mr. Henry Pease, the second of the prominent family to enter the House of Commons, where he sat until the dissolution in 1865. But prior to that time others of his faith had joined Mr. Bright and himself in Westminster. In 1859, Mr. Edward Aldam Leatham, one of the newer type of Friends, a University graduate, an author, a banker, was elected for Huddersfield, which (except in one Parliament) he has since represented. His oratory is well known in the south of Yorkshire, and is appreciated in St. Stephen's, though the resemblance in degree to the style of a great speaker has sometimes forced the comparison of "Bright-and-water."

On the retirement of Mr. Henry Pease in 1865, South Durham chose as his successor his nephew, Mr. Joseph Whitwell Pease, eldest son of the first Quaker member, and now one of the few titled Friends. Sir Joseph Pease has represented his native division for twenty years, and that with a general acceptance that will make the parcelling of the division under redistribution have its regretful side. In that succession, and in the introduction of other Friends into the House after the passing of the Reform Bill of 1867, the position of the body in regard to its representation in Parliament changed. Since that time, at successive general elections, Darlington has chosen first

SIR J. W. PEASE, BART., M.P. (SOUTH DURHAM).

Mr. Edmund Backhouse, and then its present member, Mr. Theodore Fry; Chelsea, Mr. Joseph Firth Bottomley Firth; Whitby, Mr. Arthur Pease; Cambridge, Mr. William Fowler; Bristol, Mr. Lewis Fry; Reading, Mr. George Palmer; and Armagh, Mr. James N. Richardson. But the choice has been for reasons in which sectarian element had no part. Services to the commercial world have been largely the causes of choice in some instances; political services in local spheres have been the chief causes in others; whilst municipal claims have had recognition elsewhere. And whilst in the earliest of the Friends in the House the denominational element had prominent display, it has been little evidenced for the last score of years. The dozen members of the body in Parliament have been of the newer school — the school of Friends who pin not their faith to peculiarities of dress or speech, and who have no outward display of religious belief; and thus it occurs that in the "Parliamentary Companion" the allusion to the Society of Friends is only in the case of one right hon. gentleman not a member, of whom it is said that his father was "for more than fifty years an eminent minister" of that body. It is also noticeable that whilst in the cases of the three first Friends in the House the introduction was from business life only, that of the later ones has been from corporations and professions of which they were members. And from these causes the distinctiveness marking the earlier representatives is not found in the later, so that the repute they have gained is due to other causes. Hence the House listens to this speaker because of his intimate knowledge of London government, to another because of his wide experience in banking, to a third as a prominent railway director, and to a fourth as a well-known philanthropist. This change has, for our purpose, the defect that it removes the special feature on which we have been dilating.



THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P. (BIRMINGHAM).

It is observable that all the members of the body in the House are on one side in political life, though in ex-members both sides are represented. Largely, the cause of the current of political thought running in one groove is to be found in the past history of the body—in the persecutions it had to undergo, in the training it gave its members, and in the objection of one side to the removal of tests.

But if the House relaxed its rules to admit the Quakers, and if special clauses have freed them from other bars, now that the newer school is the exponent of their views, we hear nothing of the removal of the hat by an usher, there is no display of the objection once entertained to prefixes, and the speech bewrayeth no longer. In modes of dress and address, in language and in habit, they have sunk into those of the bulk of gentlemen who have the privilege of entry into the "first club in Europe." And finally, the resemblance is found also in the classes from whom the Quaker members are drawn. They have been mainly of the trading classes. Two of those now in the House are, or have been, professional men, but bankers and manufacturers include the larger number. The constituencies they represent are mainly urban — metropolitan constituencies like that of Chelsea, manufacturing centres like Birmingham and Darlington, and occasionally a county district like South Durham.

In the list the name of John Bright is naturally prominent; but there are orators also in men like Mr. E. A. Leatham; and in that gentleman, Mr. Firth, and Mr. Fowler, there are authors of some repute; whilst it is not too much to say that for business capacity the representatives named will well compare with those drawn from communions whose numbers in Britain exceed by far the 15,000 of the Society of Friends. Whether the effect on the House has been good we need not ask, but it is another and a different question whether it has on the Society. Its members have entered into political life, and the outcome of that and the reflection on the body at large are only slowly beginning to develop—too slowly as yet to fully enunciate them all within the limits of a short paper.

A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

*** *Our Illustrations are taken from Photographs by Messrs. Russell & Sons, Tufnell Park, N.*

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

(THE FORTRESS OF LIFE.—V.) BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

E were sitting at breakfast one morning, but had not been speaking much, for Captain H—— had the paper before him, and his pet leg on a camp-stool; and I also was reading.

Presently he threw the broad-sheet on the floor, gave his ankle a slap, and opened the fire of conversation by remarking, in his peculiarly decided manner—

"Pass the eggs, *mon ami*. Yes, sir; it is the want of supplies that will cause that garrison to fall. That is worse far than the want of ammunition; when powder and shot are gone, why, there is bayonet or sword to fall back upon; but when a beleaguered garrison doesn't get enough to eat and drink—well, it is literally holding on by the skin of its teeth, and the bitter end cannot be very far away. What think you yourself?"

"I'm of your way of thinking for once," I replied. "It is a bad thing for either a garrison or an individual when he is obliged to hold on 'by the skin of his teeth,' as you figuratively describe it. When the Commissariat Department fails in its duty, when supplies come tardily in, when something interferes with the blood-making process, then, my dear H——, it is pretty near the end with the Fortress of Life.

"I wonder," I continued, "if Principal Pirie, of Aberdeen University—who, I believe, is still alive and well—remembers an address he gave to the students some twenty years ago, in which, while speaking of the goodness and kindness of an all-ruling Providence, he made use of these words, 'How kind the Great Father was in having so ruled it that even self-administration to our very wants and necessities gave us pleasure. Think,' he said, 'how terrible it would be if the simple act of eating a mouthful of food or swallowing a drop of water were accompanied with pangs of pain!' The Principal may have forgotten these words, but I have not. Yes, the partaking of food gives us pleasure; and is the blessing not almost constantly abused? Are there not thousands—ay, tens of thousands—who live to eat instead of eating to live? The consequences are very dreadful, for sooner or later—more often sooner than later—the gourmand goes to the wall. The break-up comes, slowly it may be, and even insidiously, but none the less surely. The Commissariat Department fails, and the fortress falls."

"In this case, however," said my friend, "I should not think it was so much the fault of want of stores as the inability to make use of them that causes the mischief."

"You are right," I answered; "there may be no dearth in the supply of stores. They are duly brought to hand; they are deposited at the very gates of the fortress, but the *via vitæ* has been destroyed, and there is no way of conveying them to the starving garrison, which perishes in the sight of plenty!

"The veriest school-boy, nowadays," I went on, "knows all about the physiology of digestion."

"No need then, doctor, for inflicting a lecture on that subject upon me."

"Not so; unfortunately, the school-boy forgets all about his physiology, and thinks no more about it, till after many years he finds that dyspepsia, which he had read a great deal about, but had never really believed in, is no myth after all; that even he who used to boast about his healthfulness and his cast-iron constitution is a man subject to like infirmities as other people. He finds now that he actually possesses a stomach, a liver, and probably even a spleen, though he has still some doubts about the existence of the last organ. Perhaps, after a bad cold, he finds that his appetite does not return, or is more feeble than it ought to be. He does not get alarmed all at once. No; hope tells him the flattering tale that he is only suffering from a slight attack of indigestion, and that it will soon pass away, and he will be himself again. He knows he must eat, however, else he cannot expect to live, so he looks about for delicacies to coax the appetite, and sauces to tempt it.

"Perhaps this is about the very worst plan he could have adopted. I should like to tell this person suffering from incipient dyspepsia, and tell tens of thousands of the same class, that indigestion in its first stages is a disease of want of tone—want of tone not in the stomach alone, but in the whole internal economy. The liver may or may not be out of sorts. Very probably it is, and the pancreas and spleen, ay, and even the heart itself, partake in the general weakness. The cold, or other slight indisposition which culminated in the loss of appetite, was not the beginning of the mischief. There was debility of important internal organs creeping on before that, though it was not so much noticed. Now, what good are rich sauces or tempting wines likely to do in a case of this kind, think you? They will give false appetite. They will enable a man to get more food into his stomach in a pleasant and painless way—into his stomach, mind you, but not into his system. Eating without an appetite, or with what I may call a borrowed or artificial one, is almost as bad as not eating at all.

"But what is the poor man to do? you ask. Why, the answer is simple enough. He must eschew all appetising stimulants, and set about in all haste restoring the enfeebled condition of the general system. It is tone he needs—tone and strength of body. A more dangerous experiment than that of forcing the appetite in such cases I do not know. You, of course, have heard of the thoracic duct—that tiny tube, no thicker than a quill, which collects the chyle, or nutrient portion of the food we eat, and conveys it along the spine, emptying it into one of the principal

veins of the body, where its precious contents mingle with the general circulation. When one thinks that his very existence depends upon this little tube, and that as it grows feeble life must wane, he cannot help wondering that life should hang upon such a little thread as this. But so it is. And in all cases of debility, accompanied with loss of appetite, this thread —this tiny tube—partakes of the general weakness and general attenuation of the rest of the body. Little use then, surely, to load the stomach with food if the thoracic duct is feeble, and unable to take it up. I am not speaking without a purpose; I am not giving vent to words that have no meaning or practical value; and what I wish to be inferred is that a person suffering from incipient dyspepsia should by no means neglect it for a single day, but must direct his efforts to increasing the tone of the general system rather than directing attention to the stomach itself. This last will assuredly come right as soon as the body begins to regain power and vigour. Only—and here come in my words of warning—having been restored to health, let him beware for ever after what he eats and what he drinks. Perhaps a short sojourn at the seaside, or in some bracing inland place—such as Malvern, for example—will be necessary to restore tone to the system. The cold bath or shower-bath will in some cases act like a charm, while mild tonics may be required, with the mildest of mild aperients, if exercise alone does not succeed in keeping the system open; but the taking of tonics or aperients should never degenerate into a habit, or evil will come of it.

"Now, Captain H——, let us suppose that the garrison which you have just been reading about has a small line of railway connecting it with the sea, and that through this it draws all its supplies. That line would be to that garrison in the same relation as the thoracic duct I have mentioned is to the Fortress of Life. What would you think of the officer in command who should neglect to keep a clear line of communication with his base of supplies?"

"He'd be a fool, and soon find himself recalled."

"And yet, almost every day of their lives people are making mistakes of the same fatal character. They overload their *via vitæ;* they overwork it; they weaken it in all conceivable methods, and knowing, too, that they do this, they wonder, or pretend to wonder, when they find it damaged, perhaps beyond hope of repair.

"But to drop metaphor for a time, let me mention one thing which I dare say is patent enough to all thinking men. It is this:—Unless an individual has not only peace, but calmness of mind and body, he cannot be either well or happy. Now, I maintain that unless the digestive organs are in healthful working order, repose of body and mind is an impossibility. And without this repose one's life is being frittered away. In other words, life is all one long-continued fever; and if so, all the faster must it run to a close. We well know that with an over-laden stomach good refreshing sleep is out of the question; and so in our waking hours repose is also an impossibility.

"It may now be well to consider one or two of the mistakes that militate against repose of body, whether asleep or awake, and which keep the system in a state of constant wearing, tearing fever. Remember that there are thousands of people who never know what a day's real health is, owing entirely to this chronic condition, but who might be well if they only had the moral courage to regulate their lives, and live more according to the ordinary laws of health.

"The greatest mistakes of all are over-eating and eating too often. So long as a person is growing, the system needs extra nourishment to enable nature to build up the frame-work of the body. But adults have need of food only to supply the materials for new blood to make up for the waste of tissue. This waste of tissue is constantly going on, to be sure, but only in direct ratio to the work we do, whether mental or bodily. If a greater quantity of food is taken into the system than can be used up, it is more deleterious than if we had swallowed so much sand. The food so partaken of leaves the stomach in an undigested form, and never fails to work all kinds of mischief, and, instead of doing good, it does injury, and weakens the body that it was intended to strengthen.

"The next most common mistake that leads to this form of debility is the much-to-be-regretted practice of eating a poisonous mixture of foods at the same meal. The adjective 'poisonous' may be thought a strong one, but it is not too much so. If people who suffer from nervousness would only live plainly for a month or two, in all probability they would find renewed health, and with it a happiness and repose to which they had been strangers for many years. They would positively find themselves growing younger again instead of growing older, for the simple reason that they would not now be living either so fast or so feverishly.

"I began by characterising attacks of indigestion as merely symptomatic of weakness, and suggested toning up of the system as a cure, but this must go hand in hand with regulation of diet. Well, to be practical, would any lady or gentleman consider a diet like the following a starvation one? Let them try it before they reply:—

"7.30 A.M.—A cup of cocoatina and milk.

"8 A.M.—Cold or tepid bath. Rough towelling. Ten minutes' dumb-belling. Dress slowly. Five minutes' walk in the garden.

"8.45 A.M.—Breakfast. No tea or coffee. Cocoatina and milk. Toast or stale bread. White fish; underdone steak or chop. Lightly boiled eggs.

"1.30 P.M.—Lunch. A little of whatever is known to agree. A slice of beef or mutton, or a few oysters.

"6 P.M.—Dinner. No soup. White fish. Beef, mutton, fowl, game. No rich sauces. No made dishes. No pastry or cheese. Vegetables in moderation, preferably potatoes, sea-kale, or cauliflower.

"8.30 P.M.—Light supper of whatever is known to agree. To bed at eleven. If hungry, eat a biscuit first, and drink a tumbler of soda-water, with ten grains of bi-carbonate of soda in it. Sleep in a well-ventilated room on a hard mattress, and lightly covered."

AMONG THE FRUIT DISTRICTS OF KENT.

STRAWBERRY-PACKING.

SPRING-TIDE comes with glory to the Kentish villages, for the cherry, plum, and apple orchards, when in blossom, are lovely beyond description. The delicate scent of the plum-flower, as one walks through perhaps thirty acres of it, the exquisite bloom on the apple-trees, together with the quaint shapes of the twisted and gnarled old plum, apple, and cherry trunks, make the country one scene of delight. Stand in the midst of a ten-acre cherry orchard! To look up at the overhanging and interlaced boughs is like gazing at a snowstorm arrested in its fall, and besides the pleasure of seeing this actual beauty, there is that of thinking what a promise of prosperity and comfort it holds out for the year, as, to large and small growers alike, one really good season will pay for three bad ones, if "hard, stone, and small" fruit have alike been successful. Fruit and vegetable growing has now become quite an important industry, owing to the increased demand for the produce of the market-gardens and fruit-farms, and may be considered as a prosperous trade, notwithstanding the way in which the fairest promise of the spring is often marred by an unseasonable frost, a gale, too much wet, too much dry weather, or a plague of insects.

In the summer of 1883 the crop of small fruit was far above the average, but the plums and apples were failures. Last year the same fortune prevailed, except that the apple crop was not in all places so completely a bad one.

The children in the neighbourhood of fruit-farms are specially healthy; the doctor tells us it is because they eat such quantities of ripe fruit. They go in the fields to pick, and as they are allowed to eat without stint, they choose the best, and it seems to do them nothing but good. The growers find it the least wasteful plan to allow them this liberty, on the same principle that a confectioner permits a raid amongst the tarts to new boys; they soon get tired of them, and if the children were forbidden to eat during the picking, it would entail constant supervision, as they would be tempted to steal and hide the fruit. One of the most striking sights to strangers in these districts is the fruit as it hangs unprotected by the pathways and growing in open fields with public roads across them. The farmers say they never suffer from the depredations of the natives, but that on Bank Holidays they are obliged to set watchers, as the country is overrun by strangers who do not abide by the unwritten law of the land.

In parts of Kent hundreds of acres are devoted to strawberries, which are sometimes grown under fruit-

trees, but for the most part are planted in the open in rows, about two and a half feet apart and one and a half feet from plant to plant. The plough is run between the rows in autumn to keep the plants on ridges, and assist in the drainage of the roots. In spring the ground is levelled, and a straw litter laid between the plants, in order to prevent the fruit from being splashed by the rains. When ripe, that required for dessert purposes is picked with stalks and gathered into small baskets, which are emptied into sieves holding about twelve pounds, and for each of these a picker gets threepence. The packing is a task requiring considerable neatness and skill, and the practised hands sit in rough sheds built in the fruit-gardens, all the summer days, arranging the ripe strawberries with their leaves in the punnets: these again are packed in boxes containing sometimes thirty and sometimes sixty baskets, and are sent off in carts or by train to the market. The bruised, or over-ripe fruit, termed "squashers," are packed in casks, and disposed of at some of the jam factories.

An idea of the amount of fruit grown may be gained from the fact that from six to eight tons of strawberries have been sent in a day from one farm alone, and from 100 to 125 tons forwarded by one grower to market during a single season. The value of the crop varies from £20 to £60 per acre for best fruit, and for "squashers" and jam fruit, from £15 to £20 per ton.

After gathering, the runners are cut away and, with refuse, taken to the centre of the alleys, which are then dug and planted with lettuces.

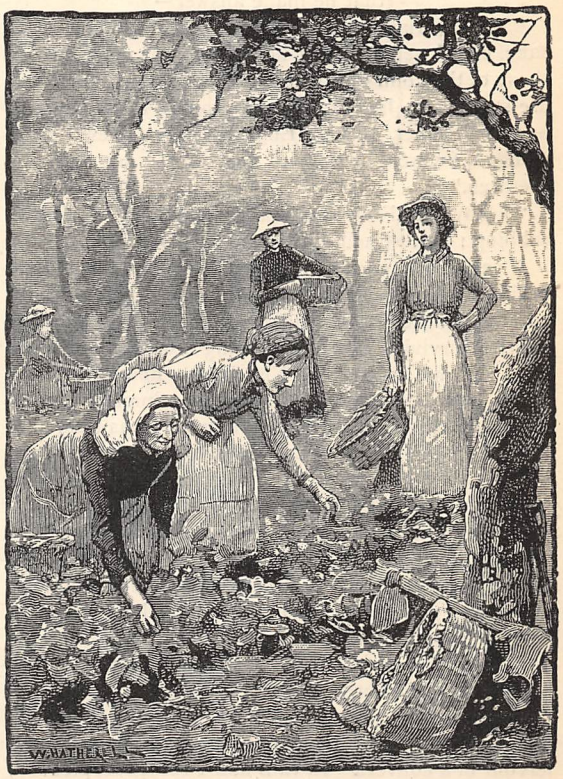
A plantation lasts good five years, and is not in good bearing order until the second year. The cost of the runners is about 5s. per 1,000, and about 7,000 plants per acre are required.

Bush fruit is grown in orchards, and under the shade of the trees; the cost of planting an orchard with trees and bushes is about £20 per acre, and it is about three years before the berries give sufficient crop to make a return.

Three hundred hands are often employed at a time on a large farm, and the earnings of the industrious are considerable: good hands can make as much as 11s. a day at gooseberry-picking, though the average sum is only 6s. Gathering commences as soon as the berries are at all suitable, and the bushes are stripped at one picking, from ten to thirty acres being cleared in a week, according to the requirements of the market; and as a week, even in favourable weather, only consists of four and a half days (from Monday morning to Friday at two o'clock), the amount of work done is immense; and hands are required to be in the field from three o'clock in the morning till dark, and even have occasionally been expected to pick by lantern-light.

Vegetables are grown on the same extensive scale, and are also remunerative; in some cases fields of cauliflowers spread over many acres of ground, and from them are despatched, for days in succession, two or three fully-laden vans, each containing three tons of the vegetable. The great cart stands outside the field, and while two men are busily employed in cutting from the ground, one picks off the superfluous leaves, another takes the cauliflowers and throws them up to a man standing on the van, who, catching them rapidly, deftly hands them to a comrade skilled in properly placing them, and a compact green mass soon grows up, and the cart slowly jogs away, to be replaced by another, until the market requirements are complete. Cauliflowers have an advantage, as a crop, over savoys, cabbages, or broccoli, in that it is hardly possible to over-stock the market with them: the pickle merchants are always ready to buy up any quantity in summer; and in May, before peas and beans can be had at reasonable prices, good cauliflowers realise excellent profits.

Other vegetables, such as asparagus, peas, and beans, are also grown in large fields, and afford steady work for "field women," as they are called. In fact, all the year round, a well-arranged farm will give employment to many families, only the great fruit-growers requiring aid from the army of "pickers," who are on occasions turned into the fields, and who camp out gipsy-fashion in some corner of the land. These are considered somewhat as interlopers by the regular employés, and unfortunately are not usually regarded as pleasant additions to the rural population, being more tiresome and, if possible, often more dirty than "hoppers," who, by right of constant service, have won



STRAWBERRY-PICKING.

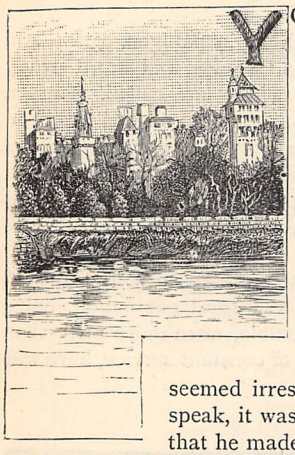
their way to toleration. It remains with the "fruiters" to win their way by decent conduct to a like welcome.

Now that land seems to be had at a tolerably cheap rate, it would appear that fruit-farming and vegetable culture might be increased with profit; and one or two enterprising gentlemen have, we believe, set the example of growing fruit and making jam on their own land, and already find the industry a satisfactory one. If the strawberry is not to be allowed to take the place of wheat, oats, and barley, a trial of it and of bush fruit might at least be made in many places where the cereals do not pay, and a new and profitable use for his acreage may be opened to the landowner.

M. R. L.

THE EMPEROR'S PARDON.

BY J. BERWICK HARWOOD, AUTHOR OF "LADY FLAVIA," "WITHIN THE CLASP," ETC.



"YOU will not give up these people, then, Ivan dearest—you will not give them up, them and their wild, reckless schemes — not even for your Marianne's sake — not even for me?"

With a beating heart I waited for the reply that my Russian lover was slow to give. He stood frowning and looking at the ground, and seemed irresolute. But when he did speak, it was with sufficient firmness that he made answer—

"No, Marianne, no! Never, even for your dear sake, can I separate my hopes and my efforts from those of the comrades who, at all costs to themselves, are striving to liberate Russia from a thraldom such as your happier, luckier England never knew. I am pledged, for weal or woe, to cast in my lot with my brethren."

"I have had my answer—it is enough!" I said, sobbing; and without another word I left him.

A very brief space will suffice to explain our mutual position. I, Marianne Esmonde—an orphan, whose parents had died in India, and who had no near relative surviving except my young brother, Paul, who lived with me in the big Kensington house, standing in its own grounds, as in my grandmother's time, amid tall trees and lawns and flowers—was rich, and, I believe, admired. Old Lady Leslie, our grandmother, had left me all her wealth; and there were those who wondered that Marianne Esmonde was yet unmarried. I was betrothed, however. Several months since I had plighted my promise to a young Russian noble, whom I had met first in Rome, and later in London; and it was with sorrow and dismay that I had learned, partly through the talk of others, but chiefly from his own lips, that Count Ivan Carlovitch, whose father had been a favourite courtier of the late Czar, was leagued with the dangerous faction of the Nihilists, and had embraced their frantic doctrines with the fervour of a convert. In vain had I reasoned, pleaded, and implored. My influence was not strong enough, sincere as was Ivan's love for me, to counteract the effect of evil counsels, and every day it seemed as if the conspirators with whom he was now leagued were drawing him more hopelessly into the net of their gigantic plot. I must give him up; I felt that the voice of my conscience must be obeyed; but he was so dear to me, with his winning ways and his bright, sweet nature, that his loss meant misery to myself.

I can remember well how I stood alone in my own room, when my last appeal had failed, holding between my fingers the heavy medallion set with brilliants, which enclosed Ivan's portrait, and which was fastened to my neck by a golden chain of Venetian workmanship. I could scarcely bear to divest myself of this—his gift; and yet, how could I, a loyal English girl, whose ancestors had fought and bled at Marston and Worcester, marry one who consorted with men whose hourly study was how best to compass the cold-blooded murder of their sovereign? Bad as the system of Russian rule might be, I had sense enough to see that it would never be remedied by such means as dynamite and daggers. And yet I hesitated as to whether inclination should not prevail over duty, and I, as the wife of a desperate man, link my fortunes with those of Ivan—be they what they might. Duty triumphed. I tore the gold chain from my neck, and flung the medallion, with Ivan's likeness, among the blazing coals of the fire that was burning in the grate, and then throwing myself on my bed, sobbed passionately for hours, as it seemed to me, until my weeping ended in worn-out silence and sadness.

I refused to see Ivan again, and wrote but a few cold lines in reply to his letters. Even when Paul, my brother, came on his behalf to urge me to grant him an interview, I would not yield, and seemed, I have no doubt, hard and stern. The fact was that I dared not trust myself and my good resolutions again in the presence of my discarded lover, lest the tables should be turned again. Then Ivan, after some wretched weeks of waiting, left England for his native country, and a month or two later—I learned it at a reception at the Austrian Embassy, where, of course, foreign diplomatic guests were numerous—Count Ivan Carlovitch had been arrested in Moscow, tried by court-martial, and sentenced as a Nihilist conspirator to Siberia for life. And then it was that for the first time I seemed to realise how I loved him—my poor, misguided boy—

and to determine to make such efforts as woman never made before, to save him yet. My plans were soon shaped. I was my own mistress, had wealth at my command; and Paul, the best of brothers, would have gone to the ends of the earth to serve me.

Within a fortnight from the time when the fatal tidings reached me Paul, and I found ourselves in St. Petersburg. That fortnight had not been wasted. I had obtained excellent letters of introduction to Russians whose high position might enable them to aid me, and I took much money with me, aware as I was that the magician gold, potent everywhere, is doubly powerful on the Muscovite side of the Niemen river. It took trouble and care, and, what was worse, much loss of time, before by supplication and strategy I could gain the ear of some one who could really help me in procuring the rare favour of a personal interview with the Emperor. Importunity prevailed; a day was fixed, and I found myself admitted into the jealously guarded palace of Gatchina, and led into the presence of the master of so many millions. I have but a dim recollection of my conversation with the autocrat, whose lightest word could give me back the betrothed husband that I had lost. That I knelt at the Czar's feet I know well, and that I spoke with an earnest eagerness that seemed to carry conviction I can believe. My entreaties were not in vain. I pleaded so well that when I left the Emperor I carried in my hand a full and free pardon for Count Ivan Carlovitch, signed by the Czar. My brother had been waiting for me without, and as we drove back from the palace to the railway station, he seemed scarcely as elated as I had expected him to be.

"It's a far cry to Siberia," said Paul, shaking his head, "and, even with your strange success, Marianne, I feel uneasy about Carlovitch, poor fellow! Just before you came out, Prince Galitzian—we both remember him as attached to the Russian Embassy—passed in, and stopped to shake hands. He is fresh from his regiment, in Khiva or the Caucasus, and said that he saw Count Ivan near Orenberg, with the chain-gang—in bad health evidently, and low spirits. It is a terrible journey that lies before him."

"The more need," said I, mustering all my courage, and speaking as confidently as I could, "to overtake and save him. Who in this empire can dare to withstand the Emperor's command? Only let us hasten, and all will be well."

Russia, however, as I found, is the land of procrastination and of official delays. The pardon had been obtained; but it was not until after bribery and repeated visits that I could procure the needful permission to set out on such a pilgrimage as that which lay before me, and which needed the consent of both civil and military authorities. Much precious time was therefore consumed, and when the start took place, and Asia was reached, I found that, once off the railroads, the most provoking impediments marred the progress of a traveller. Now all the post-horses were kept in reserve to accommodate some general and his staff bound for Turkestan; now the means of transport were requisitioned for the transport of stores or artillery; while floods rendered rivers unfordable, and violent storms of sleet and hail, in that capricious climate, appeared to alternate with the parching heat of the glaring sun. Paul's bright, active good-humour, and my lavish expenditure, could scarcely cope with the sluggishness of a population unable to understand why any one should be in a hurry, or should do to-day what could possibly be put off until to-morrow. For the mere privations of such a journey, the heat, the cold, the scanty quarters and coarse fare at the crowded post-houses, I cared little. But I was more impressed by the gloomy view which all with whom I conversed seemed to take of the prospects of the captives whom they saw—only too often—marching past on the long and painful route that led to Eastern Siberia.

"They die like lambs in a snowstorm, the delicate ones do," said one talkative German inn-keeper, between the puffs of his pipe, "plodding, as they do, for five months sometimes, in irons, footsore, and ill-fed; now shivering in the blast, and now scorched by the sun. Then they get so little sleep, driven, as they are, at the bayonet's point by their guards, into the stone towers that have been built at every score or so of versts, and where there is not even room to lie down on the bare ground. No wonder that those rough monuments of willow branches nailed together, of which, Fräulein, you must have noticed plenty, stand dotted all along the road across the steppe, from the Ural range to Irkutsk, and each of these marks out a convict's lonely grave."

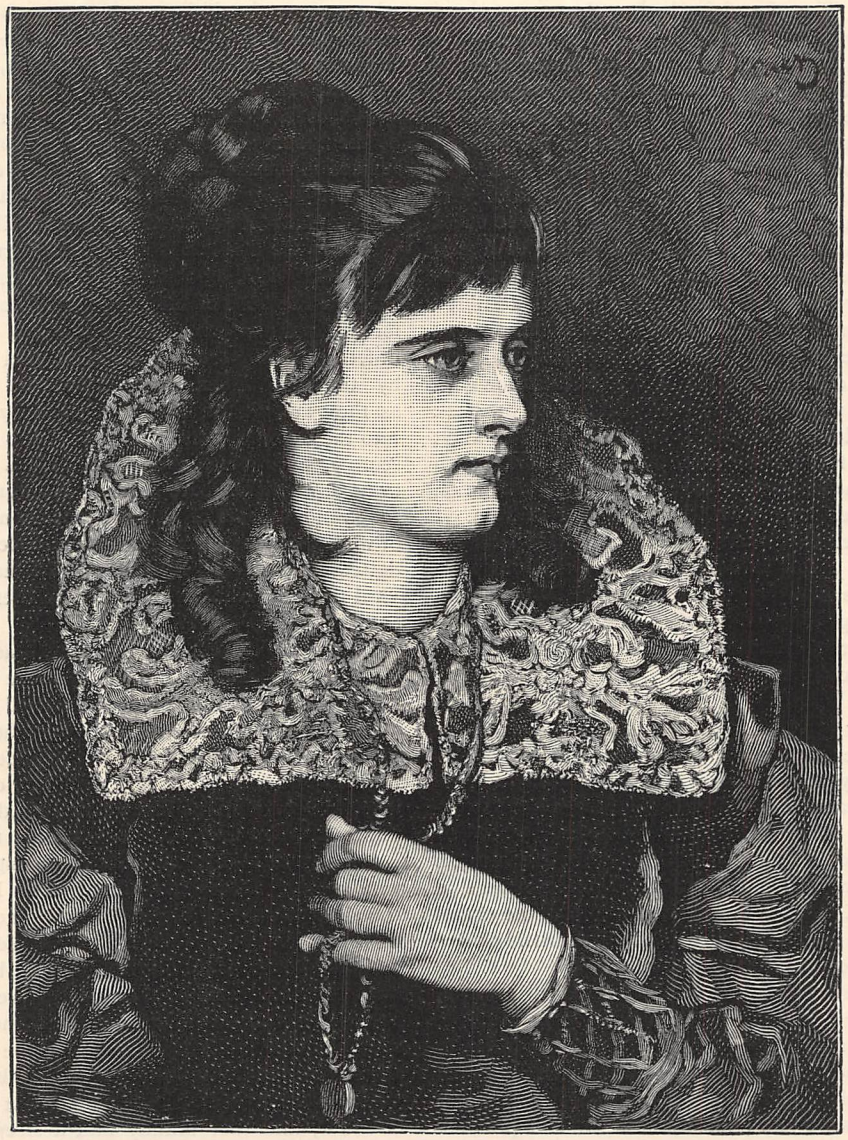
It was sad to hear this and many other such boding, if well-meant, remarks, made by those who knew the country better than I could do; and I have no doubt but that my brother heard more than he cared to tell me as to the sufferings of the prisoners, very often innocent victims of private malignity or official mistake, who were driven like wearied cattle towards the mines in which they were to work out their sentence. Bribing, persuading, commanding, using every faculty with which nature had gifted me, I pushed on, travelling faster—as the Cossack postilions declared—than ever had been done, save by those who had the badges of imperial authority, enforced by the military lash. I met with no ill-nature, for a sweeter-tempered population can hardly exist; but laziness, prejudice, and Oriental fatalism seemed to be like barriers across the road. It was very difficult to be quick where centuries of tradition had taught the people to be slow, and that brandy and a sleep, wrapped in sheep-skins beside the heated stove of tough yellow bricks, comprised all human happiness. I heard, however, that the caravan of captives, of which Ivan was a member, was yet in front of me; and as fast as I could I followed.

How I shuddered, after the German inn-keeper's speech, as I marked the frequent erections of boughs or strips of willow or birch bark rudely nailed together, that occurred at intervals! Each of these was a tombstone. I saw, too, the skeletons of horses, and broken carts and kibitkas left by the wayside, while crows and vultures rose sullenly on flapping wings from

their prey as we went by. It was hot weather now; but even yet a sudden gale springing up would chill the air, and bring down a weighty shower of hailstones and sharp sleet upon the vast and shelterless plains. Still we pressed on.

"Keep back! keep back!" shouted the armed escort, as, rifle in hand, they drew themselves up across the rough road, and presented their fire-arms.

"In the Czar's name, let me pass!" I called out in Russian, holding the pardon high, as I stood up in



"HOLDING BETWEEN MY FINGERS THE HEAVY MEDALLION" (*p.* 626).

"There it is, English lady—there—cresting the hill—the chain-gang!" cried out an excited postilion, a Pole, who had been a soldier, and talked French, as he pointed with his whip to a dark mass of human beings on the ridge before us. How my heart throbbed, as the swift Turcoman horses forded the brook, struggled up the slippery bank of treacherous clay, and tore rapidly up the slope of green turf that lay beyond!

the kibitka, that all might see the broad imperial seal and riband. "Where is your captain, soldiers?"

The men lowered their rifles and relaxed the terror of their aspect, and the postilion, but more slowly, drove on. I shall never forget that sight. The prisoners, ragged, barefooted in many cases, and linked together by iron fetters, lay or crouched around, some already asleep, after the slumberless night and

toilsome march, some wrapping linen rags around their galled and bleeding feet, or waiting, hungry-eyed, till their rations should be doled out to them. The captain, an anxious and perhaps crafty-faced, but not a harsh man, was fetched to speak to me in private. I had heard something of these commanders—seldom wantonly cruel, but often wishful to make a profit out of the nourishment of the exiles, for whose safe delivery at the end of the journey they are responsible.

"You have seen our little father—the White Czar—yourself, O foreign lady!" said the captain, with a respectful wonder; "and here, certainly, is a full pardon for one of my prisoners, duly signed and sealed, while these other documents, from the Ministries of the Interior, and Justice, and War, are to be obeyed by all good Russians. See!" And then he pressed to his forehead and lips and breast, in Eastern fashion, the dread autograph of his all-powerful monarch. But even then I had to give the man a hundred roubles before I could overcome his hesitation to comply with the imperial command, and to set his captive free.

"I am afraid, gracious English lady," said the captain apologetically, as he led the way to where Ivan lay, "that the young count, poor lad, is very ill. So many of these political prisoners do give in before even Tobolsk is reached, let alone Irkutsk and the East, that I am often obliged to come to the end of the route at last with only the murderers and the thieves. Anyhow, here is Count Carlovitch. It was partly because we thought he was too weak to proceed that we made our mid-day halt here, only nine versts from the starting-place."

And there lay Ivan—on a bank, with fetters on his limbs, but alone; since in pity for his exhaustion, or on account of his superior rank, he was chained to no companion in misfortune. He was half asleep, haggard and thin and pale, with tangled hair and wounded feet; but when he saw me a gleam of recognition brightened in those dear eyes of his, sadly dim and despairing as they were.

"You, Marianne! I am glad—glad that you care for me still enough to come here—here; but this is no place for you," he murmured, in English, "and——"

He fainted; and it was not until water had been brought and sprinkled on his face, and a gourd of coarse fiery vodki put to his lips, that he re-opened his weary eyes. I read death in them from the first. But I hoped against hope: was resolute, sanguine, confident; and took my own one away with me in the carriage, wrapped in furs and woollen rugs, since he was coughing hoarsely at intervals, and shivered, and complained of cold, fiercely as the hot sun beat down upon us. There was an exchange of papers and receipts, and signing and sealing, and the formal attestation of witnesses, represented by two Cossack corporals who could write their names, and, of course, more bribery, before I was quit of the captain and his myrmidons, all very civil, be it observed, but as greedy for a little illicit profit as a cormorant for its finny spoil. And then we slowly drove back to the nearest post-house—the only so-called hostelries of the steppe—with my recovered treasure. Paul helped me to hold up Count Ivan's languid head. My poor, dear Ivan, he seemed to take a sort of dreamy pleasure in my presence and my kindness; and he put his thin hand repeatedly into that of my young brother, whom he had always liked.

"How good of you to come out here, and for me, who deserve nothing!" he said twice, and with a kind of mournful wonder. But he was less surprised than might have been expected at the fact that I had procured him the imperial pardon. "These things do happen," he said, very feebly. "I can fancy that the master of us all at times relents. It was brave and noble of you, Marianne, my dear, and you were lucky in finding our sovereign in his milder mood. But for me it comes too late—ah! too late!"

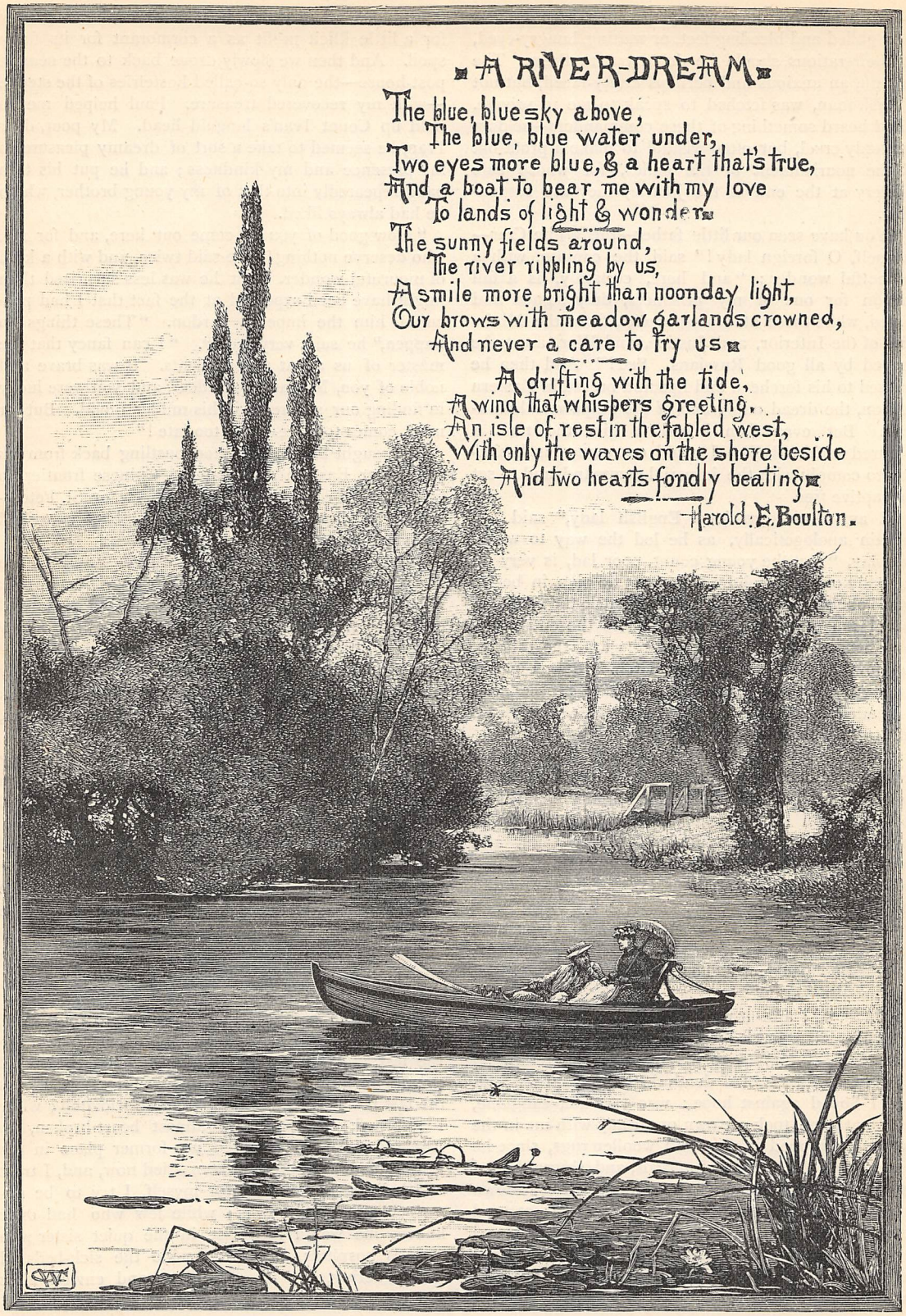
So thought the army doctor, bustling back from his post in far Eastern Asia, on the Chinese frontier, to take his well-earned furlough in Kiew or St. Petersburg, and whom, as he halted for a night, I consulted on Ivan's case.

"I never saw," said Dr. Strovanoff—"and I have had a pretty wide experience—such a complete wreck of a man. The only wonder is—slightly made and delicately nurtured as he was—that the poor fellow lasted out till now. As it is, hardships and fatigue——there, there, my dear young lady, don't cry. At any rate, the patient has in you a most devoted and a judicious nurse, and sometimes care works miracles, as we surgeons know."

And after all that care and nursing could effect my darling died. In vain was the Emperor's pardon, in vain was my half-frantic journey across the rugged Asiatic steppes, in vain was all that could be done. Ivan was grateful for what I had done for him, and his love for me seemed to have strengthened in the bitter period of imprisonment and exile, whilst he was able to see, at the last, how erroneous were those wild doctrines that had lured him to his ruin.

"I fear I have been deceived," he said, more than once; "or, rather, we were all deluded; but you, Marianne, are an angel!"

He died in comfort, I am thankful to remember, and with his weak, wasted hand clinging to mine to the last. A stone monument, which on the far-off steppes it needs much toil and cost to rear, marks the last resting-place of Count Ivan Carlovitch; while I returned, sorrowful and almost heart-broken, to England. I never resumed my former place in the world. Paul, my brother, is married now, and, I trust and believe, happy. As for myself, I try to be unwearying in good works; while few who had once known me would recognise in the quiet sister who attends hospitals, and sits beside the sick-beds of the suffering, the once brilliant and envied Miss Esmonde.



A RIVER-DREAM

The blue, blue sky above,
The blue, blue water under,
Two eyes more blue, & a heart that's true,
And a boat to bear me with my love
To lands of light & wonder.

The sunny fields around,
The river rippling by us,
A smile more bright than noonday light,
Our brows with meadow garlands crowned,
And never a care to try us.

A drifting with the tide,
A wind that whispers greeting,
An isle of rest in the fabled west,
With only the waves on the shore beside
And two hearts fondly beating.

Harold E. Boulton.

A River-Dream.

Words by HAROLD E. BOULTON. *Music by* J. W. ELLIOTT.

Andante con moto.

VOICE. PIANO.

1. The blue, blue sky a-bove, The blue, blue wa-ter un-der, Two eyes more blue, and a heart that's true, And a boat to bear me with my love To lands of joy and won-der.
2. The sun-ny fields a-round, The ri-ver rip-pling by us, A smile more bright than noon-day light, Our brows with mea-dow gar-lands crown'd And nev-er a care to try us.
3. A drift-ing with the tide, A wind that whis-pers greet-ing, An isle of rest in the fa-bled west, With on-ly the waves on the shore be-side, And two hearts fond-ly beat-ing.

rit. ad lib. *a tempo.* *After 1st and 2nd Verses.*

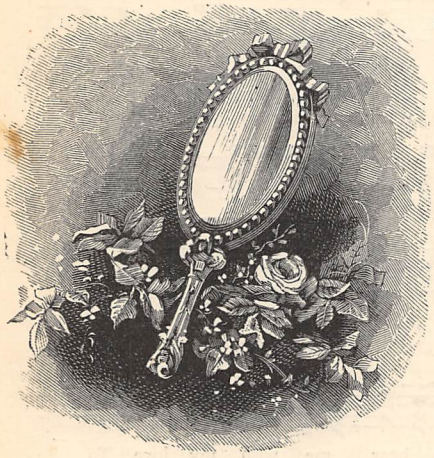
legato. *sostenuto.* *After 3rd Verse.*

2. The
3. A

8ves.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.



THE sun shines brightly still and we have by no means given up the canvas and the washing dresses which the summer necessitated; but I can see a number of old useful stuffs coming in for the mid-season, such as alpaca and beige, in the neutral tints, which are so becoming and so durable. Both these materials are most serviceable for travelling; they do not easily crush, neither do they show nor harbour dust, and they keep their good appearance through very hard wear and tear. They are, as a rule, most simply made, generally with a full all-round skirt bordered with a broad hem and three tucks above, a tunic draped short and full in front, and long and plain at the back, the bodice banded. There are no plaitings to attract the dust: nothing to get quickly out of order. A white lace or net vest would, in an emergency, give such a costume a dressy appearance.

Swiss bodices made of velvet are worn more and more, but an improvement in them is the waistcoat portion only in the front, with velvet braces going over the shoulders, and velvet collars and cuffs.

I was helping a pretty girl to pack for the autumn trip the other day, and was astonished to find how many changes she was able to ring on a very few gowns by a little skilful management. She had ruby, black, blue, and orange velvet collars and cuffs, and bands, which she changed from one to the other of her cream, black, light-coloured, and neutral-tinted gowns. A black lace vest, and a cream worsted lace one, also, from time to time transformed them, as did the addition of a gold-coloured and red soft silk vest.

It has very much impressed me of late, how English girls have every opportunity of being in the fashion without spending a great deal of money; yes, and matrons too. The Pongee and soft white silks have been most generally worn all the summer, costing very little, and yet having an excellent appearance; and the soft silks are now being made up in browns, greens, and dark blues, red and blue being still a most fashionable combination.

In order that you may with confidence arrange the skirts of your gowns properly, I will give the exact dimensions of skirts, and will begin with a day-gown. A good medium length for a skirt is 46 inches in the front, 48 at the back, and 47 at the side. The width of the front breadth should be 14 inches at the top and 25 at the bottom, the back breadth cut straight at 25. The gores are 10 inches at the top and 20 at the bottom.

There are a great many opinions as to the best way of making a skirt stand out at the back, and steels are tabooed. French dressmakers are employing the double mattresses cut into the waist, but standing out square, and they are covered with satin, so that the material, whatever the skirt may be, does not adhere to it. The same remarks apply to evening dresses, but the measurements are different. A good length would be 62 inches long at the back and 46 in front, the front breadth in this case also 25 inches, straight; as to width, the front 14 at the top and 25 at the bottom; the front gores 10 at the top and 17 at the bottom; the back 4 at the top and 9 at the bottom. In making up skirts, be sure to have the lower part so lined up that it is stiff and firm; there should always be a kilting or plaiting quite at the edge, to throw it out, not necessarily to show.

If you want a really useful washing dress, not always in the wash-tub, choose a dark blue linen; you can make it very simply at home, with kilts or box-plaits from the waist; a short drapery in front, and a full, plain train-piece at the back, the bodice full back and front, a belt and buckle at the waist. One grand secret, it would seem to me, of dress, is trimness. With a general pervading neatness in every detail, there is often better style than with rich materials.

Linen collars of the all-round type are being worn once more by English women; and I notice that with the high straight collars now worn, attached to the dress, a band of lace is usually placed turning down over it, the linen collar showing above; the same at the wrist. It is soft and pretty, and takes from the masculine aspect of the linen collar. French women dress the throat in totally different fashion; perhaps the climate has something to do with it, for all the dainty laces and frillings they affect remain fresh longer, or, at all events, are never worn when they are not perfectly clean. They rarely have anything light and high round the throat; the collar of the dress turns down often in two points in the front, and an opening of the slightly V-shape, not at all large, is frequently seen on the best dresses. French women have completely mastered the science of the laundry; and the hem-stitched, lace-edged ruffles are constantly washed. When linen collars and cuffs are worn, they are, as a rule, embroidered or printed in colours, and are far better suited to French than to English women. In many ways now France is losing its sovereign sway in the realm of dress. American women come to Paris, look round, and make up their minds as to what is best there, but buy in England.

French women themselves are extensive patrons of the English tailors who come to Paris, but they do not recognise British skill in other departments of dress, unless it be materials, which they sometimes buy in England. At the present moment, bearing out what I say as to their being fashionable, there are large importations into Paris of Bradford alpacas.

The cotton crêpes are wonderfully useful, by-the-by, where there is any difficulty about laundry work, because when washed no ironing is required; they should be starched, but most judiciously, for they should not look stiff, but must be sufficiently so not to be limp. These crêpes are generally worn with very large sashes; you can hardly have them too wide; they are secured to the waist, and hang down in two loops and two ends, almost hiding the back of the dress. I find a breadth of soft silk is often used for them. Brocaded sashes are coming in again, and the natural-coloured canvas with borderings printed in red, green, blue, brown, and gold. For lawn tennis there are sashes printed with bats and cross-racquets; and the girls are giving up wearing collars and cuffs during the game, and instead fold a handkerchief corner-wise, and knot it loosely in front; these handkerchiefs are similarly printed. A capital thing in lawn tennis hats has just been brought out, exactly resembling a coal-heaver's in shape, but the flap that worthy personage wears over his shoulders shades the face of the lawn

tennis player; they are made of striped woollen stuff, and very light. A monogram or sunflower is embroidered on the front.

Leghorn is much worn again; and some large and most wonderful leghorn hats are in vogue in Paris. The brims are broad, but are caught up and plaited into quaint shapes, so that the velvet lining shows, and the ostrich feathers are able to twine in and out, stems and points both showing. You can hardly have a hat too large for France, or too small for England; but in this matter England takes advantage of French taste. One of the most tasteful of recent Parisian hats was of the Duchess of Devonshire shape, black, fine straw, lined with the mousse-coloured velvet, a large bunch of field grass, dandelions, ivy leaves, and wild forget-me-nots in front, a fold of silk round the crown, the bouquet backed by a mousse velvet bow.

If you wear bows on your morning or evening dresses, be sure that they are placed high on the hips, and hang down almost to the hem of the skirt.

Parasols are becoming more and more wonderful; the tops are crowned with oats and clover, and bunches of grass, and the shapes are very various, from a close resemblance to the domed roof of St. Paul's to a square with eight points, four smaller ones peeping in between the four larger.

There are magnificent brocades to be had, though it is only on occasions I see them used. One of the latest introductions is a satin interwoven with flax, which makes it admirably firm. Greens of all kinds with twine remain through the autumn the fashion, and possibly into the winter; but the greens are of great variety—willow-green, the tint of horse chestnuts, the watercress, the fir, the cypress, olive, and mignonette. Just of late, yellow has begun to assert itself, applied to white and black, both of which it immensely improves; and peach covered with white is most pleasantly cool-looking. Gold and silver are interwoven with all these stuffs, especially with thin ones, making them gleam and glisten with every movement of the wearer. By-the-by, if any of you have a white satin gown soiled—possibly a bridal one—veil it in some of these tinsel materials, which will show the glisten of the satin through, and not the dirt. Never throw away old silks nowadays. A silk foundation costs a great deal to buy, but no woollen dress looks well on anything but a silk foundation, which very possibly cannot be seen, so that an old one does equally well.

I wish some of my English readers could have overheard two very well-dressed Parisians discussing the weak points in dress across the Channel; it would doubtless have done good. Now, a pretty hat or bonnet despatched from Paris would be sure in London to be ruined by one plume more, the Parisian boots heightened by an inch or so, and made ridiculous. A narrow bonnet has just the additional height given which makes it ludicrous; the narrower, the more the London milliners load it with trimmings, so that the head-gear appears to be pinned on to the head on either side. And the tournure! What French woman, for instance, would ever tolerate the unequal hump—a flying buttress, if you will—and the wobbling motion of the ill-arranged crinoline?

To be well-dressed, the Americans say, you should study your lines, not just one isolated feature, but the general effect. Look at yourself a good distance off in a cheval glass, and see whether the drapery and the figure—indeed, the whole contour—is graceful. This point the Princess of Wales never ignores, and it is one of the secrets of her great success. Any absurdity, if it is worn, women will adopt, whether they be tall or short, stout or thin, dark or fair. Look at the short waists and high shoulders you see wearing huge checks and broad stripes! Nowadays people seem to forget that to be well dressed it is an essential point that the details do not assert themselves, and it is the greatest compliment to recognise that a person is well dressed without being able to remember what she wore. It is vulgar to be conspicuous. One idea should pervade a whole toilette. Simplicity gives style, and is a virtue. There are barely ten women in one hundred who have the courage of their opinions; and yet the best-dressed women keep to the style of the prevailing mode well toned down; and such are always ladylike, dignified, and in good taste, possibly spending far less than those to whom expense is no object, neither is taste.

The important *rôle* which vests or plastrons play in costumes of all sorts is shown in our illustration. They possess great advantages, for they prevent monotony of effect, as they are so contrived that they can be easily changed, and they present a contrast from the rest of the dress, which, if discreetly used, often leads to pleasing effects in colour. The lady carrying the new square-shaped parasol wears a réséda green silk of the popular corded variety; the front is cream lace, which opens *en fichu* over a small plastron of green velvet. As the season advances black lace can be substituted, and the costume will have an entirely new aspect. The fancy straw bonnet is trimmed with green velvet and a few pale pink picotees.

Her companion wears striped canvas grenadine of the string shade that has been universally adopted both in Paris and London. At the side of the skirt there is a panel of lace flounces matching in colour. The full vest is coral-pink surah, the kilting bordering the skirt, trimming round the sleeves and bows at the side are all of the same exquisite shade, and it likewise reappears in the flowers on the bonnet and the lining of its brim.

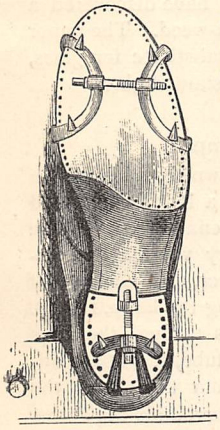
The little girl wears a blue plastron with her brown embroidered dress. The blue is also used as a finish to the skirt, in the knot of ribbons that drapes the tunic, and in the brown straw bonnet—for even in children's dress all the accessories match.

THE GATHERER.

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.*

A Removable Cricket-Spike.

A cricket-spike which will fit any ordinary walking boot or shoe has been introduced, and is illustrated here. The device will be understood from the woodcut, which shows the way it catches on the sole and heel and is screwed on tight. It can be adjusted to the feet in a minute or so, and is likely to be useful in "practice."



A New Use for Asbestos.

In dyeing and printing cotton cloth it is often necessary to hang the fabric in loops from parallel rods, in order to expose it to the action of steam, air, or ammonia. This has hitherto been done by means of ropes or strips of cloth; but the vapours soon rot these, and hence asbestos binders have been employed instead with great success, as the corrosive fumes have no influence upon them. Larger ropes or belts of this material have also been used for the transmission of power through rooms exposed to great heat.

The Colour of the Sun.

According to the recent researches of Professor S. P. Langley, made on the summit of Mount Whitney, in Southern California, where the atmosphere is remarkably dry and clear, the solar light is robbed of a large proportion of its blue rays by passing through the earth's atmosphere. So much is this the case that Professor Langley concludes the extra-terrestrial sunlight, or, in other words, the real colour of the sun to be bluish. The rays of the electric arc light have likewise a bluish tinge in some instances. Professor Langley also found a new invisible heat-spectrum beyond that already discovered. This fact alters our former estimates of the quantity of solar heat received by the earth. He estimates that it is capable of melting a shell of ice sixty yards thick annually over the whole earth, or, in practical terms, of exerting upwards of one horse-power for each square yard of the normally exposed surface. The total loss of heat by absorption of the atmosphere is also, according to Professor Langley, double that of previous suppositions. These results were obtained by the new instrument for measuring temperature invented by Professor Langley, known as the Bolometer. It operates by the changes in an electric current flowing through very thin steel or other metal plates, exposed to radiations. Heating such plates increases their resistance to the passage of the current, which is consequently weakened, and thus produces a deflection of the needle of a galvanometer in circuit with it. Some of the thin steel plates or strips used in the bolometer are only $\frac{1}{15000}$ inch thick. It may be added here that platinum wires can be drawn so thin as to be invisible to the naked eye. The draw-plates for such wires are usually made of ruby or sapphire; the process of drilling the draw-holes being a very delicate one. Such fine platinum wires are also used for surgical operations, the wire being heated by an electric current and searing as it cuts.

A Self-Charging Accumulator.

The new Auto-accumulator of M. Jablochkoff charges itself without the aid of a separate primary battery or dynamo machine. Each cell consists of a shallow tray of hard impervious carbon of square form, as shown in Fig. 1. The pores of the carbon are filled up by steeping it in petroleum and afterwards baking it. The bottom of this tray is sprinkled with zinc or iron turnings as the case may be; iron of course being the cheaper metal, but yielding a somewhat lower electromotive force than zinc in the accumulator. Two squares of coarse canvas steeped in a solution of chloride of calcium are then placed over the turnings, and over these another square of linen also moistened with the solution. These absorbent fabrics serve to separate the two plates of the couple. The bottom tray forms one plate; the other consisting of a series of porous carbon tubes tied together as shown in Fig. 2, and making an oblong plate which is placed above the moistened cloths. These pipes are made of soft carbon and are rendered especially porous by the process of manufacture.

fig 1.

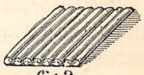


fig 2.

The cells thus formed are built up one above another as in the original pile of Volta. Fig. 3 shows a set of ten cells resting on a brass base B, and confined between four corner standards S. Each standard consists of a bent wire sheathed in india-rubber, and forming an arch or loop across the corners of the pile of trays, which are thus held in position. A small screw-press at the top of the pile is worked by the handle H, and serves to hold the cells well together in a vertical direction and insure good contact between them. The current is led off by the screw terminals of the pile T T^1, of which T is in metallic connection with the upper, or tubular, pole of the battery through the screw of the press, and T^1 is connected to the lower, or

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tray, pole of the battery through the wire loops or standards S, which are bared at the top and hook on to brass buttons projecting from the cover of the pile, and in metallic communication with the terminal T[1].

According to the inventor's explanation, the accumulator produces alternately a primary and secondary current. Hydrogen is liberated by the action of the zinc and polarises the carbon tray, while oxygen is absorbed by the porous tubes. The two carbon plates thus "polarised" yield an electric current when connected in circuit; and the current is maintained until the plates are "depolarised." It is then necessary to break the circuit by disconnecting the plates, and allow the battery to rest and re-charge itself by the decomposition of the zinc.

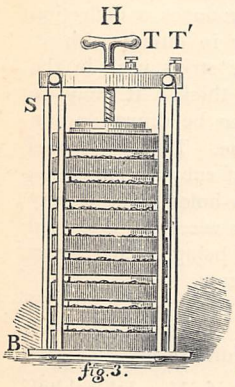


fig. 3.

The cells hitherto made are each about 4 inches square and 1 inch deep; so that a pile of ten rises about a foot high. Two of these piles, one to rest while the other is in action, are said to be capable of maintaining an incandescent lamp alight for 24 hours without renewing the solutions. The latter operation is performed in a simple manner by first immersing the whole pile bodily in clean water and allowing it to drip, then plunging it bodily in the solution of chloride of calcium. When the zinc or iron is consumed the battery requires to be dismantled altogether, and built up again with a fresh supply of zinc or iron.

It is easily cleaned and refreshed with solution; it is compact and portable; and, unlike most primary batteries, it is free from strong odours. The fact, too, that scrap metal, whether zinc or iron, in the form of turnings, filings, or clippings, can be used in the battery instead of cast plates, is in its favour from an economical point of view. The initial electromotive force of a cell is given as 1·6 volts for zinc clippings, and 1·1 volts for iron.

Artificial Earthquakes.

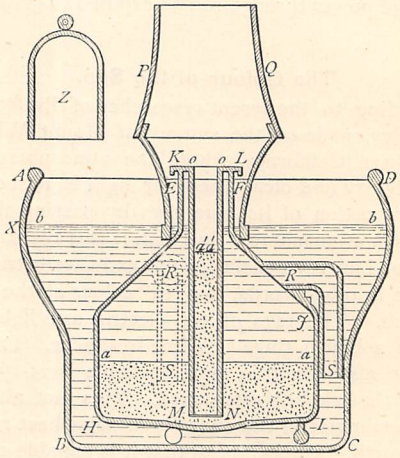
Professor Milnes, of Japan, has recently investigated the propagation of earth-waves by means of artificial earthquakes, produced by the explosion of dynamite or the fall of heavy weights. Weights of 1,700 lbs. and upwards were dropped from heights up to 40 ft.; and different charges of dynamite were exploded by electric fuses at various depths under ground. The general results arrived at are that hills have but little effect in stopping earthquakes; whereas excavations exercise considerable influence in stopping them. In soft, damp ground, vibrations are easily produced of large amplitude and considerable duration; in loose, dry ground, an explosion of dynamite yields a disturbance of large amplitude but short duration, while in soft rock it is difficult to produce a disturbance of amplitude sufficiently great to be recorded on the ordinary seismograph. The velocity of transit decreases as the disturbance radiates. Velocities of from 200 to 630 ft. per second were measured by Professor Milnes; but other observers have determined velocities up to 8,800 ft. per second. The movement of the ground towards the origin of disturbance is very rapid, and probably the most destructive.

Sea-Weed Paper.

A Japanese inventor is stated to have discovered a method of making paper from sea-weed. The paper is said to be capable of use as a substitute for glass, and may be tinted so as to imitate stained glass.

A Disinfecting Lamp.

Experiments at Paris having shown that bisulphide of carbon is a good disinfectant, a lamp, illustrated herewith, has been devised for enabling it to be burned with safety, as it is very volatile and inflammable. The lamp is of copper, and consists of an outside vessel, A B C D, containing the lamp, I H E F. Three bent copper tubes, R S, pass through the sides of the lamp; and the cylindrical tube, K L M N, containing a cotton wick, reaches from the top to the bottom. A copper chimney, P Q, surrounds the flame. The lamp is filled with bisulphide of carbon to about the level *a a*; and the outer vessel is filled with water to about the level *b b*. By means of the bent tubes, R S, the water passes into the interior of the lamp and

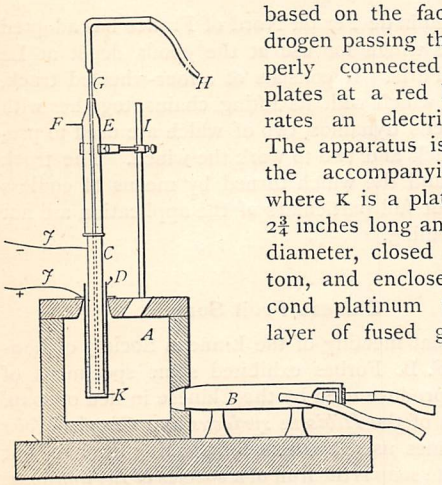


forces the bisulphide up to the level *a' a'*, in the copper tube, where it is absorbed by the wick and can be ignited at the top of the tube, *o o*. As the bisulphide burns away it can be replaced by the water, and the lamp finally extinguishes itself. The combustion can be regulated by adding more or less water, so as to raise or lower the level *b b*. The bisulphide is surrounded by water, which keeps it cool, and only a little at a time is brought into contact with the flame, so that the danger from explosion is guarded against. In disinfecting a room by means of this lamp about 1 lb. of bisulphide of carbon is allowed to every 1,000 cubic feet of space. Any coloured materials likely to be bleached by the gas

should be removed, the bisulphide ignited, and the room tightly closed. After several hours' disinfection the room should be well aired, care being taken not to inhale the gas.

Kendall's Electric Generator.

A new electric generator invented by Mr. J. A. Kendall is shown at the International Inventions Exhibition. Its action is based on the fact that hydrogen passing through properly connected platinum plates at a red heat generates an electric current. The apparatus is shown in the accompanying figure, where K is a platinum tube $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches long and $\frac{3}{8}$ inch in diameter, closed at the bottom, and enclosed in a second platinum tube D, a layer of fused glass being interposed between. These two tubes form the heart of the generator, and are connected together like the plates of a voltaic battery by external wires, J J, one of which is the — (negative), the other the + (positive) pole, as shown. A communicating pipe, H G, conveys hydrogen continuously to the interior of the inner platinum tube; and a gas furnace, A B, is employed to heat the tubes red-hot. The other parts of the apparatus consist of supports and guards I E C. In the action of the battery the hydrogen passes into the inner tube K, and seeks a way through the pores of the metal, its passage being accelerated by joining the wires J J, and thus completing the circuit. The gas is, so to speak, filtered in passing through the metal, and the residual combustible gases left inside can be drawn off by the tap F, and used, if need be, to feed the gas furnace. Such cells can be connected together like those of a voltaic battery, and a group of them can be heated by the same gas or coke furnace. Mr. Kendall proposes to use the generator for a variety of purposes, such as driving launches or sewing machines; and even for electric lighting. He estimates that a ton of coke used in heating the battery will give at least three times the electrical energy which would be produced by the same quantity of coke in working a steam-engine and dynamo.

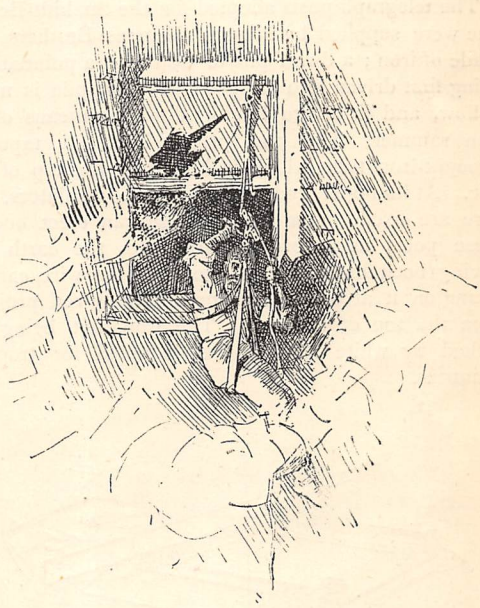


A Harmless Soldering-Flux.

Lactic acid and glycerine, mixed with water in the proportion of 1 lb. of each to 8 lbs. of water, make a soldering mixture for tin cans in which fruit, flesh, or vegetables are to be contained, which is reported harmless from a health point of view. It has been tried successfully in canning fish, and has none of the poisonous properties of the chloride of zinc in common use.

Dyeing by Pressure.

A method of dyeing fabrics by forcing the dye liquid into the tissues under hydraulic pressure has been introduced by M. Obermaier. The apparatus consists of a cylinder with double sides, between which the fabrics are placed. The cylinder-walls are perforated, and through the perforations the dye liquid is forced by hydraulic pressure from the inside outwards, so that it passes through the fabrics. The waste liquid is drawn off and preserved for repeated use. In fact, a regular circulation of the liquor is maintained until the dyeing is complete.



A Portable Fire-Escape.

The figure illustrates the use of a new portable fire-escape which only weighs 7 lbs., and can be carried in a carpet-bag. It consists of a strong rope, with a hook attached, which is wound on a reel ready for use. On this rope is a friction pulley-block furnished with a lever handle, to which are affixed strong loops on which the person sits. After the hook is fixed in the window of the house (for example, round the sash) the rope is dropped to the ground, and the person sitting on the loops works the lever handle and lets himself slide down the rope in the manner indicated in the illustration.

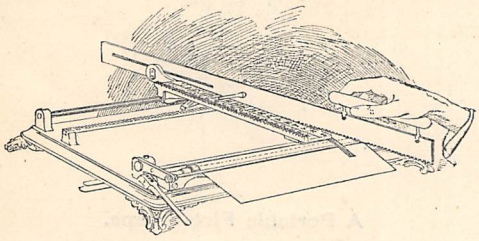
A Photograph of Lightning.

Probably the best photographs yet taken of the lightning-flash are those of Dr. Kayser, recently exhibited before the Society for the Furtherance of Photography at Berlin. One of these photographs showed

a flash of lightning that was seen on July 16th, 1884, and had an estimated thickness of four feet across the main stream or discharge. The photograph of this stream magnified four times by a lens shows that the stream consists of four distinct parallel currents, with alternate dark and bright stripes between the first and second currents. The second and third streams were very close together, but there was a wider interval between the third and fourth. Dr. Kayser thinks the flash consisted of four discharges, or a flash passing and repassing between the cloud and earth four times. The striated appearance of lightning photographs has not been clearly shown before these examples; but the subject is a very recent one.

A Pile Telegraph Post.

The telegraph posts adopted for the Suakim-Berber line were supplied by Messrs. Siemens Brothers, and made of iron; a dwarf pile of iron with a pointed end being first driven into the ground. This pile is made hollow, and is driven forcibly down by means of an iron rammer. The post proper is a tall, tapering wrought-iron tube, which is bolted to the top of the pile. At its upper end the cross-arm, insulators, and wire are fixed. One or two men can erect one of these poles in a few minutes, and, the earth not having been excavated at the base, the wire can be strung on it at once. A short lightning-rod projects from the top of the pole. The iron, not being attacked by white ants, is well adapted for tropical countries.



A New Type Writer.

The "Hammonia" type writer which we illustrate weighs only 14 lbs., and is therefore convenient in point of size, and is moreover comparatively cheap. It has the advantage also of yielding a number of copies at once by means of carbon paper. The apparatus is worked in the manner shown; but it is needless for us to enter into a detailed account of its mechanical construction. This new type writer is said to print more quickly than an ordinary penman can write in the usual way.

Bleaching Ivory.

Ivory scales, paper-knives, and so on, may be cleaned by scrubbing them with a new soft tooth-brush, soap, and tepid water; then dry the ivory and brush well; dip the latter in alcohol, and polish the ivory until it has regained its former sheen. If the water gives the ivory a yellowish tint, dry the object in a heated place. If age has yellowed it, place the object under a bell-jar with a small vessel containing lime and muriatic acid, and set the whole in the sunshine. Care must be taken not to inhale the fumes given off during the operation. The chlorine restores the ivory to its pristine whiteness.

An Electric Winch.

The Chemin de Fer du Nord of France has adopted an electric winch for use at the goods depôt at La Chapelle, Paris. It consists of a four-wheeled truck, carrying a winch with its lifting chains, together with four Siemens dynamos, two of which are used to propel the truck and two to work the winch. The truck is moved and the winch turned by means of endless chains; but full particulars of the application are not yet forthcoming.

Chinese Fruit Soap.

At a recent meeting of the Linnean Society of London, Mr. F. B. Forbes exhibited some specimens of vegetable produce used by the Chinese in lieu of soap. The leaves of the *Hibiscus syriacus* and *Gingko biloba* are sometimes used by them for washing the hair, but the favourite soap is the fruit of a species of *Leguminosa*, called by the Chinese "feit sao-ton," or fat black beans. It is said to be a plant of the *Gymnocladus chinensis*, of which there is a specimen at Kew Gardens. The pods of the *Gleditschia chinensis*, called "tsao-chia," are also used for soap. The *Gymnocladus* pods are roasted and kneaded into balls, while the *Gleditschia* pods are broken into small bits, and soaked in boiling water until an oily substance is extracted, when the water is ready for cleansing purposes. The fruit of the *Sapindus makwinsi* is also converted by the Chinese into a soap.

Nickel Crucibles.

Crucibles of nickel have been introduced into some chemical laboratories in place of the silver ones employed in melting caustic alkalies. They are said to be less expensive, and capable of withstanding a higher temperature than the latter.

Cocoa Gunpowder.

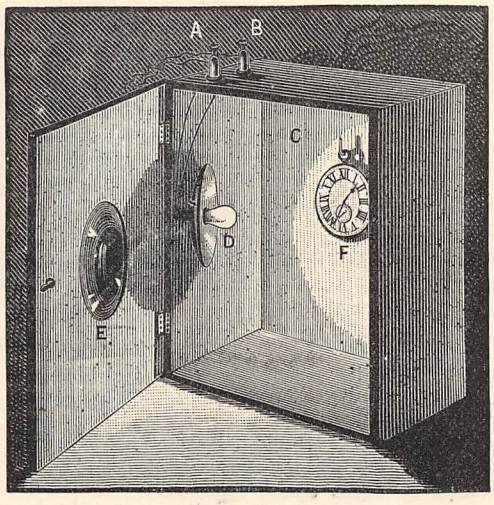
"Cocoa" gunpowder, so called from its warm brown colour, is a new explosive, hitherto made at Westphalia Mills, Cologne, but in future to be also made at the British Government Mills, Waltham Abbey. The chief advantage of the new gunpowder is that it makes very little smoke, and it also gives very steady and powerful effects. During recent trials at Woolwich ten rounds were fired from an 11-inch breech-loading cannon with a charge of 295 lbs. of "cocoa" powder and a 655 lb. projectile. The muzzle velocity of the shot was from 2,002 to 2,010 feet per second.

A Lighted Watch-Case.

This little device is due to Mr. Samuel Peel, and the figure will explain it without much verbal description. It consists of a box, C, in which the watch, F, is hung in such a manner as to receive the rays of a reflecting electric lamp, D, upon its dial. The current is led to the case by wires and terminals, A, B, and a magnifying-glass, E, is fixed in the door of the case to allow the time to be read off in the dark.

Platinoid.

Platinoid is a new alloy which, when polished, resembles silver, and has electrical properties which fit it to replace German silver for the manufacture of artificial resistances. It may be described as German silver with from one to two per cent. of the metal tungsten added. The tungsten is added in the form of phosphide of tungsten, and fused with some copper. Nickel is then added, and zinc, and then more copper; the whole being fused and fused again until the phosphorus and part of the tungsten are given off as scoriæ, leaving the alloy "platinoid." It is remarkably free from tarnishing in the atmosphere; is very strong; and has an electrical resistance about $1\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than German silver. Like German silver it varies comparatively little in electric resistance under change of temperature. It is even superior to German silver in this respect, and to platinum-silver or other alloys tested by Mathiessen for electrical purposes.



Projecting Life-Lines as Fire-Escapes.

The New York Fire Department recently tried a number of guns and appliances for throwing life-lines into the windows and over the roofs of high buildings. The experiments were made on the Palisades of the Hudson. Lines varying in length from 200 to 700 ft. were successfully cast over these cliffs, some by the aid of gunpowder, others by compressed air.

A Dry Battery.

According to recent researches of Dr. Onimus, voltaic batteries containing ammonium chloride and zinc chloride can be converted into dry piles by mixing these solutions with plaster of Paris, and allowing the mixture to solidify. If mixtures of ferric oxide and manganese peroxide with plaster of Paris are employed, the electromotive force is slightly higher than with plaster of Paris alone, and when oxide of iron is used the battery quickly regains its original strength on breaking the circuit. When the battery is exhausted, the solid plaster of Paris has simply to be moistened again with the solution.

Condensing Lead Fumes by Electricity.

Recent experiments of Dr. O. J. Lodge have shown that the discharge from an electrical machine into the air is able to deposit dust by causing the particles to agglomerate and sink to the ground, or collect on the walls of a room. This discovery has been applied by Mr. A. O. Walker to the condensation of lead fumes in lead-smelting. Experiments made at some lead works at Bagillt, North Wales, proved successful, and preparations have been made for gradually adopting the plan, which is a great saving of time as compared with the usual method of allowing the fumes to slowly deposit in long galleries. Mr. Wimshurst's influence machines, with plates five feet in diameter, are to supply the electricity. They will be driven by a small engine, and a series of metal points will discharge the electricity into the flue conveying the lead vapours.

A Self-Opening Gate.

A device for opening a gate by means of treadles, which can be operated by driving one wheel of a vehicle over them when placed in the roadway, has been recently patented. The treadle when depressed operates a bar and lever and throws the gate out of the vertical plane, so that it swings open of itself, as it were, and remains open until the vehicle passes over a second treadle, when it closes of itself. Factory or other doors may be worked in the same way.

Mercury as Ballast.

Nelson is said to have employed casks of water as ballast in order to improve the speed of a vessel by the impact of the water swaying. Hence several members of the New York Yacht Club propose to employ flasks of mercury this summer as ballast. No doubt the superior weight of mercury fits it for a convenient ballast; but whether its liquid property will add to the speed of the craft is quite another matter.

Asphalted Tiles.

A method of treating tiles with asphalte, and thereby fitting them for roadway-paving purposes, has been introduced at Charleston, United States.

The bricks and tiles are first heated in an oven under sand, and when taken out are plunged into melted asphaltum, then placed on racks, so that the excess of asphaltum can flow away. In stopping the pores of the bricks, their decay from moisture will no doubt be retarded by the asphaltum.

A Portable Bird-Cage.

A new bird-cage has been designed for travelling purposes, which obviates the use of a handkerchief over the cage. It will be useful for exhibiting birds at shows. The front is covered by a hinged shutter of metal, which slides in grooves over the front, and folds up when not required into a space on the top of the cage, which is made double on purpose. On the arrival of the cage at its destination the shutters are withdrawn, folded up, and inserted in the space between the double ceiling. Air-holes are provided in this shutter for ventilation.

Wire Laths.

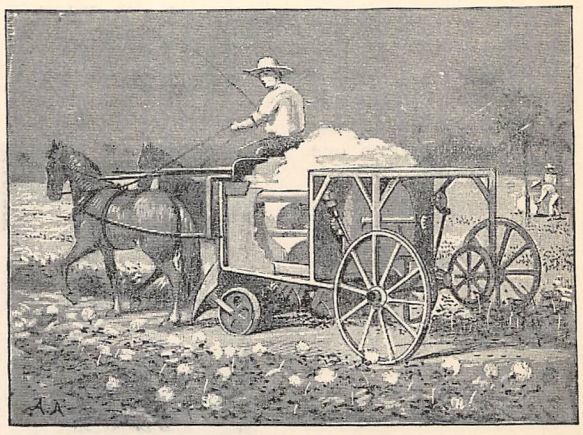
The use of wire netting of about half-inch mesh for lathing is found to be a preventive of fires in buildings. The mortar is said to guard the wire from rust; but plaster of Paris rots it owing to the action of the lime sulphate on the metal.

A Gas-Lit Buoy.

Pintsch's gas-lighted buoy is better known in our country than that of Mr. J. M. Foster, which we illustrate. It is an American invention, and consists of a group of welded cylinders strong enough to withstand heavy blows. Each cylinder is a water-tight compartment, and has an independent valve to prevent the escape of gas should any of the other cylinders be injured. The gas employed is made from petroleum, and compressed to forty or fifty atmospheres of pressure. A regulating valve reduces the pressure to that suitable for lighting purposes. The buoy has been tried by the United States Lighthouse Board in Carrituck Sound, North Carolina, and found to give a much better light than the oil buoy, while the cost is slightly less than that of oil. A portion of the mooring-chain is shown in the figure. The light, as will be seen, stands well out of the water.

A Body Lightning-Rod.

Mr. Delane, inventor of the Synchronous Telegraph, has devised a lightning-rod for wearing on the person. This idea is not very novel, but it has a fresh interest in connection with the accidents to electric light men from accidental shocks, especially, as in America, where the dangerous naked wires are sometimes used. The rod, as may be imagined, consists of copper cords which branch along the arms and legs, where they are connected to metal plates on the soles of the boots, and thus reach the earth. In the event of both feet being off the ground at once, a short length of metal chain or braid might be allowed to drag on the ground. We are not aware that any one has practically tested this device in a lightning-storm; but experiments could be made with it on electric light currents, for which Mr. Delane wishes it to be a safe-guard.



An Automatic Cotton-Picker.

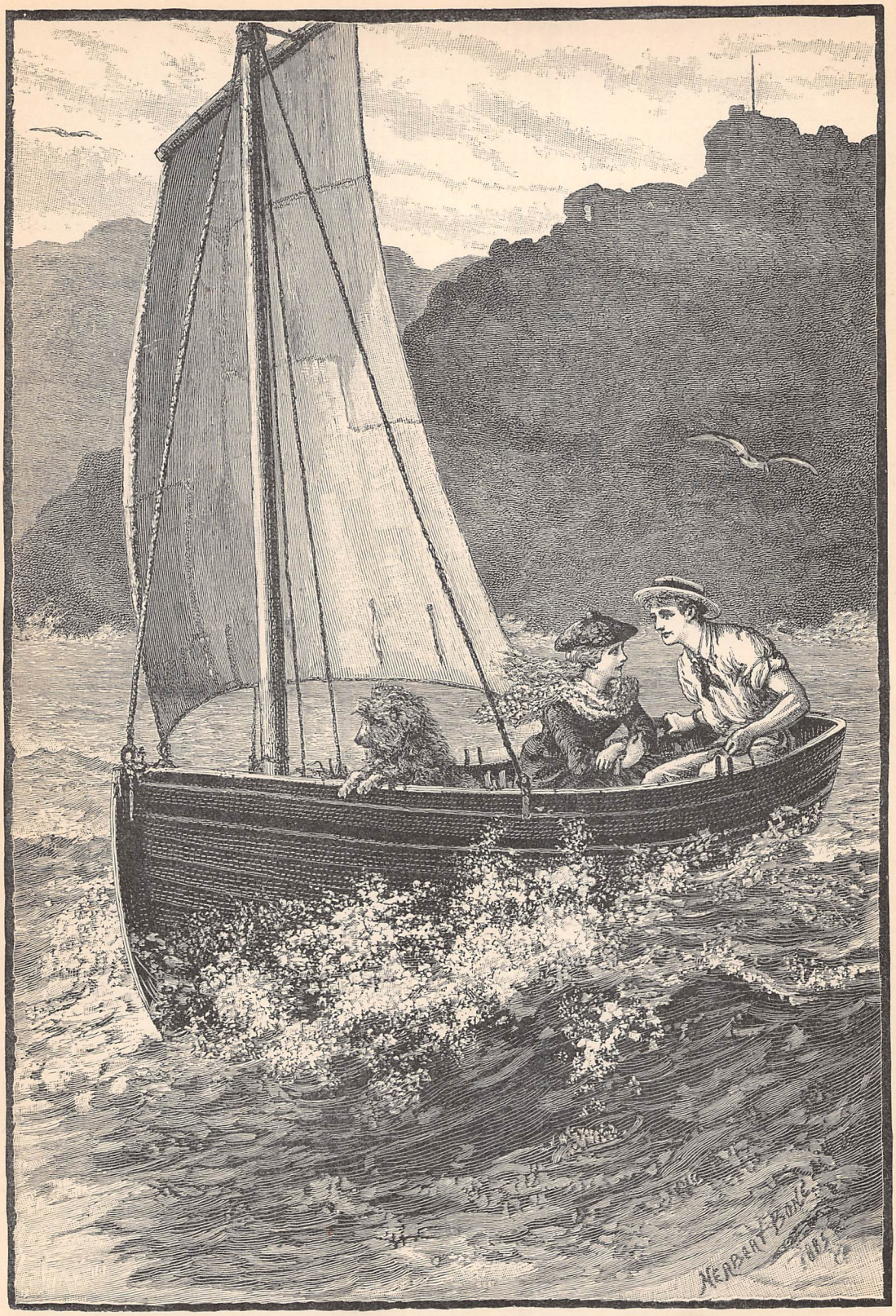
Cotton-picking is now chiefly done by hand, but an American inventor has brought out the mechanical picker which we illustrate. It is mounted on wheels so as to bestride a cotton row, and the machine is double so as to glean each side of the row. The cotton is caught by numerous teeth, which are afterwards cleared of it by means of rapidly revolving brushes. The cotton is then sent into a receptacle, where it remains until taken out by hand. The picker plates set with teeth traverse the whole of the cotton plant where there is likely to be any cotton, and strip off the wool while letting the branches and leaves pass through. The machine weighs 800 lbs., and is estimated to pick four bales per day, or, in other words, to do the work of sixty hands.

THE READING CLUB COMPETITIONS.

The Editor regrets to say that of the Abstracts and sets of Programmes for Variety Readings submitted, the Adjudicator reports that not one so far fulfils the conditions of competition as to be eligible for the Prize. Under the circumstances, the Editor is reluctantly compelled to withhold the Prize altogether.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

Intending Competitors are reminded that the latest date for receiving MSS. for this competition is September 1st, 1885.



"THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR KING AND QUEEN—
FOR JOHNNY AND FOR ME."

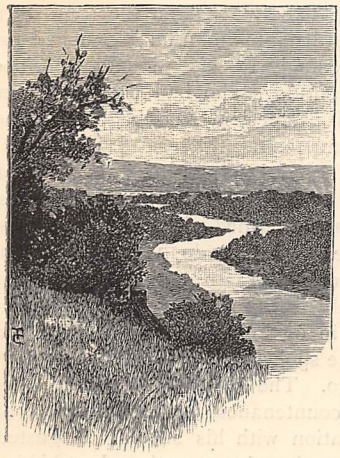
"*A FIRST LOVE-MAKING*" (*p.* 655.)

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

By ALICE O'HANLON, Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," "No Proof," &c.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

A POINTED QUESTION.



UNTIL they had got far beyond hearing from that open window at which Idalia stood, young Bretherton and his companion walked forward in absolute silence. It was Peleus who then made the first remark, and the tone of his voice corresponded well with the darkened look in his face.

"Well, Miss Susan, I must say that this proceeding on your part is a somewhat extraordinary one," he observed; "may I ask for an explanation of it?"

Susan glanced at him, but she did not quail, as she once might have done, at the sight of his displeasure.

"I wanted to speak to you," she rejoined gravely.

"So you have already observed," he retorted; "but there were other ways, surely, of obtaining an interview without summoning me through the window! What do you suppose my sister will think?"

"I don't care what your sister thinks," the girl answered, but with neither boldness nor defiance in her air. "I've just come to ask you a question, Percival, and 'tis one I be in the right to have answered."

"Humph! Pray let me hear the question? One would suppose from your aspect that it was something tragic. Have you been studying a play, Susan?"

But Susan did not appear to understand, or even to hear this satirical query. She marched straight on, without speaking again, until they had reached a turn of the avenue whence they could not so easily be seen from the house. Then pausing, she leaned her back against a tree, and turned to face her companion. And a very pretty and touching picture she made, poor little thing, standing there with her golden curls ruffled by the breeze! Her childish face, round still, but almost colourless, looked by contrast with the black frock and hat worn for her grandfather even fairer and paler than it really was. Her little rosebud of a mouth was set with a stern, determined look, and a pathetic wistfulness was in the deep azure eyes. So young, so fair and sad the girl looked, that even a heart of stone might have melted at the sight.

Peleus Bretherton had not much heart to speak of but even he—startled by the effects of his own selfish and cruel flirtation—felt a little moved.

"Well, Susie, I am waiting for your question?" he said more softly, taking one of her long curls in his hand.

Susan, however, drew it instantly away from his touch.

"Don't, please!" she requested peremptorily—"Percival, what I want to know is this. Have you quite given over loving me?"

Annoyed by the repulse of his caress, Peleus felt his softened mood changing again. "Really, Susan," he exclaimed, "this is quite melo-dramatic!"

"'Tis seven weeks and two days since you have been to see me," pursued Susan, regarding him with a steadfast, unwavering gaze.

"It is very kind of you to keep so accurate an account of my movements," remarked the young man; "you are aware, I suppose, that I have had very important matters to take up my time lately?"

"But not for seven weeks," said Susan.

Peleus shrugged his shoulders, with an air of dismissing the subject. He had, it was true, made violent love to this girl. But however she might have taken it, the affair to him had never been a serious one, and he certainly did not feel bound to continue it against his inclination. His shrug said this as plainly as possible—"Why should I call to see you, if I don't wish?"

Susan did not remove her fixed gaze from his countenance.

"Percival," she demanded abruptly, "are you going to marry Lady Standon?"

Young Bretherton started and coloured. His *sang-froid* manner changed at last to one of interest. "What makes you ask such a question?" he inquired.

"Aunt Briscoe, she says that the servants do all think you mean to," answered the girl.

"Really? I'm much obliged to the servants for canvassing my affairs," Peleus returned. But he laughed and seemed pleased rather than angry. Even to have his ambitious hopes spoken of by the servants as possible of fulfilment appeared to raise that possibility in his own estimation.

"I fear, little Susan, that there are two sides to that question," he said, smiling on her. "My meaning to have the lady and the lady's meaning to have *me* are not necessary correlatives."

Susan looked as though she did not understand. "You could not marry her and me too," she returned gravely; "'tis this I came to ask you, Percival: don't you want to marry me now?"

"Upon my word!" protested the young man in a rallying tone, "that is a plain question, Susan. You make a fellow feel quite bashful."

The girl made a gesture of contempt or impatience. "Answer 'yes' or 'no,' please," she urged.

"Hang it! *No*, then, if you will have it!" said Peleus crossly.

It had scarcely seemed possible that she could look

paler, but, for a moment, Susan's face grew almost ghastly.

"Did you *never* mean what you said, then?" she asked, in a low voice of concentrated emotion; "didn't you call me your little wife many and many a time? And didn't you swear that you loved me dearly, and didn't you—kiss me?"

"To be sure, I did!" Peleus laughed again. "Don't you know, Susan, that any gentleman will kiss a pretty girl if she's willing to let him?"

The remark was a brutal one, and its effect upon Susan proved singular. For an instant the poor girl's innocent blue eyes distended in a wild stare of surprise. Then a hot colour rushed into her face, crimsoning even her brow and neck. She put up her hands to cover the burning blushes, ejaculating, "Oh! Oh!" but unable to get out another word.

A sense of overwhelming shame and dismay had overtaken her. She must have behaved shockingly to have any one sneer at her in that horribly disdainful way. And yet, what had she done? *How* had she behaved badly? He had vowed that he loved her, and she had believed him. She had thought they were to belong to each other for ever, and so she had let him kiss her, and thought no harm of it. *Had* there been harm in it? In a short time common sense came to Susan's relief. No, there had not. It was *he*, not she, who had behaved badly. It was he who ought to be feeling ashamed and disgraced. She put down her hands and the blushes faded from her cheeks.

"You've been making game of me, then?" she cried, "you've just been treating me like a plaything? *Me*, Susan Basset!" she held up her head with a proud little gesture; "and the Bassets, they have lived on the Fold Farm thousands of years. 'Tisn't as if we were common people. My father, he'd be fit to kill you if he knew!"

Peleus looked disturbed by this suggestion.

"But you needn't be afeard," Susan continued, "that I shall tell him, or anybody. I promised I'd say nothing till you let me; and now—now 'tisn't likely I'd let any one know I'd been made game of. But I did love you so," she went on, in a changed voice, "I—I just worshipped you. And all the while you were only amusing yourself. You didn't mean anything? Oh, I hate you! You be a liar, and no gentleman!" she concluded in passionate scorn.

Peleus half-turned on his heel. "Upon my life, you are a dreadfully intense young woman," he exclaimed, "but it isn't worth while, I assure you, to get into such an excitement over the matter. If I have led you into any mistake as to my intentions, I can only offer you a very humble apology. Indeed, I'm awfully sorry, Susan, if I have made you unhappy. I—of course I like you very much yet—immensely, in fact. Don't let us quarrel, Susan. Shake hands and be friends."

"Oh, go away! Go away!" cried Susan, with a motion to ward off his approach. "You've broken my heart. You—you made me love you so as I cared for nothing else in the world but you. And now—now you've thrown me away like an old shoe into the mud. I don't care to live any longer."

And, without another word or look, the poor child turned to leave the worthless scamp who, she believed, had permanently blighted her young life.

Out of patience with her vehemence, yet anxious to part with the girl on a pleasanter footing, Peleus moved forward to follow her. As he did so, a hatchet-shaped visage, distorted by a scowl of the utmost malignity, was protruded from behind the trunk of a tree, some few yards distant, and a huge clenched fist was shaken threateningly in his direction. Then Susan's faithful watch-dog, who had been a hidden spectator of the entire interview, shambled forth and began to follow his mistress.

"By George! I'll have that brute shut up in an asylum, as sure as my name is Bretherton!" cried Peleus, enraged, and alarmed also, by the expression of Luke's face. "Susan, do you hear, if that brother of yours ever comes into these grounds again, I—I'll see that it's the last time he is able to do so."

"He'll *not* come in again," Susan replied, without looking round as she spoke. "Come away, Luke!"

Peleus let them go. The sight of Luke's inflamed and hate-inspired countenance had driven away all desire for reconciliation with his sister. Disgusted, irritated, and frightened at the same time, he told himself that he wished he had never seen either of the pair. He was tired of Susan and her ridiculously serious way of taking his love-making, and was filled with a shuddering repugnance towards the "softy."

By-and-by, however, though he could not forget that spiteful scowl and threatening gesture, Peleus Bretherton's thoughts diverted to other subjects. Certainly the young man had a great many other things to think about.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

SOME EXCITEMENT AT THE FLOUR-MILL.

IN an almost direct line with Mr. Basset's farm, across the intervening meadows, which fell in a gradual decline towards the river's bank, was situated the house and mill of Mr. James Carey, flour-dealer. Measured by that line, the distance separating the two dwellings would hardly have made half a mile; but by following the windings of the narrow cart-lane, which formed the only means of communication betwixt the mill and the high-road, that distance became nearly doubled. To young legs, however, a mile is not of much account in the way of a walk, and James Carey, junior, the miller's son, had made nothing of it in the long, pleasant evenings of last summer and autumn, when, his "bosom's lord" light in the hope of meeting pretty Susan Basset, he had taken his way to the Fold Farm. But since his love-dream had ended in a rude awakening, through the very unequivocal refusal of Susan to listen to his suit, James had contented himself with visiting the Fold Farm only in spirit. In body he had spent his evening leisure hours at home; and as a means of curing the wound in his heart, he had taken to cultivating his head. And James Carey's head was well worth cultivation, both as regarded the quantity and quality of its contents.

At present, the study wherewith he was principally occupying himself was political economy. He had been led at first to take an interest in the subject through reading Smith's "Wealth of Nations," a second-hand copy of which he had picked up, along with a number of other volumes, at an old book-stall in London, during a business visit made there towards the close of last summer, and he had since devoured several works of a kindred nature lent to him by the Rector of Upton, with whom the young miller was a great favourite.

Just now James was deep in John Stuart Mill; and on a certain evening (two days after the date of our last chapter) he had carried his book out of doors and seated himself upon a low wall. This wall, which enclosed a narrow yard, or flagged terrace, at the back of his home, was washed at its base—or rather, the rock that served as its foundation was washed—by the river.

At this point, where the mill had been built, the river, though not very broad, was deep, and the flow of the water required to turn the big wheel had been artificially strengthened by the construction of a weir, which stretched across it from side to side, just above the mill.

The house and the mill stood a few feet apart, not sufficiently far apart to prevent the former from sharing somewhat in the dusty, flour-besprinkled aspect of the latter. But whatever dust there was about the house was certainly confined to the exterior of the dwelling; for Mrs. Carey was a model house-wife, almost too scrupulously neat and clean, and a speck of dust on her bright furniture, or of dirt on her spotless floor, was a thing not to be tolerated.

At the time when James had first repaired to his favourite seat on the wall, the sun was sinking low in the horizon, and before long a golden glow, filling the air and reflected from the river, caught his book and his attention at the same moment. Closing the volume, but keeping his finger inside to mark the page he was reading, James watched the lingering glories of sunset, falling as he did so into a reverie that bore no connection with the "Influence of the Progress of Industry and Population on Values and Prices." Indeed, when, by-and-by, nothing was left of the gorgeous cosmorama he had witnessed, save a broad belt of crimson erubescence melting into a rich orange-yellow and throwing up feathery streaks of a paler amber into the cold sapphire beyond, the young fellow sighed as he returned to his subject, and found that it had lost for the moment all its interest. Anxious, however, to make the most of the fast-waning light, he strove to fix his attention on the page, and had just succeeded in doing so when the back door opened, and a stout, comely woman stepped out on to the terrace.

"James, lad, thy father wants thee to come in and write a bit of a note to Barns about those sacks. He'd like 'em a day or two earlier than they was ordered, he says, if they can let him have them."

"All right, mother, I'll be in directly," answered her son, raising a pair of clear hazel eyes that were exactly the colour of her own. It was from his mother that young Carey had derived his good looks. His regular features were the counterpart of hers, only cast in a larger mould, and his chestnut-brown hair was scarcely to be discriminated in shade. In the intelligence of their expression, moreover, the two faces were much alike, but there was more mildness and good-nature in that of the son than of the mother. "I'll be in directly," he repeated, "as soon as I have finished this paragraph. But the letter can't go this evening, you know, so there is no hurry."

"You're always wanting to finish a paragraph; I never saw such a lad for reading!" exclaimed his mother, coming up to the wall. "But you didn't ought to strain your eyes, James, and you won't be able to see much longer i' this light. Dear-a-me, how high the river is!"

"Yes, it is from the rain last night, I suppose. Good gracious! what's that?"

The question referred to a strange sound which had suddenly broken upon the ears of both. It was a sound that seemed to be compounded of a human cry and a wild beast's howl, and each moment it grew louder and more strident.

"The Lord preserve us!" ejaculated Mrs. Carey, "what can it be?"

"There's a man running along the river's bank, mother," reported James, leaning over the wall far beyond his centre of gravity, so as to command a view of the embankment beyond the mill; "he is coming this way, but—I'm afraid, mother, there must be some one in the water! The fellow keeps stopping and looking as if he meant to jump in."

Mother and son turned simultaneously to scan the rushing stream, but, for some seconds, in vain. Then pointing eagerly in the direction signified, Mrs. Carey exclaimed—

"What's yon, James? This side, look'ee, not far above the weir—Why! 'tis only the branch of a tree," she concluded, answering her own question. "Lor, it did give me a turn!"

The object designated, and at which young Carey was now gazing fixedly, was certainly the branch of a tree, but it was not *only* that. As it approached the weir, plunging and swerving from side to side, a white human face was occasionally brought into view, and a human arm was seen to be thrown across the log.

"Mother, there is some one sticking to it!" cried James, "I believe it's a woman. Oh! she'll be over the weir in a moment!" He was kicking off his boots as he spoke.

"James, what are you going to do?" His mother caught at him frantically. But the next moment James had left his coat in her hand, and he himself was in the river. It was ten years since he had last tried to swim. Then he had been a boy of fourteen, now he was a man of twenty-four. But James had not stopped to consider whether he had lost the art, which as a matter of fact he had in those early days but barely acquired. As the log, or rather the thick branch, to which a mass of green foliage yet attached, swept over the weir, James had seen beyond doubt that it was a woman who clung to it, and he had further seen that

it was a woman with golden hair. The sight of that golden hair seemed to inspire the young fellow with preternatural strength and courage. He struck out boldly up-stream, but the force of the current was so powerful that he could make no headway against it. He managed, however, to keep himself from being carried away, and also to steer himself into the course of the approaching bough. In an agony of alarm, which paralysed all power of movement or sound, his mother watched until she saw him grasp at the passing bough, but only to be swept away with it and its previous adherent. Then, horror loosened her tongue. She covered her face with both hands and screamed wildly for help, her shriek being echoed with equal wildness by an individual who had just burst into the yard at the top of his speed.

But James Carey had not been swept away very far. How he had accomplished the feat he could never himself comprehend, but by the time his father and certain other members of the household had rushed forth to learn the cause of the alarm, the young fellow had scrambled on to the bank, a few yards below the house, at a point where the swollen river had risen almost to a level with its border, and was endeavouring to drag her whom he had rescued after him. Leaping the fence which separated them, Mr. Carey and a young man who acted as assistant in the mill sprang to his aid, followed by the still howling and shrieking intruder upon the premises, who had at once been recognised by everybody as the unfortunate Luke Basset.

It need scarcely be said, then, that the golden locks which had inspired James Carey to that effort, of which, under the circumstances, the success had been almost miraculous, belonged to Luke's sister Susan. By the united exertions of the three men, the poor girl was soon drawn to the ground. Whether she were dead or alive could not at first be told, for poor Susan's eyes were closed, and her face was lividly pale.

"How came she to fall into the water, Luke?" demanded Carey, senior, whilst his son, indifferent to all other considerations, stooped over the insensible form, breathlessly endeavouring to discover some signs of life.

"She didn't fall; she throwed herself in! She throwed herself in," repeated the "softy"—"and *Luke knows why!*"

And though questioned closely Luke's intelligence, or his vocabulary, proved unequal to affording any further information. However pressed, he either could or would do nothing but reiterate the one phrase—"She throwed herself in, and Luke knows why," with a peculiar emphasis on the last three words.

James's examination, meantime, having convinced him that life still lingered, the half-drowned girl was speedily conveyed to the house. There Mrs. Carey—who, on perceiving that her son was safe, had immediately recovered full possession of her faculties—applied herself to the work of restoration, and in so cautious and sensible a manner that the vital spark—which, in sooth, had been very near extinction—was fanned into a fitful flicker. In a marvellously short time Susan was in a warm bed, still insensible, but breathing perceptibly, whilst James, none the worse for his bath in the river, was galloping down the lane on horse-back, to break the news of her accident (as despite Luke's asseverations he considered it) to Susan's parents, and afterwards to ride on for a doctor.

It was not until several weeks had elapsed—weeks of suffering from a dislocated shoulder and other injuries—that Susan Basset was able to rise from her bed in Mrs. Carey's pretty spare room, and it was still later before her reluctant confessions confirmed Luke's statement that her fall into the river had not been accidental. Even then only a brief and shame-faced admission could be drawn from her. A spoiled child, passionate and head-strong, though possessed of a sweet and loving disposition, Susan had rebelled fiercely against the disappointment and misery brought upon her by her faithless lover. In the hot and fiery impatience of early youth, which knows nothing of the healing influence of time, she had been driven (and, alas! her case, as the daily papers show, is by no means an exceptional one) to the madness of suicide. No sooner, however, had she committed the frantic act than Susan had as frantically regretted it. As the cold waters had closed over her head, the love of life had rushed back to her heart, and in an instant, like a lightning-flash of revelation, the utter folly of her deed had been made manifest.

The next instant—for she had not as yet been carried away from the bank—Susan had clutched at the overhanging bough of a large tree. But, unfortunately, the bough was one that, in a late storm, had been partially severed from its trunk. The poor girl felt it giving way beneath her weight; but she struggled to pull herself up by it, and had just, as she thought, been on the point of succeeding when she had fallen back with a plunge into the river, the huge branch over which she had thrown her arm coming away with her. Instinctively she had clung to the branch; but as she felt herself swept away with it, her face dipping every now and then beneath the water, and the rush of the swollen, impetuous torrent in her ears, she had given herself up for lost. Consciousness had deserted her, and she had known nothing more until she had awakened to find herself in Mrs. Carey's white, dimity-hung bed.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

ANOTHER STARTLING EVENT.

ON the same evening that had witnessed the scene above described at the flour-mill, there occurred another event of even greater importance to the development of this story. The hour of the evening was considerably later, and a moon, three-quarters full, in a cloud-drifted sky, was fitfully illuminating his path, as Victor McNicoll took his way across the fields which led from the Upton Brook Works towards Monkswood Hall. Of late, Victor had almost entirely neglected his business, and certain matters

demanding his personal attention had become so urgent, that he had compelled himself to go down to his counting-house after dinner this evening in order to devote a quiet hour or two to work. Satisfied, however, with having done only what was absolutely necessary, he had presently locked up the offices, where he had been writing alone, and come away.

The visit which he now proposed to make at Monkswood would be the second for the day. But this was no unusual occurrence. The young man had got into the habit of presenting himself there two and even three times within the twenty-four hours. And although during those visits not a word, scarcely a look of love passed between him and the young mistress of the Hall, they had grown to be to the latter her one source of consolation and support.

As for Victor, he had, it will be remembered, given Idalia a promise that he would find her father if he had to "seek the whole earth through." But although he had thrown himself heart and soul into this task, letting his business and every other object in life become subordinate to it, Victor had begun to despair of its success. Already he had searched in every spot that he could think of, and he was at his wits' end where next to direct his investigations.

Nevertheless, Victor had not the slightest intention of forfeiting his promise, and he had to-day telegraphed to his partner, Mr. Courteney, begging him to return

"THE EFFECT OF THE REMARK UPON SUSAN PROVED SINGULAR" (*p.* 642).

at once from Italy, in order that he might devote himself exclusively to more extended researches. But how or where to set about them? This was the question which he was pondering in despairing perplexity as he hurried along the field-path, little imagining that every step was bringing him nearer to a startling solution of the problem.

The last field was gained, and with extended stick Victor was groping his way towards the stile which would take him into the highway—for the moon at this juncture had disappeared behind a heavy cloud, leaving him in almost total darkness—when he heard a voice speaking close in front of him. The voice was one he recognised, and he was just about to utter the name of its owner when something in the sense of the words he had caught arrested the exclamation.

"I tell you, it's a risk that must not be run again! It is dangerous your coming about here. You must write. You might have written all you had to say this evening."

"Ay, maybe I might; but, you see, I thought I'd like to explain just how 'twas that we wanted such a big lump of money again, afore 'twas due. Father, he's allus been so keen set on getting hold of that land, and now 'tis in the market. Woa! woa, there!"

The final interjections were accompanied by a restive scraping and kicking of horse's hoofs. Before that sound ceased, the moon, suddenly sailing out from behind the obscuring cloud, revealed to Victor McNicoll the picture of two men standing with their backs against the stile, about four feet in front of him. One of these men held a horse by the bridle with his right hand, whilst the other—a deformed stump, from which two of the fingers were missing—grasped the upper rung of the stile. Half a second later, Victor had crept forward on the grass—fortunately he had, in the darkness, wandered off the path, so that his approaching footsteps had not been heard—and was crouching stealthily beneath the hedge.

This action, so foreign to his habitual instincts, had, nevertheless, been performed intuitively, without reflection, or at least without conscious reflection. But when it was done, the young man felt satisfied that it was well done. Under conceivable circumstances eaves-dropping may become a duty.

"Confound that animal! Do keep him still. We can't hear if any one is coming along the road," resumed the voice Victor knew.

"Well, well, I'll be going, as you be so narvous, master. We'n pretty well settled everything, I think. You'll let's have the chink, then, to-morrow?"

"No—not to-morrow; the day after. We don't keep a sum like that in the house, my good fellow. I shall have to get it from the bank; I'll bring it to you the day after."

"What time about, do you think, sir?"

"I'll take the train. There's one a little before eleven from the new station. I'll be out by that. But we must make other arrangements. I can't be seen travelling that way again, or going near your place. We must be more careful, man."

"Ay, ay, we're bound to be careful," assented the other gruffly. "'Tis a bad business, and not one to my liking, I can tell you!"

"How is he?" demanded the more cultivated speaker, with a sort of reluctant hesitation. "I suppose you are making him as comfortable as you can?"

"Um! We'n give him a good flock-bed and heaps o' blankets and things; but 'tis a dampish nest for the poor bird, and he have got an awful bad cough. He don't eat nothing, neither; an' 'tis my opinion he won't live long. Perhaps that'll be a good job, eh?"

"I don't know—yes, perhaps it will—but——"

"Look 'ee here, young master, I beant a soft-hearted chap, that's certain, nor a straight-laced one, neither; but this 'ere, 'tis the ugliest stroke o' business I ever had to do with in *my* life; and if 'twas to do over again I'm blow'd if I'd have a hand in it!"

"You get well paid, Cole; and you'll *have* to carry it through now, or——"

"Oh, ay; you needn't get into a fright. We're in the mess now, and there beant no help for it; we knows that well enough. But you don't pay us none too much for the dirty job. Woa, Sally; quiet, lass!"

"Hush! I hear some one coming up the road. Mount quick, Cole. I'm off!"

"Don't 'ee forget the chink—a round hunderd, mind! Good night; and——"

A low-muttered curse completed the sentence; and in another minute Victor knew that he was alone.

Yet, for some time, the young man did not move, excepting to seat himself on the ground where he had been crouching. A kind of vertigo, both of body and mind, seemed to have fallen upon him—a horror of loathing and sickness. Once, in some Continental zoological gardens, Victor had been present at the feeding of a cage of serpents, and, with a fascination of repugnance, he had watched a small boa swallow alive and whole a pretty, bright-eyed rabbit. Then, as he had seen that living lump distending the hideous reptile's body, he had turned away, physically sick, and filled with unutterable disgust, and it was much such a sensation as this which he was now experiencing.

By-and-by, however, other emotions succeeded to this—emotions that stirred him to movement and action. Vaulting the stile now, Victor set off at a run—not, however, towards Monkswood Hall, but in an opposite direction. Presently he turned in at a gateway. Arrived at the house to which it belonged, he inquired for Sir Arthur Ledsom, and marched in without awaiting invitation.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

PELEUS BRETHERTON MAKES AN EXCURSION.

FROM the moment when he had watched her being carried up-stairs to Mrs. Carey's spare room, after her rescue from that watery grave, Luke Basset had not been permitted to see his sister. He had been assured, however, that Susan would very soon be all right, and running about as briskly as ever. But Luke did not believe this assurance. He had many times seen kittens and puppies put into water and

drowned, but they had never come alive again, or been able to run about. They had always afterwards been buried in a hole in the ground.

Further, Luke had just lately seen his dead grandfather carried off to the churchyard, and Susan's face, when she had lain on the grass, had looked exactly like that of his dead grandfather. Luke was convinced in his own mind that the assurance in question was an attempt to deceive him, and that Susan was only being kept in bed for a little while, as they had kept his grandfather, until it was time to put her into the ground.

What his own life would be without the object of his semi-canine devotion poor Luke had not, as yet, begun to realise. For the present, every force and faculty of his beclouded intellect was bent towards, and stimulated by, a certain secret purpose which dominated and inspired him. To the accomplishment of that purpose it seemed to him necessary that he should regain possession of a treasured article once belonging to him, but of which, several weeks ago, his father had deprived him on account of some ignorant mischief he had been led into committing therewith. For that article Luke sought high and low, with the cautious cunning of idiocy; but it was not until the morning next after that which had followed Susan's unfortunate escapade that success rewarded his efforts. Then, with the article in his pocket, and a triumphant glee in his half-witted countenance, Luke left the house and took a walk towards Monkswood Hall.

There was only one turn of the road between the two dwellings; and as Luke reached that turn he saw Peleus Bretherton emerge from the lodge-gates of the Hall, and step out quickly in an opposite direction. The "softy's" eyes twinkled; and, emitting a low chuckle of satisfaction, he set himself to follow, keeping, however, at a considerable distance, and evidently not wishful that Peleus should perceive him. Bent upon executing a deadly revenge (for no further secret need be made of the matter) upon this man, to whom he believed his sister owed her death, and whom he had himself always hated with such a frenzy of dislike, Luke was now prompted by his half-brutish instinct to play with his quarry after the manner of a cat or a tiger. To keep him well in view, and to handle and turn over that huge clasp-knife which he carried in his pocket, was, for the moment, sufficient gratification. Presently, however, after his unconscious prey had led him a pretty long chase, Luke was subjected to a sudden alarm lest he was about to escape him.

Until very recently, no railroad had come nearer to Upton than that which terminated at High Radstow. But within the last few months a single line had been laid from the little market-town, running through Upton and on to the sea-coast.

Its terminus was Shelving Cove, the spot which, it will be remembered, had formed the scene of Miss Hester Courteney's picnic. This little branch line—which at present showed small prospect of paying its shareholders—owed its existence chiefly to the exertions of an enterprising company of gentlemen, who had purchased a good deal of ground in the vicinity, and who believed that they had discerned capacities in this lonely sea-side spot for the future growth and development of a fashionable watering-place. Already, as an earnest of its coming glory, a row of small brick houses, suitable for the letting of apartments, was in process of erection in face of the sloping pebbly beach, with its tiny jetty and few scattered fishermen's huts.

It was to the new station on this line, which communicated with Shelving Cove, that the unconscious Peleus had led his pursuer, and here it was the latter suffered a pang of alarm, in view of what threatened to be an escape from his vengeance. For when, hurrying at last, Luke gained the platform, the train, with Peleus in it, appeared to be on the very point of starting. It was detained, however, just a minute longer by the station-master, who, standing by the door of his compartment, was finishing a brief conversation with young Bretherton.

In the last of those minutes, Luke Basset, stealing cautiously forward, managed to slip unobserved into a third-class compartment at the end of the train. Like most of the other compartments, it was an empty one; and greatly excited by this novel experience (he had never travelled by rail before), Luke grinned and chuckled to himself when the train moved off, as delighted with his ride as a child.

His attention, however, although temporarily distracted, was by no means diverted from the purpose which had taken such settled possession of his narrow intellect, and by the time the train reached the terminus—having stopped at two other country stations on the way—that purpose had regained its full ascendency.

Keeping his seat until he had seen Peleus leave the station at Shelving Cove by a small wicket gate, he slipped from his carriage and prepared to recommence his hunt. But at the gate he was unexpectedly stopped by the demand for a ticket. Poor Luke had not provided himself with this requisite, and it was a long time—during which he was fuming with insensate impatience—before he could be made to understand what was being claimed of him.

By slow degrees, howbeit, the idea dawned upon him that money would settle the difficulty; and producing a crown-piece, which he had possessed ever since his tenth year, he tendered it to his detainer. Then, whilst the porter (who had already made out where his lack-witted interlocutor had taken the train) went to procure change for the coin, Luke rushed off in hot pursuit of his game.

Entirely unsuspicious, meanwhile, that he was forming the object of such pursuit, Peleus had turned off from the road leading down to the embryo town and was now following a narrow pathway that struck across some fields. This path, which he had traversed for the first time on the occasion of the picnic, brought him, at the end of a mile's walk, to that solitary farmhouse beneath the cliffs where Charlie Nunnerley had been taken to change his wet clothes after his accidental fall out of the boat.

Arrived at this house, Peleus cast a hasty glance round. But not a soul, so far as he could perceive, was within sight, and hurrying up the flagged walk that led to it, he tapped at the door. Almost instantly it was opened to him.

"PELEUS HUNG HIS HEAD, BUT MADE NO REPLY" (*p.* 650).

"There you be, sir! We'n just been saying 'twas about time you was due," remarked the individual who had admitted him. Step forrud; father's inside."

"Ay, come in. How do you do?" Mr. Peter Cole executed as he spoke a sulky, ungracious bow. "Did 'ee meet my missus anywhere on th' road?"

"No," answered Peleus, "I came by the fields. But I'm glad she is out."

"'Twarn't likely we'd let her stay about th' house, and you coming!" retorted the other. "A secret's in a poor way for being safe if it gets to a woman's knowledge. I've sent her on an errand."

"You think she has no suspicion yet, then?" demanded Peleus with an anxious air. The young man was looking altogether haggard and wretched this morning.

"If she has, she's been too wise to let me know it," rejoined the amiable husband. "Reckon she knows I'd break every bone in her body if I caught her prying into what doesn't concern her. Well, master, I s'pose you've brought the money?"

"I have. But before I hand it over, I—I want to know, Cole, whether he is safe?"

"Safe? He's as safe as nails."

"But I must be quite sure of it. I——The fact is, I had a dream last night, and whether I'm getting nervous, or superstitious, or what, I can't tell, but it has taken a curious hold on me, and I can't get rid of the impression."

"Dreamt he'd got away, did 'ee?" asked the elder man, laughing. "He have a job to do it, I guess!"

"Yes. I dreamt that there was a connection of some sort between the vault and those caves in the cliff, you know, and that——"

"Good lack! Why, father, did you ever?" exclaimed the younger Cole in unaffected surprise. "And not a soul knowing it but you and me!"

"Then there *is* such a connection?" faltered Peleus, turning pale.

"'Tis confoundedly queer! But I only discovered it a day or two before we caged the bird," responded the son. "And there beant the least chance in the world of any one else finding it out, for 'twas all by accident *I* did. Sure enough, though, there's a bit of the rock that looks just like a bit of a rough projection; but 'twill slide aside if you push it, along a sort o' groove in the floor. And at the back of it there's a hole that you can creep through into a passage, wide enough and high enough to stand upright in. I didn't go far so as to see where it led to, only I haven't a doubt it does lead to the caves, and as it was used in smuggling days for getting the goods slily into the house underground, and a very clever contrivance 'twas. But, my stars, how you come to *dream* of it, that's the queerest thing!"

Peleus Bretherton sank upon a chair, an expression of utter consternation in his face. "He has escaped! I am lost!" he cried wildly. "Oh! what shall I do!"

"Fudge! Stuff and rubbish!" sneered Cole, senior. "Why, man, he be fastened up wi' a dog-chain. We was forced to fasten him up, so as he shouldn't knock on the door or make noises as my old woman might hear. But come along down to th' cellar; we'n soon settle the question. You shall see for yourself whether he be safe or not."

"No, no, I don't want to see him," protested Peleus; "but if I could hear his voice—I should be satisfied if I could hear his voice."

"You're safe to hear him when you get near enough," muttered Will Cole, the son, who was occupied in ptocuring a light. "The poor old chap's got an awful bad cough. I'm thinking it won't be long afore we find some use for that secret way out to th' sea as you dreamt about. Got the keys, father?"

Peter Cole growled an affirmative, and having preceded the two younger men down a flight of stone steps and along a short passage, he produced a couple of large keys, with one of which he unlocked a black-painted door.

"We'n got to keep the missus out o' this here cellar, you see—fear her'd hear anything; and I've tell'd her a heap o' lies 'bout what I was using it for. You'd ought to give me an extra £50 for the trouble them lies is to my conscience." And with a dull cackling sound, which was his nearest approach to a laugh, he led the way across the cellar towards a door on the opposite side. Before this the three men paused, listening attentively; but not a sound, either of coughing or any kind of movement, greeted their ears.

"Come! Give us the key, father!" exclaimed the younger Cole, evidently disquieted by the silence; and almost snatching it from his parent's hand, he inserted it in the lock, and in another moment had passed inside.

"'Tis all right!" he reported, emerging again immediately; "he's only asleep. Come in, and take a look at him, sir."

Peleus hesitated. "He may awaken," he said; "I—I shouldn't like him to see me."

"Not him; he's as sound as a top. Come along."

Thus urged, young Bretherton followed, to find himself, it need hardly be explained, in that vaulted dungeon described in a former part of this story. On a sofa-bed at the further end lay a man asleep, but as Peleus' eye fell on the man's head, he gave vent to an ejaculation of dismay. That prostrate figure was not his father! For, despite his sixty-five years, poor Abner's hair had been brown and glossy almost as that of a boy, whereas this man's locks were white as snow!

In his alarm, Peleus ventured quite close to the couch, and bent over to look at its occupant. Whilst he was in the act of doing so, the latter suddenly opened his eyes.

"Peley?" he interjected, springing up; "Peley, my boy, I've hed"—he stopped short and looked around. "No, it *ain't* a dream—it *ain't* a. dream. Oh, my son, may God forgive you! May the Lord not lay this sin heavy to your charge!"

Peleus shrank back, bent upon making his escape from the vault. But, stepping in front of him, Will Cole barred his way.

"No, just you wait a minute, sir, now you are here, and tell the poor old chap about his daughter," he said, putting out a brawny, muscular arm. "He's wanting for everlasting to know how she is. And now you shall tell 'im!"

"Thank you, mister, thank you," said Abner gratefully; "that's friendly, and it's feelin'. Peley, I'm not a-goin' to beg you to let me out of this yere dreadful place, because I know it wouldn't be of no use," he went on with dignified solemnity; "but ef I could hev died, my son, to hev saved you from doing this dreadful wickedness, I'd gladly hev done it—Lord, yes, I'd hev done it gladly!" A fit of coughing, that seemed to rack and tear the sufferer, here interrupted him, during which the wretched Peleus made a second attempt to leave the vault, again frustrated by his powerful accomplice.

"Nay, stay a minute, Peleus; stay a minute," gasped his father, when utterance once more became possible; "maybe we shall never meet again in life, I sorter seem to feel we shan't; an' thar's things—thar's things I hev on my mind to say to you. But give me time," he went on, raising his hand to his brow; "I don't know whar I am,

Peley, nor I can't properly bethink me how I came yere, I can't make it out anyways. But the strangeness an' the horror of it all, it makes me by times afeard thet I may lose my reason before the Lord is pleased to take my life. Seems, sometimes, ez ef I got kinder dazed, an' ez ef the darkness of this place hed got into my brain, so's I couldn't think of nothin' nor understand nothin'. But it ain't about myself I wanted to talk, not to *you*, Peleus," he added huskily; "it's—it's something about Idalia—Give me time!" He passed his hand several times before his eyes, as if to clear his sight. Then, all at once, he appeared to recover the recollection he desired. "Thet's it! Yes. Peleus, you wrote me a letter, an' you said in it that your sister had met with an accident. Was thet thar letter true?"

"Idalia is quite well," answered his son, with sulky reluctance.

"Quite well, is she? Thank God for thet!" murmured the father. "Then the letter wern't true? You wrote it jest to—Oh, my poor boy, you must be very onhappy?"

Peleus hung his head, but made no reply.

"You are bound to be onhappy," resumed his father; "you've sinned agin the laws of God, an' agin the laws of nature, an' you're bound to suffer fer it, an' to be punished fer it. Thet thar, it will come, Peley! But I'll pray fer you, my son—I'll pray fer you till my latest breath, till the Lord sets me free from these chains, thet—thet you've hed me fastened up with like a dog!" His voice shook for a moment, and a visible shudder passed over his frame. "I'll pray thet the punishment may not be too heavy, an' thet it may bring you to sorrow an' to repentance. But I want you to give me one promise, Peley—one promise, so ez I kin die in peace, an' thet is, thet you'll be good to your sister—to my poor Idalia!"

Peleus, to whom the sight of his injured father was intolerable, and who was becoming almost maddened by this interview, turned furiously on the younger Cole, without attempting to reply to Mr. Bretherton's question.

"Let me pass! You villain, let me pass, I won't be kept here!" he broke forth.

"Villain be I? There's a pair of us then. But 'tis no use your setting on me, sir. You shall go as soon's ever you've answered the old chap, and given him his promise—not before."

There was a determined expression in Will's ill-favoured countenance; and after a glance from that countenance to his huge, powerful frame, Mr. Peleus Bretherton appeared to decide that discretion was the better part of valour.

"You may be sure that I shall be good to my sister," he muttered, turning to his father, but not looking at him. "The question is a needless one. You know that I am fond of Idalia."

"Well, I hope you are—I believe you are! An' I'm glad you kin love any one. It's a little leaven ez may leaven the whole lump, maybe. Oh, Peleus—you're goin'?" Mr. Bretherton had said that he would not plead with his unnatural son. But life and liberty were still sweet to him, at the age of sixty-five. So, also, was the love of his daughter and the fellowship of his kind. Was he to be left here to die like a dog in a hole? A despairing wail broke from the poor man, suddenly brought back to a full realisation of his horrible situation, as he saw the reprobate Peleus finally moving away, and no longer detained by Will Cole. He sprang from his seat, following as far as his chain would allow, his poor tremulous hands held out in a dumb agony of supplication, whilst he repeated his name—"Peley! Peley!"

Peleus turned and cast one glance at that pathetic, imploring figure. Then, pushing roughly past his two confederates, he pressed his fingers into his ears and fled with blind haste to the upper regions. In the sanded kitchen he sank panting upon a chair. How warm, and bright, and cheerful everything looked! How innocent of that dark tragedy that was taking place below! The homeliness, the cheerfulness, the utter unsuspiciousness, which seemed to be the natural aspect of this pleasant farm-house kitchen, enabled young Bretherton to recover some degree of self-possession. His nerves, however, had by no means regained their ordinary tone by the time that the two worthies, who had tarried to lock up their prisoner, rejoined him. Rising hastily on their appearance, he threw down the money he had brought for them, and explaining that he had more than an hour to wait before he need set off to catch the return train, he promised to come in again to speak with them before he left, and refusing for the present to listen to a word, passed from the house.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

AN AWFUL RETRIBUTION.

RELIEVED to find himself alone in the pure, fresh atmosphere, Peleus Bretherton, on leaving the farm, turned to ascend a grassy slope leading up to the precipitous cliffs at the back of the house. His eyes, as he walked, were bent on the ground, and his step, partaking of the agitation of his mind, was rapid and uneven. Not for worlds, if he could have avoided it, would Peleus have faced his suffering and outraged victim. He had been entrapped, as it were, into that interview through which he had just passed, and the effect of it had been violently disturbing. If by any possible sacrifice of property or of ambition the young man could, at the present moment, have undone the vile deed which he had committed, he would have made that sacrifice with gladsome alacrity.

And yet it was not pity that moved him, or any softening of the heart toward the innocent and inoffensive object of his cruel atrocity. Intentionally to injure a person is the surest way of awakening dislike to that person; and, if possible, Peleus now hated his father worse than ever. In the bitter remorse from which he was suffering there was no element of true repentance. Peleus regretted what he had done, but he regretted it for his own sake. The experiment had turned out ill. He had planned to get rid of his father; but instead of succeeding in doing so, he had, so to speak, pushed

him into the very foreground of existence. His friends and acquaintances were so full of the old man and his mysterious disappearance that they could talk of nothing else. Idalia, the one being for whom he entertained any real affection, was so prostrated by the blow of her loss, so altered from her old self, that Peleus could find no pleasure in her society. As for himself, who could describe the constant wearing anxiety, the sudden pangs of dread to which he had become subject!

Again, Peleus had lost a certain pride and self-complacency which had formerly added greatly to his personal happiness. When his poor father had been at home, he had at least had the satisfaction of contemning his manners and despising his speech and appearance. Then he had been able to flatter himself with his own fancied superiority. Now he had been forced to recognise that his ill-used victim towered above him colossal in worth and dignity. Angrily resentful of the conviction, he was yet compelled to admit to himself that he, Peleus Bretherton, was a despicable, unnatural scoundrel—a caitiff against whom, if his deed could be known, the whole world would cry out in horror and shame.

But need the world ever know? And might he not outlive his present sense of degradation and wretchedness? His father would soon die—at any rate so he had seemed to think himself—and then the danger of discovery would be over. The whole thing might be buried, and done with, and forgotten! The brightness of the morning, the lightness of the clear, soft air, began by-and-by to lift the crushing weight from the young man's spirits. He sat down on the very edge of the cliff, with his feet dangling over the precipice, and gazed out over the blue expanse below. How still and peaceful it looked, with scarcely a wavelet flecking its surface! And how soothing was the low rippling and murmuring of the tide as it broke against the foot of the rock so far beneath him! Away out in the horizon two boats, with their white sails full set, were slowly vanishing from sight. It all looked so calm and restful and hopeful. Yes, surely there was room for hope? Things were bad enough at present, but the evil day would pass.

All at once Peleus became conscious that he was no longer alone. How the consciousness had come to him he did not know. He had heard no sound of approaching footsteps over the soft turf; he had seen no one drawing near; he had not even noticed the fall of a shadow on the grass by his side. Yet he seemed to feel that there was some one behind him. Turning his head sharply, he discovered that this subtle intuition or prescience had not deceived him. There, at the distance of only a few feet, stood a man looking down on him where he sat with a strange and horrible grin. The man was tall and broad-shouldered, and his frame, loosely knit and awkward, was as full of the suggestion of brute strength as are the powerful, clumsily-hung limbs of a grizzly bear. The shape of the man's face was angular, his nose forming a strikingly prominent feature, whilst the chin and brow retreated precipitately backward.

At sight of this man Peleus Bretherton became positively paralysed with terror. He opened his lips, but not a sound would come; he tried to move, but found himself unable to stir a limb. As plainly as though the knell of doom were ringing in his ears, he knew that his hour was come. There, behind him, stood the avenger of blood, the embodied retribution of his crimes. A cold perspiration broke out all over him; his eyes almost started from his head; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. He held out his hands with the same imploring gesture—the same dumb appeal for mercy, which only one short half-hour ago had been fruitlessly addressed to himself. A mocking laugh was the only response. Then, throwing down a knife which he had been holding open in his hand, the idiot, Luke Basset, stepped forward and, without a word, lifted the unresisting young man in his arms, as though he had been a child, and launched him into space. One shriek of anguish, terrible and appalling, rent the air, followed by the sound of a heavy splash, and all was again still.

Peering over the cliffs, then, and rubbing his hands together gleefully, whilst he emitted an occasional low chuckle of satisfaction, the "softy" remained gazing downwards until he was, in his turn, startled by an approach—not, however, a silent one.

Glancing in the direction whence certain excited vociferations reached him, Luke perceived three gentlemen running at the top of their speed up the incline. Their demonstrations of consternation had, very naturally, been called forth by the fact that from a dog-cart, which they had left in the lane below, these gentlemen had witnessed the dreadful feat just performed by the irresponsible man.

As they drew nearer a mutual recognition ensued, and Luke then advanced to meet the new-comers with an expression of high delight on his countenance, evidently under the impression that they had come to share in his gratification.

"I done it!" he cried; "I done it! Do 'ee come and look at 'un! Our Susie, she throw'd herself in the water along of *he*, and now I've throwed he in! And when he's took out he'll be put into a hole in the ground."

For Luke this speech was a very long and voluble one. But, to his intense astonishment, his explanation evoked a general burst of execration. Luke fell back crestfallen. His own hatred and abhorrence of young Bretherton had been so vehement that he could not understand how others could fail to regard him with similar sentiments. The disapprobation, however, of these gentlemen seemed greatly to distress the poor idiot.

Offering no expostulation against the burst of horrified condemnation wherewith his confession had been greeted, he shrank away like a chidden child, and presently disappeared from the scene.

Without pausing in the meantime, the three gentlemen, who were Sir Arthur Ledsom, Victor McNicoll, and Mr. Heath, the curate, having approached the edge of the perpendicular cliff, were now looking eagerly over it. The water at its base, though pro-

bably some ten or twelve feet in depth, was singularly clear, and from the heights on which they stood the young men could see perfectly the bottom.

Against the green background of that seaweed, moreover, they could distinctly discern the white, upturned face of a man.

"He is dead, of course!" exclaimed the curate.

"No, look; he is moving!" cried Sir Arthur.

"It is the tide!" affirmed Victor, in an awe-struck tone. "It is going out. He will be carried away! See!" And as he spoke the body of the unfortunate Peleus seemed to be gently lifted by invisible hands, and borne, with a soft swaying motion, out into deeper water, where it again sank to the bottom.

"And there is no boat about!" broke forth Sir Arthur. "If there had been a boat, we could have signalled to it. What in the world are we to do?"

"You must go for one, Arthur," decided Victor. "Fly like the wind. Drive down to Shelving Cove—you won't find one nearer—and make the men bring some grappling-hooks. Heath and I will stop here and watch the body. Quick! Run, man!"

Awaiting no further urgency, Sir Arthur tore down the hill, and in a couple of minutes the dog-cart was being driven off at a gallop.

"Don't speak, Heath, just for a few minutes!" begged Victor, when he and the curate were left alone. And throwing himself on the grass, he lay with thoughts too deep for utterance, gazing at the now indistinct and flickering patch of white, which he knew to be the face of Peleus Bretherton. But he was not able to gaze at it long. Once more the body was lifted by a swell of the tide, and borne out to sea, and long before Sir Arthur Ledsom returned with the boat, the two young men were unable to point out where it lay. They managed, however, in answer to the signalled inquiries of the boatmen, to express an assurance that it must have been carried beyond a certain point; and once having been made to understand this, the boatmen in their turn indicated to the young men, by a series of head-shakings, shoulder-shruggings, and other telling gestures, their well-founded conviction that any attempt to search for the body in water which they knew to be many fathoms deep would be merely a futile waste of time. Pointing shorewards, then, towards that small creek not far from Peter Cole's farm, where the little party had landed on the occasion of the picnic, the men emphasised their conviction as to the futility of search by rowing off in that direction, whilst Sir Arthur from the stern beckoned them to follow.

As a matter of course, Mr. Heath and Victor obeyed the sign; and when the young baronet sprang to the ground to rejoin his friends, he informed them that he had already made arrangements with the seamen which would insure a careful watch being kept all along the coast for the return of the body with the incoming tide. We may here state, however, that although the arrangements in question were carefully carried out, and the watch prolonged for several days, the mortal remains of Peleus Bretherton were, so far as was ever known, seen no more by human eye.

"But now, what is to be done about our business? This awful affair has upset all our plans," observed Mr. Heath. "We can't confront that poor fellow with your discovery now, McNicoll, or catch him at the farm."

"We can catch his accomplices there," returned Victor.

"But we have no warrant to search their premises. We were depending, you know, on taking the son by surprise. I'm afraid our difficulties will be increased."

"On the contrary," said Victor, "I think they will be greatly lessened. How can those villains hold out when they know that their *paymaster* is dead? Their motive for continuing the crime is gone."

"Of course it is," assented Sir Arthur. "And in other ways, too, I can see that our course will be simplified. We shall not have to consider, now, how the father's release will affect the son, or what is to be done with Mr. Percival. That difficulty has settled itself in a fearful manner."

"Fearful enough, indeed!" echoed Victor. "But on the whole—I dare say you will think it rather dreadful of me to say this—but really I don't see how his loss can be deplored, and I consider that he richly deserved his fate. I *may* be hard, but when I think of the suffering that he has caused poor Ida—Miss Bretherton—not to speak of the unutterable infamy of his act, I, for one, find myself unable to pity him."

"If only he had not been cut off in the midst of his iniquity!" sighed the clergyman. "By the way, where is that unfortunate fellow Luke Basset?"

"And how in the world did he get here?" broke in Arthur. "He must have followed poor Bretherton, and come by the same train. But who would have believed that he would have had the sense to travel by rail, or to plan such a thing as this? It seems like a deliberately planned act, doesn't it? And what could have been his motive?"

"He said something about his sister," observed Mr. Heath. "The explanation of this new mystery lies there, I imagine."

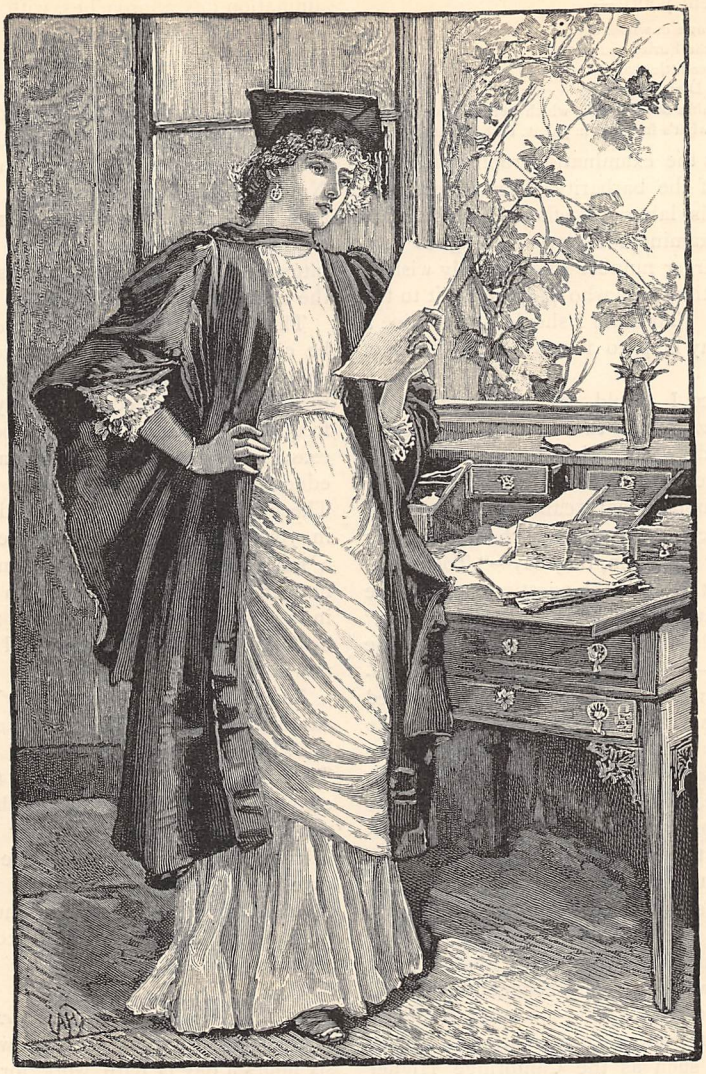
"Ah! Do you know, Victor, whether there has been anything between the poor wretch and that pretty little girl?" asked Arthur. "Could that have been? You heard about her fall into the river? Is it possible that it was not an accident?"

"Very possible, indeed, I think," replied his friend. "In fact, I was afraid of it at the time. I had seen reason to suspect that Bretherton had not been behaving well to her. How much there was in the affair I cannot of course say; but there must have been enough to make the poor child awfully wretched, or she could never have dreamt of suicide. Luke's motive was plainly revenge."

"But such revenge will cost him dear," said Sir Arthur. "He will have to be put under restraint."

"Yes, we shall have to look after that," returned Victor. "But let us get on to Cole's house. I am impatient for the release of our poor friend, dreadfully impatient; and so, I am sure, are you both."

END OF CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.



A LADY GRADUATE OF LONDON UNIVERSITY.

"THAT DREADFUL EXAMINATION!"

BY BARBARA FOXLEY, FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

NOWADAYS nearly every one who means to do any kind of work in the world has, at some stage of his or her existence, to pass an examination. Yet the prospect seems fraught with terror to all but the exceptionally clever or the exceptionally self-possessed. I believe that this fear has its roots, like all other fears, in ignorance. Much has been said and written as to the faults of examinations and of examiners; in this paper I wish to draw attention to the faults of examinees.

I think we may fairly credit the average examiner with good intentions. He has no wish to "pluck" candidates, and, to the best of his power, he sets fair papers—papers which will test the knowledge of the candidate, and give him scope for the display of varied attainments, while making it as hard as possible for superficial or inaccurate knowledge to pass muster. Yet there is a large class of candidates who persist in regarding the examiner as their natural enemy, and as an enemy who seeks to compass his ends by pit-fall and lurking ambush. To this class belongs the young man who provides himself with

elaborate schemes, after the manner of Mr. Bouncer, or of that more recent youth—

> "In the crown of whose cap
> Were the Furies and Fates,
> And a nice little map
> Of the Dorian States.
> In the palms of his hands, which were hollow,
> Were what's frequent in palms, that is, dates."

He usually leaves the examination room still more firmly convinced of the barbarity of examiners, who refuse to regard his laborious efforts as legitimate study. To such examinees I have nothing to say. But there is a far larger number who honestly wish to pass their examination, and who prepare for it to the best of their ability. To these I should like to give a few hints, which may help to remove their dread of the examiner.

In the first place I would say—*Conform to the regulations laid down for the examination.* It seems almost absurd to draw attention to so obvious a matter, but experience proves that it is not so. How often examiners complain that "candidates neglect to number their answers, or to arrange them according to the directions." Or again, they say—"Too many candidates gave to the optional questions part of the time they should have given to the necessary ones." Closely allied to this fault is that noticed in the following passage:—"Careless reading of the questions was far too common. Several candidates failed entirely from this fault." Then, besides attention to the mere verbal regulations of the examination, try to conform to the *object* the examining body have in view. For instance, in such an examination as the Matriculation of London University, where the candidate is required to enter for a large number of subjects, and to pass in them all, it is clear that special knowledge is not needed; that good general knowledge is what the examiners demand. Thus favourite studies must be put aside for the time, and the mind made to work at the uncongenial ones till the requisite standard is reached—a mental discipline of great value, apart from all examinations. Again, other examinations, such as the Cambridge Higher Local, which offer a choice of subjects, or in which the examination may be spread over a term of years, demand not so much general knowledge as special. Clearly a very different kind of preparation is necessary in these two cases.

This brings me to a second rule—*Map out your work.* This again is only a rule of common sense, but neglect of it is a frequent cause of failure. Unless you know clearly what portions of your subject must be studied, and how much time you can spare for each, you run the risk of finding yourself, as the examination day approaches, with sections of your subject still unstudied, and with no grasp of its proportions and of the relation of one part to another. Want of method is one of the most frequent faults, particularly of students studying alone; and its result is waste of time, of patience, and of mental power. The choice of proper text-books is really a question of method. Not only must inaccurate and antiquated works be avoided, but the text-book must be adapted to the capacity of the student; it is no use attempting works intended for advanced students before you possess the elementary knowledge which they take for granted.

Thirdly—*Test your work continually.* Do not be content with a *belief* that you have grasped the subject you read, and an *impression* that you remember what preceded it. Try your knowledge by frequent questions. The papers set in previous examinations, or those which may be found in various educational periodicals, should be in constant use. These will not only help you to detect the weak places in your work, but they will present things to you in a fresh light, and suggest connections hitherto unnoticed. Accustom yourself to answering questions in a given time, and without reference to note or book, so that you may be used to rely on your own powers.

Fourthly—*Study the art of expression.* Many candidates are unable to make the most of their knowledge for want of fluency of word or of pen. They have a clear conception in their minds, but they cannot make it intelligible to the examiner. Others conceal their thoughts under masses of useless verbiage. Nothing but practice in written work will cure these faults. It is well often to read your themes, &c., aloud; you will thus become aware of grammatical errors, awkward constructions, or ambiguous phrases which might otherwise pass unnoticed.

Lastly—*Remember that an examination involves some strain*—that to write answers to questions for six hours a day is hard work for mind and body. It is of the utmost importance to come to your work fresh. A clear head is worth far more than a knowledge of the few facts which could be crammed up just before the examination. I would say, never study between the papers; take plenty of exercise, of sleep, and of food. The candidate who presents himself in the examination room in perfect physical health, accustomed to good methods of work, and having a systematic knowledge of his subject, will have no reason to fear "that dreadful examination."

A FIRST LOVE-MAKING.

A LAND there is beyond the sea
That I have never seen,
But Johnny says he'll take me there
And I shall be a queen.
He'll build for me a palace there,
Its roof will be of thatch,
And it will have a little porch
And everything to match.

And he'll give me a garden-green,
And he'll give me a crown
Of flowers that love the wood and field
And never grow in town.

And we shall be so happy there,
And never, never part,
And I shall be the grandest queen—
The queen of Johnny's heart.

Then, Johnny, man your little boat
To sail across the sea;
There's only room for king and queen—
For Johnny and for me.
And, Johnny dear, I'm not afraid
Of any wind or tide,
For I am always safe, my dear,
If you are by my side.

LUCY CLIFFORD.

THE GARDEN IN OCTOBER.

ONCE again we find ourselves entering the transition period of the year, and many of our flowers, as well as their owners, seem to be variously affected by it. Just as we very often do not as yet quite know what dress to wear, so do our flowers seem unable to make up their mind whether to shut up their petals or keep them open for a little while longer. And, carrying out our simile, just as sometimes a little indiscretion on our part lays us by for the winter, so will a little careless treatment of our flowers in the month of October either damage them severely or kill them outright.

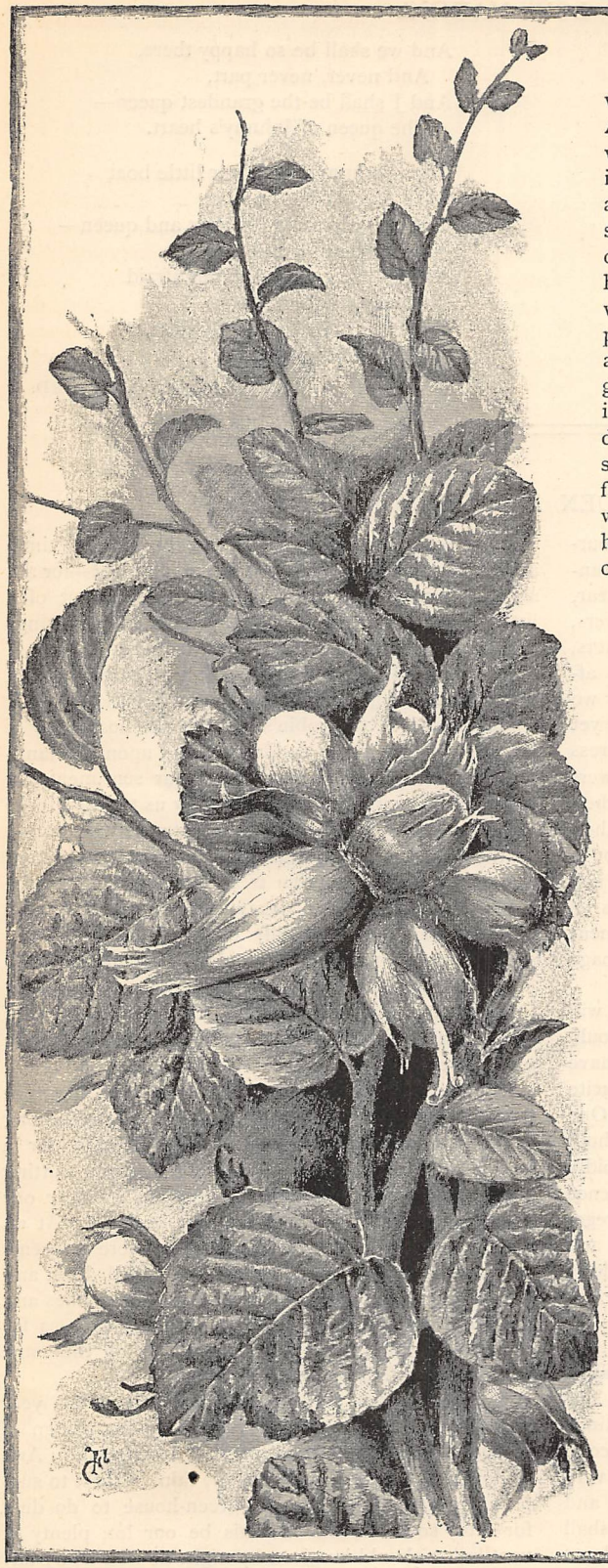
In our green-house, then—for it is of that we will first speak—let us bear in mind that our object should be more to mature the growth that our plants have made in the summer that is now past, than to excite any fresh growth in them by artificial means. One reason for this is that no growth can be perfect without the aid of *light*, and it is this very light that is so rapidly and daily diminishing at this time of the year: hence it is perhaps that very often our forced fruit and vegetables have, with some few exceptions, not that full and vigorous flavour about them that those of their fellows have that we ripen under the full influence of the sun and in their due season.

When, however, we speak of not wishing at this time of the year to excite the growth of our plants, we are of course more particularly alluding to our large stock of bedding-out plants that by this time, with all else that we wish to preserve from the cold, we are housing under our glass. We are, very probably, quite crowded enough inside as it is, and as the spring by-and-by comes round again, we shall find the inconvenience of somewhat overgrown plants a very serious matter; so let us be wise in time, and not—especially where our space is limited—for the sake of amusing ourselves with the experiment of a little winter exhibition, foster the growth of our cuttings and dwarf plants more than we can help.

The sere and yellow leaf is certainly a beautiful object when, wandering through a nut-grove enlivened only by the music of the robin's chirp or the hoarse cry of the cock-pheasant, we suddenly break upon the landscape in every tint of decay; but our sentimentality must not be carried so far as to allow us to leave these same sere and yellow leaves as an autumnal decoration on the plants in our green-house. A very important item of our garden routine is, indeed, at this time the removal of all dead and decaying leaves, and, what is more, it should be carefully done. It is well when going over our green-house stock to pick off leaves so as to leave the base of the foot-stalk intact, as removing the stalk and leaf both—unless the whole comes off readily in the hand—tends perhaps to damage the parent stem.

Another important operation under our glass at this season of the year, and more particularly among those few plants perhaps that we are keeping for a sort of winter show in combination with our cutting stock, is every two or three weeks to go over our pots and carefully examine the soil in them. At all events, let it be well stirred up, and where it seems exhausted, overgrown with moss, or caked down and of little worth, remove the top two or three inches and replace it with fresh compost, only taking care, as far as possible, that your new compost be of the same compound as that you have removed.

October, too, is really the first month of the year in which we fully embark upon the campaign of preservation of our stock of any description. And in doing so we often, as formerly, think it best to suppose the case of having one green-house to do duty for every sort of work. If this be our lot, plenty of ventilation should be given by night as well as by day



when the weather is at all mild and genial. As for the temperature of the house for the winter months, a good average one to name is 45° by day and 35° by night. Then, again, sometimes even in the winter we get some hours of brilliant sunshine, and this of course will make the temperature of the house rise suddenly: take the opportunity when this occurs of giving a plentiful and proportionately increased current of fresh air. And, lastly, as to the watering of the green-house stock, give no more water than is barely sufficient to keep your plants from drying up, as a short allowance in this respect tends to check the development of further growth, while an over-dose of water would, on the other hand, tend to get your house in the winter months in a mouldy condition, in which probably many of your plants would rot away. And even where we may have the good fortune to have a small and hotter house approached from the general one, in which to keep our orchids and more delicate plants, the same remarks as to watering will in like manner apply. Orchids that have gone out of bloom may now, if necessary, be re-potted, or where they are grown in baskets or blocks, the material about their roots carefully removed, and the plants kept comparatively dry.

We must not, however, pass by unnoticed the wide field of work that lies outside our green-house, though we can but barely allude to some important operations in fruit, flower, and kitchen garden. Alterations in any part of our garden and on any large scale may safely be begun this month, while, in the flower garden, beds and borders may be dug and got into good order for the winter; bulbs of all kinds may be put in as soon as possible, taking the precaution to use some taste in the combination of colours; the crocuses, for example, being planted in patches, and each colour, whether of yellow or blue, by itself: these, by the way, in the *front* of a border, alternating with a row behind of hyacinths, will have a charming effect. It is seldom, however, that we can contrive to have our

crocuses and hyacinths in their perfection during the self-same time. As for the fruit garden, the orchard alone will keep us busy enough in October, while in the kitchen garden we choose dry days in which to earth up our celery and remove all those of the heads which seem disposed to run away to seed; and towards the end of the month a good large planting of cabbages should be made, that will come in early in spring, having your ground first well dug and manured.

WHAT FIXES MY WAGES.

HOW often does one hear of the hardness of masters in beating down to the lowest possible point the wages of their *employés!* There are many large capitalists and extensive employers of labour noted in their various districts for their great goodness to their fellow-men. These capitalists give away thousands of pounds yearly for the advancement of such objects as seem likely to promote the welfare of their poorer brethren: their motives are of the very purest, and cannot be misconstrued. Notwithstanding all this, how often does one hear it said of such men that they would do far more good, and that it would be much more in keeping with their public character, if they paid their men better wages! It is not easy to understand how a man who seems to all appearance to be prompted by the very kindest of feelings in nearly all the relations of life, can make his men work for him day after day for wages that just keep them decently and respectably. It would almost appear that a man when he went down to his office changed his disposition with his coat.

This censure that is passed on employers of labour is not deserved. It is not my employer at all that fixes my wages. If he were perfectly free in the matter, I have no doubt whatever that the same liberality that distinguishes him as a citizen would be found to distinguish him as a master. Masters are not any harder-hearted than other men; they are just as much—ay, more—concerned about the condition of their work-people than the latter themselves are in many cases. We shall now proceed to explain these statements.

Suppose you are travelling, and as you issue from the railway station two boys rush up and volunteer to carry your portmanteau. One boy will do it for sixpence, another for a penny. One can carry it as well as another. Which of the boys are you to engage? Strict business would at once make you close with the offer of the second boy; so, however, would considerations of a purely humane kind. Why does the second boy offer to do the work for one-sixth of the amount required by the first boy? Because he is poorer; he is, perhaps, verging on starvation, and your penny may save him from very acute distress. A penny is worth six times as much to him as to the first boy, as is evidenced by the fact that he is willing to do six times as much work for it. By engaging this boy, then, you benefit him as much, perhaps more, with a penny, as you would have benefited the other boy with sixpence; this is surely neither wrong nor mean.

Let us suppose the contrary case now—two travellers, each with a portmanteau. These travellers want a boy to carry their portmanteaus; they are going in different directions, and they can command the services of only one boy. This boy will, of course, have no hesitation in closing with the best offer. Who will make the best offer? If the travellers are equally well off, it will be the one to whom it is most important that his bag should be carried, and this will be as it should be. If, however, they are not equally well off, if one is very much richer than the other, then, even though it should be a matter of life and death for this other to have his portmanteau carried, he will not get the boy to carry it for him unless he offers at least as great a reward as his richer competitor. No one can blame the boy for acting in this way; perhaps he has a mother to provide for; perhaps he has no shoes to wear—at any rate he must be very poor, otherwise he would not pursue so humble a calling.

These cases, though not exactly parallel to cases of masters and workmen, at least illustrate the principle that determines the wages that my master pays me. In the first case the boys compete with one another and fix the remuneration; in the second case the travellers compete with one another. Hence the name given to this principle—the principle of competition. Let us now examine this principle at work in the wider field of every-day life.

The condition of match-box makers, and of those engaged in kindred occupations, is considered to be very hard. See how cheaply these boxes sell! So insignificant is the value of the box, that as soon as it is empty—no matter though it be quite uninjured—you esteem it as worthless and throw it away. Our match-makers are wealthy firms, and in no respect less honourable than other firms, yet you are often told that they amass fortunes out of the flesh and bone of their operatives. This is a very cruel and unjust statement. The remuneration of the operatives is low—perhaps merely enables them to keep body and soul together—because these operatives compete with one another for the work just as in the case of the boys competing for the traveller's portmanteau. In that case we saw nothing wrong in the action of the traveller when he decided to engage the boy that offered his services at the lowest figure; on the contrary, there was something that might be considered commendable in it. The same reasoning

applies to the case of our match-makers, and with a good deal more force, as we shall now proceed to show.

Perhaps a match-box firm, composed of men deeply impressed with the hard lot of their people, may some day resolve to ignore the principle of competition and accordingly raise the wages of their *employés*. This course would be sure to meet with public approval, and would show these men to be of very high character. It would, however, lead to their ruin. Other firms would continue to employ labour at wages determined by competition, and would undersell the first firm in the market. The consequence would be that these good men would have to give up business. A process like this would ultimately make all the good masters disappear, and there would be left only the hard masters. This shows how it is that generous, philanthropic men have to follow the market rate of wages; also how unwise and unjust it is for the public to say of such men that they would do far more good if they paid their workmen better, insinuating at the same time that their charity is done for the sake of being "seen of men." We said that the case of the two boys and the traveller was not exactly parallel to cases of masters and workmen; the difference consists in this, that whereas the traveller might very well give the boy more than he bargained for out of pity or good feeling of some sort, the master, as we have just shown, cannot raise his men's wages.

It seldom happens in this country at the present day that ordinary labour is competed for as in the case of the one boy and the two travellers. It has happened, however, in former days, and most unfair laws were enacted through the influence of masters forbidding workmen to demand wages above a certain rate. These laws are all repealed now, and no man need work upon terms that he does not consider fair—at any rate so far as the law is concerned; of course if he refuse to work he may starve. In the colonies labour is sometimes scarce, then there arises competition between employers, and consequently wages become high.

This competition of labour with labour, and of capital with capital, ranges throughout our whole social system. A skilled mechanic gets higher wages than an ordinary labourer because there are fewer mechanics than ordinary labourers compared with the work there is for each class to do; and the reason that the former are comparatively fewer is because it is more difficult to become one of the former than of the latter. Moreover, the less skilled classes of workmen are always being recruited from those that fail in other classes. It is well known how swollen are the ranks of clerks. Let any one put an advertisement in a London paper, offering a clerkship worth from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and he will receive more replies than he can read. This is because all those that have failed in the professions and in carrying out a career in some special line fall back into this miscellaneous class. Many people think that we have so many clerks because the labouring population is getting too proud for manual work; it is very much otherwise. The great army of clerks draws the most of its recruits from above, not from below. It is the border-land between the intellectual working classes and the classes that work by their hands, and there are a great many people who, rather than lapse amongst the latter classes, prefer to work harder, and for less remuneration perhaps, so long as they retain an employment of a genteel character. This may or may not be right—it is natural—and it is a good thing for people to keep themselves up, as it were; this aspect of the question does not concern us here, however, we have to deal only with its effect upon wages, which every one will easily see is to lower them. This is why the wages of clerks are so low—lower in many cases than the wages of working men.

There is no use for us to speak of the other classes of the community; their wages are all fixed by the principle of competition. The reason that the man that writes a book gets better paid than the man that binds it or sets it up in type is because fewer men can write books than can bind them. The reason that the newspaper boy is not so well paid as the newspaper editor is because there are more boys to sell the paper if this or that one refuse: there is, perhaps, not another man within the proprietor's reach to edit the paper.

We have not by any means exhausted all the aspects of our subject. Enough, however, has, we trust, been said to enable the reader to appreciate the grounds of the statement already made in this article, that "it is not my employer at all that fixes my wages." He is as much in the hands of circumstances as I am, and instead of standing in my way and wanting to get out of me as much as he can for as little as he can, he would probably be only too glad if he could double my salary and enable me to live as comfortably as himself.

W. B. R.

LADY CATHCART'S CONFESSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LUCIA, HUGH, AND ANOTHER," ETC.

THERE was no more admired figure in London society in the season of 1879 than Lady Howard Cathcart. A widow of twenty-eight, as richly endowed by nature with wit and beauty, as by her late adoring and grateful husband with wealth unshackled by any odious restriction, she might well be reckoned amongst fortune's favourites.

She was the most gracious and charming patroness of literature and art, for she possessed at once that fine receptive and critical faculty which gives to munificence the higher grace of sympathetic comprehension. It was allowed that her little weekly dinners at her pretty Richmond villa conferred a *cachet* of distinction on any guest invited.

Even the *débutantes* of the season, however fresh and fair, were constrained to acknowledge her supremacy, but men pleaded in vain.

For the most part she succeeded in evading, with exquisite dexterity, the outspoken expression of their homage, or when this failed, she listened and declined with a grieved and grateful sweetness which riveted their chains. So many brilliant chances had been thus passed by, that the world said that either her ambition was insatiable, or that she was one of the few women who prefer personal liberty to social distinction.

Bertha Cathcart sometimes smiled to herself when some of this sort of gossip was wafted back to her ears. Her ambition insatiable, when she knows it is bounded by the strong desire to lay all she is and all she has at the feet of the one man who alone treats her with a courteous avoidance?

Is liberty so dear to one who finds it too rare and cold a medium for the beatings of her passionate heart? On the contrary, what is life worth, however bright and desirable it may look to the outside observer, if the one thing which is held as the chief good lies outside its circle?

Ten years ago, on her first introduction to society, she had met young Laurence Kinnaird, the eldest son of a noble but impoverished family, who had passed his examinations for the India Civil Service with such special brilliancy and success, as to draw towards himself a certain amount of public recognition and regard.

He had obtained the enviable post of private secretary to a distinguished Governor of the Madras Presidency, and was within three months of his departure from England when their acquaintance began.

The latter part of that period was passed by him under the direct influence of Bertha Maxwell's gifts and graces, as they were both staying in the country house of a mutual connection and friend. She was a girl of whom our choicest English homes offer so many fair examples; she was beautiful, highly intelligent, and carefully educated up to the ever-rising standard of the day. Care had never touched her; life had taught her no hard lessons, nor exacted any grievous discipline. Scarcely had a wish remained ungratified, or an inclination been crossed. It was not that she was incapable of sacrifice, or averse to yield obedience, but that no demand upon her self-denial had hitherto been made. Also she was an heiress.

Of all the men who had already gathered round and worshipped the brilliant girl, competing for her favour as knights of old at a tournament, none pleased her so well as the grave and rather cynical student, the fame of whose prodigious attainments had already attracted her towards him. After the desultory intercourse of a London season, they met, as we have said, beneath the same roof, and under conditions the most favourable for quickening a latent inclination into love or friendship. For six weeks they met and parted morning and night, until the thought of the coming hand-clasp became to each an anticipated rapture, and in the light chat of social intercourse, or the more earnest discussions of thought and opinion, their eyes intuitively sought each other's for agreement or dissent. Then as other guests, less closely allied to their hostess, dropped off, they walked or rode together in the cool autumn mornings; and the young man, allured by the sweet interest she showed in all he said (his speech having become for her something different from other men's), opened out his heart.

He told her of his family history: of the heroic soldier-father, disabled by a long life of hard service in India, and never uttering a complaint of the scanty recognition he had got; of the tender sickly mother, oppressed but never overwhelmed by the weight of domestic cares, and of the little crowd of brothers and sisters who were one and all looking to him to pave his own way to fortune, that he might help them along the road. It was evident to Bertha that the chief satisfaction he derived from his present success was the chance it gave him of fulfilling what seemed to her these somewhat unreasonable expectations; and he spoke of it with a simple manly gratitude, not at all as if it had been won by his own energy of will and brain.

If the weather were wet, and their rather invalid hostess not yet out of her own apartments, there were the still more insidious delights of the poem to be read by one who gave a finer meaning or a deeper pathos to the chosen page; or she, in her turn, would sit down to the piano, and for his ears alone weave the long-drawn subtle melodies of some Beethoven

sonata, or lend the pure freshness of her voice to the songs he preferred.

In one word, they loved each other. She knew it and rejoiced, for what stood between them and happiness? He knew it, and took his resolution.

She was sitting one morning in the pretty morning-room which had been set apart for her use, when he knocked at the door for admission.

"Come in!" she cried brightly. "I have finished my letters, and am ready to talk; or perhaps you have some scheme to propose?"

He looked at her for a moment with grave earnestness: in her pretty thick white gown, with a crimson sash round the lithe supple waist, and a red rose in the lace at her throat, he thought he had never seen her look so fresh and fair. Her sweet face had that expression of mingled softness and ardour which was one of her distinguishing charms. He turned away from her a little and referred to a letter in his hand.

"I am afraid," he answered, with a forced smile, "that the time is gone by for schemes or plans. I have received a summons from my chief—we are to sail in ten days, and those of necessity I must spend at home. I am come to say good-bye."

Her lips parted, but she checked the exclamation that had nearly escaped her; she could not, however, check the sudden paling of her cheek.

Once more he glanced towards her, grasped his purpose more firmly, and went on.

"I am going away, as you know, with the prospect of a long exile from England—my life's work is cut out for me. Any regrets I may feel, I am bound to stifle. My father reminds me once more that I have my foot on the first rung of the ladder, and must mount higher, if only to pull my younger brothers after me. You would smile if you knew all the hopes they are building upon my start in life, at home. It is a foregone conclusion I must never marry."

"Yes," said Bertha, with that matchless self-command which comes partly from the highest training, partly from the exigence of the unwritten code of social tradition. "I have heard you say that before. It is, of course, a much finer *rôle* to play in life to be the prop and head of one's family than to make some common-place match, especially when it can be played without effort or denial." And she had enough faith in her own courage to raise her lovely eyes and look at him.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he said, in the low deliberate tones she knew so well—

"It seems an unworthy thing to try and found a claim on your approval, Miss Maxwell, or pose before I go in the character of victim or martyr, but the chances are that we may never meet again, and it may help me, and cannot hurt you, if I tell you the truth. I take away with me to India a sorrow that will help to make my pledge of celibacy easy—a love that I knew very well from the beginning was hopeless, but that I had not the power, scarcely the wish, to struggle against or to conquer. Now struggle and conquest are too late. I don't know that I am to blame, and I will not pretend to ask you to forgive a folly that was all but inevitable—there was nothing in your kindness which reminded me of my presumption."

He stopped and looked at her wistfully; he could not read the expression of her downcast face.

"You are not angry with me, dear?" he asked, in a tone that cut her to the heart. "Oceans, and plains almost as wide as oceans, will soon divide us, and what will it matter to you then that one man whom you may never see again accepts the bitter pain of your sweet memory as the test and safeguard of his life?"

"I am not angry," she answered gently.

"No," he said; "you could not be yourself and not be sorry for me, also you could not be yourself and I not love you. Give me a passing thought sometimes, if you should hear of me as playing my part fairly well in life, and carrying my burdens like a man. Remember, I shall owe a great deal of what courage or patience I may show to the wish to be worthier of the girl I have dared to love."

For a moment it was in her heart to tell him how every pulse of her being responded to the words he had spoken, and that she asked for nothing better than to share her wealth, not with him only, but with every member of the family which weighed so heavily upon him; but the next convinced her that his pride would reject such charity, and that to let him know that he left her behind to suffer as he suffered would be to make the sorrow unbearable that he was now able to bear, thinking he endured it alone. Therefore she kept her secret, and young Laurence Kinnaird sailed for Madras without a suspicion that he had won the heart of the sweetest girl in England.

But that was ten years ago.

Bertha Maxwell had married some twelve months after his departure, with the full approval of her family and friends, as well as of society at large.

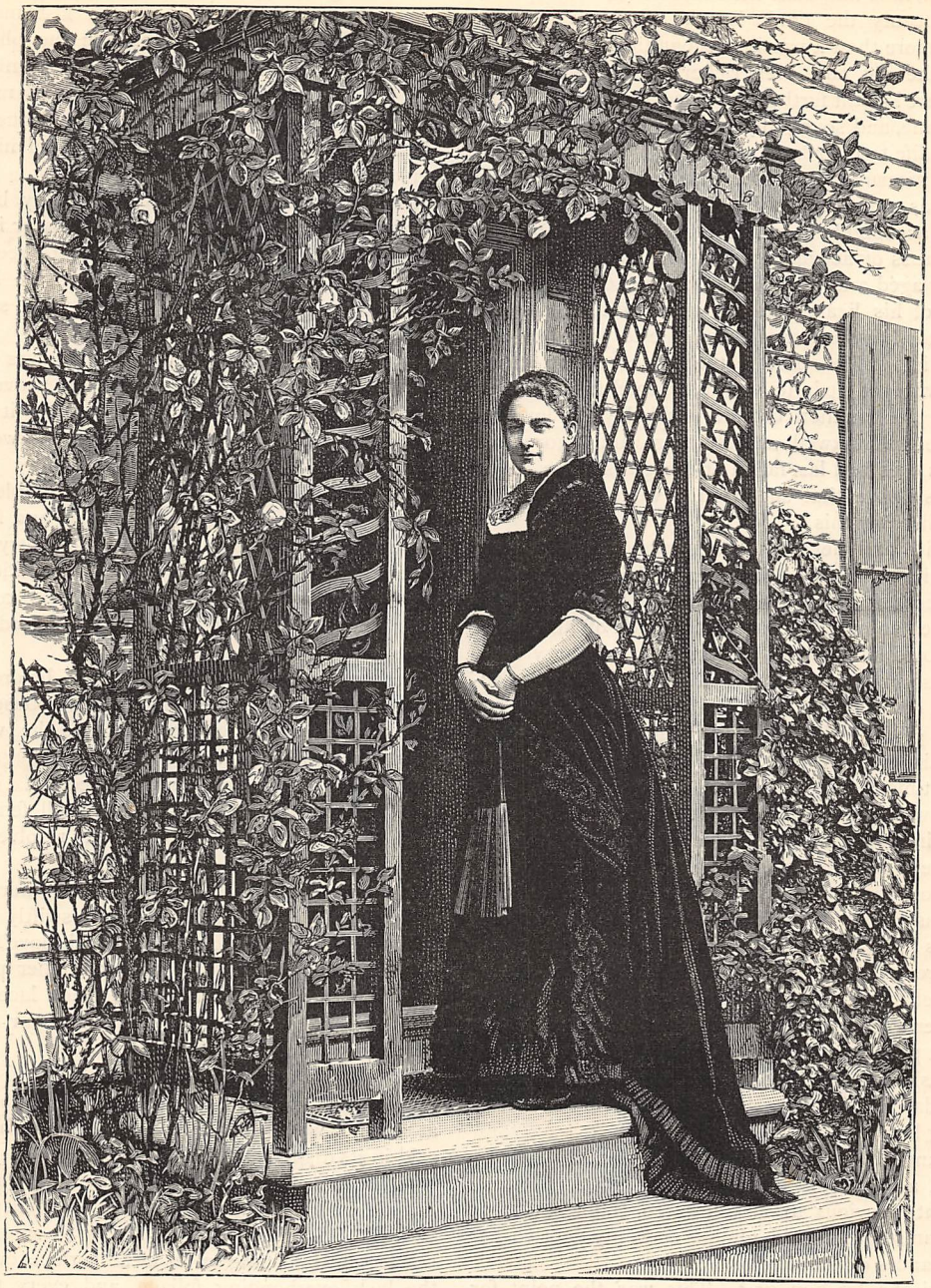
She did not marry one of her youthful suitors, but a Scotch peer of great wealth and still larger philanthropy, who was old enough to be her father.

Lord Cathcart was not too old, however, to love the grave and intelligent girl who listened with such winsome interest to his manifold theories and schemes for bettering the condition of the poor on his estates, and who ultimately consented to join her life to his for the purpose of carrying them out.

Was Laurence Kinnaird consequently forgotten? By no means; but this girl could not justify it to her conscience to bitterly disappoint the reasonable expectations of her friends, and wound the heart of one of the worthiest of men, in order to nurse to her grave a hopeless passion.

It might be considered by some a stretch of conscientiousness, but before marrying the mature viscount who told her that, old as he was, he had never loved any woman before, she confessed to him the unconfessed love of her heart, and that the career of young Laurence Kinnaird, already drawing public attention to it, would always be watched by her with sympathetic interest.

The seven years of married life which followed were full of quiet content and widespread human interests, but they closed with her husband's death, and Lady



"SHE PAUSED ONCE MORE ON THE STEPS OF THE PORCH" (*p.* 662).

Cathcart, after a long period of seclusion, in which she nursed a very real grief, had again appeared in society, where she was courted and admired with a greater zest than when she was either *débutante* or wife.

Was it a mere coincidence that this stepping out of her retirement occurred precisely at the same time as the return of Laurence Kinnaird from India, he having obtained a long leave of absence from his onerous post of duty? She answered the question to herself with the courageous truthfulness which distinguished her, owning that it was this circumstance, and this only, which had decided her course of action.

He was still unmarried and she was free: if the old love survived, what now stood between them?

Their first meeting took place at a crowded evening assembly, and though he recognised her instantly—

as, indeed, time had done little more than develop into perfect beauty the crude loveliness of the girl—he avoided more than a passing recognition.

Was she not now even richer and more desirable than before?—still further removed from him on the social plane, and sought by men who had the highest prizes of life to offer her?

What measureless folly to suppose that the love which was presumption in the bloom of his youth could be acceptable now that time and care, and the sharp harass of accumulated responsibilities, had prematurely aged and worn him! True enough, the one passion of his heart had not grown old, though he had led too busy and strenuous a life to pine and fret over the inevitable. But in the depths of his strong nature, wrapped up in its virginal shroud from all contact with the common outside world, lay his love for sweet Bertha Maxwell, as fresh, pure, and vigorous as when his eyes had last fallen on her girlish face. And do you suppose that she, with a woman's intuition, did not discover this?

She did, and her eyes brightened, and her heart leaped within her with a joy keener than any joy she had tasted before. He loved her still: the man who had played so gallant a part in the thick of difficulties which would have baffled and crushed ordinary men, and whose claims to honourable distinction were recognised on all sides. For ten years he had kept her memory green. Would all her life be long enough to pay him back for his sweet fidelity?

From time to time they met, and parted without a step's advance to the goal she had in view: he inaccessible in his courteous reserve, and she striving to overcome it as best a fond but proud woman may.

It is now very near the end of the season; the cards for the last of her little dinners have been sent out, and he is to be one of her guests to-night.

She dressed early in a simple black toilette, which had the effect of enhancing her beauty. For an hour before her guests could be expected to arrive, Lady Cathcart paced up and down her cool Thames-lapped lawns, asking herself again and again how much a woman dare to secure a blessedness which is nearly escaping her.

She knew that Kinnaird had spoken of leaving England almost immediately for a long tour on the Continent previous to his return to India, and that this circumstance would almost certainly deprive her of all chances of meeting him.

Should she let him go? This was the point for prompt decision, and yet—and yet——

She paused once more on the steps of the porch, overgrown with the mixed wealth of many flowering creepers, which led into her house, but what true woman ever reached an absolute conclusion on such a point? Alas! she must wait and judge, and be guided by circumstances still. But if once more convinced that she is right—that to him, as to her, life will be scarcely worth the having, however bright the outside show, unless they spend it side by side—will she not make him somehow understand that what he is too proud to ask she is yearning to bestow?

It was generally conceded that of all Lady Cathcart's successful little dinners the last most nearly touched perfection, and to explain the phenomenon where a woman rules alone, it was remembered that her late husband, who had been just as much of an epicure as becomes a wise man, had bequeathed her his cellar and his *chef*, with all the rest of his real and personal estate.

But she herself: when had her beauty been more influential, her voice touched with tenderer inflections, or her talk more characterised by that sweet freedom and cultivated thoughtfulness which made her, every other charm apart, the most delightful and stimulating of companions?

The most silent guest at her table was Laurence Kinnaird, but then his taciturnity was proverbial, and might be excused in a man of action; or it might be that he thought it gave more effect to his weighty and incisive words when uttered.

When Lady Cathcart rose from the table with the lady who was her constant companion and friend, she signified that, the evening being so sultry, she had ordered coffee to be served in the garden kiosk, but at the same time begged that they would consult, not their courtesy, but their inclination in regard to joining them there.

Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed before she saw from within the shelter of her summer-house Laurence Kinnaird approaching the spot, and he was alone. Behold the opportunity she had desired, granted her even before she was prepared to meet it! But where was the superb courage, rising above all feminine and social conventions, that she had resolved to put forth?

No young girl's heart could have beat more strongly, or her cheek changed colour more swiftly than hers. Still was she such a coward? Should love's labour be lost for want of the fitting effort on her part? She rose from her seat, and tying the black lace handkerchief she had just thrown off over her hair and under her dainty chin, said carelessly—

"I will go and meet Mr. Kinnaird, and show him my flowering yucca. He will laugh at it, no doubt, but at least I would rather know what can honestly be said in its disparagement."

A few moments more, and they were walking side by side where she had walked alone that afternoon, with the full-brimmed river gently kissing the green banks, and reflecting on its clear surface every leaf of the lush overhanging foliage, and every tint of the sunset sky.

Kinnaird looked about him, and heaved an involuntary sigh.

"These are the scenes," he said, "which a man dares not to recall in India, or he might well go mad with longing. How often I have sympathised with the wish expressed, I think by Leigh Hunt in Italy, to bathe for five minutes in the green grass of old England! But this is morbid."

"You are very hard upon yourself," she said. "I can so well enter into the feeling you describe, but why do you call it morbid? Is it morbid, according

to your creed, to let even a wish escape the bounds of reason?"

"If it were I should stand very much condemned by my creed; but I suppose all sane creatures do their best to square their practice with their theories, and draw on their reserve of patience when they find their 'best' a very inadequate quantity."

"Ah!" she answered, "you are not much changed from the old times—you were always one of the men whose reach is so much higher than their grasp, and yet some of us might be well satisfied to have lived your life during the last ten years."

"And what does Lady Cathcart know of such an insignificant life as mine? It cannot have touched hers at a single point."

"All that the world knows," she said eagerly, "and more besides. I know of the hard and thankless work done through good report and evil report, through sickness and health. I know how much of all that with which your chief was credited was the result of your brain and courageous patience. He is the first to acknowledge it; he said to me himself, just before he returned to Madras six months ago, that you were the one man who had served under him who cared for the good done, and totally disregarded the credit of doing it. Surely that was high praise?"

"If it were, it would be saying very little for human nature; but there were a dozen men at least more disinterested than myself. If I did not labour and scheme for my personal profit, I did for that of my kith and kin. I was always on the look-out for a corner into which I could insinuate Jack, or some opening that would help poor Tom's career. I was eager enough to utilise any goodwill that fell to my share for their benefit. I am scarcely to be persuaded that I am a hero, even by Lady Cathcart."

"Do you admit that there is any satisfaction in having succeeded so well in doing what was required of you?"

"A little," he answered, with an impatient sigh, "but scarcely enough to justify a man's career. And there is another side to my good deeds, Lady Cathcart, and a very seamy one. What of the miserable and far-reaching mistakes which I have made in my official capacity?—of temper, of judgment, aye, even of justice and mercy. Then, again, what merit lies in being without ambition, when you know the one prize of life is out of reach? To do stolidly one's routine duty saves many a man and woman amongst us from despair. But I am forgetting to whom I speak—or no, I remember it only too well, but it seems with less power of self-control than when I was a boy!"

He turned away abruptly as he spoke, as if with the intention of breaking off the interview; but she laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Stop!" she said, in a low but firm voice, and with a sudden flame of colour sweeping over her pale cheek, "you shall not leave me this time under a mistake. I am going to confess how much that boyish self-control made me suffer. Suppose I had told you that sad autumn morning that if you went to India you would take with you all my joy in life, would you have stayed behind? And yet it was true!"

He started, and turned a little pale.

"Aye! You can venture to own to a girl's folly now, but you wisely kept your secret then!" was his answer.

"I kept it," she answered, with a sweet forbearance, "though it cost me a hard struggle to do so. You were bound to go away—you had the fortunes of your family to make—you would have refused to take what I yearned to give. It would have hindered, not helped you, if you had known how keenly the girl suffered whom you had left at home in England."

"For mercy's sake," he said hoarsely, "spare me, and say no more! Is it not the very refinement of a woman's cruelty to tell me of a good I never knew I had until I lost it? You loved me once, but thought it kind to keep the secret. Would that you had kept it till the end! Is it within my right to ask if the girl had ceased to suffer when she became a wife?"

"Yes and no," said she, fixing her softened eyes upon his agitated face. "When we have buried our dead, and take up the daily duties of life to those still left us, we do not cease to remember because we consent to submit to the inevitable. You had told me our love was hopeless, for you could never marry; and it seemed to me wrong to sacrifice the reasonable wishes of my dear parents, and refuse to make a good man happier. He was quite willing to take me even when he knew what I have told you, and from that hour I strove to do my duty towards him, and was happy in the doing of it. I hushed my love to sleep, and buried it out of sight and hearing. I thought," she added, almost in a whisper, "that it was dead, —but—but the old life stirs in it yet!"

He caught her hand eagerly, and leaned towards her, to question more closely the glowing averted face.

"It is not pity?" he asked, with the sharp abruptness of intense feeling, "not a woman's passion for self-sacrifice? Are you sure that what you felt long ago was anything more than a noble girl's sympathy with the pain she had given? or that now—*now* your kindness goes beyond compassion for the love you have detected after so many years' fidelity? But even if you were in doubt, at least you give me leave to try and win you—sinking my unworthiness—and no future will be long enough to tire out my patience, my love, my queen!"

She looked at him with a smile, though her beautiful eyes were wet with tears.

"Take what the present gives you, and let the future take care of itself," she said. "No need to wait or try for what you have got already. I believe I loved you in the past, Laurence, and I have strong faith I shall love you in the years that are to come; but all that counts for nothing in comparison with the conviction that I love you now—*now*, with all my heart and soul!"

THE SUN'S "CROWN."

DURING a total eclipse of the sun, at the time when the moon completely obscures our luminary, not only do we see the small red flames, or prominences, that project just a little above the moon's black disc, but we also see surrounding the moon to some considerable distance from its edge a brilliant halo, or crown of light of silvery whiteness. Halo is scarcely the word that describes it, although it is frequently made use of for the purpose, a halo being a ring of light at a little distance from the object which it surrounds; but in a total eclipse the encircling light begins at the very edge of the moon's dark disc, and is brightest there, fading off gradually to a distance of one or two solar diameters, and intensified with rays, or streamers, that stretch yet a little farther into space, and give the phenomenon something of that appearance by which an artist conventionally represents a star. To this the name of the "corona," a word signifying *crown*, has been given.

Although till recently the sun's red prominences received the greatest amount of attention during eclipses, this was probably due to the supposition that they would more readily lend themselves to the methods of observation in vogue, and afford a ready solution of their nature. This supposition has certainly proved correct. The corona, however, is by far the more striking phenomenon, and has done much to render the observation of solar eclipses a fascinating pursuit to men of science, if not to add to the feeling of awe and terror which the disappearance of the sun must cause in uncivilised communities. To convey anything like an adequate idea of the effect of an eclipse on different minds, the writer can hardly do better than describe the eclipse he witnessed in Egypt in 1882.

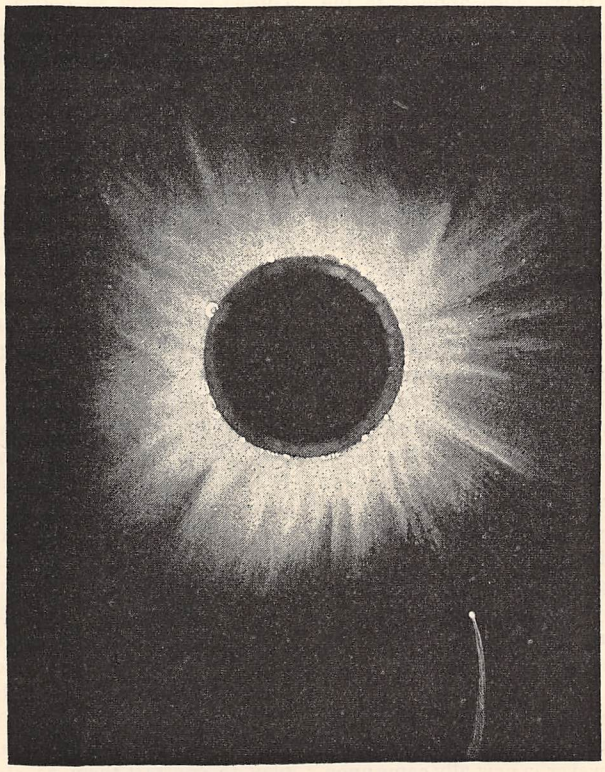
On the banks of the Nile, about one mile north of the town of Sohag, a large concourse of spectators was assembled to witness the forthcoming spectacle. A small party of these spectators were gathered around a number of instruments, doubly protected from the injurious sand-winds by stockades of rushes and by tents. A space extending about three hundred yards, and enclosed on each side by the Nile and the outskirts of a grove of acacia-trees, scarcely two hundred yards away, was guarded by a body of Egyptian soldiery. Protection was only wanted from incursions of the curious; but had the natives been less informed of what was to take place, Egyptian soldiery, only a little less cowardly than the fellaheen, would have been small protection against any fanatical outbreak. The river was lined with steamers, dahabeahs, and smaller craft, whilst to the south of the encampment, on the sloping bank, were gathered a large concourse of the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, squatting on the sand in their peculiar Eastern fashion. The eclipse began and made some progress before the unscientific spectators noticed that the sun was fast disappearing, but when they became aware of it they gave vent to their feelings by a low moaning, the sound increasing in volume as the moon passed on. The alarm now spread to the feathered spectators, who, becoming at last cognisant of the rapidly waning light, rushed cackling hither and thither, into steamboat or into observatory, in search of a place in which to roost. At last a thin streak only of light was left; it disappeared, and there was a sudden change from weak daylight to a dull violet, which threw on the neighbouring scenery a weird, ghastly hue. At this moment a sudden shout arose from the crowd—a shout unheeded, scarcely heard, by the astronomers, who suppressed their excitement, and endeavoured to make the most of the seventy seconds during which totality was to last. And yet even they were taken off their guard, for alongside the brilliant corona was seen a small, but vivid, scimitar-shaped comet—a stranger unexpected, and never afterwards traced. Little wonder, then, if the regulation forbidding speech was for a moment disregarded.

The short seventy seconds were soon over, the last observation made, and whilst one set of spectators were raising their thanks to Allah, the other had laid aside their calm reserve to join in mutual congratulations. *Apropos* of the eclipse and the sudden appearance of the comet, one cannot refrain from noting what little importance was attached to the phenomenon, compared to what it would have received in bygone times. Had such a thing happened in England only a little more than a generation ago, the event would have brought forth a wail from a large portion of the community as betokening some forthcoming national disaster; and yet, happening in a half-civilised community but in more enlightened times, no fears were felt beyond those experienced during the actual passing of the event. Happily, astrology and kindred superstitions are almost extinguished, and their few remaining votaries failed to take advantage of the best opportunity for prophecy that modern times have given to them. Ere many months had elapsed from the day when the Egyptians saw the sun blotted out and a flaming sword suspended in the heavens, the ironclads of England thundered outside the walls of Alexandria and British troops poured into the noble city of Cairo.

A still more recent eclipse presented a singular contrast to the dramatic spectacle which had been witnessed on the banks of the Nile. In 1883 some thirty Europeans watched from a peaceful little coral atoll in the mid-Pacific an eclipse, the totality of which lasted for five minutes. No weird light was there to clothe in

strange colours the neighbouring cocoa-nut palms, or add new glories to the varied hues of the charming and peaceful lagoon; no sound, beyond the signals of the time-giver, were heard; and instead of a crowd of excited Arabs, there were but seven idle onlookers—seven frightened South-Sea Islanders—too overcome by the strange spectacle to utter an audible word. For five minutes the silvery corona illuminated the landscape as we had frequently seen it appear on a bright moonlight night, and then the sun began to appear once more; yet this eclipse, with its gentle and peaceful aspect, was not a whit less engrossing than some of its more striking predecessors.

To follow up the innumerable observations that have been made during the last thirty or forty years would be to present the reader with a long account of work, much of which has unhappily been found to be valueless, the nature of the corona having proved one of the most intricate problems with which science has had, and even yet has, to deal. Within the last year or two science has been given better opportunities of grappling with it, as will be detailed later on, but right up to the eclipse of 1882 the difficulties were great, being, in the main, derived from the fact that only during total eclipses was it possible to see the corona at all.



THE SOLAR CORONA, MAY 17, 1882.
(*From the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society.*)

What this means can be shown by the simple statement that throughout twenty-five years the whole amount of time during which the sun was totally eclipsed and available for observation was only about half an hour, or an average of one minute per year. During the remainder of the present century we shall have only twenty minutes in all of totality: only twenty minutes in sixteen years (the New Zealand eclipse of the present year is included) in which to find out what the corona is, and what it is due to. Should clouds intervene at the observing stations during many of the forthcoming eclipses, this twenty minutes will be seriously diminished. Considering, then, how small the opportunities astronomers get for this work, the reader will be forced to say that it is a matter for wonder how so much has been done rather than so little.

As in the case of the red flames, or prominences, the first thing to be considered was, Does the corona belong to the sun, or is it merely an optical effect originating in some cause outside the sun? For many years an opinion held ground that it was due to the earth's atmosphere, this opinion being based on the supposition that the corona changed considerably during totality. Many observers had seen, or believed they had seen, rotatory motion going on all the time, and one gentleman described the corona as "going round like a firework." Again, in drawings of the same eclipse made by different observers the discrepancies were many, and so long as that was the case it was difficult to say whether any part of the corona could be solar. It was soon found, however, that it was the personality of the observer that came into play, for no such discrepancy occurred when photographic methods had sufficiently far advanced to give good records. In 1871 some very fine photographs of the corona visible in India that year were obtained in places many hundreds of miles apart, and it was found that the structure of the corona appeared the same at all places. Here, then, was satisfactory evidence that the corona could not be due to the earth's atmosphere, and the only way—short of impeaching the accuracy of the drawings—of accounting for discrepancies in those drawings was by supposing that the corona which the eye saw was not the same as that which the camera depicted—an awkward explanation, to say the least. But if any evidence was wanted to show that it was the eye that was at fault, that evidence was furnished by the American eclipse of 1878. Along the whole breadth of the American continent was a long line of observers, most of whom were at work drawing the corona. The best drawings were selected and

published, and although some amount of general resemblance can be traced throughout the whole, it is just sufficient to accentuate the comparative valuelessness of the eye method. The totality of an eclipse is so short, the mind is so excited at the time, the eye perhaps is rendered less trustworthy by looking at the sun before totality, that the result is in most instances rather worse than none at all.

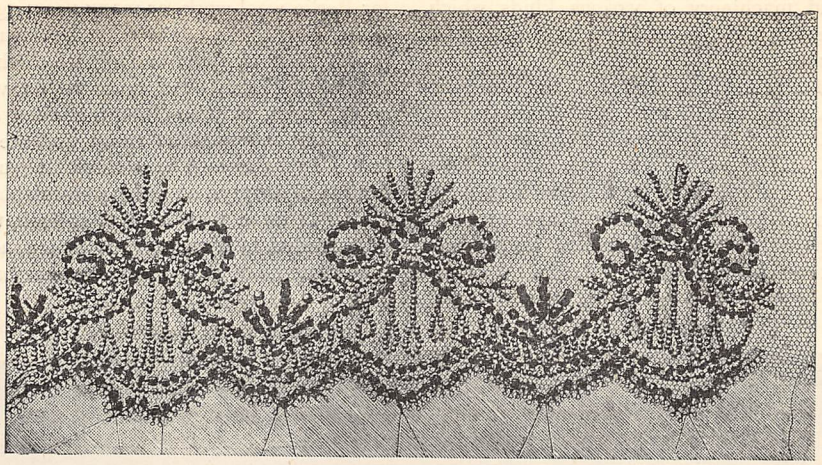
But to go back again a few years. In 1868 the spectroscope was first used in eclipse work, and besides the important observations that were made by its means on the red flames, it was also applied to the corona, with the result that the spectrum was found to be continuous—that is to say, it neither contained dark nor bright lines, and simply resembled the spectrum given out by solid matter when heated. But in 1869 and 1870 this observation underwent considerable modification, for it was found then that the coronal spectrum, though mainly continuous, was crossed by bright lines, showing that the corona was at least partially gaseous. One line that was then seen, and has since been seen in every eclipse, and frequently to some distance from the sun, has not been identified with any substance known to us, and has given rise to the opinion that high up in the sun's atmosphere is some gas, probably lighter than hydrogen, of which we have no knowledge on the earth. In 1871 a still further advance was made, for some dark lines were seen. The reason of this was obvious, even if it had not been pointed out by another instrument called the polariscope. The corona shone partly by its own light, and partly by the light which it reflected from the sun. For some distance above the sun was a gaseous atmosphere, giving out light itself, and reflecting light from the fiercely glowing body beneath it. But only part of the corona was thus explained; the outer part—the long streamers—had yet to be accounted for.

And here a gap occurs in the records. The results of the eclipses of 1875 and 1878 were comparatively unimportant. In 1882, however, a new ally came upon the field—the gelatine plate, on which the photographer takes his photographs of rapidly moving objects. Fifty or sixty times as quick as the older process, which it is gradually pushing out of existence, the resources at the astronomer's command were multiplied in like proportion. It was found that during the short time at command—only seventy seconds—the spectrum of the corona could be photographed, and the work has recently been published in detail. Firstly, confirmation has been given to previous observations of bright and dark lines in the coronal spectrum. The bright lines registered in the corona differed from those registered in the red prominences, giving irrefutable proof that the corona is indeed gaseous, and that its bright lines are not to any great extent due to reflected light from the prominences, although the gas reflects the light of the sun to some extent. Hydrogen, and also the unknown substance already referred to, make up a large portion of this body of gas. The eclipse of 1883 was also followed up by photographic work in instruments almost identical with, and in some cases improvements on, those used in 1882. The results have yet to be fully detailed, but it is already known that in the outer corona the longer streamers cannot be due to instrumental defects, for in all the instruments used by both French and English photo-astronomers the shape and length of these streamers is the same. What is more, the corona did not alter appreciably throughout the five minutes of totality. This observation is one on which too much stress cannot be laid, for Dr. Hastings, of John Hopkins' University, Baltimore, U.S., has revived in another form the theory that part of the corona is merely an optical effect. The explanation he gives, however, is a new one, the cause he assigns to it being that it is due to diffraction by the moon. It may be premature to discuss Dr. Hastings' theory till the complete report is to hand, but it is not too much to say that if the outer corona be due to diffraction, then, since the body which causes the diffraction—that is to say, the moon—is continually moving during the totality, the form of the corona should be continually changing at the same time. Now, in 1883 nothing of the kind whatever took place.

But there is further evidence afforded by the new means of research placed at our disposal by Dr. Huggins's method of photographing the solar corona without an eclipse, a feat which would be impossible were the eclipse the cause of the corona, and not simply the means by which we are able to see it. The principle of Dr. Huggins's method is simple, and is as follows:—Owing to the feeble light of the corona being so overpowered by the glare of the atmosphere, or, in other words, the light of the sky, the eye cannot detect it, and yet on very clear days there must be some difference, however slight, between the illumination of the sky, and the sky and corona together; this difference is taken advantage of by exposing a plate sufficiently long to get the corona and sky together, but not long enough to get the sky alone. This slight difference in illumination being once recorded on the plate, the skill of the photographer is brought into play to contrast them as strongly as possible. How far the results obtainable by this method are to be relied on may seem to some a debatable question, but the photos obtained by the writer in Switzerland last year, at an elevation of 8,500 feet above the sea, point to the conclusion that Dr. Huggins's method really gives the genuine solar corona. If that point is established beyond all cavil, the nature and cause of the corona should not long remain undiscovered.

Several guesses have been made as to its cause, one being that the whole corona, which the illustration shows to be made up of a complicated mass of streamers, is due to matter ejected from the sun. This theory is perhaps the most plausible one. Another idea, next in importance, is that the corona is due to matter streaming into the sun or else circulating round it. Since modern methods appear to be bringing us so near to a solution of the question, it is scarcely worth while to discuss the rival claims when we are on the very verge of obtaining some satisfactory evidence to go upon.

C. RAY WOODS.



BLACK SILK, JET, AND GOLD EMBROIDERY.

LACE-MAKING AT HOME.

A REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

OF all means of earning money in a quiet, stay-at-home, womanly fashion, needlework is the oldest, and commends itself most strongly to those who have lived retired lives, and rarely rubbed shoulders with the outer world. It is also, for the most part, ladies of this stamp who are the best needlewomen, for they have been brought up in the traditions of those who taught the youthful mind to believe that whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well, and applied that precept to the hemming of a duster just as strictly as to the stitching of a shirt-front. There is no push about such women as these, but there is often plenty of industry. They would rather undergo manifold privations than leave their own homes in pursuit of even the most congenial occupation, but if they could have some exquisitely dainty and elaborate work to do in their quiet parlours, among their sisters and cousins and aunts, they would take the greatest pride in doing it as well as it could possibly be done, and feel happy in the thought of earning money which would often make all the difference between comfort and penury.

Well-meaning people have of late years been apt to scout the notion of this quiet, unobtrusive mode of increasing narrow incomes, and this has added to the disrepute into which needlework has fallen, but at the present time it seems extremely likely that the few who have cherished the accomplishment which our grandmothers regarded as something very much akin to the whole duty of woman may be able to exercise it in a new field, and find it very remunerative.

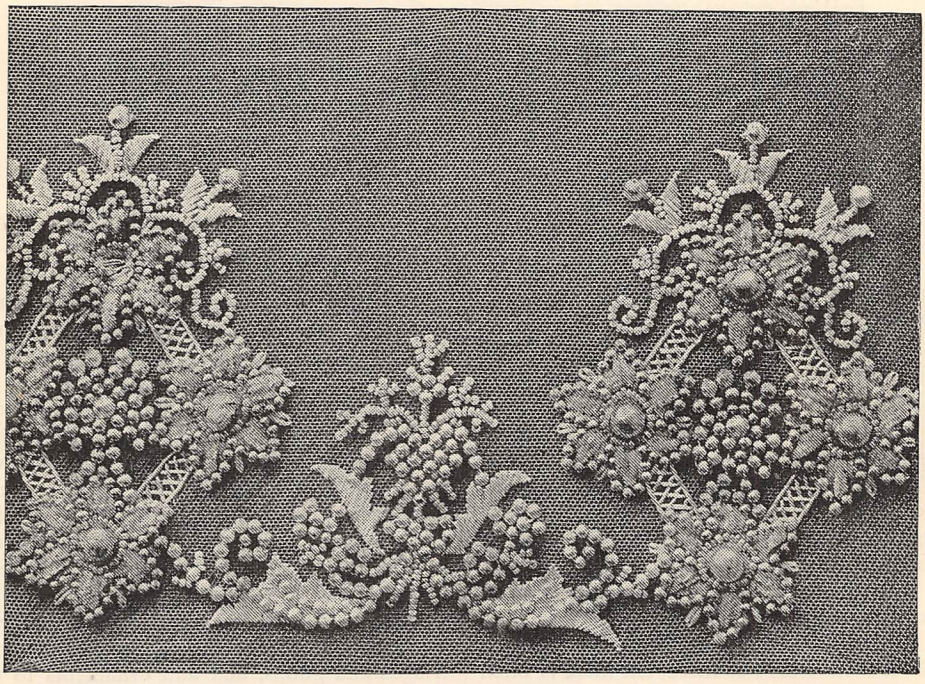
Some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, a husband and wife, who were mutually skilled in making the very best and richest trimmings ever turned out by Coventry in its palmiest days, settled themselves in Bethnal Green among the silk-weavers, whose trade was just then languishing. Both possessed the most wonderful eye for colour, great taste and ingenuity, and indomitable industry and perseverance. They applied themselves to making small quantities of very elaborate trimmings, and were soon known among Court milliners and similar persons, to whose customers expense was no object, and beauty and rarity in the accessories and embellishment of their apparel was a *sine quâ non.* While the husband attended to the out-door portion of the business, his wife trained young girls and women at home, teaching them how to work buttons, how to clip and finish fringes and gimps, and add ornaments to trimmings that seemed already to be sufficiently ornamental.

It was all done at one or two tables in a good-sized room, and while the mistress sat at one end, and had all her assistants round her, they sang in unison, and sometimes even in parts, all sorts of simple songs and hymns, on the principle that the fingers flew faster when there was no gossiping and "larking" going on. It might thus be said that this clever little woman made and developed a good business ; and though all her children were boys, she kept one always by her side, sending them to a good school, turn and turn about, so that each had the best education the parents could secure for them, and at the same time they were practically initiated into every process through which the silk passed from its raw, colourless state, till it went out in the form of rich chenille or glossy cord and fringes. That busy wife and mother has long slept the sleep of the just, but she lived to see her sons taking the keenest interest in the business under their father's direction, continually bringing in new ideas which were quite after her own heart, and cutting down the mulberry-trees in the old garden, on which

they built two long workshops, and furnished them with looms and machinery of various kinds, which, without superseding hand-work, did a vast amount of preparation for it.

In process of time fashions alter, and the luxuriousness of dress has enormously increased within the last ten years. Silk, plush, and chenille trimmings are in great demand, and there are various new openings. The lovely pearl embroideries for wedding and party dresses that have become the vogue are made in France, perhaps chiefly in Paris, where women still excel in delicate needlework of every kind.

an easily adjustable frame, such as was formerly used for Berlin wool-work, or many years ago for tambour-work. On these, beads must be securely stitched in given patterns, about tracing which there need be no difficulty. Each bead must go on with a separate stitch, which may be either a back or a chain stitch; the right hand must be above and the left below the frame, and the best way of picking up the beads is from shallow trays, on which they are placed in assorted sizes. If done with a crochet-hook, the beads must be threaded in a certain succession, according to the requirements of the pattern, and the back of the work



WHITE PEARL AND SILK EMBROIDERY.

Our young trimming manufacturers have hitherto met the demand by importing this bead and silk embroidery, but remembering their mother's skill and her cleverness in teaching others, they feel confident that it could be produced in England, and done by ladies at their own homes.

The mode of producing it can hardly be formulated, but some idea may be gathered from our illustrations. The chief qualifications necessary are neatness, firmness in fastening on and off, smooth soft fingers that will not catch in the silk, and that unspeakable knack, possessed by some, of leaving all work when completed in a state of dainty freshness that looks as though it had never been touched by mortal hands. The greater part must be done with needle and thread, but expert workers can do some kinds with the aid of a crochet-hook.

The ground, or foundation, is a good silk net, black or white, as the case may be, and it must be placed in

held uppermost. Where silk is introduced, it is used much in the same fashion as the crewels in crewel-work; fine chenille may be either manipulated in the same way or else caught down to form the petals of flowers, and the crucial points are the absence of all pulling or dragging, and accurate fastening of the ends.

If ladies can be found to undertake and satisfactorily accomplish this embroidery, they will be paid for it by the yard, and if skilful, may earn from a pound to thirty shillings a week, working on an average eight hours per day, though this very much depends on individual quickness. All materials will be provided and patterns given out, so that what is earned will be quite clear. Every one who wishes to undertake it will have first of all to copy a scollop or two as specimens of skill and neatness, and a little practice will soon enable workers to say how much they will be able to accomplish in a week. In doing embroidery

with black and gold beads on black net, the frame ought to be so arranged as to have a white sheet or some white paper below it. This makes the net stand out distinctly, and not only prevents weak eyes from being over-tried, but enables the work to be easily done by artificial light, and that in long winter evenings is a consideration.

Women who undertake work as a means of earning money must remember that it is simply a commercial transaction. Neither embroidery nor any other work will be given out and paid for merely because the candidate for employment is the victim of sadly reduced circumstances, or is an orphan, or has a parent depending on her. Value must be given for money received, and if the value deteriorates, the money ceases to be paid. This must always be recognised by those who undertake any kind of work for remuneration.

There is also another class, and those are the girls who fill up their spare time "just for the sake of a little pocket-money." They fancy that in the intervals of playing lawn-tennis, attending choral societies, and improving their minds, they can successfully accomplish this pleasant and desirable result, but it is a great mistake. Business is business, and must be undertaken as such or left alone altogether, because employers must be able to reckon with confidence on their sources of supply.

Steady diligence will prove its own reward in the branch of needlework we have described, because, though bead embroidery may go out of favour, those who make it will be able to undertake other branches which will from time to time be introduced, rather than good workwomen should be left lamenting that their occupation is gone.

BRAIN WEARINESS AND BRAIN TONICS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

I CHOOSE the title Brain Weariness in preference to Brain Debility, or Asthenia, because I have not the wish that those who suffer from the complaint I am about to discuss should—as they are very apt to do—imagine themselves to be affected by actual disease. I do not deny that in some cases of debility of the brain there is a condition of the frontal lobes which merits the name of specific disease, quite as much as inflammation of the lining membrane of the bronchial tubes does, and that this condition demands a systematic course of treatment, supervised by a medical man. But, on the other hand, there are many men and women who suffer from a state of brain weariness which may be successfully treated at home, if taken in time.

There is one thing I should mention at the very outset, viz., that we hardly ever find a case of the ailment in question uncomplicated with something else. This something else may be a chronic cough, or dyspepsia, a troublesome liver, or a weakened heart. But whatever the complication be, it is aggravated and kept on by the debility of the brain, and the asthenic condition of the whole nervous system.

Patients who suffer from brain weariness, then, are usually very fanciful, and easily given to imagine that they are the subjects of organic disease of the brain, such as softening or tumour. People who consult medical men about their mental or cerebral condition are seldom diseased, although I am bound to confess that long-continued brain excitement or debility might end in something serious.

Now for the symptoms of the functional complaint which I have called brain weariness.

But here I labour at a great disadvantage, because hardly in any two cases will the symptoms be precisely similar.

There is, however, usually a marked deviation from the straight road of health, of which the patient is himself perfectly conscious, whether his friends be so or not. He does not feel his "old self;" he experiences greater nervousness; he cannot settle so long and so well to business as he used to do; he cannot grasp calculations so well; he loses taste for any kind of work, whether intellectual or otherwise, which necessitates the least degree of thought. He would fain work as of yore, and tries hard to do so, but the power to continue at it does not really exist in the brain, and he is vexed and worried, and rendered worse in consequence. His memory assuredly fails to a great extent, and his intellectual powers are reduced to a lower ebb than formerly, or they but flare up occasionally, and die away again. There is, to use homely language, "no stay" in the nervous power.

I do not wish to draw too dark a picture, but must add that people who suffer from the complaint in question have many of what I might call private mental worries—little distresses of mind, of which they are so heartily ashamed that they would not breathe a word about them to their dearest friends.

Sleep, if it can be obtained, even for an hour or two, tends greatly to refresh people suffering thus. They awake, and rise more hopeful and more full of strength, but, alas! the first excitement blows it all away.

Another symptom is this: the sufferer is in the habit of chiding himself for being ill and nervous; it was something he did that he ought not to have done, it was some error of omission or commission, that

brought it all on, and he has only himself to blame. The fact is, his very conscience is raw and shaken.

Headaches are not unfrequent, and drowsiness after meals, and sometimes a careless, apathetic feeling.

Well, what are the causes which are likely to produce so painful a state of being in an individual?

A predisposing cause would be the nervous diathesis. Some people are born irritable, and grow up sensitive to every little worry in creation. Grief and trouble are exciting causes; so also is long-continued mental exertion, or a strain of thought on the mind. Intemperance is an all too common cause.

If, in addition to any of these causes, there be confinement to close, unwholesome rooms, or exposure to obnoxious air, or if the water drunk be impure, or the food eaten insufficient or innutritious, then so much the more easily will the individual fall a prey to this functional disorder.

From the symptoms, then, which I have described of the functional ailment, brain weariness, and from the very name I have given it, any one will perceive that it is in his own power to restore himself to perfect health by the treatment I am about to prescribe. What I do wish to advise at the outset is that the patient, if he chooses to call himself so, should neither fret nor alarm himself, nor look upon his state as dangerous.

Treatment: The very fact that the ailment, however trifling it may at first appear, is apt to go from bad to worse, ought to induce any one suffering from the symptoms I have described to make no delay in getting clear of them. But how? Removal of the exciting cause is the first step, and till this be taken, believe me, neither medicine nor *régime* will be of any avail.

I am talking, remember, of extreme cases, for many suffer from some of the symptoms I have mentioned, and find to their joy that a week of rest, a visit to the country or seaside, will drive them all away.

"How can I remove grief and worry and anxiety?" you may ask me. But that is a question which it is not in my power to answer; only I can tell you one thing: I have induced men before now to so alter their conditions of life as to free themselves from worry and over-anxiety. "Give yourself up for a time," I have said, "entirely to a consideration of your own state, and see whether or not there may be a way out of your troubles—at some expense, perhaps, but still *a* way, *the* way, and the *only* way. Throw up everything to get health and peace of mind."

If I can get a patient to banish the exciting cause of this brain trouble, then the weakened, and probably congested, frontal lobes of his cerebrum find the rest they so much require, gentle sleep re-visits his pillow, worrying, harassing dreams are banished, hope returns, calmness, quietude, strength, and serenity; it needs then but a course of tonic remedies, with probably change of air and scene, to revivify the blood and re-strengthen the debilitated frame.

Ah! but I know well what you would say; I know well what you would ask me. "I cannot leave my present mode of life. I cannot," you cry, "alter my state of existence. I must continue to work; I must make money for many a day yet before I think of retiring. Is there no medicine that I can take which will quite heal me without the necessity of even temporary retirement?"

I am going to say something about medicines and what I call brain tonics, but first let me counsel a little change of air, and mayhap change of companionship. Remember that seeing the same faces day after day, and going through the same routine of work or pleasure, induces a weariness of mind and body which is little short of positive illness, and might lead to such.

Nux vomica is much used in the treatment of nervous disorders, and it certainly is a very useful remedy when judiciously administered. It should be remembered, however, that nux vomica in any shape or form is a poison, and should be dealt with most cautiously. It should be taken in smaller doses than those usually prescribed. The tincture is the safest form, the dose to be not over ten drops three times a day, in a small wine-glassful of quassia or gentian water. This will often be found a valuable, though apparently simple, remedy for dyspepsia (especially for the over-worked), in headache, in atonic constipation, in nervous tremblings, acidity, &c.

Some people, however, are very susceptible to the influence of tincture of nux vomica, so that the dose to begin with should not be over five drops, and it should not be used more than ten days at a time.

The system should be kept open while taking a tonic, if not naturally so. This may be effected by using a mild aperient pill at bed-time twice a week, and a glass of Pullna water in the morning.

Iron.—This is a valuable blood tonic, but much abused. It should be taken in small doses, and I do not know a better form of it than the muriated tincture, in doses of ten drops, not more, three times a day, in a little water, after meals. The danger of iron lies in its being apt to produce constipation, and also congestion of various internal organs. But if no bad effects are felt, it will do good. The symptoms of its not agreeing would be fulness of the head, ringing in the ears, or heat of body.

Quinine.—Combined with iron in the form of citrate, this is of great advantage in the treatment of nervousness and brain weariness. It must not be given, however, in doses large enough to affect the head.

Although not a homœopathic physician, I must take this opportunity of remarking that, as a rule, tonics are given in too large doses. To give larger doses than the blood can take up is surely gross folly. Iron, for example, is usually prescribed almost recklessly; it passes through the body instead of being taken up by the system, and it does not do this without causing mischief. I have long thought that as regards tonics the doses should be extremely small, and very frequently taken. Here is a plan, for example, that would be found advantageous to a person who must be at work all day, say at a desk. Let him put thirty minims of the tincture of iron, and

a wine-glassful of the infusion of quassia, into a small decanterful of water. Stand this on the table, and sip it every now and then all day long.

Zinc.—I believe that this is a much more valuable remedy in cases of nervousness and brain exhaustion than many imagine. The oxide of zinc is usually given in doses commencing with one grain, and gradually increasing up to ten. This should be made into a pill, with a tonic and aperient extract, and given three times a day after meals. It may be continued for a month or six weeks.

Extract of Malt.—Thousands who cannot take cod-liver oil without causing dyspepsia and loathing of food may take this delightful tonic. The dose is from a dessert-spoonful to a table-spoonful three times a day. It may be mixed with water.

There are dozens of other tonic remedies which may be taken with advantage in cases of debility of the brain, but those which I have mentioned are the best.

Beware of narcotics and stimulants; they invariably make matters worse.

I need hardly add, in conclusion, that attention to the diet is of the greatest consequence, and that the morning tub, with a dash of sea-salt in it, and plenty of wholesome exercise in the open air, must not be forgotten by the individual who suffers from brain weariness.

WAIFE, JUNIOR.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

TOIL-WORN and city-worn, I set forth in the grey of a May morning to take a fifty miles' journey by rail, and then plunge, map in hand, into an unknown and a romantic district. As I neared the end of my railway ride, and reached more elevated ground, a light powdery mist hung about the hills and swept down into the valley in streaks, resembling a summer avalanche in the Alps seen from a distance. Unconsciously, I seemed to listen for the sound that never came.

After breakfast at a country inn, I dipped down into a pretty valley, framed about with hills, mist-covered, across a brawling stream, and up a winding lane, banked with primroses and wild yellow pansies, to a windy, grass-covered ridge. Beyond this, at its feet, was another valley, longer, deeper, and bastioned with bolder hills. In crossing the ridge, I met long strings of race-horses, ridden by boys, returning from their pipe-openers on a distant moor. No other living beings seemed stirring. The mist came powdering down the hills, and once more a great framed picture seemed to be lying on the earth, across which I walked with a sensation of being in a magic world I can distinctly remember even now. A fly may feel as I did when it walks across a masterpiece at the Academy.

I was in "The Dale," and soon reached a clump of trees and a village. A house embedded in yew, trained on the walls, out of which doors and windows were cut, at least three feet deep, did not assist in destroying the curious eerie sensation of picture-walking. Turning over a roughly-flagged path by a wheelwright's shop, with the inevitable red-daubed and newly-mended cart-wheel outside, an old man, who looked at me as if he had been expecting me, though he was a perfect stranger, said, "Theer's the gainest way up t' dale—o'er stone yonder." Tripping over the stone, I found myself in some small fields tilting downwards to the dale-bottom, and altogether curiously like a pattern built out with stone walls. From a distance, the small enclosed fields must have looked like shuffleboard divisions. There was a pretty far-off peep under the mist of the lower dale, and the hills, occasionally shadowing themselves through their veils, seemed of stupendous height. The fields ended in a flight of stone steps, leading down to a yellow-gravelled road.

As I descended the steps, I saw before me a tall, roughly-dressed, shrewd-featured, elderly man, carrying a thick leather bag of tools over his shoulder, and talking or half-whispering to himself. "Old Waife!" I said to myself, thinking, in a flash, of Bulwer's original and clever sketch in "What will He Do with It?" A first impression of this kind is so curious that it remains, and so I call the wanderer with whom I was thus thrown into contact, "Waife, Junior." He never told me, and I never asked him, his real name.

Hearing footsteps, he stopped, turned, wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a red cotton handkerchief, and waited for me, as if he had arranged to meet me at the very spot here in the lane, with only a chimney or two of the village left in sight.

We agreed that "it was warm" walking, and we walked side by side as if our meeting really had been prearranged. Better friends, in a shorter time, were never made. I was going "up t' dale," and so was he, a matter of several miles, so we chatted together, joked, and philosophised, as all tramps do after their kind. He was the smartest man at conversation I ever met under such conditions, and as we trudged along, the fantastic sense of walking across a colossal picture gradually vanished.

Waife told me his story in fragments. He was a

Lancashire lad, and had been fond of drink and gay company. Whether he had saved money and wanted to travel, or merely wished to begin a new life, I cannot remember, and perhaps he put the matter vaguely. But he went to the United States, and spent several years there, wandering about and doing short spells of work.

"You carry your tools with you, I see."

"And uncommon heavy they are," was his reply, as he took the crooked stick from off his shoulder, and put the bag into my hand. The tool-bag must have weighed fifty pounds at the least. He was a horse-shoe nail-maker, and I give these particulars here because he did not reveal his other character to me until he had exhausted these business details.

He had got pretty well tired of America, and had come home again in a Glasgow boat. He was tramping his way into Lancashire, doing a little business on his way at towns and villages near horse-training establishments, about which he seemed to have a good knowledge. He told me of one place where he had been working, at which eleven men were employed in nail-making and shoeing race-horses. "I just put a day in," he said. Waggish and melancholy by turns, Waife, as I must call him, interested me immensely with his flying comments on things about us and bits of his own life. He was clearly an original character, whose experiences it would take a long time to exhaust.

It was Waife's peculiar use of one word that led to the discovery that he was a poet. He was evidently shy on the point, and he would not have told me anything if I had not pressed him. "And then I sit and *muse*" was the sentence constantly occurring as he dwelt upon his past life and its ups and downs. It seemed to me so natural that a man should muse who had spread his experiences of so large an area of the earth's surface by footing it where footing was possible, that my attention was not specially fastened on the word at first. His face was so honest, I was sure he did not spare himself in these moralisings. After a time I became conscious that he was using the word "muse" as a test to ascertain my own bent of mind. Might I not be a poet or an artist? At length a more than usual dreamy look in his face as he drawled out the word with an American accent made me ask him what he meant. The transformation was electrical.

"Muse? Court the muse! I'm a bit of a poet, you know. I was hammering out a line or two when you came at the top of the steps."

"A poet! Well, I should like to hear some of your verses. What were you making just now?"

"Don't quite know. I rhyme as I walk, and sometimes it's mere jingle. Sort of bells on harness, I guess."

"But, surely you'll let me hear something of yours?"

Putting his hand into a pocket inside his coat, he pulled out some bits of soft-textured paper, obviously American, wrapped up in brown paper. Drawing his head back perkily he inquired, "What d'ye think o' this?—

"The cruel sea divideth me
From all my kith and kin,
But all the waves that wash its caves
Cannot efface my sin.

"I tried to drown my conscience down
In the dark days gone by—
When wise men think, the fool must drink,
And so a waif am I!

"But every man may form a plan,
And work it bravely out,
And leave the dead, and look ahead,
And that's what I'm about!

"They liked that in America," he said, with ventriloquial inflexions; "especially the last bit—a touch of common-sense after the sentiment."

I wanted him to read me some of the other pieces. He feared they might not suit me.

"Mere drinking songs, but," he added, "I'm a teetotaler now."

The paradox required explanation.

"It's just here. I used to drink hard. The songs I make now are for the wise drinkers, and they're few."

He refused to allow me to judge for myself, and it would have been ungracious of me to press him further.

"Had he written much poetry when in America?"

"Much? Tons of it. I trudged from place to place, through State after State, and wherever there was a newspaper-office handy I just dropped a poem in the box for 'The Poet's Corner.' Excellent institution, the Poet's Corner! Wish there were more of them in England. It's just that corner kept me alive! For I went from town to town to drop my poems into the box, and they made my wanderings sweet and lively. A chap who can't *muse* as he goes is the worst of vagabonds. I was pretty considerably cracked, everybody said, but the cracks let in daylight instead of letting out sense, you see!"

"What has become of your poems?"

"Not in my pocket. You saw all I've saved. I once had a big roll of clippings, and I was as proud of them as a jay-bird of its tail. Used to read them out for my own amusement and other folks' edification. A Yankee 'sport' out West put 'em into his pocket when I was asleep one night, and just vamoosed. Nearly broke my heart, that bit o' business did. All my musings gone at a bang! Maybe he thought there were bank-notes in 'em, as I called the bundle *my capital*."

These references made my companion very melancholy. My sympathy evidently pleased him, and who could have refused it to him? I suggested that if he remembered the titles of his pieces and the names of the papers, and had notes of his journeys, he might get copies.

"The verses were my notes," he replied, with a sigh.

Abruptly changing the unpleasant theme with a merry twinkle in his blue-grey eyes, he asked—

"Do you have a 'Poet's Corner'?"

"No," I said. "Wandering bards are not common in England."

"See that woman standing at the door of the cottage yonder? She reminds me of one o' my bits."

And he began to recite, with a gaiety of tone agreeably contrasting with his former melancholy:—

"I love my small cottage—
It stands by the street;
If its outside is humble,
Its inside is neat.

"I love my sweet Jinnie—
She's buxom and fair,
And sings like a birdie
To welcome me there!

"I mind not the hardship,
The trouble of life,
For we keep up the courtship
Although she's my wife."

"Was he married?"

"Oh, dear, no! but a poet has to be everything."

The old woman, who must have heard some of the lines, beamed upon us both, and Waife was as happy as lark in mid-heaven. I envied him.

We tramped away together for miles, and if I could have gone with him to the end of his journey I would have gladly done so. But I had to leave the dale where it narrowed almost to a pass, to cross a range of hills and to reach the railway twelve miles off that night, whereas his stopping-place was amongst the hills eighteen miles from my objective. I shared with him the contents of my haversack, and we went into a rustic inn, much against his inclination. He would only have lemonade. Some rough dalesmen were drinking their beer on a seat by themselves. We found an old-fashioned, high-backed settle, and here we sat for a long time in pleasant chat of the most friendly kind.

MR. WAIFE.

As a mark of confidence in me, he opened his tool-bag and took therefrom a red-covered book, such as minutes of meetings are usually kept in, putting it into my hands, saying, "Look at that."

I did; and narrowly he examined my face as I read. It was a collection of his recent poems, written

on board ship and on his tramp. The handwriting was stiff and shaky, as of a man who wielded a hammer. Rough flourishes abounded. The forty or fifty pieces were of various kinds—grave, gay, and autobiographical. Some of them were mere jingles, one or two were good, and here and there I came across pieces I had seen in American papers.

Yes, they had been printed there—ten years ago. He had copied them from memory. One I had seen in a paper called *The Morning Star*.

"Then they'd taken it from another paper. They're some of 'em awful thieves in this way in the States."

I spent nearly an hour over that book, until the wives of the men opposite had fetched them home to dinner and we were alone—even the old housewife in charge leaving us to ourselves, probably thinking us a "fond" pair of vagabonds.

I copied two poems in pencil on such paper as I had with me, and here they are, as well as I can produce them from a piece of rain-sodden paper :—

"ON THE TRAMP.

"On the tramp, with my bag on my back,
I'm free as a lord or a king;
I am ready to work when I can,
And when I can't work I can sing!

"The green lanes, and the fields, and the hills
Are ever my dearest delight—
Counting stars, as a nun counts her beads,
I drop off to slumber at night!

"I am up with the morn, and a-foot
While town-folks are sleeping in bed.
Gentle birds sing their grace to my meals—
I've never yet wanted for bread!

"The bustle and noise of the city
My thoughts and my feelings confuse;
And I'm never so happy a man
As when I can tramp it—and muse!"

There is a ring in these verses that makes them express Waife's real self, I feel sure, and the last word, the one that first caught my eye in looking over the page, needs no explanation. The other poem I copied is in a somewhat different vein, and some readers may like it better :—

"ONLY A NAIL.

"A nail is a little thing,
See it where you will.
I made it, and beaten its head,
But I love it still.

"For it holds the horse's shoe,
Binds the poor man's cart,
And knits the ships that sail the seas
Old and new lands part.

"The jewels that women prize
Are found in the mire;
And our best resolves, like the nails,
Are born of the fire.

"They're beaten, and wrought, and shaped,
Whilst they're all aglow;
And men that work hardest, we find,
Have more nails to show.

"Young love may indulge its dreams,
And fancy may roam;
But constancy binds like the nail,
And builds up the home

"When a life or a thing gives way,
And it seems to fail,
One wants a will, and the other—
Why, only a nail!

"So do not despise the nail,
Or its little part,
For it is useful everywhere—
It's a work of art!"

The return of the old lady, who could not understand us a bit, terminated our musing and my copying. Our walk together was nearly at an end. I was very sorry, for Waife was a humorous fellow, and I had to take a yellow track that led away under the mist over what were to me unknown hills and cogitate by myself.

He was a herb-doctor, he told me, and he was going to live with a man whom he had once cured of a serious malady.

"Whenever you care to come home my house is yours," was the message he had received in answer to one of his rhymed letters. He was going home now, he said, a day's march at a time. "I've saved my tools. I wish I'd been as careful over my musings."

We reached a picturesque little bridge over a stream. There was a primrose bank hard by, under a time-honoured guide-post. Here we had our last chat. I have passed the spot since, and a flood of tender memories of Waife rushed over me. This sketch is the result. I must copy another little poem. I transcribe it from an envelope, to which it was transferred from the book on the finger-post. I wish I could sketch the old nailer's face as he saw I really treasured his verses, entitled :—

"A THOUGHT.

"Present thoughts are sweetest—
So men say;
They, like birds, the fleetest
Fly away!

"Next year, back they're winging,
Dark or gay.
Happy he who, singing,
Bids them stay!"

Stay, at any rate, I could not. The mist on the hills was changing to dark cloud, and threatened rain. The old man was touched at parting. I thanked him warmly for his company and his poetry, and told him where he could find me whenever he wanted a friend. As he took his departure to the right he waved his hand, saying, "Mind you think over that Poet's Corner." The corner is in my heart—a delicious memory of this rambling bard.

Descending for a time, I soon began to rise up the hills I had to cross. Turning round constantly, I could see the old man mounting also along a walled road rising between the hills, and waving his hand to me as we each neared the mist that was to hide us from each other. In a few minutes I was in the middle of a fierce thunderstorm, and flashes of fire leaped from the clouds above the lofty road my friend was treading. Poor Waife! What had become of him? I have never heard anything of him since, and I fear his musings are over. If he be still alive—and it is now nine years ago, as my notes show—I hope he will forgive me for making public his confidences and his rhymes.

MY NAMESAKE MARJORIE.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

HOW MRS. BURROUGHES ARRANGES OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS.

ALL the full summer-tide's long days, Aimée Forest waited and waited through her comfortless solitude at Brussels, her footing every hour more difficult, more painful, at the Maison Ste. Marie. Practical and thoroughly selfish, Mrs. Rochford saw no hardship in her dealing with the girl, but notified distinctly that, though she would fulfil the letter of her contract with Miss Osborne, in allowing her to remain till the 21st of August, after that date she must remove herself and her few possessions how and where she could.

Tidings from her old friend in England were still sad. The niece she had gone to nurse was dead; another sharply attacked by the same malady. Stephen's last letter was briefer, more dispirited, than its precursors. "Do not write for a few days," he had said. "Something must be decided with these people at Westfields and Norwich in the course of a week. Then I may run over to—if I cannot say for—you." The haven, if haven it were to be, of marriage seemed yet remote, and the funds with which Miss Osborne had left her were nigh exhausted. More money Aimée knew to be hers, but inaccessible without Miss Osborne's signature, to get which she must explain much that she would fain keep silence on. The Langleys were in Switzerland. Even the old Flemish woman, *portière* of the house where her father had for years rented an *étage*—a kind old soul, who would have deemed it an honour to act as vigilant chaperon to "*sa chère petite Anglaise*"—even she had gathered up her hoarded francs, and gone to end her days in her native Anvers. Her father's artist acquaintance Aimée knew little of. He had kept her jealously from intimacies among them; and so it came to pass that in all Brussels it would have been hard to find a young life more lonely and friendless than was hers just then.

The only plan to which she felt herself reluctantly driven—a proposal to remain awhile longer under Mrs. Rochford's roof, paying for her shelter when she had access to her small fortune—was coldly negatived as soon as timidly advanced. Mrs. Rochford was not above the littleness of jealousy, and grudging Aimée her popularity among pupils and domestics, was unswerving in her determination to be quit of her. So go she must.

Half of her last three weeks had slipped away; decision on her future was imperative. Stephen had neither written nor appeared; and one evening Aimée, "*chez elle*," was sadly taking inventory of all her old home relics, wondering if a daughter of old "Clementine," one "Madame Blanc, Modiste, Rue du Collège," would find room for them for a little while (surely only a little while!) in the domicile below her basket-making husband's shop, when Mrs. Rochford called her from the other end of the *salon*, with peculiar politeness.

A group of people were talking there, whose entrance she had scarcely noticed, for in an ordinary way she was now left, and kept willingly, aloof from all visitors. But on this occasion said Mrs. Rochford blandly—

"Here *is* Miss Forest, Mr. Henderson," introducing a tall shrewd-looking man, "and I think, Mrs. Henderson, if your daughter follows in her footsteps," making Aimée known to two ladies—one of forty, faded, fat, and rather dowdy of appearance; the other of fifteen, round-faced, pretty, and fashionable—"learning under the same professors, you will be satisfied with the result of her musical studies."

Evidently the younger lady was to be a pupil—first of what Mrs. Rochford often boasted, "her American connection," for Mr. Henderson had but to open his lips to proclaim his nationality: "Up Brooklyn we are judges of the trew thing, we air indeed!" he said, examining Aimée's pale, lovely face as critically as if he could thereby tell the compass of her voice; "so if the young lady will oblige us with a specimen of her vocal ability, we can tell within a little what you calculate high-water mark in this city."

Aimée saw now what she was wanted for—to make manifest the result of the school's teaching; and the gentleman's request being backed by his wife with languid, by his daughter with vivacious politeness, she made no difficulty over doing as they asked, but, with the willing courtesy that was part of her nature ("You would go out of your way to be gracious to a beggar," Stephen had once said jestingly, and she had answered, "Small kindnesses are the only coin I shall ever be rich in, sir"), sat and sang to them each scene or song they put before her.

Her voice might lack steadiness from the load of anxiety upon her mind, but never had it sounded sweeter. The Americans were vociferous in their delight. "You sing like that when you come back, Isabelle," said Mr. Henderson to his daughter, "and you may choose yourself a birthday necklace to bring home with you! I wish, Miss Forest, instead of going to your home, wherever it's to be" (Mrs. Rochford had given her own version of Aimée's story), "you'd come along of us over the pond. I've three more of the girl-kind at Brooklyn, and if you could train their young organs into anything like your own, I'd make it

worth your while doing it. Eh? What do you say, now?"

"Oh, Miss Forest has quite other plans, I assure you," interposed Mrs. Rochford hurriedly. To be robbed of possible pupils was a result of the singing she had not bargained for. "I don't suppose any pecuniary temptation could divert her from her—dreams!"

Having got all she wanted, the new principal permitted herself that ungenerous sting which Aimée well understood, for the matrimonial prospect that Miss Osborne had named with confidence was always treated by her successor as a castle in the air, and it had the desired effect of driving the singer to her own corner once more. There in the twilight, the ominous word "dreams" ringing in her ears, she sat till the Hendersons came up bidding her "good night."

"We are going to take my little girl a three months' trip over the old Continent, before we leave her here," said the gentleman, "and you're to be off before we come back, for Mrs. Rochford tells us you're set on making tracks in a different direction; but if you think better of my offer, jest you call on Randolph Henderson, at the Hotel Brit-tan-nik, any time the next three days, and say so, and he'll be glad to hear it. I wish you good-bye, Miss Forest, and pleasant times wherever you go."

Mr. Henderson made his speech mainly as a parting joke. Aimée heard in it nothing more serious. Little could either foresee that the next few hours would put upon it a totally different value.

The following day's first post brought her, as so many previous ones, nothing; but at eleven o'clock, going forth to secure, if possible, storing-space with Madame Blanc, a letter was put into her hand as she left the door. The English mark was on it, and her heart beat high as, after one glance, she clasped it close and passed through the Boulevard to a quiet seat in the Parc, deserted at that hour by all but children and white-capped *bonnes*, there to con the welcome pages.

"SHE CLASPED HER LETTER CLOSE, AND PASSED THROUGH THE BOULEVARD TO A QUIET SEAT IN THE PARC."

But a startled exclamation broke from her lips before she had read a word. She caught up the torn envelope, and noted what had at first escaped her; the address without was not in Stephen's writing, nor were the lines within, though something like these last she had seen one other time, in the ill-starred summons

which had taken him from her, nigh six months before.

The strange communication she now scanned, with quick-drawn breath and paling cheek, ran thus—

"THE COTTAGE, BRIDGEHAM,
"WEARFORD, NORFOLK,
"*August 9th.*

"DEAR MISS FOREST,—Though we are personally unacquainted, I am taking the very grave step of writing to you on a subject of deepest interest to myself, and, I fear I must anticipate, to you also. My brother, Mr. Stephen Legh, has been living in my house since he left Brussels last spring, and though he has never mentioned you to *me*, yet I feel confident, by what I have learned indirectly, that he has at some time associated with you on a warmer footing than that of ordinary friendship. My brother is by nature so reserved that I have felt it impossible to approach the subject with him, although I can easily see how sore and ill at ease he is concerning it. Indeed, in the best interests both of yourself and him, I feel it my clear duty to tell you that he has great cause to be so. Marriage without love is an unenviable lot for any woman, and I have certain proof that, whatever my brother's feelings towards yourself once were, he can no longer offer you that affection without which wedded life would be a misery to himself and, I assume, to you. A stranger to you, as I said before, I cannot of course tell the precise reason of this change—whether any part of it lies in yourself, or whether absence has had its share in the work—but there is one very apparent reason which I feel bound to name. It is evident not only to myself but to many others, that a lady in this immediate neighbourhood, on whose estate my brother has been professionally engaged since his return, is evincing for him a strong and marked attachment. This attachment I firmly believe he reciprocates, and needs only release from whatever tie exists between him and you, to declare. In putting the truth so bluntly, I regret extremely if I am giving pain, but I cannot help trusting that his own correspondence with you may in a measure have prepared you for this. I do sincerely trust time and distance may have affected your own feelings sufficiently for you to resign any claim or engagement by which you may hold him, and that the future may amply recompense you for permitting him to enter on a marriage admirably suitable in all respects. Begging an acknowledgment of this letter, and repeating my earnest hope that I have acted for the best, both towards my brother and yourself, in writing it,

"I remain, dear Miss Forest, truly yours,
"HENRIETTA BURROUGHES."

For some minutes Aimée sat paralysed. The cruel words floated in horrible confusion before her eyes. Stephen "could no longer offer her that affection without which wedded life would be a misery to himself and—her!" He "needed only to be released—to declare his attachment to another!"

All her trust, all her love rose passionately up within her half-breaking heart, crying, "It is a lie, a lie! He *cannot* be false while I'm so true to him!" and her whole soul rebelled against a possibility that left her life a blank. The terror of pain stirred in her every nerve. Woefullest dismay laid its mark upon her features. A child running by with his playfellow pointed back to her.

"Ma'mselle est malade!" he cried out; and, fearful of attracting fresh attention, Aimée got up with an odd sense of blindness, and bethought herself where she might hide from the glaring sunshine, and from curious eyes.

The chimes, and twelve strokes following, struck from Ste. Gudule's turrets. There was yet some half-hour when she could steal away, and be alone in one of its well-known shadowy chapels. Thither she went, desiring only to get with her sorrow out of sight.

Kneeling at last in safe solitude, her face buried on her arms, her cold hands crushing the hard sentence that had fallen on her, she needed no priestly "Oramus" from the distant altar, but sent up a mute entreaty for help to bear this burden—to forget herself, if so it must be—to leave clear, anyway, a path to happiness for him she loved.

Happiness—without her? Oh, was it so? Could she be living and know that this was true? Had she—so ran her self-accusation, which even in this moment would fain excuse *him*—had she forgotten, in the hopes she had been cherishing, all higher hopes? Had she been careless of the Hand that had blessed these last months with such comfort, such gladness; and was this her punishment?

Nay, on these counts she knew herself "not guilty," for since she had been the chosen wife of Stephen Legh, never had a waking hour gone by without bearing on its moments some thank-offering from her grateful spirit.

But now that was all gone, all done with—all joy in that past, all hope for that future. She remembered presently, with a most bitter pang, how Stephen had often dwelt upon his dread of so-called poverty—for her; how never had he written without sounding some note of the same chord; how his letter of many days ago had been brief, restrained, and, read by the light of his sister's, cold; and how, for the first time since he left, a whole week had gone by without carrying her a line from him.

They gathered together, these recollections, in pitiful rank, and for their crown came the fancied figure of one who had stolen into her place, whose very name was unknown, a woman dearer than herself, waiting the mockery of her consent to become his wife.

Almost, at that thought, came an outspoken cry from Aimée's over-laden heart. Well might her eyes scald and scorch with unshed tears, and well—as, noon approaching, the sacristan cleared all the building—might she go forth with face as white as that of the pictured Mater Dolorosa under whose pitying gaze she had been kneeling.

In the last hour all had so changed, her very existence seemed to have become so unreal, that it was with a great start she heard her own name spoken on the cathedral steps, and, escape being impossible, turned to be greeted by the Americans whom she had seen the night before.

"Spotted your figure in a moment!" said Mr. Henderson heartily, "and wished you'd been along with us just now. One wants a peeler at one's heels in these parts. That old rascal there"—pointing with his thumb back to a scowling official in the porch—"badgered us for centimes, and wouldn't budge till he got 'em. Isabelle's French is shaky, and though Mrs. H. kept saying as plain as she could speak, 'J'ai put a dollar in the boite, poorley poovre,' you know, the old scamp wouldn't stir till we gave him another franc! I call it robbery. Now you could have jawed him in his native tongue, and got rid of him for us, Miss Forest. Heh?"

"I don't think, Randolph," here put in his better half, "Miss Forest is very well. Ought we to keep her standing?"

"Not another second, if I know it," apologised Mr. Henderson. "I should have noticed it myself if that old grasper hadn't riled me so. Ah, Miss Forest, it's clear Brussels doesn't suit you. 'Pears to me you want to take a trip somewhere, to paint your cheeks fresh. Think of what I said last night, and j'ine us."

What impelled her, Aimée never knew, but her answer came instantly—

"If you will have me, and if I can be of use, I will come."

"And talk French to the chambermaids, and find out the shops and the streets for us!" cried Miss Isabelle. "Oh, lor! what a mercy!"

"Isabelle, don't say 'lor,'" reproved her mother rather meekly. "But can you really travel with us, Miss Forest? Are you strong enough? We are going to——"

"Paris, Naples, Berlin, London," rapidly summed up her husband, "and every other place we get time to stop at in between. You talk for the party, I'll pay for the party. That's fair, isn't it? And when we've looked through these old nations, you'll come over the ocean with us, and teach my chicks to behave themselves, and warble like you, for five-and-twenty dollars a month—heh? Mrs. Rochford mapped out your story to us last night, so there's nothing to explain. The thing lays in a nutshell. Air you agreeable?"

Bewildered with pain, with no home, no friends, worse than no outlook, Aimée was desperate enough to have agreed to far unkindlier prospects, to anything that would take her out of her wretched self, anything that would blot out this intolerable present.

"I will come," she repeated, "when and where you tell me. But—" turning aside from Mr. Henderson's sharp scrutiny, "will you send word when you want me? My—head aches so now."

"You shall hear from us this time to-morrow," was the gentleman's ready closing answer. "You just go and lay ye down and get forty winks now. That'll set you up, I reckon. And if that don't—" he added to his wife, as Aimée moved away, "stirring along with us will, I calculate. She's had a squabble with her sweetheart. Cast him off perhaps."

"Or he may have cast her off, Randolph," put in the lady.

"Fool if he did," returned Mr. Henderson with alacrity. "That's a sort ain't as common as clams, my dear. But please Providence we'll work it so his loss shall be our gain."

It was some dread of this design that mortified Mrs. Rochford, when the same evening she heard from Aimée in briefest terms of her proposed move.

"Then your marriage——" she exclaimed.

"Is given up," said the girl in a low voice—every nerve wrung at that outspoken decree.

"And you mean to be governess to these people's children over there! That will be a very different thing to having *one* of them here, I assure you. I scarcely think Miss Osborne would approve it. They are rich enough, but I may as well warn you they are nothing but wealthy storekeepers. Not the least what we English call gentlefolks!"

"They are kind," was all Aimée could answer, "so I shall thankfully go to them. Miss Osborne will not blame me when she knows why I do it."

Her good old friend's last letter lay unanswered upstairs. She had so hoped to brighten her with good news of her own when next she wrote. But now Aimée felt response must be delayed yet longer. She could not bring herself to chronicle a treachery, that seemed beyond all credence to herself, except for the unwavering black and white of Mrs. Burroughes' evidence. By-and-by would be time, and all too soon, to send her story further. Now all that her strength, all that her pen could do, was to give Stephen back his freedom: let him go!

It was to him she wrote, not to his sister, and her note was barely of two lines, but folios could not have told the suffering those contained!

Sleepless, dry-eyed and very desolate, she rose the next day, and heard that in four-and-twenty hours her journeyings were to begin.

Her worldly goods were soon transferred to willing Madame Blanc's, and it was while bearing to the Rue du Collège with her own hands the two small pictures, last of her father's works, that a laden cabriolet from the Gare du Midi passed by, its occupants hailing her with bows and smiles. They were the Langleys, returning in high spirits from their Swiss holiday, and leaning from the window.

"Come and see us soon!" cried Mr. Langley, but Aimée hurried by with just a wistful recognition so unlike her own sweet smile, that the clergyman guessed something was amiss.

"Miss Forest doesn't look herself at all," he said, drawing back. "You must find time to go and see her to-morrow, Lottie." And to-morrow, towards the cool evening, 'Lottie' did make her call, but only to hear that Mrs. Rochford was out, and Mademoiselle Forest gone—yes, entirely!

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

CONFESSIONS.

NONE of our friends at Bridgeham were particularly well at ease for the four or five days following that on which Mrs. Burroughes meddled to such remarkable purpose with her brother's love-affairs.

In the depths of her own bosom, the lady was feeling no inconsiderable tremor over her rash deed, and without actually wishing it undone, fervently desired some such reply from "the young person abroad" as would enable her to declare and justify her interference.

Dr. Burroughes was puzzled and vexed over his patient's slow progress, and over awkward feverish symptoms that, as he said, had no business to complicate the case with so strong and temperate a man as Stephen. But there the symptoms were, and for direct consequence the invalid was kept closer, rigid quiet was enforced, and not even Freeman was admitted to see him.

Marjorie, restless in the knowledge of her mother's parentage, felt concealment grate on her sense of

honour every hour, and yet was shut off from the person she desired first and most to confide in. Another visit to the cottage of her old grandmother sent her away in such a ferment of irritable indecision, that she felt, if she were to get any peace, speak out she must, despite Jane Wilshire's anxiously repeated counsel to keep quiet.

In this mood she took, one hot mid-August noon, an early lunch, found fault with everything put before her, and scolded the servants all round as a safety-valve for her effervescent discontent; went down the gardens slowly, as scarce decided yet upon her course, then reaching the water-steps, sprang into a boat with her mind made up, cut ruthlessly through the broad plateau of lily-leaves, and rowed herself rapidly over to the Burroughes'.

"Here comes Miss Assheton," said the doctor as he stood upon the lawn, endeavouring to interest his wife in the details of a willow-wren's nest, and marvelling at her indifference to the wondrous bit of architecture—"I'm afraid she'll be wanting to see your brother, but she positively can't. Jarvis and I are going up to attend to the arm. I wish we could keep it cooler. If Miss Marjorie wants any business looking after, ask her to wait till I come down. We'll see if I shan't do as well as Stephen."

But at this charmingly simple speech Mrs. Burroughes was unable to repress a very superior smile. Affairs were approaching a climax now, when she felt that the doctor need not be kept in the dark any longer.

"You do as well as Stephen!" she repeated, turning with her husband towards the house. "Why, you dear old purblind creature, will you never find out why it is Miss Assheton is so *very* anxious after 'poor Mr. Legh'? Oh, how densely, densely stupid you clever men are, to be sure!"

"Whew!" The doctor stood still, amazed at the new light dawning on him with his wife's words. "You—don't—mean to say—" he exclaimed—"those two have fallen in love with each other! And I never had a remote suspicion of such a thing. How came I never to see it?"

"Because," returned his pleased spouse patronisingly, "your intellect is always employed, my dear, in the study of birds and reptiles! It's only we poor, ignorant, unscientific people who have our eyes open to what is going on around."

"And you are sure you are not mistaken?" said the doctor, beaming over the prospect his wife unveiled.

"Am I *ever* mistaken in such things?" she answered rather severely, and her husband hastened to pronounce her infallible in such matters.

"But this alters everything," said he with a satisfied chuckle. "Why, I've been behaving like a brute to this poor couple! I must change my treatment. I'll be bound, now, half an hour's chat with Miss Marjorie will have a soothing effect on the patient. I suppose I mustn't congratulate him, but may I just sound him about it?"

"Certainly not," ordered Mrs. Burroughes, knowing well how excessively outspoken such soundings were likely to be. "Say nothing at all for a little while. I don't suppose you will have to wait long."

Nodding obedience, off went the doctor highly amused, and left his wife waiting on the grass to welcome their young neighbour from Westfields.

So clouded was Marjorie's face, that Mrs. Burroughes read ill tidings in it.

"Is poor Miss Bassett worse?" she asked gravely as they met, and was relieved at the prompt, if rather offhand reply—

"Oh, dear, no! thank you. She's going on all right, they tell me. Mrs. Dybell reported last night she had spoken quite sensibly. Asked something about the accident, I think."

"Poor thing!" commiserated Mrs. Burroughes—"Robert says she will be dreadfully disfigured all her life long. You have not seen her?"

"No," with a quick shake of the head, "and, if you won't think me a callous sort of wretch for saying so, I don't want to! She has had three nurses and three doctors, and she might have had double the number if she had wanted, and of course in a way I'm very glad she's getting on properly. But I have not the smallest desire ever to see her or speak to her again."

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Burroughes, rather shocked at this unsympathetic speech.

"No, I've not indeed, for—" burst out Marjorie, taking her companion's arm and drawing her to a garden seat beside her, "I never did like her, and I know now, I've known ever since just before the accident, why she used to behave as she did, flattering me one minute and finding fault with me the next, and always being so delighted to show me, in that detestable smooth way of hers, that I was not half lady enough for English society! She understood all about me, which unfortunately I didn't. And she wanted to make a fine market out of me, which"—setting all her white teeth tigress-fashion for a snarl—"she never, never shall!"

"Understood about you, which you didn't! And tried to make a mar—Why, my dear Miss Assheton," exclaimed the wonder-stricken hearer of these incomprehensible words, "whatever do you mean?"

"I mean," returned Marjorie, sitting bolt upright and speaking very fast, "that though I'm myself of course, and Mrs. Assheton's grand-daughter, and the place over there is all mine, yet I'm a sort of sham and a humbug in one way. At least, so your grandees about here might say."

"A sham——!"

"For"—going on at full speed, and brooking no interruption—"my mother, my father's wife, his *wife*, was only a village girl; you may have heard of her, 'Lucy Wilshire.' I've been to see her mother: she's a nice old thing and lives in a horrid little hole. And therefore I'm grand-daughter and niece to men whose relationship, I presume, would shut me out of all decent company hereabouts. Now you know!"

Two great angry drops splashed down as Marjorie ended. Her pretty under-lip was pouting and quivering like a child's. Before Mrs. Burroughes could collect her wits to question or to soothe, a summer

tempest of tears broke forth, and cowering down on her friend's ample shoulder she sobbed out—

"And I shouldn't mind it—half—but there's some one—else—I shall have to tell! Some one I do so l—love. And will it make any dif—dif—difference if he loves me? Oh, will it?"

In a masterly moment of concentrated thought, Mrs. Burroughes took in and weighed the situation.

This poor child's birth, no fault of hers, was on one side hopelessly low. All the more reason her father would be eager she should herself mate well; all the likelier that he should overlook disparity of fortune in her choice. The secret of her extraction *was* secret, practically, yet. She, Mrs. Burroughes, would so negociate that it should remain untalked of. Marjorie, as she said, was still herself, in face, in disposition and (a notable 'and') in possessions. Not half a minute did the doctor's wife hesitate, but, off her guard at all this unexpected news, answered warmly, as she put her arm round the excited girl—

"Don't be afraid dear, to tell it all, directly. Little as we have been together, I do know my brother well enough to answer for him. If he loves you, as I should think he must, this will make no difference at all to Stephen."

With a start that almost upset her kind comforter's equilibrium, Marjorie unloosed herself—

"No difference to your brother!" she cried, "'if he loves me!' Oh, goodness gracious, Mrs. Burroughes! you don't think I meant *him* when I talked of—of somebody I—loved?"

The very tangible surroundings of house, trees, flowers, all seemed twirling upside down to poor Mrs. Burroughes as she answered faintly, "Indeed I did!"

"Then indeed," said Marjorie, "you are quite, quite wrong! I meant altogether a most different person: some one I've called myself engaged to ever since we were boy and girl: only he happened to have his way to make, and sheep have done so badly in Australia lately, and papa tried to put a stop to our thinking of one another. But when I got over here and found I was really rich, I just sent straight word back for Alec to come and marry me. And the dear fellow was so good he wouldn't even write back to say 'yes' (though he'd have gone lunatic without me, I believe!) till he'd been down to Sydney to see papa and get him to consent. So that's why I used to be so frantic to get my letters, and was so wildly pleased over the last one, that said papa and he were both on their way here. And that's the reason I kept putting off the works at the Broad. When I didn't hear directly, I thought perhaps Alec would be such a punctilious old goose, I should have to go and fetch him, or if he did come that he might like to have the ordering of it all himself. I couldn't talk about getting married till I was sure of it, could I? But I've been waiting to tell Mr. Legh everything for the last fortnight, and now ——Oh, dear! oh, dear! I do so hope he doesn't care for me! What a muddle everything is in, to be sure!"

It was indeed! And if to Marjorie so, why, what to Mrs. Burroughes?

A dreadful conviction that she had been blundering all through, stole upon her as she sat there silent, till an effort at exculpation forced her to say—

"You never meant to mislead us, Miss Assheton, but really I, and others too, thought you showed such a great, such an extraordinary liking for my brother—"

"And I only showed just what I felt," finished Marjorie candidly, "I took to him the first moment I saw him. I think next to papa, and of course a long way after Alec, he's the very nicest man I ever met. And, as I told you once before, he's so clever and so helpful, and managed all my work-people so well, that I was always wanting to consult him and to act on his advice. But care for him that other way? Oh, *no!* Why, he's very grave, and I always thought he was extremely old—quite forty! Alec is two months younger than I am."

Mrs. Burroughes heaved a sigh of intensest mortification, as one mistake after another unravelled itself. So dejected looked the poor lady that Marjorie took her turn at playing comforter.

"Now I'm such a worse than nobody in some ways," she said humbly, "you'll soon be glad, I expect, that I'm not going to be any connection to you. And Mr. Legh will be less sorry, if indeed he is sorry at all. But, Mrs. Burroughes, I don't believe he ever thought of marrying me. I must have found it out if he had! I really think you are wrong, and I do so hope you are!"

Whether she hoped the same or not, poor exasperated Mrs. Burroughes, scarcely knew, but on the verge of undignified tears herself, felt in such a maelstrom of uncertainties, that at the same moment she longed for and dreaded explanation with her brother. Getting up with an air of genuine distress, "I feel I must go to Stephen," she said (little guessed Marjorie her full cause for turning craven over the interview). "And anyway, Miss Assheton, I am sure he will not blame you, and you will forget all about my foolish blunder. I hope with Mr. Alec—Alec——"

"Boyd," said Marjorie, "he's Scotch——"

"With Mr. Alec Boyd you may live near us for very long. I will do my utmost to help you over the little difficulty you have confided to me, and by-and-by we may laugh together over this morning's talk."

But neither of them looked much like laughing as they parted: Marjorie rowing herself back very soberly and rather sad, as Mrs. Burroughes went up to her brother's room much soberer, and much sadder.

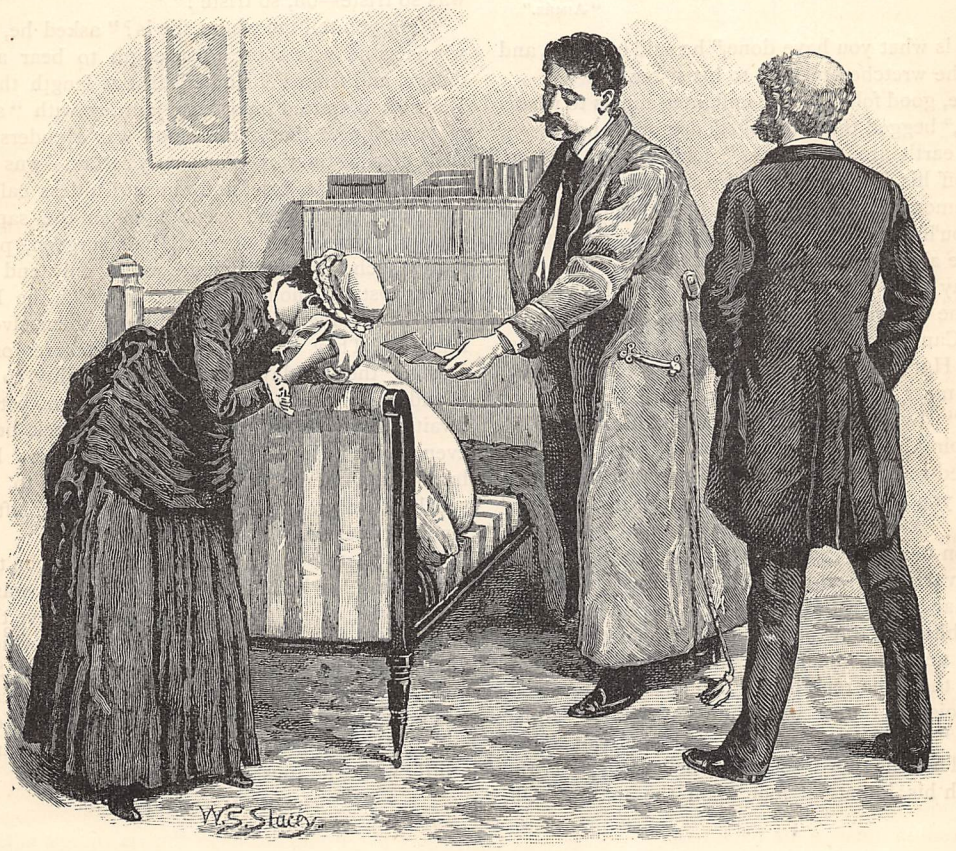
Now on that very day Stephen Legh, after long debating with himself, had come to a wise decision. Here was the middle of the month, and his poor little betrothed at Brussels without news of him for a fortnight, while for double another fortnight, like as not, he would be unable to use his hand. It was a state of things that ought to be brought to an end. He must make a great effort; break through the reserve he had worn like a coat of mail over his tenderer feelings, tell Henrietta all about his distant betrothed, and by her help set Aimée's mind at rest concerning himself.

The whole morning through he had been arranging and re-arranging how to begin; how to explain enough,

without vexing his sister by dwelling on her own weakness, why he had kept her uninformed so long, why none of Aimée's letters had reached him *viâ* the Cottage post-bag—the other arrangement he had constantly regretted, though it was needful so long as his engagement was unacknowledged—so by the time Mrs. Burroughes came up-stairs and seated herself by his couch, he was feeling sufficiently confused himself to pass by unnoticed her unusual trepidation.

"Oh, Stephen!"

"Yes, no doubt you are startled," pursued he, "and—I may as well out with the whole now—very likely you won't be over-pleased at first, for my dear girl has even less fortune than myself. That made me hang off naming it till I'd got hold of an income to start with. But when you know her, when you see her," moving away his hand to look up with a glow of pride, "you'll find she is a prize fifty times too good for me. And now



"'THIS IS WHAT YOU HAVE DONE,' HE SAID HOARSELY" (*p.* 682).

"I've been thinking, Henrietta," he began, one hand, a good deal wasted in the last fortnight, covering his eyes, "if you won't feel hurt at finding I have kept something rather important all to myself since I've been here, I should like to tell you it now. It's quite private, about a—a—person I hope you will some day be very fond of."

Mrs. Burroughes almost gasped. Was her third shock to be the worst of all?

"I ought," Stephen went on, "to have told you of this before. But you see we'd not been together for a good many years, and I'd got into a surly trick of keeping things to myself. But the truth is I'm wishing—meaning—to get married."

while I'm set fast, I want you to do us a great kindness, and just write a note for me to 'Aimée'—Aimée Forest. Why, Henrietta, what's the matter?"

It was too much! The poor well-intentioned meddler, muddler, mischief-maker, took out her handkerchief and fairly sobbed.

"Oh, Stephen," she said, "I *have* written to her, and neither of you will forgive me as long as you live!" and then, though never was humble pie more distasteful to mortal palate, Mrs. Burroughes told the whole story of her luckless misconstructions down to her last half-hour with Marjorie. Her brother, half risen from his sofa, listened in dead silence till, as she was faltering out—

"I do trust and pray I may not have done very terrible harm"—in came the doctor (still with a gleeful countenance over the capital news of the morning) and a letter in his hand.

"Freeman civilly brought this on for you, Legh. It was accidentally left out of the bag, I suppose. Why, what's amiss?"

Stephen seized his letter and in awkward, maimed fashion tore it open; his features turned grey as he read the few words:—

"BRUSSELS, *August* 12.

"Since it is your wish, I resign you entirely. Farewell.

"AIMÉE."

"This is what you have done," he said hoarsely, and handed the wretched missive to his sister.

"Come, good folks, please enlighten me as to what's going on," begged the astonished doctor, "and, Legh, what on earth are you after?" for Stephen was up, pulling off his loose one-armed coat, and hunting for another among his out-door garments—"sit down, man alive! you'll have that joint in half a dozen pieces if you move about like that!"

"It may be in fifty for all I care!" was the answer. "Help me on with this, Burroughes, there's a good fellow. Can you let me have the dog-cart? I must catch the Harwich boat to-night and be off to Brussels."

"You must do no such thing!" cried the doctor angrily; "why, such a journey would half kill you!"

"Stopping here would quite do it," was Stephen's determined reply; "get my things together and send me off, if you don't want to see me out of my senses!"

* * * * * *

By noon next day Stephen Legh, torturing himself by every variety of self-blame, was in Brussels, and at the familiar house with its long windows and much beflounced blinds. But there blank disappointment met him. A new upper servant answered his ring and gave him the same reply Mrs. Langley had received. "Mademoiselle Forest was gone entirely." "Since when?" "Since Wednesday." And this was Saturday! "Then he must see Miss Osborne," said Mr. Legh, with his impatient foot upon the mat. "Oh, Miss Osborne, she was departed since fully a month. Madame Rochford was there now, but Madame was out till evening."

More desperately anxious than ever at this information, Stephen was turning away when from domestics' regions tripped forth an honest little waiting-maid, who as he recollected had been a favourite with his love. "Tiens," he said, stopping to give a five-franc piece to the girl, who, after she had smiled her thanks, whispered solemnly and with reproachful glance, "Ah, m'sieur, we have lost la chère demoiselle. And she was so triste—oh, so triste!"

"Can you tell me where she is?" asked he, short of words as he was short of strength to bear all these delays, and from Félicie he learnt at length that Miss Forest had started on a long journey with "a family of Amérique," that their name was Henderson, and their first destination—for nearly certain—was Ostend.

Staying for a brief and almost fruitless call at the Langleys', to Ostend went Stephen the same day, though Jarvis, half servant, half surgeon, protested loudly such rapid movements would only end in evil. But at Ostend, though the hotel at which the Hendersons had stayed was found, they themselves were missed. They had left the night before for Paris. Resting the Sunday, from sheer inability to go on, Monday saw Stephen off to Paris, where no better luck awaited him. It was the end of the week before he even came upon their name in the visitors' list of a bran-new American hostelry, and then, to his unspeakable discomfiture, he heard they had left only a few hours before.

"For where?" "For Naples," one garçon thought, though another had his idea that London was to be their halting-place, and a third, more positive than all, protested Berlin was their next stage. At which conflicting evidence, despair took possession of Stephen mentally, Jarvis took possession of him physically; he was peremptorily ordered to his apartment at Meurice's, and an English physician fetched, in whose hands, for a little while, he must be left.

END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A LARK'S FLIGHT.

OUT in the country the bells were ringing,
Out in the fields was a child at play,
And up to heaven a lark went singing
Blithe and free on that morn of May.
And the child looked up as she heard the singing,
Watching the lark as it soared away:
"O sweet lark, tell me, heav'nward winging,
Shall I go also to heaven one day?"

Deep in the shade of a mighty city,
Toiled a woman for daily bread,
Only the lark to see her and pity,
Singing all day in a cage o'erhead.
And there they dwelt in the gloom together,
Prisoned and pent in the narrow street,
But the bird still sang of the golden weather,
And the woman dreamt of her childhood sweet.

Still in her dreams the bells were ringing,
Still a child in the fields was she;
And she opened the cage as the lark was singing,
Kissed him gently and set him free.
And up and on as the bird went singing,
Down came a voice that seemed to say,
"E'en as the lark that is heav'nward winging,
Thou shalt go also to heav'n one day!"

F. E. WEATHERLY.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

FRENCH women improvise novelties in bathing costumes just as they would any other kind of dress, and with as much facility. The fashionable watering - places in France have been rife with fresh modes for those who delight in a matutinal plunge, or rather, dabble. French women disport themselves in the water, and rarely go in for the energetic bathing which English women affect. The latter, in fact, do not consider the toilette an important point at all, and keep faithful, as a rule, to blue serge trimmed with red, in the form of knickerbockers, and a banded paletôt. But I have a novelty to describe which my countrywomen are patronising largely, viz., bathing suits made of navy blue knitted yarns, bordered with red crochet. They have great merit. They adhere to the figure, but not unduly, are pretty to look at, and healthy, and they are made in the same shapes as the blue serges. The only choice about them is in the ornamentation, which varies in the width of the collar and the length of the sleeve, half the depth being often of a contrasting colour. There are caps to go with them for those who wear them, but bathing is more healthy without.

The woollen materials for autumn are most decided novelties; moreover, they have an excellent appearance, and are likely to wear. There is always a certain demand for lady's cloth of fine quality, such as of old was used for riding-habits, but now can be had in all the greens, blues, and browns, and is utilised for dresses; this, however, is the only fine stuff to be seen; every fashionable woollen fabric would seem to be coarse, and to take its inspiration from canvas. There is no one colour in particular that can be said to monopolise the mode, though perhaps greens are in the ascendant, from sap-green to faint reseda, which is placed in juxtaposition to terra-cotta, with most happy results. Blues, browns, and deep reds are worn. Many of the stuffs are plain coloured, but as a rule the stripes form a contrast, and stripes have it all their own way. There is a long range of plain coloured fancy woven woollen stuffs, coarse, with a small figure in slight relief. Mountain baize is one of the new cheap stuffs, and is just like coarse baize, only has rather a brighter surface than the ordinary kind; it is to be had for a very little over a shilling a yard. With most materials the only question is the degrees of coarseness; in all the season's woollen goods the surface is rough and mostly twilled. The so-called Panama matting cloth has the appearance of being interplaited, and there is another stuff of a similar kind, which is interwoven in the edgeless plait. Tinsel in very small quantities has been introduced into many of the diagonal cloths that show a rough surface, and stripes of the knickerbocker order formed of irregular upstanding loops of wool, often so bright it might be mistaken for silk at a cursory glance. The mixture of silk and wool is, however, exceptional. I only noticed one or two patterns, a plain ground with a gold-coloured pin-point spot, "pointette" it is called, and Ottoman mouchéte with a more decided figure.

There is a large diversity in stripes. Sometimes they are irregular, of a contrasting colour to the diagonal ground, or two groups of stripes are of different tones; for example, a brown ground with a red group of stripes, alternating with a biscuit-coloured group. Knickerbocker stripes are more decidedly the fashion, and they are generally of a distinctive colour, often intermixed with plain stripes, but the plain material is intended to be made up with the striped, fortunately for our purses, for some of the woollen striped stuffs I am about to describe are as much as half-a-guinea a yard. These have nearly all very broad stripes in velvet and plush, such as sap-green velvet, three inches wide, on a dark brown diagonal cloth, grey on black, bronze and chrysanthemum, blue and tabac, fern and navy, brown and cardinal, bronze and grenat, which list will give a very fair notion of the tones now worn.

There is a long range of stuffs of the mountain baize order, a thick make, with speckled stripes in groups of two or three lines alternately—white on black, red on brown, and plum on mousse are effective in this, and it is a fabric which has been wonderfully taken up in Paris, as also plain coloured Panama cloths, with jardinière stripes of the same class, viz., a variety of colourings in the stripe. Another class of woollen material has wide Astrakan stripes of a contrasting tone — mousse on brown, terra-cotta on sap-green. The diagonal groundwork is certainly in the ascendant, and in some the wool is so twisted here and there that it has a silky appearance. A new and dressy material is entirely covered with the close-set rows of chenille-like plush of several tones—terra-cotta, mousse, fern, biscuit.

Of a totally different class is the galon cloth, having the loose-woven navy blue bunting ground, and broad stripes in Oriental colouring—red, brown, &c.—with a scalloped edge. American ladies buy this largely, and most stylish dresses are made of it. Panama bouclé has an interplaited ground; canvas is still fashionable, but to make it fit for colder weather

it has an interwoven lining of contrasting colour—old gold beneath green, or cardinal beneath blue. A handsome cloth has a close-covering diamond pattern of plush stripes, and is equivalent in appearance to a brocaded velvet. A wire-ground grenadine of large open squares is original and durable.

In woollen petticoats there is not much that is new, save in the colourings; they have broad gold stripes, and blue and jardinière frisé stripes, in grenat, blue, gold, &c.

Some excellent new cloths, both fine and coarse, have been brought out for mantles. Astrakan is wonderfully like the fur, and fifty-four inches wide. Litana is a name given to a diagonal-grounded cloth, covered with frisé arabesques in Gothic designs, and Armata is a similar stuff with striped velvet for a centre to some of the designs. These cloths have all rough and diagonal grounds, and are quite original with their interwoven self brocades. They are to be had in black, as well as in grey, stones, blues, greens, &c. Occasionally silk is introduced into the groundwork, but the patterns are all large and well-covering. Snowflake cloths with tufts interwoven at intervals are good for children's wear, and are made up into mantles of the paletôt order and jackets.

GOOD-BYE.

In the matter of tuckers, some very pretty ones are now being worn made of gold or silver tricoté—that is, a loose-woven stuff like transparent stockingnette cut on the cross and covered with loops of ribbon, half an inch apart, or with black or white figured net over. The collars and cuffs can be easily made, and would be acceptable little gifts. Fichus and lace cascades, such as often appear on the fronts of dresses, are so interspersed with tiny brooches that the effect is curious in the extreme. They take the form of tiny grasshoppers, ants, horse-shoes, and all kinds of marvellous but microscopic wonders. Horse-shoes appear in the designs of gowns, in ornaments, and now have been adopted for the crowns of bonnets.

I shall reserve any minute description of the make of dresses to next month. Princess gowns obtain in Paris, especially arranged in deep flutings, the bodice full, the fulness confined by a buckle. Ribbon velvet and Algerian ribbon in diverse colours are used in long loops for dress skirts and round hats and bonnets. We still affect everything Oriental, and canvases embroidered in many colours are used alike in dressmaking and millinery. One point in gowns would seem to be certain—that it is almost impossible to have a collar too stiff or too high. People look as if their necks were in a vice, and just as all through the summer bright-coloured velvet collars and cuffs have been worn on white and cream dresses, so now they appear in darker shades, and mostly in contrast to the gown they appear on, composed of the autumn and winter stuffs.

If you suffer from rheumatism—and every one would seem to do so now—get in this winter a store of pine wool hosiery. This flannel is sold by the yard, and can be made up into under-garments, and there is an additionally heavy make well suited to cold weather, but there are also all kinds of under-clothing, petticoats, knee-caps, chest protectors, shoes, soles, mittens, cuffs, &c., ready to be put on. A new and good notion is a perforated chamois leather vest, covered with pine wool flannel, an excellent safeguard against east winds, damp and chill, especially to be recommended to those who have delicate chests or any inclination to consumption. A French woman has brought to England a novelty in corsets; they have no bones, only coarse boars' hair, run in all over, giving sufficient substance and support without pressure. They have had a great success in Paris.

A good illustration of the manner of wearing a striped material is shown in the little girl's costume which we have engraved. The skirt is red and blue woollen—the Guards' colours—and what contrast is pleasanter to the eye? The sash is also striped, the jersey bodice is blue, the collar and cuffs are red velvet, and the anchor is embroidered in red silk. The hat is

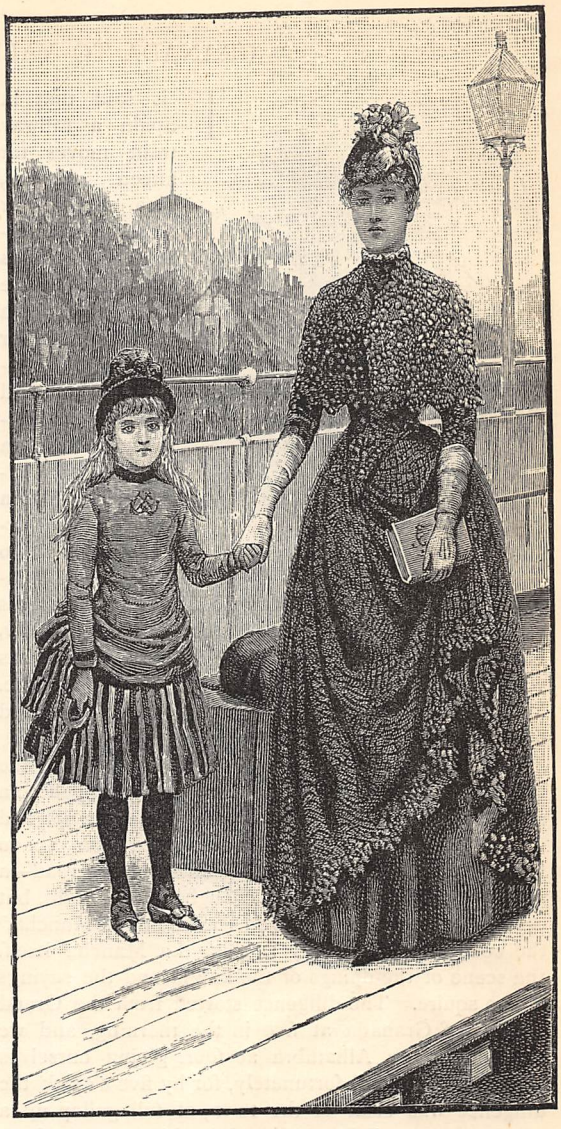
dark blue straw, with a cluster of red pompons in front, the upturned brim being lined with blue velvet. It is a smart little costume for the sea-side during bright autumn days.

The lady who has come to see the little maiden start on her journey is in grey—the skirt is grey faille, and the over-dress grey canvas beaded at the edge with grey or plomb beads. The shoulder-cape matches, but is worked all over in a pattern with the plomb beads. The small bonnet is grey with a pink flower and pink bows in front; the gloves are tan Suèdes.

The in-door costume on the remaining figure is of soft Indian silk—plain and broché—both a delicate shade of beige. The broché is used for the front of the skirt, which is mounted in kilts, one group being allowed to hang plain, the alternate group clustered together near the feet. The kilting round the edge of the skirt is of the plain silk, so is the tablier, each side of which is dissimilar, for the fashion of making the right side of a skirt quite different from the left still obtains. The panel, that falls *en cascade*, in this costume is of broché silk and is edged with lace to match. The full plastron gives the necessary touch of colour to this simple dress, for it is satin of a deep rich red, and so are the silk buttons of the bodice. If red is not becoming to the wearer, either green or prune can be substituted. This costume could be worn out of doors with the addition of a small mantelet, made with a hood lined with red. The material may be bouclé cloth, to match the dress in colour, and the trimming rosary beads, which are to be fashionably worn this winter. These little beads are exceedingly light, a quality that cannot be ascribed to jet, while their pretty colouring adds to their effect.

It is certain that the Princess of Wales leads, more than any one else, English fashions; and striking evidence of this fact will be given during the autumn. Most people are now familiar with the photograph of Her Royal Highness in the academic robe she wore, during her recent visit to Ireland, when the degree of Doctor of Music was conferred on her by the Royal University of Ireland. The gown, with full sleeves of white satin lined with crimson satin, with its academic hood of the same materials, is completed with a piquant velvet college cap, with gold lace and gold tassel. So well did the Princess look in this attire, that London milliners determined at once to make college caps a feature. Immense numbers have been prepared, and they are made in every variety of material, velvet taking the lead, and we have even seen them made to match autumn and winter costumes, and trimmed with beads and bugles.

Two fashions of by-gone years are again reviving, viz., long circular cloaks, and Garibaldi bodices. The former are called now "Irish cloaks." They are quite round and slightly gathered at the throat, which causes them to fall in full folds. They are made of either blue cloth or serge, and lined with red silk; they have a circular hood, all blue cloth. These cloaks were worn during the Cowes week; they resemble exactly those that Irish peasants wear, and really only look well on tall slight figures; little women appear very clumsy in them. Hoods also are making a struggle to "come in" again.



GOING HOME.

Another feature at the recent gay regattas was the fashion of wearing one side of the tunic turned back, and discovering a lining of either a British or a foreign flag. A costume that was admired was of navy blue serge, with tunic showing on its wrong side the American stars and stripes; the skirt was trimmed with rows of white and light blue braid. By the way, it is the mode to trim navy serge this season with white woollen braid, to the exclusion of gold, silver, light blue, or red, which have all taken their turns on the ever popular navy serge, that stands the sun's rays and salt water so gallantly. The white braid now used is narrow, never more than half an inch in width. Chain braid is a pretty novelty; it is produced in two colours, and in some samples it is formed with gold and a colour.

GRANADA TO VALENCIA, THIRD-CLASS.

IT is said that in Spain a railway train moves for fifteen minutes, then stops for ten; while in Portugal the ratio is reversed, there being fifteen minutes' rest for every ten of motion. The word *mañana*, to-morrow, is also a proverb for Spanish delay. When therefore we determined to go from the Alhambra to Valencia, not along any main railway, but across several, we were not surprised to find our journey slow, but we were surprised to find the diligence fairly on its way quite five minutes before the appointed time. What special matter occasioned this unprecedented over-punctuality we have never discovered.

Though the journey was mainly by railway, the first stage, from Granada to Jaen, was by diligence: a small omnibus, holding eight passengers when full, and drawn by mules, whose number varied from six to fourteen, according to the difficulties of the road—a road wild and uninteresting enough at first sight, but dear to every reader of "Don Quixote de la Mancha," the country traversed by it being La Mancha itself, the scene of the doings of the knight and the sayings of the squire. The diligence started from the Grand Square of Granada at five in the morning, and we started for the Alhambra at four, giving ourselves plenty of time, and fortunately, for by five o'clock the diligence was clear of the town, at full gallop up a gentle ascent. Till two in the afternoon we kept steadily on, galloping up every rise, and walking down every descent; obliged to run up, or we should never be at the top; obliged to walk down, or we should too soon be at the bottom.

The conductor was cheerful in tone and active in body; now in front encouraging the mules with his stick, now behind wearying the passengers with his tongue. During the nine hours' journey we came but to one village, the only other buildings being the solitary post stations. This was my first experience of Spanish rural life, and I began with eager interest to inquire into its details; but my first question was so absurd that I had no courage for a second. "Where is the school?" I asked, looking round. "The WHAT?" was the reply, given in a tone of extreme surprise. Then, with contemptuous pity, my companion continued in a milder tone, "This is Spain, not England." The houses were as bare inside and as cold outside as it was possible for them to be; no pleasant gardens, no flowers climbing up the walls—nothing but bare walls and square doors and windows. A few dirty ragged children tried in vain to beg a few coins, succeeding only in getting a few rough words of refusal. And this apparently deserted and poorly cultivated district is classic ground, the scene of the story of "Don Quixote" and "Sancho Panza." Cervantes probably chose it as being a place where there was so much need of some one to think of those who wanted help.

At Jaen we had an hour before the train started, and we dined partly to fill up the time, and we found the landlord as niggardly with his food as he was liberal with his charges, and just as we felt we were beginning our dinner, we found that only the bill was to come. Then, in a kind of drag with three horses, we were about to start on our way to the station, not so much to avoid walking as for protection from the storm of piteous appeals to our charity—appeals we had no means of examining—but just at the moment of starting the proprietor appeared with a tiny piece of paper, stating three pesetas were charged for our ride.

"Why three pesetas? There are only two of us."

"One peseta for the luggage."

"What luggage?"

"The luggage of this señor."

"This señor has no luggage."

"Then the luggage of that señor?"

"That señor has no luggage."

"Then for the luggage just put on the roof."

"It is not ours."

"But here is the bill; three pesetas."

"Then alter it to two."

"But the luggage?"

"Keep it for the other peseta."

There was no appeal from this, and we escaped on payment of the right fare—two pesetas. We saved the tenpence, owing to our experience of a similar oversight at Madrid, where an omnibus-driver demanded and obtained eight pesetas (six and eightpence) from four of us, though we knew, and he knew we knew, it to be a simple robbery; but the train was just starting, and he was sure we would not put off an eighteen hours' ride for a whole day for the sake of a few shillings, or even to expose a roguery. But here at Jaen we were in no hurry, and could as easily walk as ride; so we were firm, and carried off our tenpence.

The railway was a new institution at Jaen, and the whole population was present to see the train start, and do honour to the spirit of steam. The carriages were of the most approved English type, but every window was broken by the exuberance of approving interest, and every window-strap had been cut off and carried away as a souvenir of the extension of the railway system to the town of Jaen. At the small town where the branch to Jaen joins the main line, we had more than an hour in which to make inquiries as to the best place to stay for the night, but no information of any kind could be obtained, and

there appeared to be no important stations nearer than Albacete, which would not be reached till the following noon. A fellow-traveller advised us to stay at Linares, a small town, where in 1875 an Englishman was carried off by brigands, and kept in the hills till ransomed, but we were assured that all was quiet now. We scouted as ungenerous the thought that our adviser might be a kind of missionary spider seeking to draw us to the neighbourhood of the brigand web, and trusting to fortune, left the train and sought the Linares coach. This proved to be a half-cart, half-omnibus, in which we travelled the intervening ten miles in the most absolute darkness, for it being late at night, the other passengers pulled up all the wooden shutters to keep out the cold, and it was not thought needful to provide any artificial light. In time we found Linares, and also supper.

The train from Linares to Baeza, where we were again to join the railway, started at 5 and arrived at 5.25, and at Baeza we had to wait till past 8. So we proposed to breakfast at the junction, partly to get through the time, and partly to have time to get through the breakfast. But to our inquiry for the refreshment-room, the only reply was, "You can get nothing here but fever, and that we don't charge for," referring to some local epidemic. The prospect of three hours' hunger at the station, to be followed by several more hours of hunger in the train, evoked the spirit of British enterprise, which not only triumphed over the immediate difficulty, but has left to posterity the germ of a refreshment-room at that station. Urged by gnawing hunger, we searched everywhere for food, and at last in an obscure nook we detected an official drinking coffee. The impetuosity of rabid thirst and the impatience of wasted hours culminated in the demand, "Where did you get that?" receiving the single word, "There!" uttered in surprise, and accentuated by a finger, directing our attention to an ancient lady and a tiny cupboard, on a shelf in which were a few bottles of spirits.

A STREET IN GRANADA.

To our humbly offered petitions for coffee she only replied, "I have none."

"Can't you make some?"

"No; I only make for the men."

"Why not make some for us?"

"It wouldn't pay me to make a little."

"Can you make a dozen cups?"

"Yes; I can do that."

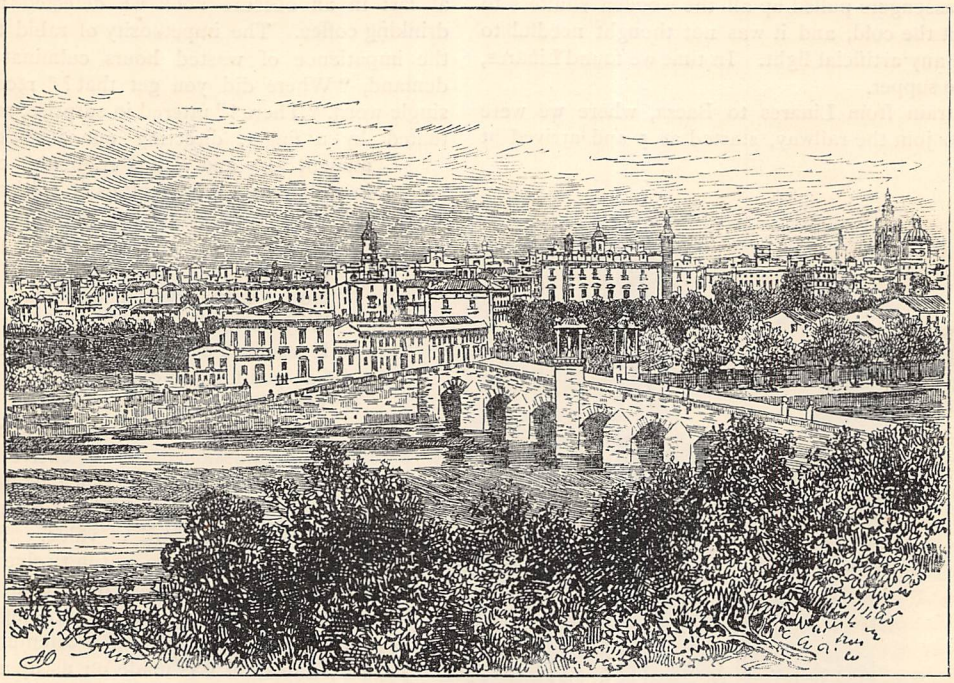
"Well, then, make a dozen at once."

We commissioned this extensive manufacture with absolute indifference as to cost; it was no longer English gold but Spanish coffee that was the standard of value. But it was decreed that only two of the twelve cups were to be ours, for when, like other owners of large stock, we advertised it, by parading the platforms drinking in the most ostentatious manner, a descent was made on us by a crowd of thirsty passengers, and in our turn we pointed with our fingers, and said, "There!" British capital had enabled us to risk heavy loss, for the total cost of the twelve cups was a whole shilling, but British enterprise enabled us to clear out the whole and still leave the old lady at work.

Finally the unpunctual train carried us off, and near midnight, after fifteen hours of slow motion, the train always appearing to be as reluctant to enter the next station as it had been to leave the last, we had to debate the important question, "Shall we go on through the night, or stay here twenty hours?" "Here" was Albacete, which has no train at all in the daytime, but two trains in the night, nearly at the same time. We had been on the move already for more than forty hours, but to stay for twenty-four hours at a fourth-rate manufacturing town was too fearful a task, and so we determined to persevere for nine hours more, and so reach Valencia and refinement as soon as possible.

Every morning a slow train leaves Madrid for Valencia, and every evening a mail train, going a little less slowly, follows, and at the end of the journey overtakes it in the afternoon of the second day. Thus it happens that between Albacete and Valencia there is no railway train from early morn till midnight, as the slow train passes at midnight, and the mail about four. We had originally intended to go straight on to Valencia, but forty hours had somewhat deadened our energies, and the delight of third-class travelling had not been soft enough to lull us to sleep, or pleasant enough to pass the time with rapidity. During the day we were tolerably orderly, but as evening fell the number of passengers increased, and with artificial light came cheerfulness, not to say boisterous mirth. In one of the five compartments was a guitar, in the next a tambourine, in the next a whistle and a squeaking doll, in the fourth another guitar, and in the fifth a something which emitted a wailing sound, and all these were in the hands of competent artists so far as vigour was concerned, but melody was less studied, and harmony suffered for want of sufficient rehearsal together. The audience consisted of our two selves, for all the others enlisted themselves as either vocalists, dancers, or both, adding also the exhilaration of constant hand-clapping and the suffocation of dense tobacco-fumes. After several hours of this, a cork in my eye, which took that direction from the unsteadiness of the gentleman who was extracting it from a bottle, suggested the question whether some other carriage might have two vacant seats; and when another gentleman, producing a huge hammer, began to knock a row of nails into the end of the carriage in order to hang up sundry bags and other things, the question of emigration came into the range of practical politics.

So at the next halt we sent out half our party as a scout, who returned with intelligence that in the next carriage everybody was asleep, except one man, who kindly played airs from *Norma* on a flute to soothe any perturbed spirits, and prevent any uprising from the general slumber. So we transferred ourselves to this abode of peace, while one of the slumberers, awakened by our entrance, kindly filled up the vacancy we had left, on hearing that there was "music going on," as he "was fond of music." But he too came back at the next station, remarking that "music is good as far as it goes, but it may go too far." We were too near exhaustion to be interested in enigmas, so we did not seek his meaning, if he had any, but kept the flute-player at work by continued praise and suggestions of favourite airs, for he played fairly well while his breath lasted, and we felt that he was the only plank between us and some outbreak of wilder melody.



VALENCIA.

Our Orpheus, flattered by our attention, continued to soothe until he could blow no longer, but we were able to keep him going until we were within a measurable distance of Valencia, which is the one town in Europe in which we could never find our way for the want of some one street of sufficient length and importance to serve as a base of reference.

WILLIAM ROSSITER.

MRS. JOHN ALLEN, OF RIDGE VIEW.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. BY CATHERINE OWEN.*

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

SEVERAL weeks passed, and Kate Hamilton found the work that she wanted. She and her aunt had a pretty furnished cottage, which—as it was fall, when no one wants to hire—they got at an almost nominal rent.

Mrs. Allen, in the handsome dresses Kate shared from her own wardrobe, looked the elegant little woman she was, and few knew or cared to remember that she had been for years a neighbour, although a very humble one.

Among those who soon became intimate with Mrs. Allen and her beautiful niece, were a Mr. Hornton and his mother. He was considered a rising man, very ambitious and doing very well, and it was not long before Linwood began to say the most desirable match in the town was caught. Wherever the beautiful young Englishwoman was likely to be, he was.

But Linwood was wrong. George Hornton did passionately admire Kate, and it was an irresistible temptation to him to be near her. He had learnt, by judicious questioning of unsuspicious Mrs. Allen, something of the state in which she had found her aunt, and that she was sharing her own limited means with her; and while he was quite capable of admiring the nobility of heart that led her to do as she had done, he knew that he would never marry her.

He sighed with self-pity to know so sweet a girl would never be his wife. And yet he allowed himself all the pleasure he could safely take, he kept near her, let his dark eyes dwell on her with sympathy, admiration, even love in their depths. Had he been told he was doing wrong, he would have scouted the idea.

His mother was deceived like the rest; she was clever, ambitious, and had made up her mind her son was handsome enough, and clever enough, to marry wealth and position.

"George," she said at breakfast one morning, as she carefully buttered one buckwheat cake, and laid another on top of it, "are you going to disappoint me after all, and give me a music teacher—niece of John Allen the pedlar—for a daughter?"

"I believe I might do worse, mother, but I cannot afford it. Only in speaking of her as niece of John Allen don't forget she is also daughter of Frederick Hamilton, late Member of Parliament for Disney in Norfolk."

"I do not understand, if that is so, how she comes to be teaching music here."

"Rascal of an eldest son, from what I can gather, eaten up the estate, and next to no personal property left. But don't fear, mother; she is very sweet, but she is not for me."

And yet there were times when he asked himself, why not?

Why not take to himself this gracious, frank girl, with her rich dower of goodness and beauty? He had enough for all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life.

But he looked into the years that were to come, and saw himself lagging behind in the race for power and position, kept back by a family and lack of means. But until she was appropriated by some one else, why should he not enjoy the perilous sweet?

Ah, if she was only rich! but such charming girls never are.

He told himself, if he had dared to ask her, he would not have been refused. He delighted to watch the fair face brighten when he came near, as he felt sure it brightened for no one else, but it was a dangerous indulgence.

Every day the thought of losing her grew more hateful, and yet he knew it was not in him to sacrifice his ambition and marry her.

Kate, as may have been seen, was no ordinary young woman of twenty. She was a very extraordinary one, for although she was self-reliant, experienced, and independent—from the fact that for three years she had wandered over the Continent of Europe with a sick father—she was a mere child in matters of the heart.

If she had had admirers she did not know it. Her father's illness, and her nomadic life in consequence, had kept suitors at a distance.

She had only one man friend, Tom Sinclair, who had played with her when she was a tiny baby girl, and he a giant of twelve, and he had petted and scolded and admired her ever since. She had always thought of him as a big brother—until—well, until this voyage with his mother and himself, when he had provokingly spoilt all the charm of their friendship by asking her to be his wife.

To such a girl, unspoilt by many lovers, the homage of so fascinating a man as George Hornton was a dangerous thing.

Mr. Allen had gone to Philadelphia, and his wife knew, so long as the money lasted, or he could get more, he would find reasons to stay, always believing he was on the verge of fortune.

He had remained so long now, however, that she thought he must have made what he would call a "strike;" she only hoped it might not be in the way of a too confiding boarding-house keeper. She did not know, and Kate had carefully refrained from telling her, that she had been his banker so far. She was glad to keep him away, and had cheerfully sent moderate sums. Then he grew bolder, and wrote, begging her for a loan of five hundred dollars, which should "be returned in thirty days *doubled.*" He had such a wonderful opportunity to make a large fortune

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that he dare not, for his dear wife's sake, allow the natural hesitation he felt at borrowing to stand in his way.

Kate had replied that her resources were so limited, her future so uncertain, that she could not possibly lend the amount; and then Mrs. Allen heard that her husband was coming back, and that she must prepare to return to her mountain home.

"Oh, aunt, impossible! I cannot have you go to that cheerless place this winter."

"My dear child, how many winters have I spent there? This six weeks has been a delightful interlude."

Kate was silent, but she inwardly resolved to rescue her aunt from the life she led, even if to that end she must support Mr. Allen.

He came home, and was nothing loth to live in Linwood rather than on the mountain, declaring it would give him a better chance of business.

In a few weeks Kate was assailed with a new fear. Mr. Allen, as has been said, in his city clothes looked a gentleman. He had a very interesting address, and it was not long before she found he had formed quite an intimacy with Mr. Hornton.

She saw the worried look on her poor aunt's face, and guessed its meaning.

One day, when Mr. Allen had been in Linwood some weeks, he said gaily—

"What will you say, Kate, if we take a house in New York for the winter? I want to show you something of American life."

Mrs. Allen said nothing, but there was the line of pain on her brow, which Kate was learning to know.

"Uncle, I think we ought to be very rich to do that, and I am quite content here, so is auntie."

"Oh, indeed, yes," said Mrs. Allen eagerly. "Don't you think of any change."

"I am not thinking of any immediate change, but I've a splendid thing on hand, and it won't be long before you can choose your house where you like."

He spoke angrily; his wife's grave face was an offence to him.

"Kate, don't let your aunt infect you with the belief that I'm a visionary; you'll soon find, and so'll she, that my visions have a pretty substantial foundation." He rose and left the room.

"Kate," said her aunt eagerly, "there is mischief afoot; you must not suppose I think your uncle would do anything he knew to be wrong, but he is so apt to see things as he wishes, that I—I fear he has induced some one, Mr. Hornton perhaps, to risk money in some way! What can I do? I cannot warn him against my own husband. Yet how can I let him lose money? How can I? What can I do? Oh, Kate! this is why, hard and miserable as the life was, I was content on the hill-top."

"Aunt, don't worry yourself. I don't think Mr. Hornton can be in any danger; he is an experienced business man."

Kate spoke thus to reassure her troubled aunt, and yet she was far from feeling easy herself. Mr. Allen looked gayer day by day, and he had ready money, for which she could not account, unless he obtained it from Mr. Hornton. What could she do?

"Mr. Hornton," she said one day, "are you speculative?"

"I think not—why?"

"Because, unpleasant as the task is, I must warn you; my uncle is, and he is generally unlucky in his speculations."

"I know it, and that brings me to what I have wanted to say to you.

"Mr. Allen has quite a good idea at present, about which he is so enthusiastic, that he would spend on it everything he could borrow or beg. I know nothing of your affairs, of course, but do not be beguiled into investing one cent." He looked at her keenly as he spoke.

"I have no money of my own to invest," she said calmly, "but do you, who are a business man, say my uncle's ideas are good? Can it be as he says, that he has only been unfortunate?"

"When I say the *idea* is good, I speak as a business man. It is a money-making idea, which it requires men of large capital and business influence to carry out. It is absurd for a man without capital"—or credit, he was about to add, but refrained—"to embark in it; he would only ruin himself, if he had anything to lose, and his friends——"

"I am glad you do not believe in it," she said.

"But I do, only your uncle cannot make the millions he expects from it. I only meant to warn you, in case you have a small capital at your disposal. Your uncle gave me to understand you had, and that he would be able to use it."

Kate flushed. "My uncle is mistaken."

She saw now that, being known to have neither credit nor money, her irrepressible uncle had represented *her* as his capitalist. Perhaps he had believed that through her he could get, when her affairs were settled, the capital which was to yield her the small income on which she would have to live. The whole truth she did not guess.

Having discovered Hornton's admiration for Kate, he had believed he could interest him through her, and he had let fall hints as to the absurdity of her teaching music, that a few months would see her in possession of her fortune, and that she had promised him the use of a large sum.

It was to verify these statements or disprove them, for he had very strong doubts as to their truth, that he, Hornton, had spoken to Kate, and there was too an honest desire to prevent her throwing away her money, be it little or much.

He left her, convinced that Allen had told him a series of lies.

"What an awful scoundrel he is! I don't believe she has any money at all. Then I must make up my mind to keep away from her, or I shall get in a mess. Great goodness, why is it," he thought with a passionate impatience of the situation, "why is it that one can't have what one wants in this world? why should a girl like that be poor, while Cynthia Shooter has more

money than she can do with? And I suppose it is Cynthia who will be my wife!"

Months rolled on, however, and spring had grown into summer, and Mr. Hornton still hovered near Kate. He had desperate fits of prudence, during which he would keep away from the Allens' house, except when he was sure the whole family were at home, or he would take Mrs. Hornton with him; and at these times he was more attentive to Cynthia, to his mother's great satisfaction. But the satisfaction was always short-lived, for after a week or two of such self-repression he would return to his old "folly," as he called it to himself, and each time he asked himself, could he ever break away again? Had he not better marry this sweet girl who would make such an adorable wife, penniless as she was, than Cynthia with her half-million?

One day towards the end of August, Mr. Allen came in, in great anger.

"That Hornton's a scoundrel."

"What has he done, my dear?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"Done? why, he has sucked my brains to make his own fortune! He has got a company together, rich men who can work things as they like, to carry out *my* ideas, and now they want to kick me out with a few shares of stock and a paltry thousand dollars for my ideas, when the whole thing is my making. They've no business to form any company without I'm made president; it's *my* company, confound them!" only the word he used was a much stronger one.

"Oh, uncle! uncle!" said Kate, "don't be so violent!" for he was marching up and down the little room, purple with rage.

"Don't talk to me! it's you and your aunt have set them against me. What did you want to let Hornton know the state of your affairs for? you might have married him if you hadn't been a fool!"

Kate flushed scarlet, then turned white, she said nothing, but left the room. That evening she wrote the following letter:—

"DEAR MR. SINCLAIR,—When you asked me nearly a year ago to be your wife, I told you I did not know my own heart, nor did I—I liked you, almost thought I could love you, but you were the only man I had ever seen much of, except my poor brother and my father. How could I know that the feeling I had for you could be the one a woman should have for the man she marries? I promised you I would faithfully write within a year, if I could satisfy myself on this point—that I would let no womanly shame prevent my doing so, provided you left me free and unmolested. I am fulfilling that promise—will you come to me?"

The letter was addressed to Thomas Sinclair, Pendleton, San Juan Co., Colorado. She went downstairs and mailed it herself.

That evening Mr. Allen sat moody and very sad; his wife hovered round him, full of tender solicitude.

"Kate, this is what has so often happened," she said, "he is so hopeful, so full of good intentions, and when he fails—and he always fails—it breaks my heart to see him so stricken."

"He soon recovers, doesn't he?" innocently.

"Oh, yes; to-morrow he will be full of new plans, and full of hope as ever; only he will never speak to Mr. Hornton and his friends again, and he will have just so many more enemies—or so he will believe."

"How terrible such a life must be for you, aunt!"

"Yes, but John is always kind to me, and, except just the first hour, he does bear disappointment so beautifully."

Kate's eyes filled. How could she tell this dear little woman, worn out by John Allen's "kindness," that he was absolutely selfish?

The next day, however, formed an exception to Mr. Allen's usual experience—he did not get up full of new plans as his wife predicted—he did not get up at all.

When Mrs. Allen went to his room to see why he did not come down to breakfast, all was so silent, she was about to close the door, thankful that, after tossing restlessly all night, he had been able to sleep. But she saw one hand hanging down out of bed, she went on tip-toe to lift it in, and then she uttered a cry of terror and grief. Death had been there before her!

Kate had hastened up on hearing her aunt's piteous cry, and after the first shock was passed, she awoke to the necessity of sparing the poor wife all she could.

On the table was a letter her uncle had evidently written before going to bed. To her surprise it was addressed to herself.

Mrs. Allen, in her grief, had seen nothing but the dead man she had so deeply loved. Kate put the letter in her pocket, sent for the doctor, and waited for a chance to read it.

The doctor pronounced the cause of death heart-disease. Mrs. Allen had long suspected her husband had some trouble of the kind, but any effort to induce him to have himself examined had been met by a light laugh. "Don't you worry; I'm not the dying sort." He had gloried in his perfect health, and now he was dead!

Anxious to know why her uncle had written instead of speaking to her, Kate took the first opportunity of reading the letter. It ran:—

"DEAR KATE,—When you read this, your unfortunate uncle will be far away. I leave your aunt in your care. I am useless to her now. I have been used and deceived all my days, and, driven by the villainy and fraud of others, I have got myself into a trouble I can only get out of by going away. I love your aunt Mary too well to take her with me to the hard life I may be forced to lead——"

Kate's lip curled when she remembered her aunt's life for years past.

"For her sake I hope you will keep my secret and forgive me, remembering, if I am successful, you will never lose one cent. Had Hornton and his friends kept faith with me, I would have made it all right and given you back what I have borrowed. But the unsuccessful are always rogues. Break my going, to your aunt. Tell her, whenever I can make a fitting home for her, I will write; if she hears nothing, she will know I am still unfortunate. I have not the heart to write myself. Before you are up in the morning I shall be far away.—Your unfortunate Uncle, "JOHN ALLEN."

"Heartless and selfish to the last; and my poor aunt will worship his memory, never knowing, for of course I shall never tell her, the dreadful future of doubt and waiting he had prepared for her! And how speciously he puts it! I wonder what he has done!"

She was not long left in doubt.

Her first step was to go to the dead man's room and remove all traces, plain enough to her, of his intended flight. Her aunt must never guess that death had been her best friend. Then she began to consider business matters.

Her music lessons having been numerous and well paid, and their expenses small, she had not had occasion to draw more than a thousand dollars of the five hundred pounds she had brought with her.

She knew she would need a large sum now for the expenses of the funeral, and other matters, and sent a draft for a thousand dollars; in a few days it was returned unpaid, and a statement of her account; she found on examination that she had little over two hundred dollars left. A cheque for a thousand dollars had been paid since she had drawn one for twenty-five. She knew then that her uncle had learnt the state of her bank account, possibly from something she herself had said, for when she found he had given up hoping she would lend him money, she had been less cautious in concealing the fact that she had it. On closer examination she found that a cheque for twenty-five dollars she had lent him, just before leaving Philadelphia, had been raised to 250 dollars. Success in this fraud had tempted him to commit the second and larger one.

Kate's one idea was to keep this terrible knowledge from her aunt, and so successfully did she do it, that the poor little woman for ever believed her John had been so sensitive to his misfortunes that he had died of a broken heart.

Kate was now really in straits. She did not as yet know what money might be coming to her, and the two hundred dollars would not suffice to pay everything in Linwood. She telegraphed to her father's executor to let her know as soon as possible the state of her affairs; and then, the funeral over, she waited.

Two days after the funeral, a gentleman at Linwood depôt asked the hackman to drive him to Mrs. John Allen's.

This time Pete knew, and in a few minutes this gentleman was standing in the tiny parlour of Mrs. Allen's cottage, dwarfing it by his tall stature.

He looked round as he waited, and smiled to himself. He need not have feared that the house he could offer her would not be good enough, if she was happy here; but she would be happy, and make others happy, anywhere.

He had hardly a minute to wait, for Kate came into the room, her bright face full of welcome.

"And you have come—so soon!—all the way from Colorado?"

"From the ends of the earth, my love, if you called me. Oh, Kate! how wearily I waited for that dear letter! I was sure it would come, somehow."

"I was not," said Kate. "I have only known quite lately that——"

She stopped short.

"That what, my dearest?"

"That you were more to me than any other man ever could be."

"My love! my love! You say so!"

He folded her in his arms tenderly—warmly, and kissed her almost solemnly. It was the seal of betrothal.

"Mine! mine! for ever!" he said.

Mr. Sinclair was a mining engineer—not rich, which was why, although he had known and loved Kate for years, he had never dared to tell his love while he believed her to be a great heiress. On the voyage, when she was under his mother's charge, he had learnt she would be poor, and then he had asked her to be his wife.

George Hornton was puzzled to know who this tall and handsome man, with a bearing that made his own dapper person seem insignificant, his own good looks commonplace, could be; then he heard he was an old friend, and as he learnt he had been in America a year and showed no sign till now, he made himself comfortable. But not for long. This stranger seemed ever with Kate. A cold chill went over him when he thought she might learn to love him.

That put an end to Hornton's doubts. He was quite sure he could not marry Cynthia, and that, come what would, he must marry Kate.

She might even accept this fair-haired fellow from pique, if he shilly-shallied longer.

He carefully dressed, watched his opportunity—as he well could, for his mother's house was opposite Mrs. Allen's cottage—and when he knew Kate was alone he went to her.

He made no preamble. He felt quite sure of his answer.

"Miss Hamilton, I have come for a purpose, and may as well plunge into it. Your uncle's death may make a difference to your life. You may intend leaving Linwood, and therefore I speak, though under other circumstances it might have been better to wait till longer after the sad event. I can leave you in no doubt as to my feelings. I love you, and want you to be my wife. It may not be prudent, perhaps, but what is prudence compared with happiness?"

Kate listened in silence. She had not been blind to Hornton's policy; she was sorry prudence had not gained the day, as she had long believed it would.

"Don't say any more, please. I am very much honoured, but I am engaged to Mr. Sinclair."

Hornton bounded up, then stood still. He was deadly pale, and for a moment did not speak. Kate, who had not given him credit for so much feeling, was sorry, but she could say nothing.

"I beg pardon," he said, in a choked tone. "I—I did not know——"

He took his hat from the table, and, without another word, left.

That night, in answer to her telegram, Kate got a packet from her father's executor. It contained a note from himself, and a letter addressed to her by her father.

It was like a hand held out from the grave. She opened it with tender awe. It read:—

"MY DARLING,—Forgive me if I leave you a year in ignorance of your position. My reasons are three:—

"I think I see that a man who loves you—a man after my own heart—is deterred from telling you by the fact that you are rich. That is my first. My second: I do not want you to go to my sister with much money. I doubt Allen. If you have money at your disposal, and he should be embarrassed, he would get it from you. If he is well-to-do, you will only need enough to pay your way. My third and less cogent reason is a purely business one. My investments in the B—— Colliery, if realised at once, may suffer great loss; by waiting

"'YOU HAVE COME—SO SOON!'" (*p.* 692).

a few months, they will probably add immensely to the fortune I leave you. I may make a mistake, darling, but I think before you read this letter you will be the promised wife of Tom Sinclair—at least, I shall have secured you, I hope, the chance of refusing him, which, as a rich woman, you would never have had, if I know the man.

"God bless and keep my darling!"

That was all! Kate held the letter some minutes after she had read it. It cannot be said that she was not glad to be rich; she had just tasted enough poverty to know the blessing of abundance of money. How glad she was!—for Tom's sake, too—dear, noble Tom! And what a life, free from care, her aunt should have!—that dear, patient, loyal aunt!

She had not yet thought to read the executor's letter. When she did, she found that, acting on Mr. Hamilton's instructions, he had sold his share in the colliery for a hundred thousand pounds, and congratulated her on being now a very rich woman.

The Horntons heard with dismay of the prize they had lost. George Hornton always believed he had had it once within his grasp, and from prudence had dropped it. I don't know whether he had or not.

Jack and Jill.

Words by J. T. Burton Wollaston. *Music by* Cotsford Dick.

Voice.

Piano.

Moderato con moto.

f *p* *mf* *mf* *mf*

Have you heard the sto-ry of

Jack and Jill, Who went for wa-ter up Rich-mond Hill, And met on their journey an ac - ci-dent, Which

sf

made them remember the day they went? For Jack fell down, with his pitch-er in two, And

p *cres.* *p*

Jill, for com-pan-y, fell down too; Yet neither was griev'd, because both of them fell—The fall-ing to-gether made

rit. *a tempo.* *f* *cres.* *rit. colla voce.* *a tempo.* *f*

all things well, The fall-ing to - ge-ther made all..... things well..... *a tempo.*

p *rit.* *p* *rit.* . . . . *colla voce.* *mf*

poco piu lento.

And ma-ny a cou-ple like Jack and Jill Have

p *sf* *sf* *poco piu lento.*

climbed in com-pan-y life's long hill, And met on the journey with grief and care The ills that fol-low us

tempo primo. mf

ev - - - 'ry - where; Yet, somehow, their hearts bore brave-ly up, Their lips ne'er shrank from the

tempo primo. *mf*

f

bit - ter cup, For their sor-row was lightened by Love's sweet spell, The griev-ing to - ge-ther made

f

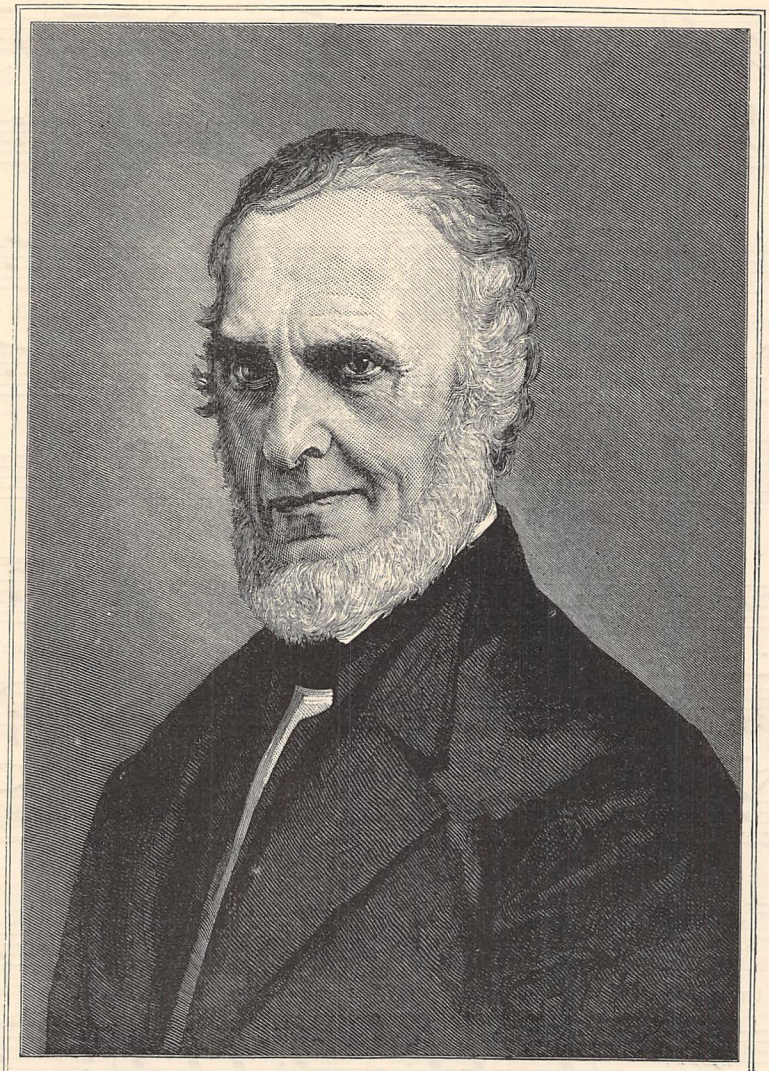
rit. . . . . . .

all things well, The griev-ing to - ge-ther made all..... things well.

p *rit.* . . . . . *colla voce.* *p*

THE AMERICAN POET WHITTIER.

BY H. SAVILE CLARKE.



WHITTIER.

(Engraved by R. Taylor from a Photograph of the original Painting in the possession of Fred. Bruckmann, Munich.)

THE European fame of Longfellow and his extraordinary popularity in this country has overshadowed the laurels of most of the other poets of America. Edgar Allan Poe, it is true, is widely known, chiefly by one remarkable poem, "The Raven," but comparatively few people here are well read in the works of Emerson, Bryant, Lowell, Wendell Holmes, or the Quaker poet Whittier. Thus when the latter was mentioned the other day as having said that he would like to appeal to Lord Tennyson for an epitaph upon Gordon, and the laureate responded with a quatrain that has been largely quoted in the newspapers, many readers may have wondered who Whittier was, and what his rank among the poets of our time. Thus, then, some brief answer to those questions may not be uninteresting,

for Whittier is not only a very genuine poet, but a remarkable man; while his verse is perhaps the most thoroughly and distinctively American of any that has come to us from the other side of the Atlantic.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in a farm-house near Haverhill, on the Merrimac river, Massachusetts, on December 17th, 1807. His parents, who had been settled there for some generations, were members of the Society of Friends, and to the tenets of that religious community the poet has adhered all his life, while its teachings have to a certain extent coloured his verse. Whittier was brought up at home and worked on the farm, receiving only a limited amount of schooling, mainly in the intervals of labour, but he appears to have learned a little Latin, and to have been fairly well grounded in English. He seems at all events to have received sufficient education to teach a little himself, and to take to journalism as soon as he came of age, since for some time he wrote articles and verses for various papers while also engaged in managing a farm of his own. In 1836, as Mr. Stedman says, Whittier "received a call." William Lloyd Garrison started *The Liberator*, an anti-slavery organ, and henceforward Whittier's most earnest energies and his most impassioned verses were at the service of those who fearlessly denounced the national curse of America. He was the laureate of the anti-slavery crusade; and it is important to remember that, as Bryant pointed out afterwards, he championed the slave when to say anything against slavery was "to draw upon oneself the bitterest hatred, loathing, and contempt of the great majority of men throughout the land." Mr. Lowell, in "A Fable for Critics," has given expression to similar praise. He says of Whittier:

> "All honour and praise to the right-hearted bard
> Who was true to the voice when such service was hard,
> Who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave
> When to look but a protest in silence was brave."

We need not detail Mr. Whittier's achievements in the anti-slavery cause. Suffice it to say he occupied an official position in the Anti-slavery Society, that he worked heart and soul for abolition, and that some of his most stirring poems were written to advance the cause of freedom. Indeed, he seems at first to have valued his poetic gift mainly as a means of propagating his fearless opinions, for he makes the avowal, "I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title-page of my book."

Here, surely, is a writer whose career should appeal most forcibly to the sympathies of Englishmen. And when we find that the veteran poet is a man of blameless character, who, having accomplished his great work in the world, lives quietly in his retired home, at times solacing himself with composition, and that he is loved and honoured throughout the length and breadth of the great American continent as truly the "Prophet Bard," we may well take such a man to our hearts. He too is willing to claim kinship with the mother country. Has he not sung:

> "O Englishmen!—in hope and creed,
> In blood and tongue our brothers!
> We too are heirs of Runnymede;
> And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed
> Are not alone our mother's.
>
> "'Thicker than water,' in one rill,
> Through centuries of story,
> Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
> We share with you its good and ill,
> The shadow and the glory."

The characteristics of Whittier's verse are a perfect naturalness and simplicity, combined with rugged fervour. He is not like some of our modern poets, who, having nothing very striking to say, are very particular as to how they say it. With him the poetic message is more important than the mould in which it is cast, though, like all true poets, he is not without supreme felicities of expression, while his verse glows at all times with genuine feeling. He is at his best, as might be expected of such a man, as a writer of ballads, and when his lyrics breathe aspirations for freedom; but he is not without tenderness and a heart-felt appreciation of the beauties of nature; he can be satirical too on occasion, and yet his verse is also remarkable for religious fervour, almost Hebraic in its simplicity.

We may pass over Whittier's earlier poems, such as "Mogg Megone" and other Indian legends, which, though interesting and eminently picturesque, hardly show the poet at his best, and come to the New England poems, first of which is the touching ballad of "Cassandra Southwick." The "Quaker maid" is persecuted and offered for sale by

> "—— dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land;"

but one of the old sea-captains speaks out:

> "'Pile my ship with bars of silver, pack with coins of Spanish gold,
> From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold;
> By the living God who made me! I would sooner in your bay
> Sink ship, and crew, and cargo, than bear this child away!'"

So the poor girl goes free, and her voice rises to heaven in some beautiful verses, of which we will quote one:

> "'Thanksgiving to the Lord of Life!—to Him all praises be,
> Who from the hands of evil men hath set His hand-maid free;
> All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
> Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the poor is laid.'"

Very fine and weird is the ballad of "The Garrison of Cape Ann," which saw at night a spectral host beleaguer the walls. Human might was of no avail, but the vision vanished at the words of prayer, and the ballad concludes with these stanzas:

> "So to us who walk in summer through the cool and sea-blown town,
> From the childhood of its people comes the solemn legend down;
> Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral lives the youth
> And the fitness and the freshness of an undecaying truth.
>
> "Soon or late to all our dwellings come the spectres of the mind,
> Doubts and fears, and dread forebodings, in the darkness undefined;
> Round us throng the grim projections of the heart and of the brain,
> And our pride of strength is weakness, and the cunning hand is vain.
>
> "In the dark we cry like children, and no answer from on high
> Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white wings downward fly;
> But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith, and not to sight,
> And our prayers themselves drive backward all the spirits of the night!"

Let us turn now to the "Voices of Freedom." We pity the man or woman who can read such lines as these without a thrill. Here is a verse from one of these poems:

"What ho! *our* countrymen in chains!
The whip on WOMAN'S shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening from the stains
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
AMERICANS to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold!"

Here again are the first and concluding stanzas of "The Christian Slave"—an auctioneer having recommended a woman on the stand as "a good Christian":

"A Christian! going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image;—for His grace
Which that poor victim of the market-place
Hath in her suffering won?

"My God! can such things be?
Hast Thou not said that whatsoe'er is done
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one,
Is even done to Thee?

* * * * * *

"Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to heaven the agonising cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
HOW LONG, O GOD, HOW LONG?"

Trenchant and telling is the satire in "A Sabbath Scene," which tells how a female slave sought refuge in a church:

"She saw the white spire through the trees,
She heard the sweet hymn swelling;
O pitying Christ! a refuge give
That poor one in Thy dwelling."

Service is going on, but there is no sanctuary for the slave even at the altar, and the parson cries out to the pursuing slave-owner—

"'Of course I know your right divine,
To own and work and whip her;
Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglot
Before the wench, and trip her!'"

So the girl is captured, and the poet tells us how:

"Shriek rose on shriek, the Sabbath air
Her wild cries tore asunder;
I listened with hushed breath to hear
God answering with His thunder."

A stirring appeal to Massachusetts will be found in "The Pine Tree," the emblem of the Bay State, as it is called. We quote one stanza:

"Tell us not of banks and tariffs, cease your paltry pedler cries;
Shall the good State sink her honour that your gambling stocks may rise?
Would ye barter man for cotton? That your gains may sum up higher,
Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass our children through the fire?
Is the dollar only real? God and truth and right a dream?
Weighed against your lying ledgers must our manhood kick the beam?"

Terrible are the poet's denunciations of the clergy of all denominations who lent their sanction to a great pro-slavery meeting in Charlestown in 1835:

"Just God! and these are they
Who minister at Thine altar, God of Right—
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
On Israel's ark of light.

* * * * * *

"What! servants of Thy own
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
The homeless and the outcast, fettering down
The tasked and plundered slave!"

We are tempted to quote more of these powerful poems, struck off as it were at white heat, and full of the most impassioned pleading and burning denunciation, that must, one would think, have done not a little for the sacred cause of freedom; but we must pass on to other phases of our poet's mind.

In a very different style to any of the foregoing are "The New Wife and the Old," a very weird and impressive poem, and some translations, one from the Danish, entitled "King Volmer and Elsie," being especially charming. "Maud Muller" is perhaps the best known and most often quoted in this country of any of Whittier's poems, so we shall give no extract from it here. It is pretty, but that is all that can fairly be said for it. Full of pathos is "Annie and Rhoda." One sister has a lover, and in the dead of night the younger one hears him call upon her name, as he is drowned at sea. "Thou liest," says the elder girl; "he never would call thy name."

"'If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him ever from thee and me.'"

But the younger girl is certain her sister's betrothed is dead, and she can now avow the love she had never told. The poem ends thus:

"'The wind and the waves their work have done;
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

"'Little will reck that heart of thine;
It loved him not with a love like mine.

"'I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and broider thy bridal gear,

"'Though hands should tremble, and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"'But now my soul with his soul I wed—
Thine the living and mine the dead!'"

It would be easy to quote a score more poems, but we can only refer the reader, who may not have the time to discover the especial beauties of Whittier for himself, to such pieces as "Elliott," "Barbara Frietchie," "From Perugia," "The Haschish," "To Pius IX.," "The Branded Hand," "The Slaves of Martinique," "Marguerite," "Le Marais du Cygne," and "Questions of Life." Once again, however, our poet shall speak for himself in the stately verse of "The Centennial Hymn," which begins:

"Our fathers' God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,"

and concludes as follows:

"O, make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!"

No American author has done more to carry out the aspirations of those last two lines than Whittier himself. "The primitive life, the old struggle for liberty," remarks Mr. Stedman, "are idealised in his strains." And it may be added also that no one saw with a clearer vision what the "new cycle" should bring forth. In closing this paper, it may be said that the purpose of the present writer will be amply fulfilled if this inadequate notice of Whittier's noble poems and still nobler life should serve in any way to make both better known in the homes of England.

THE GATHERER.

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.*

A Demonstration Microscope.

It is very difficult to show to a large class, or to a party in a drawing-room, objects under a microscope lighted by means of a reflector, and at best the operation is tedious. To obviate this, and to provide an instrument which, while enlarging sufficiently to be

of really practical use, can be readily passed from hand to hand, the new portable microscope, which we illustrate herewith, has been introduced. It is suitable alike for demonstration purposes in schools, or for drawing-room use. It has three powers, is achromatic, and magnifies 30, 100, and 150 diameters. A spring attachment securely holds the slide in front of the lens at whatever angle the instrument is held. The figure shows the method of using it. While upon this subject we may mention a new botanical microscope, which has been brought out by the same firm as the larger instrument we have just mentioned. It is provided with a spring catch for holding the slides in position, and being packed in a small leather case, easily carried in the pocket, is well adapted for its purpose.

Valerian Dressing.

A successful lotion for dressing fresh wounds has been brought into notice by M. Arragon, a French surgeon. It is said to hasten the healing process, and at the same time remove the pain very promptly. The method of application consists in laying pads, or "compresses," wet with a decoction of 30 parts of valerian root in 1,000 parts of water. Of fifty patients treated in this way, only two failed to benefit by it. The method is useful in surface cuts and bruises, but it is of no avail in deep wounds.

* Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

An Electric Plant.

A German journal describes a plant termed the *Phytolacca electrica*, which possesses strong electrical properties. On breaking a twig a shock is felt, and a compass is affected at a distance of some feet from it. The direction of variation of the compass needle is reversed by reversing the direction of motion of the compass to or from the plant. The electrical influence is said to vary with the time of day, it being strongest at about two p.m. and feeblest in the night. It is also stated that birds and insects keep away from the plant.

A Gigantic Blast.

A mass of granite, estimated to weigh some 500,000 tons, was recently displaced by a single blast on the Iron Mountain Railroad, Missouri, United States. A shaft, 65 ft. deep, with lateral chambers, was sunk, and 5 tons of powder lodged in it. An electric spark was sent through the charge from a battery half a mile distant, and the magazine thus fired.

A Balloon Railway.

A vertical railway, on which the cars will move upward, or, in other words, be hoisted up by the levitation force of a balloon, is about to be constructed on the Gaisberg, near Salzburg, in order that visitors may be raised to the top of the mountain to enjoy the view. The balloon is to have grooved wheels on one side of its car, and will ascend a perpendicular line of rails constructed on the principle of a wire-rope railway, invented years ago for the Righi, but not carried out.

Water Gas.

Experiments have recently been made in Paris to produce gas from water by passing steam over glowing coke, thus producing hydrogen and carbonic oxide. The latter is then mixed with steam in another red-hot retort, and changed into carbonic acid, while more hydrogen is produced. The latter is purified by means of lime-water, and used as lighting-gas. In this way it is thought that a purer and more constant illuminative gas can be obtained for domestic use than ordinary coal-gas.

The Electric Light and Guns.

It is sometimes difficult for sportsmen to see the front sight of their guns or rifles in early morning or after dusk. The plan has therefore been introduced of fixing a small incandescent lamp on the muzzle of the gun and lighting it by a battery carried in the stock of the weapon, a key being provided whereby to put on or off the light. The lamp is enclosed in a small metal box pierced by a hole, which allows a ray

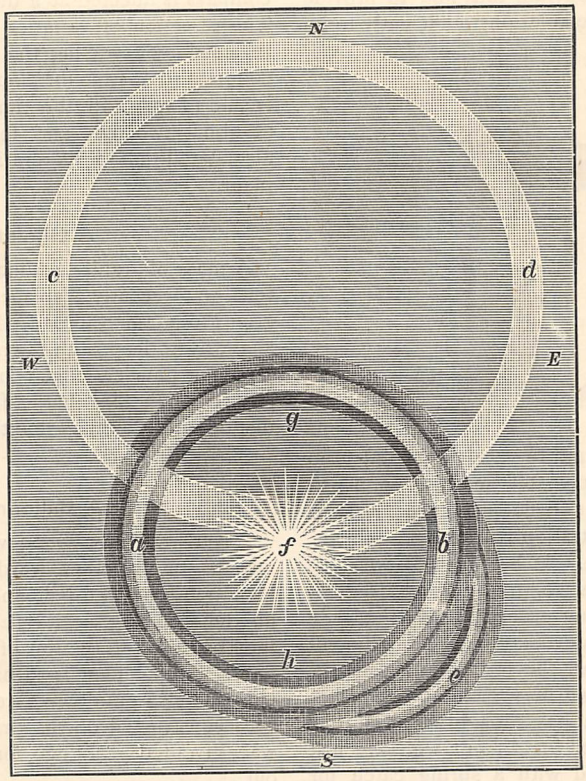
of light to reach the sportsman's eye as he is taking aim and serve as the front sight. It is also stated that a French inventor has proposed to make the light strong enough to send a ray out in the other direction, and thus illuminate the quarry. While on this subject we may mention that experiments were recently made at Woolwich Arsenal with an arc electric light placed inside the muzzle of a cannon, so that the interior was lighted and photographs taken of it in order to see if there were any signs of flaws in it.

An Iceberg Detector.

Recent experiments in Chesapeake Bay with a gun and a large stationary ear-trumpet have shown that floating ships reflect sounds and send back audible echoes even at the distance of a mile; and M. Della Torre proposes to apply the method to detecting icebergs, which, as is well known, are dangerous to vessels in thick weather, especially the rapid steamers of the North Atlantic. It is thought that the echoes of a steam-whistle or syren could be reflected as well as the report of guns. We may also mention that Mr. Symonds, F.R.S., has suggested that the difference of temperature observed between the bows and stern of a vessel approaching an iceberg might be caused to ring an electric bell by means of an arrangement of thermometers or thermostats. The subject is an interesting one, and the usual protection hitherto against these floating masses of ice has been the use of the electric light or the experienced observation of the watch.

A Curious Halo.

On June 6th last, about half-past one in the afternoon, the halo illustrated herewith was observed on one of the Irish loughs by a gentleman engaged in fishing. The day was fine and the sky free from clouds, except a few cirrus and cirro-stratus vapours on the northern horizon. The brilliant halo, *a b*, surrounded the sun, *f*, and had a diameter of about 48°. The space, *g h*, was filled with a dull leaden blue vapour. The halo, *a b*, showed the usual rainbow colours, the red being next the sun. About two o'clock the partial bow, *e*, bulging from the right bottom of the halo was seen to form, and also a large white ring, *c d*, of 72° diameter, crossing the halo, and apparently passing through the sun as shown. There were, however, no mock suns at the intersection of the two rings.



A CURIOUS HALO.

Gold Extraction by Electricity.

Recent experiments have demonstrated a new process of extracting gold from ores by electrolysis. The invention is due to Mr. H. R. Cassel, and the apparatus consists of a revolving drum into which the ground ore is placed. This drum contains electrodes of carbon, and is covered with a filter of asbestos cloth. It revolves in a vat also containing electrodes of carbon. The latter are connected to the negative pole of an electric battery; the drum electrodes being connected to the positive pole. Caustic lime is added to the crushed ore to combine with any free hydrochloric acid so that no iron is taken up. The gold, on the other hand, is allowed to combine with the chlorine liberated at the positive electrode as the drum revolves; and the chloride of gold thus formed is deposited on the negative electrodes in the vat, whence it is removed and smelted into gold.

Safety Wheel for Cycles.

Cyclists often experience a good deal of trouble and annoyance from the rubber tyres coming off their wheels, and they will be glad to have their attention called to a recently-patented device for obviating this inconvenience and risk. The appliance consists of a T-shaped bolt of malleable steel, which is to be secured in the inner part of the tyre. Having been so fastened it then passes through a hole drilled in the rim of the wheel, where it is held "safe and sound" by a nut. So effectually does this device act that a machine belonging to the inventor has been in constant use daily for

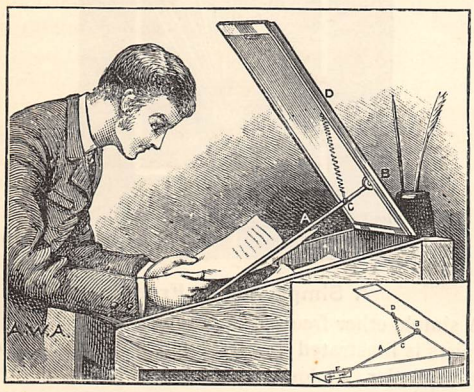
three months without any cement in the wheels, the tyre being kept perfectly secure by the bolts alone. Another important point is that any part of the tyre may be easily detached so as to enable a broken or injured spoke to be repaired. Riders who have had bad "spills" owing to the tyres of their bicycles getting loose and jamming in the fork, will be able to judge of the usefulness of this "safety" wheel, which can of course be just as readily applied to tricycles.

Magnetising Hard Steel.

The following method has been published as effective for magnetising hard steel, such as file steel. The bar to be magnetised is placed upright upon an iron piece between the poles of an electro-magnet. Another iron piece is placed over the free end, and to this a wire from one end of the circuit of the electro-magnet is brought. The other end of the electro-magnet wire goes to the pole of a battery; and the other pole of the battery goes to a metal hammer, with which the free end of the steel bar is struck. At every stroke on the bar the circuit of the battery is closed by the hammer; the current flows through the electro-magnet and magnetises the steel bar at the same instant that it suffers the shock of the hammer, a condition of things highly favourable to its intensity of magnetisation.

Self-Acting Stay for Hinged Lids.

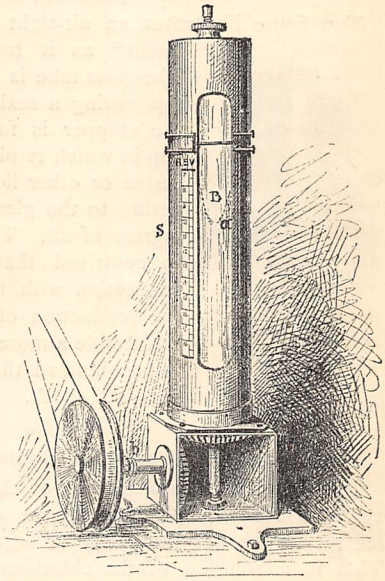
Shopmen who have often occasion to consult show-cases, clerks and others who own desks with hinged lids, and everybody who uses a trunk, will appreciate the ingenuity of the novel kind of self-acting prop or stay of which we give a diagram in the annexed woodcut. Briefly, the object of this device is not only to obviate the unpleasant risk of the lid slamming down upon the fingers or head, but also to enable the person examining the desk or show-case to do so with both hands free. The engraving represents a



desk with the lid propped up by this new appliance. The stay comprises an arm, A, working on a pivot and furnished with a friction pulley at B, where it is in contact with the lid. A spiral spring, C D, connects the arm with the lid, and the turning-point of the pulley is adjusted with great nicety by means of the stop-plate E (see sectional diagram), which is provided with a flange on its upper edge to stop the arm at the requisite pitch. The flange is kept in position by a screwed stud. As the spring is slack when the lid is down—the connecting points, C D, being so adjusted with this purpose in view—the strain on it in opening or shutting the desk is only momentary. Since this device is automatic it comes into action in lifting the lid, while in closing the pressure of the hand makes it run down, thus always leaving one hand free, though practically both hands are at liberty, as the time occupied in opening or shutting the desk is a mere trifle. The lid cannot close of itself, for it must get pressure sufficient to stretch the spring, and should the latter become weakened in any way it can still be utilised by simply altering the stop, which is fixed in slots, so that the spring will draw the pulley farther up the lid, thus giving it more direct support. Certainly the "self-acting stay" is an ingenious and useful invention.

A Vacuum Speed Indicator.

When a vertical tube containing liquid, say water, is rapidly rotated round its vertical axis, the liquid rises up the sides of the tube, forming a kind of pit or whirlpool in its surface. The depth of this cup is a measure of the velocity of the revolution. The principle has recently been applied to the production of a speed indicator for telling the number of turns made by a steam-engine or dynamo in a minute. The figure shows



the actual form of the apparatus, where the bubble, B, or whirlpool is seen at *a*, its bottom marking on a scale, S, the speed in hundreds of revolutions per minute. A pulley, *b*, serves by means of a belt to connect the apparatus with the shaft of the machine whose speed is required.

A Safety Catch for Perambulators.

Attention has already been called in these pages to some of the risks to which perambulators are exposed. Different kinds of breaks and other appliances have been invented as safeguards, and one of the simplest, cheapest, and most effective, is a recently patented "safety catch." It is operated by a strong spring, and is fastened permanently to the coach and, therefore,

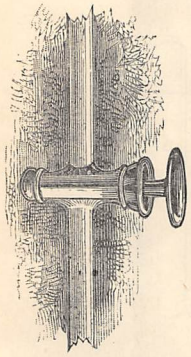
always available. It is attached by a short chain to the stay of the handle by means of a screw clip. Whenever it is desired to bring the perambulator to a standstill, all that the nurse has to do is to fix the "catch" on the rim or spokes of the wheel, which cannot possibly revolve until the catch has been removed. When not in use the catch may either swing free from the handle, or be thrown up over it. It takes up hardly any room and is small enough to escape ordinary observation, but in any case it is not unsightly.

A River Flame.

Near Bothwell Bridge, on the river Clyde, above Glasgow, a singular flame has been seen to play above the surface of the flowing water. Persons on shore have been able to extinguish it by throwing large stones at it, but it immediately appears again. The explanation of the phenomenon is that there is an escape of gas from some coal-workings in the vicinity, and this has caught fire probably by accident. The same thing has been observed before.

An Air-tight Stopper.

The figure illustrates an air-tight tap or "vacumoter" as it has been called.



The glass tube is provided with a tap having a sealed bottom, and the stopper is furnished with a cup in which is placed some glycerine or other liquid, which, adhering to the glass, prevents the ingress of air. The apparatus is so contrived that when used in connection with the air-pump in the production of a vacuum, it will enable a more perfect vacuum to be obtained than the ordinary glass stop-cock.

Disinfectants for Cholera.

In view of the possible advent of cholera, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company have chosen a disinfectant to prevent the decay of organic substances. This is a solution of the chlorides of copper and zinc, with a little oil of tar added to give it an agreeable odour. While preventing decay these substances are absorbents of ammonia and sulphuretted hydrogen. The company distributes to its departments 8 oz. phials of the liquid containing a neutral solution of the normal chlorides of copper and zinc in the proportion of 2,400 grains of chloride of zinc to 120 grains of chloride of copper, the minimum strength of the solution being 20 per cent. by weight of zinc, 1 per cent. of copper, and 23 per cent. of chlorine. The contents of one 8 oz. phial are added to one gallon of warm water and used for washing purposes.

A Sulphur-Silver Cell.

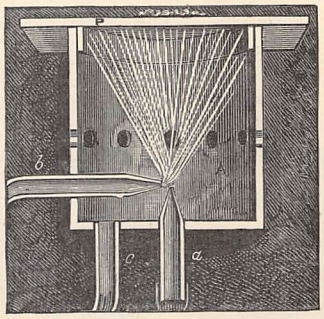
Mr. Shellford Bidwell has made a cell of sulphur and silver which is sensitive to light in the same way as the well-known selenium cell. It was made by coiling two silver wires side by side upon a strip of mica, and filling the spaces between the wires with prepared sulphur containing a small quantity of sulphide of silver. This prepared sulphur was made by heating sulphur and precipitated silver for some hours together and pouring off the clear liquid. The resistance of the cell can be reduced by placing a piece of silver foil over the sulphur and cooking it again. The cell thus prepared is found to be very sensitive to light. By burning a piece of magnesium near it, its electric resistance falls to one-third. The action of the cell has been supposed to be due to electrolytic decomposition of the silver sulphide formed, and it is a question whether selenium cells do not act in a similar way by decomposition of selenides of the metal electrodes.

Rubber Stairs.

The iron treads of the stairs to the New York elevated railways having worn so as to be smooth and slippery, a rubber covering containing rungs of iron has been adopted after trials of different covers. Similarly the slate stairs of the Brooklyn Bridge have been armoured with a mosaic of maple-wood cut against the grain. The wood is made more durable by boiling it in linseed oil under pressure until the pores are filled with the oil which dries there.

The Electric Light and Centipedes.

It is reported in an American electrical journal that many dead centipedes have been observed on the ground in the vicinity of electric lights. These animals are believed to thrive in dark places, but whether it is the rays of light, or electricity escaping from the wires, which kills them, has not yet been ascertained.



A Simple Ether Freezer.

A simple ether freezing apparatus for use by microscopists is illustrated in the figure. It consists of a short cylinder, A, closed by the plate, P, on which the object is placed for freezing. A metal tube, *a*, drawn to a fine point, penetrates the base of the cylinder, and another its side. The vertical tube is connected by rubber tubing with a small bellows, while the horizontal tube, *b*, is similarly connected with a glass tube which passes through the stopper of a bottle containing ether, reaching nearly to the bottom. When the

bellows is set in motion the current of air throws the ether spray against the plate, P, and the rapid evaporation thus produced soon freezes the object. The vapour and air escape by the holes in the side of the apparatus. A third tube, *c*, connects by another tube with the ether bottle, and provides for the entrance of air into the latter.

A Portable Cooking Range.

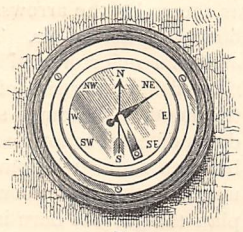
At the International Inventions Exhibition there is a cooking apparatus capable of cooking dinner, breakfast, or tea, and working either in the kitchen or the field. It is suitable for troops in camp, hospitals, soup kitchens, or other purposes where a number of people have to be catered for. It has, we believe, been adopted at the Sapeur-pompier barracks in Paris. One type of the range, termed the 250-litre apparatus, is said to boil 250 rations, heat 300 litres of water, 50 to 100 litres of tea or coffee, and roast from 20 to 30 pounds of meat, with a consumption of only 25 pounds of coal. While upon this subject we may also call attention to the useful and rapid bath heaters and cookers which are on view at the same Exhibition.

An Electric Glass Piercer.

A method of piercing glass by the electric spark has been brought out by M. Fages. A rectangular plate of ebonite has a hole drilled in it, and a pointed wire put through from beneath, until the point is flush with the upper side of the plate on which the glass plate is placed. This wire is connected with one of the poles of an induction coil, giving a spark, say, of 12 centimetres in length. A few drops of olive oil are put round the point of the wire on the upper side of the ebonite plate before the glass is laid on, care being taken that no air bubbles are left in the oil. Another wire from the other pole of the induction coil is then brought over the glass plate just opposite the wire through the ebonite, and when the coil operates a spark will pass between the points of the wires, piercing the glass. In this way, by displacing the glass, a series of holes can be pierced in it.

An Electrical Wind-Vane.

It is often desirable to know the direction of the wind, but hitherto this has entailed going outside to look at the nearest weather-cock. To render this unnecessary an inventor has recently applied the electric current in such a manner that a corresponding needle or vane indicates on a dial within the house or office the direction of the wind. The figures illustrate the outside vane, V, and its corresponding in-door dial, D, on which the needle indicates the direction of the wind. The whole action of the apparatus has not been disclosed by the inventor, but we may suppose that electric currents of different strengths are transmitted by the wind-vane according to its position, and that these currents passing through coils in the indicator move the needle of the latter to a corresponding position. Only a small battery is required to work the apparatus, and the needle is said to accurately repeat the movements of the vane.



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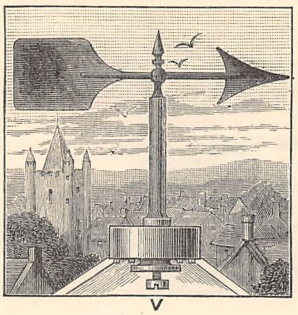

V

Luminous Paint and Earthquakes.

In the Philippine Islands and Manilla, luminous paint is said to be used to paint the inside of houses, so that when there is an earthquake alarm at night the inhabitants may readily find the doors and other exits so as to escape into the open air.

An Electric Scale.

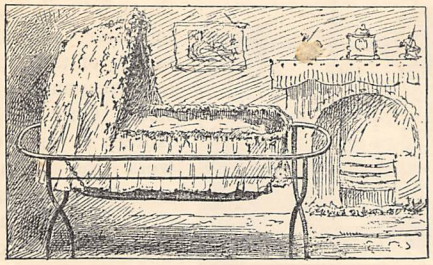
A scale, or steelyard, which records the result by means of electricity has, it is said, been invented by an American. The electric registering device can be attached to existing scales, but it is specially designed for railways to weigh the freight waggons or trains of cars in motion. On a thirty-ton steelyard it is said to weigh to within 25 lbs. of the actual weight of the car and its contents, and it records the weights of successive cars one after another while they travel over the scale. As another electric novelty which is announced, we may mention a proposed submarine boat propelled and lighted by means of electricity, and ventilated by compressed air. It is designed for placing and discharging submarine mines.

The Size of Atoms.

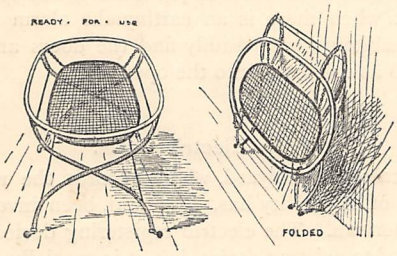
From recent researches on the thickness of soap-bubbles (which is estimated at from 10 to 12-millionths of a millimetre) Professor Rücker, F.R.S., arrives at the following speculations as to the actual size of the molecules of water. Sir William Thomson has estimated the diameter at something under 2-millionths of a millimetre; and Van der Waals has considered 0·28-millionths of a millimetre as about the diameter of the molecules of the gases composing the atmosphere. The number of molecules which could be placed side by side within the thickness of a soap-film would, according to these estimates, be 4 and 26. The smallness of the first number (4), especially in the case of a complex body like soap and water, points, according to Professor Rücker, to the conclusion that the diameter of a molecule is considerably less than 2-millionths of a millimetre. Sir William Thomson's inferior limit of size for the water molecule was 0·01-millionth of a millimetre, which would give some 720 in the thickness of a soap-film.

A Noiseless Cradle.

The figures illustrate a silent-rocking bassinette, shown at the International Inventions Exhibition.



The frame is of iron or brass, and painted or enamelled, and is so fitted together that the easy and silent motion is very agreeable. When not in use the



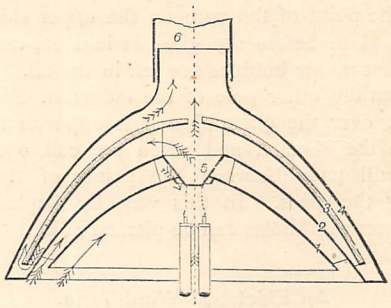
cradle folds into a small compass. It may be added that the balance is so good that a slight movement of the child occasions an undulation of the cradle.

Freeing Water from Microbes.

Professor Frankland, F.C.S., has been investigating the merits of filtration, agitation, and precipitation for removing micro-organisms from water. The filtering materials tried were green-sand, silver-sand, powdered glass, brick-dust, coke, animal charcoal, and spongy iron. These materials were all used in the same state of division, they being made to pass through a sieve of 40 meshes to the inch, and formed filtering columns of 6 inches in depth. It was found that only green-sand, coke, animal charcoal, and spongy iron wholly remove the micro-organisms from water filtering through them, and this power was in every case lost after the filters had been in operation for a month. With the exception of the animal charcoal, however, all these materials, even after being in action for a month, continued to remove a very considerable proportion of the micro-organisms present in the unfiltered water, and in this respect coke and spongy iron occupy the first place on the list. With regard to agitation, the water was agitated for fifteen minutes with the materials in the same state of division as that given above in the case of filtration. One gramme of material was shaken with 50 cubic centimetres of water, and the water allowed to clear by subsidence of the particles, a process requiring varying times. The results showed that a very great reduction in the number of suspended organisms could be effected by this mode of treatment; and coke was found to have completely removed the micro-organisms after fifteen minutes' agitation and 48 hours of subsidence. Again, by Clark's well-known process of precipitation the number of micro-organisms in water was greatly reduced. Thus, although the production of potable water in large quantities is a difficult matter, involving the continual renewal of the filtering materials, there are many simple methods of securing a large reduction in the number of organisms present in water.

A Ventilating Gas-Lamp.

The new regenerative gas-lamp of Mr. Frederick Siemens is designed to prevent the stifling atmosphere usually produced by open gas-burners, by ventilating the apartment, and at the same time to protect the eyesight from the direct action of the rays. As shown in the accompanying figure, it consists of four sheet-iron hoods, 1, 2, 3, 4, arranged within one another in such a manner that the fumes of the flame pass downward between 2 and 3 and upward between 3 and 4, while the air to be heated for feeding the flame passes upward between 1 and 2. On the uppermost hood, 4, a chimney, 6, is provided, while the hood, 3, is shortened below so as to allow a clear passage for the products of combustion from the space between 2 and 3 to that between 3 and 4, and thus to the chimney. The hood, 2, carries a projecting outlet, 5, allowing the fumes or products of combustion to pass through the passages provided for it to the



chimney. The lowest or innermost hood, 1, is open, so that the air may pass between the hoods 1 and 2, as shown by the arrows, to fill the inner space of the hood with heated air. The inner surface of this hood acts as a reflector, and in its focus are placed one or more fishtail burners of the usual type. As soon as the hood, 2, becomes sufficiently heated by the products of combustion passing between it and 3, the air between 1 and 2 becomes heated and rises to fill the upper portion of the cone inside the hood, 1. By this plan the gas-jets burn in an atmosphere of heated air, and consequently produce a brighter light. No glass partition is required to exclude the cold air, and the flame reflects its light downward on the room below from the inner surface of the hood.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.

(*See p.* 719.)

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

By ALICE O'HANLON, Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," "No Proof," &c.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

THE PRISONER IS RELEASED.

THE distance from the little creek, where Sir Arthur Ledsom had landed, to Peter Cole's farm was only, as has been stated, a short one. On their way thither, however, the young men found time to arrange a certain plan of procedure in respect to the task they had before them, and also to appoint Victor McNicoll chief spokesman in carrying that plan into effect. Of the three, he was the only one who had previously visited the farm—the only one, therefore, who was in a position to recognise any of its inmates.

And Victor not only recognised, but was immediately recognised by, that member of the Cole family who responded to his knock at the door. This was Mrs. Cole, who, only a few moments before, had returned from the errand upon which her husband had sent her, and who had not yet had time to remove her bonnet. Her recognition of the young man was testified by an inarticulate ejaculation of surprise.

"Good morning. Is your husband within?"—Victor's tone was curt and stern. He did not know how far the woman was implicated.

"Yea, sure, I be in," Peter answered for himself, coming forward. "What might your business be, sir?"

"We will come into the house and tell it you there," rejoined Victor; "our business is very important."

"Oh! Well, step forrud." The invitation was accorded with evident reluctance. "Sit ye down, if you like, all on ye—there's chairs enough."

This civility was silently declined, and glancing from one to the other of his visitors, Mr. Cole appeared to grow a little uneasy.

"Seems to me that I've seen 'ee afore, sir, somewhere," he observed to Victor.

"You have seen me *here* before," returned Victor; "several months ago, in the autumn of last year, I was here with a small party of people, and we were taken down by your wife to see that curious secret vault in your cellar. If you would allow them, these gentlemen, my friends, would like to see it also."

"Oh, they would, would they?" Mr. Peter Cole's face flushed crimson with sudden wrath, or alarm. "Then they just can't see it! So there's my answer plain."

"We will pay you handsomely," suggested Sir Arthur.

"You couldn't see it, not if you paid me fifty pounds. The place has been bricked up. It don't exist no longer—so there!" He got up as he spoke from a settle by the hearth on which he had seated himself. "And if that's all the business you have, coming into a man's house at his dinner-time, I'll thank you to take yourselves off," he added viciously.

"It is not quite all," returned Victor, with slow, distinct emphasis, looking directly in the man's face; "if your vile black hole has been bricked up, what have you done with Mr. Bretherton?"

The effect of this unexpected question was startling. Had there been the slightest doubt in any of the gentlemen's minds as to Peter Cole's complicity in the heinous crime of poor Abner's abduction and imprisonment, his present look of guilty terror would effectually have removed that doubt. The tell-tale expression, however, did not linger long. Quickly recovering himself, the man burst into a loud forced laugh.

"What have *I* done wi' Mr. Bretherton? He, he! That's a good un! And pray who might *he* be? Doan't know anybody o' that name, myself."

"Don't you? Then I will tell you who he is." Victor approached and stood over the man, who had again fallen back upon his wooden settle. "Mr. Bretherton is the owner of Monkswood Hall, the gentleman whom you and your son contrived to carry off from his home nearly a fortnight ago, and whom you have since been hiding away, keeping captive against his will, in that horrible place, which has *not* been bricked up. He is the father of that young man who came here this morning and paid you a hundred pounds as the reward of an action for which you may perhaps get a taste of penal servitude!" Victor did not know what legal punishment the offence had actually merited, but he added this threat with an air of conviction.

Cole sprang to his feet. "Where's Will?" he shouted. And rushing to the kitchen door, he called out to his son, who was at work in a yard at the back of the house, "Will! Will! do 'ee come in this minute! There's a lot o' lunatics broke into the house. Come on in, I say!"

Obeying at once, Will reappeared with his father.

"Well, what's the row?" he demanded.

"Oh, Peter, be it true what they gentlemen say?" It was Mrs. Cole who broke in with this question.

Her husband turned on her with the fury he had not

dared to expend elsewhere. "You get out o' this!" he commanded; "be off with 'ee!"

"No, stay here, Mrs. Cole. We may want you," said Victor.

"Be off, I say!" repeated her husband, "or"—— A menacing gesture completed the sentence, and Mrs. Cole precipitately fled from the apartment.

"She is innocent, then," commented the curate. "I am glad of that!"

"Now, what be it all about? What's the row?" again queried Will, stretching up his burly frame, and glaring with a reflection of his father's angry disquietude at the three gentlemen.

"They fools——" began his father.

"Let us waste no more time," interposed Victor; "we know that you two men are accomplices with young Bretherton in the illegal detention of his father. We know that he came here this morning and paid you a hundred pounds. We know that the poor old gentleman is at present in this house. We have come to take him away, and we don't mean to leave the house without him."

For several seconds Will Cole gazed at the speaker with open eyes and gaping mouth. But he uttered no exclamation, and, excepting by that involuntary betrayal of his facial muscles, showed no sign of alarm. "You seem to know a deal!" he observed, with a pretence at satire. "Make so bold—who might have told 'ee that tale?"

"A part of it I heard from young Bretherton himself."

"Zounds!" ejaculated Cole, senior, who was much more deficient in self-control than his son. "Can he have blabbed?"

"Father, you're a fool!" Will turned on him with a contemptuous mutter. "Where be he, that young Bretherton? Bring him here, and let's hear what he's gotten to say himself. 'Tis all a big lie, stupid rubbish! Bring un here, and let's see which on us is cracked, you, or him, or me?"

"Cole," rejoined Victor, with impressive solemnity, "I could not bring him here if I would. Your employer is *dead*. He has just met with a fearful death."

"Good lack!" The elder Cole's face turned blue, which was as near an approach to pallor as his weather-beaten complexion would allow. "Why, what's happened to him?" he faltered.

"He has been thrown from the cliffs above there," pointing in the direction. "I am not going to explain all the circumstances to you, though we know who did the deed and why it was done. My friends will bear witness to the truth of what I say. We all three saw the dreadful act committed."

"What!—Why!—Then, 'twas murder?" stammered the old man. "Lor, be it true? An' *dead*—be he really *dead?*"

Mr. Heath and Sir Arthur confirmed in a manner that left no possibility of doubt in their hearers' minds the truth of McNicoll's assertion, adding the information that the body had been washed out to sea.

"You will, therefore," resumed the latter, addressing himself now particularly to Will, who as yet had spoken no word in response to this startling communication, although evidently staggered and horrified, "you will, therefore, never again see your paymaster in life, and never again receive a single penny for the continuation of your villany. Why, then, should you persist in it? You may as well go at once and bring up your poor captive."

Will reflected a moment. Then he repeated doggedly, "'Tis all a big lie. I tell you, we hain't got no captive to bring up."

"Very well, the only consequence of your obstinacy will be that we shall go straight away and obtain a warrant to search the premises," observed Sir Arthur, who could no longer refrain from putting in a word.

"All right; go away and get your warrant, and then you can search the premises as much as you like, and be blowed to you!"

"But, Will, hadn't us better——" anxiously commenced Peter.

"Sh!" The son stooped and whispered a few hurried sentences in the father's ear. The old man's countenance changed.

"Ay, ay, go and get your warrant," he said; "you're welcome. There be nobody here, and you'll find nobody. So be off with you. We'n nothing more to say, good or bad, and I'm wantin' my dinner."

As the reader will probably conjecture, the idea which had presented itself to the mind of the younger Cole as a way out of their difficulty—a way that promised escape from the punishment of their crime for his father and himself—was to further secrete Mr. Bretherton within that hidden passage which led out to the caves. To do this, he had reflected, would be easy enough, as would, also, to remove all traces of his occupancy from the vaulted cellar. As to what should ultimately be done with the unhappy victim of this wretched conspiracy in which they had taken part, Will left that for future consideration. To deny their guilt, and to conceal the proofs of it, had been his first instinct.

But then, how much did these gentlemen know? How had they found out about that £100? How had they come to suspect Mr. Bretherton of being here at all? Although he thus tried to brazen the thing out, Will was quaking in his shoes, filled with inward trepidation.

"Oh, men, men! What further iniquity are you meditating?" cried Victor, to whom a terrible inference from their behaviour had involuntarily suggested itself. "Would you shield yourselves at the expense of—of human life? Is it possible that you would dip your hands in blood?"

"No, no! You shouldn't say such a thing as that, McNicoll!" remonstrated the curate, shuddering—"That's an awful thing to say! Surely, surely the men are not fiends!"

"No, we bean't fiends, but he's a fool," retorted Will, glowering on his accuser with an expression almost malignant enough to have made the term seem appropriate.

"If I am mistaken I am only too glad of it," resumed Victor; "but your whisper, I am certain,

meant mischief. However, you can have neither wish nor motive for perpetrating additional villany when I tell you something that I am about to do. That is, that no steps will be taken to punish you for what you have already committed. If we could have helped it, we should not have given you the relief of this assurance. We should have liked you to suffer at least some alarm on account of your misdeeds. But it is of no use wasting more time; so now I tell you that for the sake of the family—because we could not expose you without exposing that poor unfortunate fellow who is now beyond the reach of reproach or penalty, and because such exposure would ruin the happiness of his sister's life—you will be spared; you will not be prosecuted."

"Oh! Humph!" Suspicious of a trap to extort confession, Will glanced from one to another of the young men, his face a study of alternating hope and fear.

"The whole thing, I assure you, will be hushed up," affirmed Sir Arthur, in confirmation of his friend's unwilling assurance.

"You will get off scot free," protested the young clergyman, "so far as human vengeance goes; but you will have to bear the accusation of your own guilty consciences, and——"

"There, stow that, sir! We bean't in a church, nor you in a pulpit. We don't want no preaching. But if you really mean what you say——"

He paused, still disturbed by doubt. When, however, each of the gentlemen had reiterated the promise of immunity so reluctantly accorded, both father and son became convinced of their sincerity, and, in consequence, of their own security.

"Well, then, I'll go and bring him to 'ee," exclaimed Will; "and right down glad I be to do it! 'Twas the dirtiest job o' work I ever had a hand in, in *my* life, fiend or no fiend! And I'll breathe a mighty deal easier, I can tell 'ee, once that poor old chap be out of the house. Give us them keys, father."

"Ay, ay," said the old man, fumbling in his pockets. "And, you see, gen'l'men, 'twarn't so much our blame. When that young skunk come here a-offering us money, and the whole business planned out as easy as you please, and us a-wanting money badly, what could 'ee expect? Lor, what could 'ee expect?" His ill-favoured countenance assumed an ingratiating leer.

"Bah!" ejaculated Sir Arthur. "Don't sicken us by any attempt to palliate the atrocity, man! No words would be strong enough to express what we think of your conduct. For goodness' sake, be silent."

"Ay, hold your tongue, father," urged his son, casting, however, a vindictive glance at Sir Arthur—Will Cole's temper was not of the sort that could bear much fault-finding—"let's get rid of 'em all as sharp as we can."

He hurried off towards the cellar door, which opened from an adjoining back kitchen. But before descending he returned for a moment.

"You'll find un a deal changed," he observed, popping his head back into the living-room; "his hair be turned white, and the poor old chap's got a baddish cough. He be off his feed, too, and regular out of sorts. But he'll soon come round when you get un home, I make no doubt."

Notwithstanding this preparation, the shock experienced by the three gentlemen when poor Abner Bretherton, half-supported and half-dragged by the powerful Will, was brought into their presence, was very great. It became still greater, however, when they presently discovered that he did not recognise them.

"How d'ye do, stranger?" he murmured, accepting Victor McNicoll's silently-tendered hand, and making a feeble effort to smile.

"Why, don't you know me, Mr. Bretherton? Oh, you *must* know me?" cried the young man, almost in tears.

Mr. Bretherton passed his hand over his eyes. Then, without replying to Victor's question, he observed in a weak voice, to Will Cole—

"I feel sorter dazed, Jabez, comin' out o' that thar pit ez they've dug under the mountains to git diamonds. It's dark an' it's cold thar—freezing cold it is, and I couldn't find my way out. Ef you hedn't come for me, Jabez, I don't know when I should hev found my way out. Peley, he's thar, too, a-lookin' for diamonds. But he ain't found none yet, an' he's gittin' put out about it—terrible put out. Though I'm his father I was 'most afeard of him—he's in such a ragin' passion, Peley is."

He paused, shuddering visibly, and cast a nervous glance over his shoulder.

"Come to the fire, Mr. Bretherton. Bring him to the fire," said Victor. "This is awful!"

"He has lost his reason!" exclaimed Sir Arthur. "Oh, what are we to do?"

"Poor Miss Bretherton!" sighed the curate.

"But he was all right this morning," broke in Will Cole. "'Pon my word an' honour, he was all right this morning—wasn't he, father?"

Cole, senior, supported the statement with some very strong language.

"'Tis no fault of ourn," he asseverated. "We'n done our best to make un comfortable. It must ha' been with seeing that rapscallion of a son. *That* be what have turned his head, Will, if so be *'tis* turned."

"Then he has seen his son?" asked Sir Arthur. "The fellow actually had the assurance to face him?"

"Ay, he spoke to him this morning," answered Will, who had now placed Mr. Bretherton in an easy-chair by the fire. "And, as father says, if he do have gone wrong in 's senses, 'tis that done it. 'A were all right afore that wretched whelp saw him. But maybe 'tis just a passing maze-like, and he'll come to himself in a minute."

"*You* speak to him, Arthur. See if he knows you," suggested Victor in a whisper.

But poor Mr. Bretherton did not know the young baronet.

"Well, no, mister, I don't jest recollect your name," he replied, apologetically, in answer to Sir Arthur's

gentle interrogation. "But you're welcome to Prospect Farm—welcome as roses! Sit you down, do now! Idalia, she'll be in by'-n'-by. She an' her governess, they're out a-ridin'. They—she—grandmother——" he turned towards the fire, growing confused in his utterance.

The young men exchanged silent glances of dismay, and for a couple of minutes no one spoke. Then, without looking round, Mr. Bretherton began to murmur again, apparently to himself—

"It's cold—powerful cold, it is. I believe we're a-goin' to hev a snow-storm. But this fire it's comfortin'—it's comfor——" All at once he slipped forward out of his chair, and would, if Will Cole had not managed to grasp him in his strong arms, have fallen into the fire.

The sudden change from the darkness and chilliness of that damp vault to the warmth and brightness above had proved too much for the poor old man's weakened frame; and, as it was seen, when he was laid back in his chair, Abner had swooned.

At the suggestion of one of the distressed spectators, Mrs. Cole was instantly summoned; and by her conduct she proved herself a true woman—tender, energetic, and sensible—a woman worthy of a better fate than that of being united to a brutish scoundrel like Peter Cole.

Asking no questions respecting the insensible man, and even forbearing to utter an exclamation at his condition, she at once set about using certain old-fashioned restoratives, which were happily effectual after a time in bringing the patient to himself. Thereupon she ran off for a pan, and having heated some milk just within boiling point, she poured it out in a cup, and for the first time allowed herself to make a remark—

"'Tis the best thing in the world, hot milk is, for any one as is weak or exhausted," she observed. "He'll come round now, poor man, you'll see. Do you think he'd mind," she added, after awhile, "if I gave him a wash?"

Until within the last day or so, Mr. Bretherton, who was exceedingly particular about personal cleanliness, had pleaded hard with his gaolers for his daily bath. But of late his water had been neglected, and he now accepted the proffered ablution gratefully, suffering Mrs. Cole to sponge his face, and dabbling his hands in the basin like a child. From this operation, which was supplemented by the brushing of his whitened locks, poor Abner emerged looking more like his former self. That his mind was unhinged, however (although his rescuers encouraged themselves to hope, only temporarily) became more evident with each moment, through the rambling, incoherent remarks which he continued to make. At intervals, too, a puzzled expression would cross his face, and a troubled frown pucker his brow, as though he were vainly trying to grasp some idea or recollection. To witness these futile efforts was very painful for the three young men.

"Let us get him home," Victor urged—"Let us get him home without further delay."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

"NOTHING CAN SEPARATE US NOW."

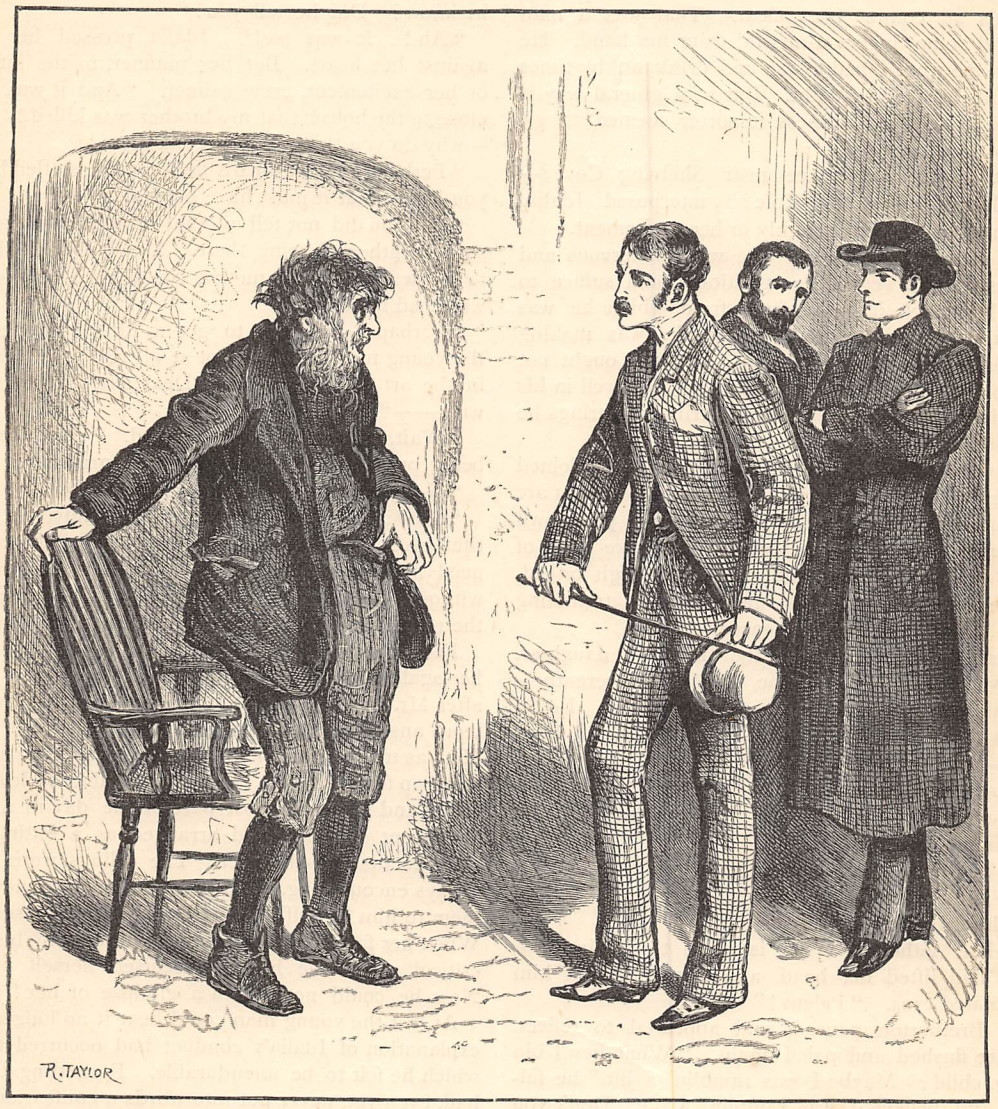
FOR nearly a fortnight after his return to Monkswood, Mr. Bretherton lay in his own comfortable bed, dangerously ill—so ill that his state was pronounced highly critical. The terrible experience he had undergone—culminating in the shock of his son's visit—had, for the time being, unhinged his mind, whilst the protracted exposure to the damp and unhealthiness of that ill-ventilated "black hole" had (although Idalia, happily, did not yet suspect this fact) fatally broken down his constitution. He had not, on being brought home to her, recognised his beloved daughter; and throughout the fortnight that followed, his mind remained a blank to all outward sights and passing events, whilst from his incoherent wanderings it was evident that he was back again in imagination at his old home and amongst his old friends.

Scarcely for a moment during that fortnight did Idalia leave his side. The physicians—two of whom were in constant attendance—after much vain remonstrance against this excessive devotion, had at length taken upon themselves to engage a trained hospital nurse from London. But so long as any immediate danger was to be apprehended, Idalia persisted in her obstinacy, and the nurse's position proved a sinecure. Not, however, that Idalia really feared that her father would die. From the first she had persuaded herself that this was impossible. That he should be restored to her only to die, and to die without knowing her, was an irony of fate too cruel to admit of conception. Trusting to her own careful nursing, therefore, buoyed up with hope of his speedy recovery, and over-joyed to have got him back, even as he was, Idalia bore the strain of her confinement and loss of sleep marvellously well. The girl had been endowed by nature—in addition to her other gifts—with a splendid physique and the soundest possible health. That this was the case was the more to be rejoiced over, in that besides the demands now made upon her physical strength, she had had to bear much trouble of mind. A day or two after her father's return she had been informed of her brother's death. It was Mrs. McNicoll who had broken this news to her; but it was from that lady's son that she had learned the strange and shocking particulars as to the manner of Peleus's death.

For almost every day, though she denied herself to most other visitors, Idalia had run down, if only for a minute, to exchange a word or two with Victor McNicoll. That Victor loved her with all the force of his deep and strong nature, Idalia was well aware, although he had never as yet confessed his love in words. Further, the girl knew that she, too, loved him, and that in so doing she loved for the first time in her life. By comparison with the feeling which now possessed her in Victor's regard, and which had sprung from a knowledge of his worth, and had strengthened with a slow but steady growth, Idalia recognised that the liking she had once entertained for Charlie Nunnerley, and which she had fancied might develop into love, had been but a poor weak

counterfeit of the emotion—one that, under any circumstances, she must soon have understood to be such. And Victor it was who had been chiefly instrumental in discovering and restoring her father to her. Gratitude heightened her love. Yet, at the same time, with his mind evidently restored to its balance—"Idalia, honey, hev I bin away anywheres?"

"Yes, dear father, you have," she answered softly. "But don't think of that, or talk of it, until you grow stronger."



''DON'T YOU KNOW ME, MR. BRETHERTON?'" (*p.* 707).

Idalia was growing impatient—almost irritated against the young man, because of the singular way in which he persisted in refusing to satisfy her as to the how and where of that discovery. He was keeping her in the dark about things which she thought she ought to know; but what those things were she little guessed. The enlightenment was to come soon enough.

"Idalia," asked Mr. Bretherton one day—he had awakened that morning, still very weak and ill, but

"It ain't a dream, then, about that horrid darksome place, where they had me chained up like a dog?" queried the sick man.

"Father! Oh, father!" Idalia ejaculated in horror. And even as she spoke there flashed before her mental vision a picture of the very place he alluded to, that dark vault which had affected her so strangely on the day of the picnic. "Tell me, father, what sort of a place was it?" she asked, forgetting her prudent

request that he should put off speaking about the subject of his absence until he was stronger.

Poor Mr. Bretherton shuddered. He glanced around the pleasant, commodious chamber in which he lay, with a nervous, half-frightened expression. "I could almost fancy now it had been a bad dream," he murmured, "only it's a-comin' back to me so clear. Yes, it's all comin' back clear. Thar was a man who had some fingers a-missin' from his hand. He brought me what I hed to eat and drink, an' by times he would leave me a light. But in a gineral way it was dark, an' the darkness it sorter seemed to git inter my head, an'——"

"Father, was the place near Shelving Cove?—Was that man's name Cole?" interposed Idalia, grasping his arm quite roughly in her excitement.

The action startled him. He was so nervous and feeble still, that very little agitation would suffice to throw him back into the fever from which he was recovering. Idalia perceived that she was making an error in thus questioning him, that she ought not even to allow him, if she could help it, to dwell in his own mind on those strange and terrible sufferings he had undergone.

"Never mind, father, darling," she subjoined soothingly; "we won't think of it now. See, you are at home again in your own house and your own room, and with your own daughter to take care of you." She stroked his hand, no longer rough or red, with her old familiar caress, until a sudden trembling which had seized upon him ceased.

"Yes," he repeated presently, "my own daughter, my own child! Thank the Lord!"—reverently—"Thank the Lord, honey, we're together agin! I—I'd giv' up the hope of it. But"—with effort and hesitation—"whar is—whar is Peley?"

Idalia did not answer. She stooped to hide her face, laying it on his hand. How should she tell him that his son was dead?

"Is he afeard that I cannot forgive him? I dessay he is. But ef he's sorry, ef he repents, tell him—tell him, Idalia——"

"*What*, father? What is there to forgive?"—Idalia had lifted her head, and was gazing at him with dilated eyes. "Peleus!"

Mr. Bretherton paused, and appeared to reflect. His face flushed and paled again. "What hev I bin saying, child? Maybe I was ramblin' a bit," he faltered. "I believe I was ramblin' a bit. Don't you take no notice of what I said. I ain't rightly at myself, deary. I——I'd like to sleep a bit." He shut his eyes and turned his face away from her. Idalia settled his pillows in silence, but with a new, scarcely defined horror stealing over her mind; and at this moment there came a tap to the door.

It was the nurse. Announcing that Mr. McNicoll was below, she asked if she should remain in the sick-room whilst Miss Bretherton went down to receive him. Idalia nodded assent, and then running down-stairs, she almost burst into the room where Victor awaited her. In her impetuous desire to satisfy herself that the shocking idea she had conceived could not be true, she forgot even to greet her lover.

"Mr. McNicoll, I know now where you found my poor father," she began; "it was at that—that old farm-house near Shelving Cove—Peter Cole's farm."

Victor flushed and stammered, disturbed by the abruptness of this address. "Your father, then—did he know? Did he tell you?"

"Ah! It was so!" Idalia pressed her hand against her heart. But her manner, in the intensity of her excitement, grew calmer. "And it was there, close to the house, that my brother was killed! What—why do you think *he* had gone there?"

"Perhaps to look for his father. We settled before, you know, that it must have been so."

"But you did not tell me that—that he had cause to suspect father of being there. Mr. McNicoll, I want to know what their motive could have been—those wretched men's?"

"Perhaps—probably to get a ransom," suggested the young man, who was not at all ready or practised in the art of deception. "Dear Miss Bretherton, I wish——"

"Wait, please," she interrupted. "Are the men being prosecuted? Have they been arrested?"

"Not yet; no," he admitted reluctantly.

"Why?" she demanded, her face white, her beautiful eyes full of dismay and anguish. "There, you need not tell me! I know—I guess it all!" And, without another word, as abruptly as she had entered the room, the horror-stricken girl turned and fled.

For three long weeks Victor McNicoll did not see her again. Every day he came to the house to ask after Mr. Bretherton, but Idalia only sent down courteous answers to his inquiries. Her father was better. He was much stronger to-day. He was to be allowed to sit up for an hour. He had been able to leave his room, and to spend most part of the day in a small apartment she had had arranged as a sitting-room close to his bed-chamber. The tidings were nearly always encouraging. But why would Idalia not bring them to him herself? Why would she never see him? When her father had been at the worst—in his most critical state—she had not refused herself to him. Now he could not obtain a glimpse of her!

At last the young man could bear it no longer. An explanation of Idalia's conduct had occurred to him which he felt to be unendurable. Forgetting that he had, even yet, never put into words a confession of the love that had so long burned in his heart towards her, and which he had found reason to believe Idalia returned, he one day tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and sent up to her these two lines—

"Idalia, you are breaking my heart! For pity's sake, come down to me, if but for one moment!"

Then he paced the room impatiently, fearing and hoping by turns as to the result. He had not to wait very long. In a few seconds the door was quietly opened and closed again, and there in the room with him stood Idalia.

For a full minute the two looked at each other without speaking or moving, and to each the eyes of

the other conveyed a revelation. In those three weeks during which they had not met—a time that to both had seemed like a year—a change had taken place in their mutual attitude, subtle but potent, and both felt that a crisis had arrived in their relations. Love, self-restrained and beaten back on the one hand, apparently repulsed on the other, had taken its revenge. It had risen in the hearts of both to a high tide of passion—a tempestuous flood, ready to bear down all barriers against its course.

When first she had entered the room, Idalia had looked very pale, but gradually there stole over her face a rich glow of colour, her sweet firm lips broke into a tremulous smile, her lovely eyes shone under their long lashes with a tender light which came straight from her translucent soul. Never had she looked more exquisitely beautiful.

Victor gazed spell-bound during the long minute which had sufficed to work this transformation in her aspect. Then, as Idalia took the first step to meet him, the spell was broken, and springing forward, Victor caught her to his breast.

"Idalia! Idalia! why have you shut me out of your presence? Why have you refused to let me share in your sorrow? Didn't you know—oh, my darling, you *must* have known—that I loved you?" The words broke from him in a torrent of fervent, low-voiced appeal.

For answer Idalia again lifted her eyes to his face, and Victor saw that they were full of tears. Hardly conscious of what he was doing, Victor stooped and kissed her brow. Then their lips met as the lips of lovers. Without coyness or protest, Idalia yielded to the embrace, and thus, almost without words, their love was confessed and pledged. It was a moment full for both, not only of rapturous sweetness, but of deep solemnity. Presently, however, Idalia drew herself from his arms.

"Oh!" she murmured, "I am afraid I ought not to have let you do that."

"Idalia—why? You love me, do you not?" he demanded in surprise. "I'm sure you love me!"

"Of course I do. I love you dearly, Victor—more than I could ever tell," she owned with straightforward simplicity. "But——"

"But——" he interrupted. "But what? But nothing! Oh, my Idalia! since you love me, there can be no 'buts'." He tried to take her again in his arms, but Idalia eluded the attempt.

"Listen, Victor, I have something to say to you. But let us sit down." She moved with that unconscious grace which was habitual to her across the room, and, seating herself in a low chair, motioned him to one by her side. Victor took the chair, ventured to draw it a little nearer, and questioned her with his eyes. "I am going to tell you, first, why I would not see you all this time," she began, a crimson blush dyeing her cheeks, and then fading away, to leave them nearly as pale as when she had entered the room. "That was because of my brother——"

"Yes? How?" put in Victor. The statement, nevertheless, fell in with his own suspicions.

"I felt so appalled—so degraded—so unutterably distressed to know that I could have had such a brother," she answered, "that for a long time I was ready to sink into the earth with shame and horror. I felt almost as if I had committed some abominable wickedness myself, and as if I were not fit to associate with good people. And I resolved, Victor, that I would never let you know, or guess, that I loved you—because—because——"

"Oh, Idalia! How could you have thought of yourself so? *You!* I can't bear to think of it. It was preposterous!"

"No," she rejoined; "I think it was natural—but, at the same time, I have come to see, Victor, that the sentiment was a morbid one. The wickedness of other people—even of the nearest relative—does not really degrade one, if one loathes and abominates and shudders at the very thought of it. Oh!" she broke forth suddenly, "I can never forgive him—never! If he had done it to *me*, I might—but to father—to father!"

"My poor love! How you have suffered!" cried Victor, falling on his knees by her side. "But it is past now, dearest Idalia, it is past. Let us cast the remembrance of it behind our backs. My whole life shall be devoted to making you happy—to shielding you from every breath, every shadow of trouble. Ah, how I love you!" he went on, with a lover's passionate exaggeration. "I would die to save you from a pang!"

She suffered him to take both her hands, and to hold them in his warm clasp, whilst she looked down on him with tears once more glistening in her eyes.

"Yes," she said simply, "I guess you do love me; and *I* love you, Victor. You believe that, don't you?"

He bent and kissed her hands reverently before replying.

"It is almost too much honour and happiness for me to bear, Idalia—but, yes, I believe it—I know it!"

"I wanted you to know it, once for all. I felt that I *must* tell it you, dear—just once—just this once!" murmured Idalia.

Victor laughed softly. "This once?" he echoed. "My darling, you will tell it me hundreds of times! You are going to be my wife, Idalia, are you not?"

"No, Victor. This is what I wished to say to you. I would marry you if I could"—Idalia made this acknowledgment with no affectation of reserve or mock modesty—"but, dear, it cannot be. I can never marry any one. My life belongs to my father. I must devote myself to him."

Victor, who had looked alarmed at the commencement of this speech, heaved a sigh of deep relief.

"Oh, is that all? Of course, my sweet one, you must devote yourself to your father. We will *both* devote ourselves to him."

"Ah, you don't understand. Victor, I must atone to him—I must make up to him for—for all he has gone through. I must never think of myself or my own wishes any more."

"But, dearest, *your* wishes will be *his* wishes," interposed Victor.

"Yes, if he knows them," she returned, "but he *mustn't* know. He mustn't know that I would rather stay here, in England—that it will tear my heart in two to leave it—and *you!*"

"To leave England? Idalia, what do you mean? Now I don't understand!" he exclaimed.

She pressed his hands, and two large tears fell on her lap.

"Dear Victor, as soon as ever father is strong enough to bear the voyage, we shall go back to Clear-Water Valley. We have talked it over together, and I have persuaded him that I wanted to go. It is the thought of going 'home,' as he calls it, that has helped him to get well. His heart has always been there, with his old friends—and now, now he must have all that he wishes. Oh, Victor! you must be content with knowing that I love you, and you must let me do what I think right? You must *help* me to do it?"

"To be sure I will! Idalia, I love your father, and he shall be *my* father. If it would help to restore his health, and to make him forget what has happened, by all means I would have you take a trip to America. But——"

"But I did not mean only a trip," Idalia explained, interrupting him. "I mean that, if he is happier there—and he *will* be happier there—he shall stay as long as he lives. We shall never come back to Monkswood." As she said this Idalia's face blanched, and her lips quivered. "So, you see, Victor, that, though we love each other, we can never be anything but friends?"

"I don't see it at all!" he cried. "Do you think I will give you up? No, *never, never!* I will wait for you ten years—twenty years, if necessary; but you must be my wife, Idalia. I don't see clearly, yet, how our way is to be made straight, but I believe it will be made straight. There is no difference between us, remember; as to your father, he shall be the first consideration with us both. But we will work together, darling, and plan together. And you shall not talk of our being friends. We are lovers—plighted lovers—husband and wife already in our own hearts, and in the sight of heaven. You shall not break my heart, or pain your own, by talking as though it were possible that we could be separated for ever, or even for long. *I* will think matters out."

"Oh, Victor!" She bent towards him in an abandonment of relief, of trust, and submission. Her self-reliance gave way before this burst of manly authoritativeness. How sweet it was to hear him say "you shall" and "you must!" No one had ever ventured to use such words to her before. And he had not opposed her doing what she thought right. He was going to help her to do right. Only he would "think matters out!" Idalia felt a new burst of hope and joy. *Something* must come of his thinking matters out—and yet she did not see what, for her resolve to return to her old home remained as fixed as ever.

"Whatever happens or is to happen, Idalia, one thing is sure. You and I belong to one another for always. Nothing can really separate us now. And the seal of our union is this kiss."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

"I'VE SET MY HEART ON IT."

"AN' is that the end of the book, Idalia?"

"Yes, father, that's the end."

"But I ain't sure thet I rightly understand. Say, now, do you think, child—do you think it kin really mean thet he was drowned—thet poor Paul Emanuel?"

"Why, yes, it must mean so. Listen, father; it says—'The storm roared frenzied for seven days. It did not cease till the Atlantic was strewn with wrecks;'—then—'Peace, be still! Oh! a thousand weepers, praying in agony on waiting shores, listened for that voice, but it was not uttered—not uttered till, when the hush came, some could not feel it: till, when the sun returned, his light was night to some! Here pause: pause at once. There is enough said. Trouble no quiet, kind heart; leave sunny imaginations hope.' You see, father, it could not mean anything else?"

"Well, now, I'm afeard it couldn't. But, in my idee, it ain't right—it jest ain't right to make a story end thet way. It's sorter harrowin' to the feelin's. Now the book it's a powerful one, I 'low; an' it's stirrin', an' it carries you along with it wonderful, when you're a-readin' of it. The lady who wrote it, she's bound to have been mighty smart. But, fer all thet, it warn't jest to say fair on her to make it so sad at the finish. Ef *I*'d hev wrote it now—" He paused to laugh—"Lor! to think o' me writin' a book! Sounds curious, don't it, Idalia? But ef I *hed* hev wrote it, I'd hev left them two married an' happy. I'd hev been bound to hev hed them married!"

Exhausted by this long speech, Mr. Bretherton lay back in his chair. It was a chair lined with cushions and soft white pillows, scarcely whiter, however, than the white head they supported. The face of its occupant, too, was bleached by protracted sickness. It was a face seamed and wrinkled and stamped with a history, the history of a strange and terrible suffering. But that suffering, whatever its nature or strength, had not, it was plain, soured the sufferer. On the contrary, the sunken eyes were luminous with kindly feeling, and the whole countenance, which looked so much more aged than it ought to have done, wore an expression of singular sweetness.

The time of the year was December (the first week of it), and the time of the day early afternoon. The invalid's chair had been drawn close up to a bright coal fire, and his daughter, on a low seat by his side, had just closed the book from which she had been reading aloud to him for an hour. Out of doors the aspect was very wintry, and a dull, grey heaviness in the atmosphere seemed to threaten the season's first fall of snow. But the dullness without only served to heighten the comfort and cheerfulness within.

"It seems to me, father," observed Idalia, smiling, as she nestled against his knee, "that your thoughts have been running a good deal on matrimony lately.

Is it through seeing how happy Dora and Sir Arthur have looked since they came back from their wedding-trip, I wonder?"

"Well, no—no, honey, I don't know ez it is, though maybe it might hev started me thinkin' some. An' them two, now, they do look as ef they was happy from their bottermost hearts, don't they?"

"I believe they are so," declared Idalia, in pleased conviction; "and I believe that they will grow fonder of each other and happier with each other every year of their lives. Do you know, father, I think Sir Arthur once had a temptation to do something that he felt would be dishonourable and cruel; but he didn't do it; he acted nobly and bravely, and now he is reaping his reward. Dora and he suit each other splendidly. And I believe he begins to feel that no other woman in the world was just made for him, as she appears to be."

"Well, now, thet's pleasant to think on, Idalia, pleasant an' cheery it is. I'm glad o' thet. I do love ez young folks should be happy, an' they'd orter be so. An' thar's Jessie, now, she's a nice girl, particularly nice she is. I hope, some day, thet she'll hev a good husband, too, like her sister."

"Well, father, I rather think she will. I rather think Jessie will get some one she loves, anyhow."

"Now! is thet so?" Mr. Bretherton was so interested that he raised himself from his pillow to put

"'DO YOU REMEMBER, IDALIA, THAT THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW YOU WAS IN A SNOWSTORM?'" (*p.* 715).

the question. "Why, I never hee'rn thar was anything o' thet sort settled for Jessie."

"It is not settled yet, father," answered his daughter. "So mind, you mustn't speak of it to any one. It is only my own impression, or rather conviction, that Mr. Heath is beginning to love her."

"Mr. Heath? Say, now!" interjected the sick man.

"Yes, and I know Jessie thinks all the world of him. She will make a capital clergyman's wife, too, father, though she is so fond of fun and full of spirit. And Mr. Heath, you know, has been promised a very good living before long."

"Well, I never seen nothin' of thet myself. But I don't doubt but it'll be a good match an' a happy one. He's a pleasant young fellow, young Heath is. But seems like he ain't been here jest lately, Idalia?" he added.

"Well, father, I have not let every one see you who has called these last few weeks," she answered, "because you have looked so tired, dear, if people talked to you too much."

"Thet's so. Yes, I do get tired pretty soon," he admitted, "though I'm allus glad to see folks. But about thet poor Lucy Snow, now," he went on, returning to the subject of the book; "'pears real sad to think of her bein' left thar, in a foreign country, with no one to keer for her. I wouldn't like it could ever be your case, Idalia."

"How could it ever be my case?" returned the girl. "Haven't I my father to care for me?"

"Yes, honey, an' some one else, too! Don't you forgit him, Idalia. I've always held to it thet love was a grand thing. Love, it brings out the very best thar is in a man's nature, or a woman's either. Thar's nothing fer young folks like love, an' like gittin' married an' hevin' children, ef the Lord sends them. When folks come to be fathers an' mothers, now, it kinder stretches out their hearts, an' makes them deeper an' wider an' more tender-like."

Idalia clasped her arms round her father's knee, and looked into his face with moistened eyes. She did not say so, but she thought to herself that she knew one person, at any rate, who, whether by reason of his paternity or not, had a large and tender heart.

"Father," she asked suddenly, after a little pause, "is there something you want to say to me? I have been feeling all the afternoon as though you were wishing to speak about something particular. Is it my fancy?"

"No, child, it ain't your fancy. It's jest so. I *hev* something on my mind to say to you, deary. But it's queer you should hev guessed it out! It 'most seems ez ef thar was somethin' kinder spiritual between us, don't it? Somethin' more'n ordinary, that makes the one on us know what the other's a-thinkin' of, or a-feelin' like."

He stroked her hair fondly as he spoke, with a soft, lingering caress.

"Tell me what it is, father, straight out," begged Idalia.

"Straight out?" he repeated. "Well, now, thet'd be the best way, wouldn't it, jest to come plump to the point? An' so I will! An' it's this—this is it, Idalia. I'm a-longin', honey, to hev ye married—to hev ye married right away—afore Christmas time."

"Oh, father!" Idalia blushed crimson, astonished and startled by this suggestion. "No, no!" she continued. "What can you mean, father? Victor has promised to wait as long as I wish—even twenty years, if necessary. He knows that I will never leave *you*, or neglect you for any one in the world. He knows that you and I are going home to Clear-Water Valley in the spring."

"No, he don't, deary! He knows thet I ain't in the notion of goin' thar any more. He knows thet I've giv' up thet notion."

"Father! Oh, father—why?" There was a ring of alarm and pain in Idalia's voice.

"Well, let's look at thet question steady and calm, Idalia, an' without a-lettin' ourselves git wrought up," said her father gently. "Now, when first I come home after thet—thet thar misfortun' ez happened me, it was somewhars about the beginnin' o' May, warn't it? Well, you an' me, we hed a talk together, whilst I was a-lyin' ill in bed, an' we fixed fer to start fer home in a month's time, or tharabout—when I'd got rid o' the fever an' weakness, and was a bit better of thet cough I hed—didn't we? An' then it got to be 'some time in the summer, jest as soon's I was able.' Well, the cough it didn't go, an' I didn't appear to get no stronger, an' so we was forced to put off our trip till the fall. An' now, honey, it's *winter*, an' we're a-talkin' of the *spring*. But what d'ye think now?" with mild argumentativeness, "do you think I seem anyways better fit fer to take a long journey than I did a spell back—say in the summer? What, fer instance, do you think o' me not bein' able to walk across the floor now without help?"

"Oh! father—father! What *do* you mean?" cried Idalia, grasping both his hands. "Don't, don't break my heart!"

"Idalia, honey, let's face the truth square an' honest; let's face it honest. 'Tain't such a dreadful truth. Ef we jest look at it steady an' calm, 'tain't at all dreadful."

For one moment Idalia looked up at him, her face pale, her lips parted and trembling. Then, with a piteous cry, she dropped her face against his knee, and broke into sobs, not loud, but so violent that her whole slender frame quivered and shook, as with physical agony. And yet, had she not known it all along? It seemed to her now that she *must* have known it, that she had only been blindly and obstinately keeping her eyes closed in order that she might not see the truth—the truth that this dear father was going away to leave her for ever.

"Oh, I can't bear it! I can't bear it!" she moaned presently.

Mr. Bretherton did not speak. He leaned back in his chair, passing his hand now and then over her bowed head, but offering no remonstrance against her emotion. By-and-by, however, she heard him sob, too.

"Father, I am hurting you!" she exclaimed, lifting her head.

"Yes, deary, you are," he admitted; "you are hurtin' me badly. It goes agin' me hard to hev you grieve so."

"Then I won't, father—I won't, dear! I will not cry any longer; and I will do anything—everything you wish, father."

"Thet's my own daughter!" he commended, his face brightening into a smile. "Why, it would hev hed to hev come *some* time, Idalia, fer it ain't natural but thet parents should go afore their children. But it mayn't come jest yet, an' thar ain't no sense in troublin', an' in spoilin' what is left to us of the time we've got to spend together, is thar? Let's take it quiet an' happy. Ef I kin leave you well fixed, an' with some one to love you, an' some one thet's got the right to keer for you an' look after you, child, why, I shall be jest as contented as kin be! Ez fer money, now, you'll have a-plenty, an' more'n a-plenty. An' I should like, Idalia, thet Cousin Jabez Dean should hev the old home an' the farm at jest as easy a bargain ez we kin run it. You don't want to speak of thet?" (Idalia had broken down anew into the sobs against which she was struggling so bravely). "Well, Victor an' me, we'll settle all thet sort of thing between us. But now, what about the weddin', honey? I've set my heart on it, thet it shall be now, jest straight away. You *love* him, don't ye?"

Again a warm blush suffused Idalia's cheeks.

"You know I do, father," she faltered; "but——"

"Well, an' he loves you, an' I love him," resumed Mr. Bretherton. "What more is thar needed?—Idalia, I've got it into my head, an' I've got it into my *heart*, ez I must hev you married at once, an' him to come here an' live with us. I jest can't rest till it's done. An' it won't make me die any sooner, deary. It'll make me live longer, I believe."

"Father, if you feel like that, I—but perhaps he—how do we know that *he* would like it so soon, father?"

Mr. Bretherton laughed softly, and lifted her chin to study the lovely face, that looked all the lovelier for the flush of excitement in it, an excitement compounded of many emotions, not all of them sad ones.

"How do I know? Well, now, I *do* know, Idalia, because I've spoke to him on the subject. Him an' me, we've talked it all out. An' I may say that he's *willin'* to hev it so ez I've set my heart on it bein'. He's *willin'*—jest to put it thet way, an' not to flatter you, honey!"

Mr. Bretherton laughed again, but feebly, for the exertion of so much conversation was fatiguing in his weak condition.

"An' more'n thet, I'm expectin' him here every minit fer to tell you himself how willin' he is. Thar! ain't thet the front door? Thet'll maybe be him."

It *was* "him"—and in another moment Victor McNicoll entered the room. His first glance was towards Mr. Bretherton; and that gentleman answered the unspoken query with a nod and a bright smile.

"Yes, my boy; it's all right. You an' me, we're to hev our own way."

"Idalia, is this true?"

She answered the question by rising slowly from her seat at her father's knee, and turning towards him. Victor McNicoll caught his promised bride to his heart.

"Oh, my love, my love!" he murmured. "The one only love of my life!" Then, dropping his voice to a whisper, he added, "*My wife.*"

"And *my son*," put in Mr. Bretherton, who had not been intended to hear the whisper.

"Yes, sir, your son," responded the young man promptly. "And may I be a better son. May I be able in some measure to——" Mr. Bretherton had made a gesture of remonstrance, and Victor left the sentence unfinished.

"Hush—don't ye, now! Thet thar, it's jest the only fault I kin find in you, Victor. You've always been rather too hard on poor Peley. But, then, you ain't his father," he added with a faint smile, "an' it ain't to be expected thet you should make allowances like a father kin. A father, now, he kin forgive 'most anything. An thet's how it comes to be such a wonderful an' such a comfortin' thing that we kin all of us, young an' old, livin' an' dyin', think of Him as is above all as a *Father*, ain't it now? Fer, you see, thar's things—heaps o' things—ez we've all got to hev forgiven."

Neither of the young people spoke in reply to these remarks, but the eyes of both filled as they stood looking down at the simple and humble old man. By-and-by Victor blew his nose suspiciously, and changed the current of conversation by observing—

"Do you see that it is snowing? The flakes are coming down faster and faster. And do you remember, Idalia, that the first time I ever saw you was in a snow-storm?"

CHAPTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

SEVERAL MARRIAGE ARRANGEMENTS.

WITHIN a fortnight a very quiet wedding had taken place, and Idalia Bretherton had become Mrs. Victor McNicoll. Then, to the great joy of both son and daughter, the dear old man, happy in the removal of a weight from his mind, seemed to revive for a time. For nearly four months he lingered with them, fading away in a painless decline that presented none of the horrors of death. When, eventually, they had laid him to rest beneath the green sods of Upton Churchyard, within sight almost of the Monkswood gates, Idalia strove hard to obey an injunction he had laid upon her—an injunction repeated many times before his last moments—to the effect that she should not indulge in inordinate grief for his loss. "Don't you fret, now, Idalia; promise me ez you won't fret when I'm gone?" he had begged, and Idalia had been compelled to promise that she would strive not to fret.

As a mode of enabling her to keep that promise, Victor, almost directly after the funeral, carried her off for a little tour abroad.

The affairs of Courteney and McNicoll continued in a highly flourishing condition; and by-and-by, to relieve the partners of too great a stress of work, a gentleman of good family and competent abilities was engaged as a sort of general manager of the two mills. In this capacity the gentleman saw a good deal of both partners, but especially of the senior partner—and, almost necessarily, also, of the senior partner's daughter. The end of that seeing was that Hester Courteney presently obtained a second offer of marriage—honourably made to her by an honourable man. This offer, with her father's cordial approval, and to her own ever-increasing satisfaction, Hester accepted. And the effect of this new engagement on the young lady's character and conduct proved a happy one. There were no secret meetings now, no clandestine correspondence, no necessity for concealment or deceit. With her present lover everything was open and above-board. Moreover, Hester knew that Sydney Grenville loved her for herself, and not for her money; and though her own attachment to him never reached the romantic ardour of the affection she had once borne to Charlie Nunnerley, it was a truer and more enduring sentiment. Although she would have been too proud even to have owned the fact to herself (since it seemed to involve the survival of some interest in him), Hester rather hoped that the news of her approaching marriage with a man very far his social as well as moral superior might reach Charlie Nunnerley's ears.

And the news did reach Charlie's ears, but not before he had himself entered into a new matrimonial contract. His partner in this contract was a lady whose age, according to the birth register, was fifty, who dressed and tried to look like a girl of twenty-five, and who, if put to it, would modestly own to thirty years. Having met the young artist at the house of a friend, this lady (who was in possession of six thousand a year) invited him to paint her portrait. Only too thankfully (he had found little employment of late) Charlie undertook the commission. The portrait was painted at the house of the lady, Miss Helsham by name, and represented her attired in a gorgeous robe of cream-coloured satin, gracefully reclining in a low chair, and flirting in her bejewelled hand a peacock's-feather fan.

Pandering to his patroness's only too perceptible vanity, Charley made the portrait a good deal more flattering than faithful. Miss Helsham, however, was delighted with it; but she was still more delighted with the young artist who had managed to reduce her too-matronly figure to those sylph-like proportions, and to make her blooming complexion appear so natural.

Her own portrait satisfactorily finished, Miss Helsham requested Charlie to take the likeness of a favourite cat, and notwithstanding the young man's protest that he was not an animal painter, she pressed the petition, offering at the same time so absurdly liberal a payment, that he was tempted to undertake the task.

Before it was finished, Charlie, who had been very slow to understand Miss Helsham's patent advances, at length perceived that if he chose to accept this old young lady, along with her six thousand a year, his days of monetary anxiety and art drudgery might be over for ever. And, after a brief hesitation, during which he told himself that, although he could never love any other woman in the world than Idalia Bretherton, there was no reason why he should not enjoy, since he could get them, the compensating blessings of wealth—Charlie had swallowed the gilded pill. He had offered his hand and handsome person to Miss Helsham, and she in return had given him her heart and her money.

A word or two in conclusion of our story must be devoted to Susan Basset. Long before she left the flour-mill, convalescent from the illness which had supervened upon her attempt to drown herself, Susan had recognised the inexpressible folly and wickedness of that act, and had further grown ashamed of the feelings that had led her to commit it. By his own words and deeds, her faithless lover had betrayed his utter worthlessness; and as she lay in Mrs. Carey's dimity-hung bed, pondering over the events of the last few months, Susan began to wonder how she could ever have loved such an unfeeling wretch as Peleus Bretherton. Yet how her poor little heart ached with the void that had been left in it!

It was not, however, until she was on the point of returning home, several weeks after the event, and after poor Luke, in consequence of it, had been lodged in a lunatic asylum, that the dreadful mode of young Bretherton's death was communicated to Susan. By that time the girl had begun to feel the effects of a certain soothing balm that had been poured into her wounds. That James Carey loved her, she had, of course, long known; but she had never suspected that his love was of that sort that could prove itself "stronger than death." At the risk of his own life, he had saved hers. How could Susan help contrasting the noble devotion of this lover with the selfish, ephemeral passion of the other?

She *did* contrast them, and when after her return to the Fold Farm the young miller began to renew his evening visits there, she looked upon him with very different eyes from those wherewith she had formerly regarded him. But James, not wishing to presume on her gratitude, was very patient in his suit. He did not know that Susan's heart had already been caught at the rebound; he did not understand that every point of difference which he presented to her late admirer constituted so many points in his favour. And there were differences enough, physical, mental, and moral. James was fair, Percival had been dark; the former was intelligent, humble, self-oblivious; the latter had been shallow-brained, conceited, and selfish. The two natures, in short, were wide as the poles apart. Long before James, rendered timid by his former rebuff, could make up his mind to put again to her that important question, Susan had quite decided what her answer would be. And when at length question and answer had been exchanged, Farmer Basset's sanction of his daughter's choice was readily

given. Two conditions, however, were exacted as the price of his consent to an engagement—first, that the young couple were to wait a year before marriage; and, secondly, that after their marriage James was to take up his abode at the Fold Farm, in order that Mr. Basset might not be separated from his favourite child and heiress. That Susan *was* his heiress, and that consequently, after his own death, the ancient name must die out, that there would be no more Bassets of the Fold Farm, was, despite his love for his "little girl," a source of much secret grief to the worthy farmer.

Annette—Lady Standon—remained a widow to the end of her days. For an indefinite number of years she continued to look excessively juvenile. Also she continued to keep in her train an indefinite number of lovers, even after she had ceased either to be or to look juvenile. But, whether from her own fault or theirs, none of those lovers was ever converted into a husband.

THE END.

HOW I GOT MY TELEPHONE FOR NOTHING: AN EXPERIENCE.

"THINGS are not looking very lively, Louisa," said my husband to me one morning after breakfast. "There seems a little conspiracy against my sketches of Canadian scenery—dealers won't bid!"

"Oh, Charlie! and they are so beautiful," I cried.

"Who, dear?" said Charlie; "the dealers or the pictures?"

"The pictures, of course, you silly fellow," I replied affectionately, for I am fond of Charlie—"still, what can you do?"

"That is just the point, my dear girl. But I must run off and write a few letters. It is a bore, this letter-writing. You are off shopping, I suppose?"

"Yes; I wish I had not to go," I answered; "there are such a number of things to attend to at home. Why can't one give orders without going out, as we did in America—by telephone?"

"My word, Louisa, you've hit it!" cried Charlie excitedly. "You've hit it this time. My dear girl, you are an angel. We'll have a telephone!"

"And pay twenty pounds for it, Charlie? Nonsense! Where are we to get the money? Travelling with the British Association was very cheap, and yet we spent a good deal of money. We positively cannot afford it!"

"We *will* afford it, because I think I see my way to getting it *for nothing*," replied my husband. "I have an idea, honestly my own, and I will use it."

"Well, meantime, I must go and order the things. What a dreadfully dreary day it is!" I exclaimed.

It was one of those drizzling, foggy mornings, for which the British climate is remarkable. Everything was damp, dripping, and clammy. How nice, I thought, to sit quietly in my little boudoir, and—as I used to do in America—telephone to my tradesmen, or the cab-office, in fact make all my arrangements comfortably, without any trouble at all!

"Charlie," I said, "if you can manage the telephone you will be a public benefactor."

"Certainly," replied Charlie; "the company will find a way; I must find the means, *and I will!*"

Just as I was going out Charlie appeared again.

"Are you going round to the tradespeople, Loo?" he asked. "You look dressed up for a polar expedition."

"It's so chilly and damp. I wish you would go instead," I said tentatively.

"I will," he answered, greatly to my astonishment. "I will purchase your mutton, I will order your beet-sugar, or your Normandy dripping. What do you want?"

"Here is a list. Now run away, and come back as soon as you can."

So Charlie went off, and, as I afterwards heard, he interviewed all the tradespeople, sounded them, and proceeded to business. His manner of proceeding was simple. He first spoke to the butcher.

"Mr. Bullin," he said, "I want your assistance. Will you come to a meeting at the hotel on Thursday?"

Bullin, scenting a possible feast, agreed. So all the tradespeople—the baker, the chemist, the coal-merchant, the fishmonger, the greengrocer, the stationer, and linendraper—came; and all branches of business in our neighbourhood were represented. All these men were, as usual, totally opposed to dealings with the various "stores," a fact which my husband well knew when he selected the members.

"Gentlemen," began Charlie—this is what he said according to his report after—"Gentlemen, I have ventured to ask you to meet me this evening as representatives of the trading community. Those present, I perceive, supply, generally, the entire district here, and do, presumably, well."

"Not so well as we might," remarked one shock-headed man—"sugar's a drug."

"Not in my shop," tittered the little chemist.

"Well," continued Charlie, "I want to benefit you

all, and, I may add, benefit myself too. You would not, perhaps, believe me were I to say I am purely philanthropic. I am philanthropic after I see five per cent. for my money, or say seven and a half in some cases; but it will be your interest."

"To *pay* the interest do you mean, sir?"

"Indirectly. You will use a sprat, Mr. Fisher, to catch a salmon. In other words, you will benefit me and other residents, and keep all our custom in the neighbourhood, on certain conditions to be subscribed to by both parties."

"Let's hear 'em, sir," said the baker.

"I propose to reduce your working expenses, to insure you custom so long as you will undertake to provide the goods we require according to quality, and as ordered; to save you time and trouble, and save your customers money. My idea is this: you charge high prices because you have to keep up stock and send round for orders; then you have to send the goods afterwards. I propose to save at least half this expense—perhaps even more."

"All very well, sir; but how?" said Bullin.

"BY THE TELEPHONE!" said Charlie triumphantly; and then he explained his plan. His enthusiasm was infectious, and he wound up by saying—

"There are ten of you present. Let each of you put down two pounds—my discount for one year, ten per cent. on twenty pounds. Or you can divide the sums, some less than others. I want the twenty pounds for my TELEPHONE."

"What good will it do *us?*" inquired the fishmonger. "I don't care for new-fangled things."

"Ah! you *will*. Listen. Firstly, if I have the telephone in my house I can converse with you if you are on the system. This will save you a great deal of money. You will be able to dispense with the daily sending all round *for* orders, which means a cart and horse and boy the less. This alone will more than pay your connection with the telephone centre. You will *insure* a regular custom if you fulfil orders honestly. We shall gain in time and money. Look at me. I spend five hundred a year, at least; of that, three hundred pounds will surely come into your pockets for household necessaries. You can afford me seven and a half per cent. discount for ready money; that will pay for my telephone."

"Yes, but not our own telephone," said the butcher.

"You are unreasonable, Bullin. The saving to you, particularly, will be immense. Your whole expenses annually in the matter will be trifling when compared with your savings. Will you try it?"

There was some consultation, and they said they would think over it. Two days afterwards Mr. Bullin called to see my husband, and said as we had always dealt with him he would try the telephone. "It can't hurt much," he said. "If it pays with me the others will unite; meanwhile, they are willing to give you percentage, ma'am."

So it was arranged. All our tradespeople deducted seven and a half per cent. from our books weekly for ready money; and Charlie, delighted at the prospect, worked so well that he sold four pictures. Then we went to the Telephone Company, who treated us very fairly indeed; and for the "agency," which Charlie was "sharp" enough to claim, he managed to get a discount from the company. So he netted a little there, too. The telephone was put up, and worked well.

One morning a neighbour, Mrs. Elmore, came in hurriedly, and begged to see me.

"My dear Louisa, what *do* you think? Just now I was at Bullin's shop, and bargaining with him, when a little bell rang, and he said, 'Excuse me, ma'am; I must attend to Mrs. Farrant.' I was perfectly astonished when he went to a little instrument, and talked to some one through a dice-box-looking mouthpiece. So I asked him, when he had finished, what it was. He said, 'The telephone,' and had got your orders for dinner. Now, *is this possible?* My dear, what a tremendous saving this would be! Why, I have to come out to see this man, and here you are, so cosy, at home! How *do* you do it?"

Here was an opportunity. I took Mrs. Elmore into my boudoir, where, locked in a case for fear of servants, was my telephone.

"Now, Annie," I said, "tell Mr. Bullin you have altered your mind, and will have a leg of mutton instead of the ribs of beef."

"Nonsense, Louisa. How can the man hear me all this way without telegraphing first?"

"Shall I do it?" I asked.

"Please—if you *can*," she added.

In a moment the case was unlocked and I rang my bell. The answer came directly.

"Put me on Number 5,016," I said. Mr. Bullin was 5,016.

"Right," came the answer. Then I told Mr. Bullin to change the joints, and he promised he would.

"The ribs have not gone yet," he added.

"Now, Mrs. Elmore, will you tell him you are here? Ask him something."

"I will tell him to send change for a note," she said. Then she called to him; he replied, and she told him. To her astonishment, when she returned home, she found the mutton and the five pounds in gold, which trusting Mr. Bullin had forwarded.

"I will have a telephone, Thomas," said Mrs. Elmore to her husband. "It is only twenty pounds, and I can get seven and a half per cent. off orders."

"Have it, by all means," said Thomas Elmore; "it will save me, too, a great deal of trouble, for I can have my office letters read to me when I am laid up."

So he had. *That is a fact!* By degrees all the tradesmen came in, and the telephone in our district became an institution. The other evening we went out to dinner, and the carriage was ordered at half-past ten. But an "at home" succeeded. Our friends insisted on our remaining; so Charlie walked down to Mrs. Elmore's, a few yards away, and telephoned home to tell Andrews, the flyman, to send the carriage at one o'clock instead of half-past ten. The livery stable keeper thanked us afterwards for not keeping his man and horse waiting, and got himself attached to the telephone at once, for he was enabled to use

our carriage meantime, and saved sending out another.

Thus we made the telephone quite a success; and Charlie, who has considerable business acumen (for an artist), made something out of his idea. We obtained our telephone for virtually "less than nothing," as we more than gained in the percentages. But the greatest triumph was to come.

We had been out one evening, and it was past twelve when Charlie came up-stairs. He generally looks out of the window when he comes into my room, and on this occasion he called out—

"Hallo! Loo, here's a fire, I believe."

"Where?" I cried, rushing to the casement.

"Up the road. It's at Adams's. The house will burn rapidly; the timber-yard will ignite the whole place. My goodness! this will be serious, and no call nearer than a mile!"

"Dear, dear!" I exclaimed. "But can't we telephone?"

"Of course; well thought of, Louisa!"

In a minute Charlie was in my boudoir, and was ringing to the Central Exchange. I looked in the book; the fire number was something—I forget what.

"Put Southwark and outlying stations in connection. Fire in Hamer Road, Kensington. Serious!"

"Thanks," came back in three minutes. In twenty minutes, and before the police had sounded the call in the street, an engine came up. Then four more in quick succession. In an hour and a half all danger was over, and Charlie came back.

Next day a gentleman called. He sent in a card from an insurance company.

"We have to thank you, I understand," he said, "for your promptness and presence of mind in an emergency. We do not suspect—at least, we do not wish to suspect—anything criminal, but that timber-yard is *very* heavily insured. Hem! in fact, insured far beyond its present value; so, sir, you did us a real service. The first half-hour is generally the worst for us—fires gain a hold so rapidly."

"I am very glad," said Charlie. "I am on the telephone, so I was enabled to give the alarm at once."

"Yes, sir; I wish all our clients were. We are not so anxious concerning the *number* of fires; in fact—yes—hem——"

"In fact," said Charlie, "fires do you good; they make people insure; but disastrous fires have an unpleasant effect on dividends!"

"Well, you know, I cannot admit that," said the gentleman. "Will you come and see our directors on Wednesday?"

"Certainly," said Charlie. He did, and the Board of Directors passed him a vote of thanks. They liberally reduced our fire premium to a merely nominal sum, for Charlie, having so many pictures, is rather heavily insured.

So Charlie's idea, and mine, has prospered. We have had our telephone eight months, and have saved, or gained in time, postage, cab-fares, underground tickets, and worries, ten times our expense in putting it up! We can call on all our tradesmen, book our places at the various entertainments, transact bank business, and all kinds of other business, by telephone. I keep it locked up, so no one can tamper with it; and if Charlie dines out unexpectedly it saves a telegram.

In conclusion, I would strongly advise all heads of families to be connected with the telephone. Tradesmen will find it an immense saving, as our people have done. They have formed a little "Association," and thus all orders to them by telephone have precedence. They take off the discount on these transactions, and reap a perfect harvest in the saving of labour, and sending backwards and forwards to the houses. Charlie and I have no longer fears for the future, as he has received orders—owing to his being "on the telephone," and ready to act—to proceed to Scotland to make some sketches for an illustrated paper. Had he not been on the telephone, the editor says, he would have sent a cab for Mr. M——. But time pressed; Charlie starts to-night, and now I must rush and pack up, for I am to go too.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.

FAIR as is the fragrant rose
That in an English garden grows,
That breezes woo, that dews impearl—
O sweet she is, an English girl!

With tresses dark, or golden hair,
Blue eyes or black, she still is fair,
With all the lovely looks we see
In Jessie, Kate, or Dorothy.

The happy eyes are frank and bright,
And full of laughter, full of light;
The lips are perfect, speaking truth,
And peerless with the smile of youth.

A queen—by every poet sung—
She needs no sceptre, being young,
Nor cares to wear a brilliant crown
On brighter tresses rippling down!

O sweet as is the stately rose
That in an English garden grows,
That breezes kiss, that dews impearl—
My love, she is an English girl!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

BY-PATHS OF COMMERCE: THE TRANSLATOR AND REVIVER.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.

IN all large towns there are trades and occupations the very existence of which is practically unknown to the general public. Some are created by the presence of a foreign element in the population, and the sign "Solomons, Baker of Passover Cake," tells us as surely that we are in the midst of a Jewish community, as that of "Dealer in German Sausages" proclaims the neighbourhood of a colony from the Fatherland. Some, however, of the most remarkable amongst such industries are the natural outcome of wide-spread poverty. They endeavour to supply the wants of our poor at prices duly accommodated to the scantiness of their resources, whilst still leaving a desirable margin for profit. Amongst such traders, and amongst the very smallest and least opulent of them, are the translators and revivers, who with little skill and less capital contrive to make a living for themselves by ministering to the bodily wants of their equally impecunious brethren.

Obviously the word translator in this connection has a meaning quite technical and distinct from its customary usage. But we cannot better acquaint ourselves with its full import than by visiting an unusually well-to-do member of the profession. We approach the street in which Ray dwells through something like a desert. On one side stretches an open space covered with the remains of demolished habitations. In the distance a few on the borders of the clearing rise gaunt and desolate, showing in strips of tattered wall-papers, the ends of decaying rafters, and ruined fire-places, the point at which the devastation has been stayed. The side of the street yet untouched shows many dwellings in every respect as dilapidated as those recently removed, the rents of which have of course received an impetus from the razing of dwellings recently carried on around.

In the wall of one appears a tablet commemorating the builders of the street, who, in order to keep their memory green with posterity, bestowed upon it both their names. Many changes have taken place since their new street first arose in 1688, but, within the last century at all events, their namesake has become synonymous with the abode of all that is vile and murderous. The old French weavers, who once upon a time found refuge in its houses, have long since passed away. Their names thickly stud the registers of the church hard by, and some may still be read on the mouldering tombs beneath the graveyard trees. But their descendants are English in all save name, and have long since left this ill-famed street to the burglar, the pickpocket, the beggar, and the broken-down of either sex. Ray we must include under the latter title, for no man who was not bankrupt either in pocket or reputation would choose to live amid his surroundings.

A TRANSLATOR.

Stand at his door and look around. The roadway is narrow, for demolition has not yet penetrated so far; the side-paths are proportionately contracted; a waggon of hay could barely pass down the street without brushing with its fragrant load the filthy walls on either side. The houses opposite are, you at once see, common lodging-houses. Around their doors are clustered some of the lodgers—young men with pale faces and loosely-knit frames, old men encrusted with dirt, and women lavish of bare arms and expansive white aprons.

Ray belongs to a higher social order, seeing that he and his family have an entire room to themselves; moreover this room is honourably distinguished from many in its neighbourhood by the possession of a window-blind, as well as the remains of a dust-embrowned curtain. One step down lands us at once in his workshop and home. Just within the door a staircase winds upwards, compelling all visitors to the rooms above to violate the privacy of Ray's apartment. An attempt has been made to carve a workshop out of the one room by erecting a small screen of wood, embellished with a few lithographed portraits of public characters, some illustrations from weekly papers, and a few pictorial adver-

tisements. Against this background our translator's figure appears. He is seated upon a ridiculously small stool, and surrounded by boots of all sizes and shapes, but all in an advanced state of decay. Shreds of leather, new and old, endless scraps of uncertain nature, a small paraffin lamp, and a few tools, complete his surroundings, the combined aroma of which prevails against even the pungent odours of the street outside. At the back of the room the figure of Mrs. Ray is dimly outlined amidst the bedstead, the table, and the usual accessories of such houses.

From Ray's domestic surroundings we gather that the translator's work is in some way intimately connected with boots. Will he have the kindness to explain the trade a little more particularly to us? He will. But, by way of preliminary, he wishes us to understand that he is really a boot-maker by trade, and that it is only in recent years, since machinery has been employed for so many purposes in the trade, that he has been reduced to the condition of a mere mending and patching cobbler, combined with that of the translator. The occupation of the latter is as follows:—He buys in "the Lane"—*i.e.*, Petticoat Lane, as inclusive of Wentworth Street, not the modern Middlesex Street only—half a dozen pairs of boots, a specimen of which is exhibited at the end of a grimy fist. Some are in bad repair; others are mere bundles of leather shreds. You would consider them unworthy of rescue from the gutter; but Ray understands better than we do the possibilities of each, and in what to our inexperienced eye is an utter wreck he sees the frame-work of a presentable boot. Of the six pairs perhaps two will be quite beyond repair; they must therefore be cut to pieces, that their constituent parts may supply patches for the more promising material. A judicious darn here, a patch there, an exchange of soles in a third case, and a plentiful application of blacking over all, will give to four of the pairs a reasonably attractive appearance. With these in his hand he will probably repair to "the Lane" on the following Sunday. There, amidst the seething crowd, he will not lack buyers; but should the prices fall short of his expectations, he will, if there is enough money at home to carry on the household for a day or two, make a round with his stock amongst the poorer second-hand shops in all parts of the metropolis. A pair of boots which originally cost him twopence may, after passing through his experienced hands, produce ninepence or a shilling. Perhaps he may trudge about all day and not effect a single sale; at other times success may crown his venture before he has gone a mile from home.

In an adjacent court dwells another translator. To reach his room we have to ascend a narrow winding staircase, apparently constructed for the use of only under-sized adults, and therefore bristling with dangers to the hats and coats of more bulky visitors. Hillpot is at home, occupied much in the same way as his neighbour Ray, but surrounded by fewer tools, and a still smaller stock of material. There is a pale but cheerful-looking lad lying upon the old bed, and a pair of home-made crutches lean against the wall near his hand. Hillpot has but little to add to our recently-acquired knowledge of his trade, save that a neighbouring shop, kept by an astute Jewess, is his last resort when other buyers fail. Dealing with the proprietress is, however, open to this objection, that she never gives more or less than sixpence a pair for boots. They may be an exceptionally good selection, but that is her one and only price.

A REVIVER.

Satisfied with these particulars of the translator's art, we now turn our attention to the kindred occupation of reviving, and take our examples from the other sex. Mrs. Platt and her married daughter pursue this industry in what the neighbours call the "three-pair back" of an old house in an adjoining street. We have left the rougher element behind us, and now find respectability dwelling on the ground floors, gradually decreasing as we pass up-stairs, until extreme poverty is reached in the attics. The room is more spacious than those we have recently left, but still most dismally bare. There is a bed, of course, and the usual deal table and accompanying chair. The only other accommodation offered is the top of an old chest, which, Mrs. Platt informs us, once belonged to her husband, a ship's steward, who was "of

foreign substraction." The nature of their occupation is at once made clear by a small pile of old clothes lying upon the ground near the married daughter, who, needle in hand, is darning a monstrous rent in an aged coat. This garment, upon which she has just commenced to exercise her healing art, is held up to the light for our inspection. It was a brown overcoat once, with a velveteen collar, but its last owner evidently had the most supreme contempt for appearances, and regarded patching or mending as ridiculous attempts to conceal his poverty from the public eye. It was the coat one sees on the back of the professional beggar, and of the men who have lost all hope, and are therefore indifferent to the multitude and diversity of their rags. And yet it was not beyond Mrs. Platt's skill. She showed a not unseemly garment folded in a corner, and shook that out for our inspection. It had, she averred, been "much the worse of the two," and now exhaled a powerful odour of what she called "armonium." But not a rent remained undarned: the cuffs had been carefully turned in, the button-holes re-sewn, and the greasy parts revived with a plentiful application of ammonia. It is true that the buttons were of various sizes and patterns, but such a point was beneath criticism. And what was the marketable value of this garment?—Mrs. Platt put her head on one side and eyed the article critically. It might fetch eighteenpence, and it might go for a shilling. If it only reached the latter sum, then she would have been paid for her labour at the rate of twopence an hour.

We ventured to ask who buy such garments. Mrs. Platt looked unutterable amazement at our ignorance, as she replied that numbers of people purchase to themselves a complete outfit for such a sum as five shillings, and that there *are* coats to be had for sixpence. And how long will they last? That appeared to her a question conveying an imputation on her skill; she therefore answered by inquiring how long we could expect them to, and at once accepted our suggestive shrug of the shoulders as a very proper solution of the problem. Some experience of Petticoat Lane on Sunday morning enables us to accept Mrs. Platt's figures as correct, and moreover assures us that the occupation pursued by her is one followed by quite a little army of broken-down tailors, seamstresses, and others; whilst it is also very necessary to the comfort of many thousands around them.

A BOSTON (U.S.) SOCIETY.

THE Boston (U.S). Society for the Encouragement of Study at Home, established two years before the Chautauqua society, is less widely spread, though perhaps not less useful. Its object is that of helping ladies in their studies as "distinguished from reading."

In June, 1873, some papers of an English society entitled, "Society for the Encouragement of Home Study," fell into the hands of Miss Ticknor, the present secretary of the Boston society, who showed them to Dr. Eliot, and both desired at once to carry out the idea suggested by the title, but with an American difference.

The English society, at least at that time, confined its help to the wealthy classes; the Boston idea was to embrace all classes of women over seventeen.

It was also made as free as possible from all irksome conditions; to quote the secretary's report for 1883:—

"Instead of mere plans for work without correspondence, and the irksome requirement of presence at head-quarters at the end of each year for competitive examination and prizes, we adopted monthly correspondence, with frequent tests of results, desiring to produce intellectual habits and resources, without competition and without even fostering the desire to reach certain points at certain moments.

"Our committee consisted of ten persons, when it began its existence in the autumn of 1873; and six of its members undertook the entire correspondence with forty-five persons, who entered as students during the first term.

"This committee was formed with only two points of method settled, namely, that there *should* be a regular correspondence, and that there should *not* be competitive examinations."

As I understand it, it is the cordial effort of a number of ladies (188 this year) to help other ladies over the stumbling-blocks that so often come in the way of home students, tripping them up perhaps and completely discouraging them at the outset of some effort to study.

When one remembers the pride and timidity of many young girls, which would prevent them asking help in something they may be supposed to know, from any of their acquaintances—the many cases in which books alone, or at least any *one* book alone, may fail to help—one can appreciate the boon of having the sympathetic guidance of one of her own sex to appeal to, one before whom she need not dread to blush, for she may never see her correspondent.

The stimulus, too, of knowing that a course of reading has been prescribed for her, that she has to make a monthly report of her progress, that she can obtain all necessary books by the payment of half a cent a day and postage, can perhaps only be appreciated by those who have known the weary dejection of desultory

effort, which the obstacle even of lacking a necessary but unattainable book may suffice to extinguish. Of course I am not thinking now of the eager, ardent student whom obstacles only inspire to renewed effort, though these may well appreciate the privilege, but rather of the girl who would like to study; feels it a duty, yet lacks energy to keep to a prescribed course unencouraged. Without going far into details, a short account of the method and studies may be interesting.

Any lady over seventeen, wishing to join the society, can send for a circular containing the rules and subjects in which she will be assisted.

After she has selected the subject she wishes to study, she pays her fee for the year, three dollars, to cover expenses of postage, office, &c. She then receives a letter from the head of the department, asking a few necessary questions to guide that lady in her selection of a correspondent.

In the usual way no further correspondence takes place between the secretary and the new student, although every month a formal report is received at head-quarters from each lady correspondent, giving items about each of her students, which items are carefully recorded, and can be referred to at any time; meantime the head of the department has sent to the new student the name and address of the lady assigned to her as correspondent, with printed directions for her mode of work.

If she desires it, the first book is sent to her from the Lending Library, and she begins to study, with the practice of making *memory* notes. The student thenceforward is expected to write at the beginning of each month to her adviser, enclosing a specimen of her memory notes. To this monthly letter she receives a prompt reply. From time to time she will be asked to write an abstract, or answer examination questions—on honour, without referring to books—for the simple purpose of fixing the facts in her memory and insuring her progress.

The subjects studied are twenty-four, included in six departments, with sections and sub-sections, of which the following is an abridgment:—

1st Course.—History, divided into four sections.

Section 1st.—Ancient.
,, 2nd.—Mediæval.
,, 3rd.—Modern, beginning with the sixteenth century.
,, 4th.—American.

2nd Course.—Science, in three sections.

Section 1st.—Botany, Zoology.
,, 2nd.—Physical Geography, Geology, Mineralogy.
,, 3rd.—Mathematics, Astronomy.

3rd Course.—Art.

Section 1st.—General.
,, 2nd.—Ancient Art.
,, 3rd.—Painting.
,, 4th.—Architecture.
,, 5th.—Sculpture.
,, 6th.—Engraving.

4th Course.—German Literature.

5th Course.—French Literature.

6th Course.—English Literature, in two sections.

Section 1st.—General.
A. { 1st Period, Language and Literature before 1550.
{ 2nd ,, 1550—1688.
B.—3rd Period, 1688—1800.
C.—4th ,, Nineteenth Century. English-American.

Section 2nd.—Shakespeare.
A.—History of Dramatic Art and Literature.
B.—Plays of Shakespeare, Commentaries and Critical Study.

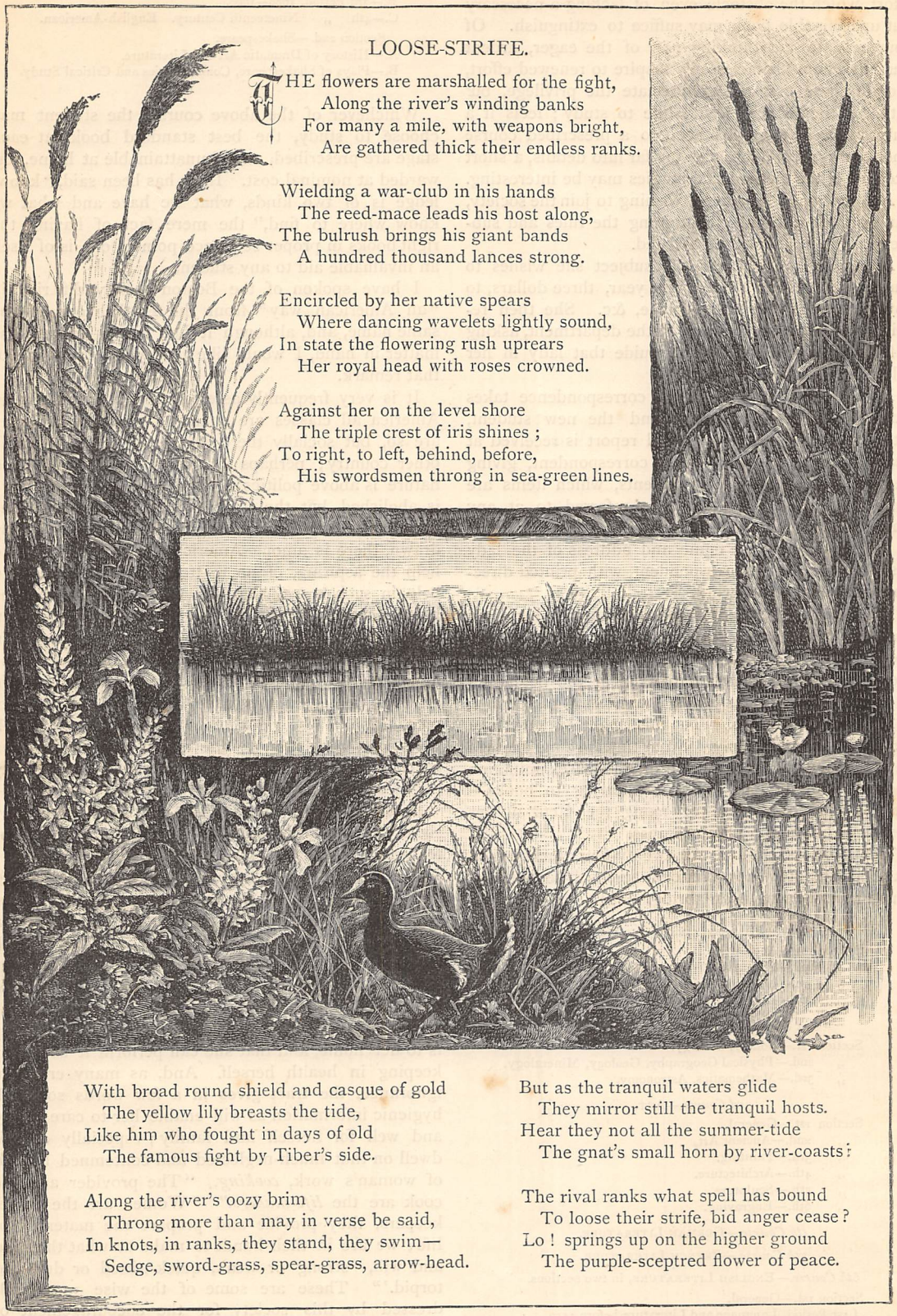
Whichever of the above courses the student may choose to study, the best standard books at each stage are prescribed, and if unattainable at home, forwarded at nominal cost. If, as has been said, "knowledge is of two kinds, what we have and what we know where to find," the mere fact of having the right books in proper sequence pointed out, is of itself an invaluable aid to any student.

I have spoken of the Boston society differing in "an American way" from the English one of the same name, and, although it has not to do with the matter in hand, I would like to say something about that remark.

It is very frequently asserted and believed that in America all classes are equal. Before the law they are so, but socially there are distinctions as in any other country; perhaps it always must be so, and nature is above politics in this. The word "master" is abolished, but the thing exists in much the same way as elsewhere; but, though social lines are tightly drawn, there is among Americans a hearty desire to help the aspiring, of no matter what degree, and to help in such a way that the self-respect of the one aided never suffers. The fact of aspiration seems an appeal, and the American feeling is shown again in the removal of all arbitrary rules (except what the honour of the pupil imposes), conspicuous in the two societies treated in this paper, which is the abstract recognition of the right of individuality, and which gives rise, no doubt, to the fiction that in America social equality reigns. Freedom reigns, but equality reigns only in theory.

Before quitting the subject of this home study society, I must not omit to mention one important feature.

A health tract is sent to each student, inculcating the responsibility of women for the health of the home, and the value of household activity as a balance to intellectual work. It is a reproach thoughtlessly thrown on those interested in the higher education of women that they will be unfitted for home life. The little tract issued by the society emphatically teaches that woman's first duty is to her home, and that she can perform it better by keeping in health herself. And, as many err from ignorance, the tract gives in a few words so much hygienic information as will enable her to care wisely and well for herself and family; especially does it dwell on that much-neglected and contemned branch of woman's work, *cooking*. "The provider and the cook are the *life-makers*." "Women are the housekeepers, they provide and prepare the materials of life; we are in their hands to make us what they can and will, 'strong or weak, quick-witted or dull and torpid.'" These are some of the wise words addressed by this society for the encouragement of culture to its students.



LOOSE-STRIFE.

THE flowers are marshalled for the fight,
Along the river's winding banks
For many a mile, with weapons bright,
Are gathered thick their endless ranks.

Wielding a war-club in his hands
The reed-mace leads his host along,
The bulrush brings his giant bands
A hundred thousand lances strong.

Encircled by her native spears
Where dancing wavelets lightly sound,
In state the flowering rush uprears
Her royal head with roses crowned.

Against her on the level shore
The triple crest of iris shines ;
To right, to left, behind, before,
His swordsmen throng in sea-green lines.

With broad round shield and casque of gold
The yellow lily breasts the tide,
Like him who fought in days of old
The famous fight by Tiber's side.

Along the river's oozy brim
Throng more than may in verse be said,
In knots, in ranks, they stand, they swim—
Sedge, sword-grass, spear-grass, arrow-head.

But as the tranquil waters glide
They mirror still the tranquil hosts.
Hear they not all the summer-tide
The gnat's small horn by river-coasts?

The rival ranks what spell has bound
To loose their strife, bid anger cease?
Lo! springs up on the higher ground
The purple-sceptred flower of peace.

DICK'S WIFE.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE cameos, and odds and ends of things I've picked up, will come to you by Drummond. He belongs to the Drummonds who owned 'Beauchamp,' down in Dorset. The governor knows them. They lost their property somehow in mines, and this one took to tutoring and came along with Randolph's younger brother as sort of yachting coach. But the lad goes to Oxford in October, so Drummond goes back with him. We shall miss him awfully, for he speaks all manner of tongues, and is a most capital fellow into the bargain. He got us out of a pretty pickle in a Spanish village, where some of our lot brought the whole population on us like a nest of hornets by decorating one of their saintly 'images' at a street-corner. So, for this good office, as well as many another, please entertain him well. He'll find plenty to amuse him at Misterton, though he doesn't care for going straight across country three times a week like,

"Yours very dutifully,

"DICK."

Thus ran the concluding half of a letter received one September morning at Misterton Grange, a rambling old house standing amid its own woodlands just off the Roman Road that traverses a long stretch of Gloucestershire; and as the writer, "Dick," was the one son and heir of the owner of Misterton, a young gentleman whose lightest wish had ruled the home circle ever since he could speak, one may be sure his hearty introduction insured as hearty a welcome for the individual who followed the letter within a very few hours.

It was mid-afternoon when Gerard Drummond, thus pioneered, found himself in the old hall of the Grange, a quaint apartment entered eastward from a roomy porch, and opening westward on a garden gay with autumn flowers, and being there left some minutes to himself, strolled round looking at the pictured Gascoynes on the walls, their frames freely decorated with trophies of the chase, and noting, with some amusement, that, saving the scarlet uniform of the county militia, no single one wore the insignia of any profession other than the pink and white of the South Gloucester Hunt.

But they were good, honest faces that looked down on their examiner, and handsome too, with a sort of fine physical contentment that seemed as if it would laugh to scorn such cares as come of pursuits scholarly, and willingly leave the highways of learning to folks less abundantly gifted than themselves with the power and means of enjoying life after a simpler fashion.

All this at least fancied Gerard Drummond, as he gazed at five or six generations of his new friend's family, tracing the true breeding of gay, good-looking Dick himself in a grey-headed great-grandsire, "Richard Gascoyne, 1772," and a pang of regret shot across him that his own immediate forebears had not been equally content with their patrimony, but must let the ambition of doubling their wealth overtop the ability no Drummond was ever known to lack, and so result in wholesale ruin to their present representative. Plainly, on an income of £100, and the Fellowship he had earned at Oxford, to keep himself and a couple of portionless young sisters!

"Some go up, and some go down, and some stand still and are the luckiest of the lot, I suppose," mused the young man, flinging himself on a chair after his survey, and taking as specimens of the three social sets the Randolphs, wealthy Indian merchants whose yacht he had just quitted, his own just then not overprosperous self, and these Gascoynes, whose serene good fortune rarely knew flaw or check. "Well," swallowing a sigh, "I must take things as they are; groan over them as little as may be; mend them if I can; at any rate, enjoy the rest of my holiday!" And rising, as he heard footsteps approaching from without, he just cleared from his features the anxious lines habitual now in solitude, and prepared, as the rustle of womanly attire met his ears, to confront his hostess.

But it was not Mrs. Gascoyne who appeared at the open window.

Instead of the expected matron, it was a slim, bright-faced girl, who, with her long white dress gathered up over her arm, and carrying a basket of brilliant blossoms, hastened from over the lawn, stopped with just an instant's hesitation (making, with gilded background of red westering sunlight on form and flowers and ruffled chestnut hair, a picture not soon forgotten), and then advanced with outstretched hand and a frank smile of greeting that made the place feel home-like to the guest.

"It is Mr. Drummond, of course," she said, "and we are so very glad you are come. Only Mr. Gascoyne is sound asleep, and we never wake him from his afternoon nap for any one. And Mrs. Gascoyne is just finishing her letter to Di— to Naples. So she sent me to say, will you excuse her, please, a few minutes, as our post goes out so early?"

With the greatest willingness Mr. Drummond felt he could excuse Mrs. Gascoyne for any number of minutes while her place was supplied by so charming and friendly a deputy, though about the exact identity of the young lady he was puzzled. Her face wore a touch of the Gascoyne lineaments. She must be one of them. Men don't talk of their sisters, as a rule. It was to "the women at home" wandering Mr. Dick had sent the gifts of which Gerard Drummond had

been bearer. But only the closest relations could rank in such curt category. So the new-comer made a bold venture, "presumed it was Miss Gascoyne he had the pleasure of meeting," and had his uncertainty set at rest by a pretty blush and gesture of acknowledgment.

Just a shade of embarrassment accompanied this gesture, with one quick glance, half interrogative, half shy; but as Mr. Drummond began telling of the summer voyagings in the Mediterranean, the natural, girlish grace of manner returned; the womanly function of five o'clock tea put her quite at hospitable ease; and so excellently did the two manage to entertain each other that Mrs. Gascoyne's non-appearance seemed but a matter of a few brief minutes, though when she came at last it was brimful of apologies for having been a long half-hour.

"But there is so much for me to write to my son about," she explained, shaking hands in the pleasantest way imaginable; "he has such a tribe of four-footed dependents whom we have to report, that being his correspondent is no sinecure, though, of course, I have an assistant in my labours," with a smile over the tea-tray at Miss Gascoyne, who blushed again. "And now," settling her comely figure in a deep lounge, "give me my cup, Maggie, and run and see if that lazy man of mine is awake. If he is, tell him I am having Mr. Drummond's news of Dick all to myself. I suspect that will bring him back with you! Now," turning to her visitor a genial face full of expectant enjoyment, "do tell me, please, all about my runaway boy. It's so delightful to see some one who has been with him lately. Ever since June he has been away. Not even the cubs, though I wrote him word they were as strong as little tigers, tempted him back, though, of course, he'll be home when hunting begins in earnest. But his letters don't tell us much. What has he been doing? And where did you leave him?"

"We parted at Minorca," answered Mr. Drummond, "and I think the yachting party intended taking another week at Naples before pushing on for Constantinople. We made a good many acquaintances on our first visit to Naples. Mr. Richard Gascoyne is a great favourite——" (the eyes of Mr. Richard's mother beamed kindly on the speaker) "and, as I was just telling your daughter——"

"Excuse me," his hostess interrupted, "you mean my niece. It was awkward introducing herself. She is Miss Gascoyne, the only child of my husband's only brother. The mistake was quite natural, and not the least consequence."

"Thank you," returned Gerard Drummond, rather taken aback, nevertheless. "I—hope not. Of course not, though. I was only saying to Miss Gascoyne that the ladies we met made much of her bro—cousin, and——"

"Ah, that they do everywhere," laughingly put in proud Mrs. Gascoyne. "Dick is dreadfully spoilt wherever he goes! If he had not a safeguard against flirtations, I should be in a constant fidget about him. But his engagement is the greatest comfort. He marries his cousin Margaret when she is twenty-one—this time next year; so you see in one sense she is—or will be—my daughter. It has been looked on as a settled thing—so suitable, with her nice fortune and his property—ever since she lost her father and mother and came here five years ago. She is a dear girl, Mr. Drummond, and will make a charming wife for Dick."

"Very much so, indeed," thought the confidant of this satisfied mother; and before he had time to realise that the announcement took off the keenest edge of the hour's enjoyment, the young *fiancée* returned with "Uncle Gower," the fine, hale master of the house, who, having reached sixty years and sixteen stone, took life easily, gave up hunting, as he was ready to give up almost all else, to his son, and, following his wife's suit, now offered the warmest reception to the someone prepared to sit and gossip with him concerning his beloved Dick.

It was certainly curious to a man who, for many a day, had felt not a few of the buffetings the world has always handy for people out of luck, to note how this absent Dick dominated the entire household. What deference the free affection of the home trio, and all the servants on the place, paid to his every whim, reasonable or the reverse! How such a tree fell and such a one was spared; this colt was kept and trained and that one sold; this room (the entrance hall, to wit) crowded with Gascoyne Lares and Penates, that left to stiff ornament and chill solitude: obsequious all to the whim of the young dictator. "I planted them there gladiol*uses* o' pu'pose to please Master Dick, an' now he bain't by to see 'em," grumbled the old gardener, missing the praise he liked best. "We dine at six now to please my old-fashioned husband," explained Mrs. Gascoyne; "but Dick doesn't like being so early, and we are an hour later when he comes home." "Ah, building those farm places for a short while is a bad bargain," bemoaned Mr. Gascoyne ruefully, riding round his land with his guest one day; "but Dick told our tenant off-hand it should be done, so it has to be, cost what it may. We Gascoynes think a good deal of our word, Mr. Drummond. I'm proud to think I never knew Dick break his;" and so on through a whole string of harmless sacrifices to the family idol, such as secretly amused Gerard Drummond from day to day, waking no unkindlier criticism than perhaps a passing envy smothered at its birth.

But a suspicion of some other feeling was roused by later discoveries.

At his host's urging, his visit was prolonged into October. By his own desire it was made of use. An eighteenth-century library, accumulated by some Gascoyne who had transmitted his literary mantle to no successor, had gradually dropped through unappreciated uses into ruinous disorder, and Gerard Drummond's ready offer to re-assort the uncatalogued volumes was gladly accepted by Mr. Gascoyne as just the piece of work that would serve capitally to detain his pleasant guest. "Dick was not much of a reader, but he would be sure to like to see that done!"

So for a fortnight Gerard dedicated his visit to this

labour, and being referred, anent every missing page or things in place or out, to Miss Gascoyne—"I'm ashamed to say the only one who troubles the library much," confessed her aunt—it came about that Mr. Dick's future wife was thrown much into the company of Mr. Dick's friend, whereof the result was a strong opinion that the long girlish engagement had been a grave disadvantage to sundry charming tastes and talents which it had strangely repressed instead of fostered.

For Miss Margaret's leisure, it seemed, had not meant idleness, but the stray hours she could call her own had been so spent that the wisdom of gentle Addison and the harmony of Goldsmith's lines, and the love of many a worthy writer, now shelved and forgotten, were no new thing to her, though, as she naïvely said, "she never talked of books to any one there. Auntie liked newspapers, and Di—and the others didn't care to have her reading much." And the same with other gifts. "Did she like music?" repeating Gerard's question, when at her uncle's wish she was one day showing him the Gascoyne monuments in the little church on the hill-side—"oh, she loved it!" with a great light in her hazel eyes, and a rush of colour to her cheeks; "and, oh—" after the young Fellow of Merton had played through one of Bach's most rhythmical fugues on the small organ—"oh, if only she could do like that! But 'they'" (which Gerard understood now meant Dick) "did so hate practising at home, she had hardly liked to touch the piano since her governess had left. And singing! Well—" with a sigh that rounded off into a laugh—"she sang that 'Spirit Song' of Haydn's once, that always made her inclined to cry, to her uncle and cousin, and they both went to sleep! So," with a shake of the head, "she had to give it up."

Which Gerard, having heard her sweet young voice joining in the Sabbath services, protested silently was an arrant shame, and the dangerous thought took root in his mind that harum-scarum, handsome Dick Gascoyne was hardly able to value as he ought this jewel of girlhood whom he was called on by good fortune to appropriate, and the swift thought would now and again dart through his mind, *if* he had been a richer man, *if* Margaret Gascoyne had been free, *if*, instead of being merely an anxious candidate for a Colonial Professorship, he had had means that would have justified his going a-wooing, why, what a vista of happiness would have been open to him then that was now impossible!

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

FIVE weeks Gerard Drummond had been at Misterton. From the bottom of his heart he wished himself away, yet, like a moth about a candle, had not strength of will to go, though he made more than one honest effort to depart. But——

"Oh, you mustn't talk of leaving till Dick comes back," insisted Mr. Gascoyne heartily. "He'll want to see you. I shan't let you free till he gets home. He can't be long now. What on earth he's loafing about Naples for is more than I can imagine, instead of going on to Turkey with the rest. But he'll tell us when he's here, and till then, Mr. Drummond, you don't stir, or you'll get into our black books."

So Gerard stayed on, though every day punished his weakness more heavily. For his mischievous thought was bearing its natural fruit. To be under the same roof, at the same table, in the same air with Margaret Gascoyne was growing a pain and delight unspeakable. He knew it was an infatuation, a passion, that must live in his life as a memory only—that the difference between their two estates was so immeasurable he could not have asked her love, even had it not been already promised; so he grimly allowed himself the luxury of nursing a delicious misery that must soon be buried or worked away in the Antipodes.

For the Professorship was his, so a recent post brought word: an income of £700, and lonely expatriation for five years at least. He was glad of it, he told Mrs. Gascoyne, for his sisters' sakes as much as for his own, and some account the kind lady extracted of their dependence on him so raised him in her good opinion that she took upon herself to chide her niece for not being, in these last few days, so attentive as she might be to their guest.

"Who, remember, child, is just as good as ourselves, only he has lost his money and we've kept ours; and that makes him sensitive. I'm sure he was hurt yesterday when you cried off going out with him, though you knew that I was too busy myself. You shouldn't neglect him, Margaret. Remember, he's Dick's friend, and Dick wouldn't like it."

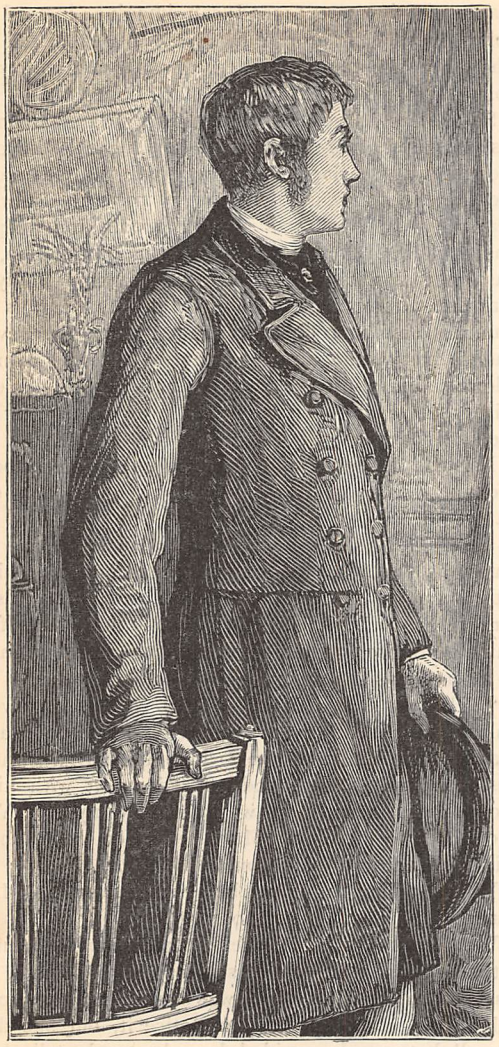
Which potent argument being unanswerable, Margaret of course attempted no reply.

What check had come over her pleasant intercourse with their guest she could scarcely have defined, far less explained. That there was a something was palpable; the others might not notice it, but she did. He all but openly avoided her; he rarely talked to her now. And she—was glad of it! Why? that was a question she never attempted to solve. Yet, by an odd contradiction, it was positive pleasure to hear her aunt praise him; to hear her uncle pronounce him "gentleman to the backbone. Not a bit of a prig, for all his learning." And the reason this made her heart throb and her cheeks glow she never guessed till, at one evening's dinner, Mr. Gascoyne brought forth a letter he had fetched from Cirencester, joyfully exclaiming, "Dick will be home to-morrow!"

Startled, she lifted her eyes one instant towards Gerard Drummond, and met an answering, unguarded glance most cruelly eloquent.

It was the spark that kindled unsuspected flame, and taught the calmly betrothed of many years the full meaning of "love."

In almost visible trembling she sat that terrible dinner through, thankful that a stray squire sharing the meal engrossed her aunt's attention, listening with heart-sickness to her uncle's jubilant song over his returning heir, inexpressibly relieved when, on the very real plea of headache, she was released early, left to her false,



"RISING, AS HE HEARD FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING" (*p.* 725).

foolish self and the dilemma, the disgrace, she had fallen into.

Dismal indeed must have been poor Meg's reckonings with her conscience through the night, for the very sight of Dick's father and mother made next day a purgatory to her, while not one moment would she trust herself near Gerard Drummond, nor even speak to him, except as the commonest courtesy extracted words.

He, divining painfully that she had rightly interpreted that unlucky moment's message of his eyes, and thus resented it, kept carefully out of her presence, ostensibly preparing for departure on the morrow. Worthy Mr. Gascoyne was fussing the whole day through about the stables, inspecting Dick's horses and Dick's hunting gear, for another morning would bring the meet to Seven Elms, close to their place, and Dick would surely be in the saddle for the first business run of the season. Mrs. Gascoyne, in a maternal ferment of preparation, could settle nowhere and to nothing, but was fortunately far too absorbed in Dick's return to notice her niece or her guest; and so the hours wore by till twilight closed about the Grange, and all waited the sound of wheels that would announce the traveller at hand.

But instead of him came disappointment in the shape of a lad with a message.

"Please, Mr. Dick hadn't come by the 4.50 train, and Mr. Clayton" (the coachman, gone himself to convey the young master home) "thought he'd best stop at the station for the six o'clock mail."

An hour's respite! Just one tremulous sigh (marked only by one of the quartette) told the relief to Margaret. Mr. Gascoyne frowned and fumed. "What had kept Dick? He ought to have come! He hated people changing their trains and changing their minds. Dick wasn't given to anything of the sort. He couldn't understand it!" Mrs. Gascoyne was frightened—nervous. "Something had happened; Dick might be ill; and, oh! she wished six o'clock would come!"

Six o'clock did come, and with it brought the truant, and in the outburst of warm welcome the delay and its causes were almost forgotten. "You gave us a scare, my lad, and frightened the colour out of Meg's cheeks!" was all the rebuke the young man got; but his greeting to his cousin, matter-of-fact as one spectator thought it, brought all the roses back, so his misdemeanour was condoned all round.

But the dinner and short evening that followed were not as cheerful as they should have been. Indeed, the recollection of that time sets mentally on edge the teeth of three of the party to this very day.

For Dick was not himself, or two guilty-minded observers fancied him not, or perhaps he was only tired; but he seemed somewhat less light-hearted than his usual cheery wont. Silent, too, which for him was little short of a miracle. Very attentive, anxiously so, to his cousin beside him. Very friendly to Gerard Drummond, and yet covertly observant of him in a peculiar way, so altogether foreign to his ordinary frankness that it could not fail to suggest such discovery as the other dreaded.

Happily, squire and squiress were too elated at having him back to see anything beyond his broad-shouldered, visible presence; and, thanks to their countless questions, the stream of conversation was kept going.

"For I could talk till the small hours," said Dick's father, as they all stood about the bright fire in the hall when the clock struck eleven; "but we'll have mercy on you, Dick, and save some yarns for another night. Be off to bed. The hounds are at Seven Elms to-morrow, and 'Phiz' will be at the door for you by 9.30 sharp. Mr. Drummond insists on leaving soon after. The mother and I will just drive down to the field, and Margaret——"

"Will go with me!" said Dick, very eagerly. "We won't do any hard riding, Meg. You'll come?"

Margaret stopped a moment, getting her thoughts into shape. What must she do? How treat this kind

honest cousin whom she had liked so well, after, alas! only sisterly fashion? What was his due?

Downbent, her face paled with the struggle in her heart. Then raising it, decision reached, she gave him her hand in good-night.

"Yes, Dick," she said, "I'll come with you."

And together they stood on the steps of the Grange on the brilliant first of November morning, there both taking leave of Gerard Drummond.

Scarcely a word beyond "Good-bye" did he utter to Margaret as he helped her to mount, and then stood back, making his farewells to Dick, whose fidgety steed the groom was leading up the drive.

"It's currish of you, Drummond, to go off directly I get back," Dick Gascoyne was saying, with a detaining clasp his friend would gladly have avoided. "And now, I suppose, with the New Year you're off to Sydney, so you'll vanish from us and might as well never have been here at all."

"Better a thousand times I'd not!"

It was the answer of a man almost unmanned: repented the instant it was uttered. He caught his wits together with the next breath. "Good sport to you, and a thousand thanks for all your people's hospitality;" then, with a last look at the dear figure he might never see again, he drew back into the porch as the pair rode off.

Now was nearing the minute when Margaret had determined to make the confession she owed her betrothed. Sisterly liking, warm as he would, she could give him. Nothing more. Traitor though it stamped her to the house that had sheltered her, to all the traditions of her name, her heart, she knew now, held not the priceless jewel of true wifely love for him; therefore she must not be his wife. The first moment Phiz would release his master's attention, she would beg Dick to take the longer road to Seven Elms, and unburden her mind of her secret, cost what it might.

But other couples wending their way to the meet delayed the disclosure. Dick was hailed by half a dozen neighbours before they were a quarter of a mile from the Grange gates, and it was as the centre of a whole group of county acquaintances they reached the field at last. Then up came more to greet the traveller; in a few minutes the hounds were at their work; the clear notes of a call summoned all riders from talkative idleness; and away, like an arrow from a bow, went Phiz, too irrepressibly fresh to make anything but a joke of his master's efforts to hold him in.

Margaret, a good rider, though no warm huntress, kept up well the first mile or two on her fleet little brown mare, but a rough bit of ploughed land on an upward slope threw her back. A ditch, with a hurdle fence on the further bank, bounded these stiff acres, and three-quarters of the field took a round to shirk the jump.

"Gate! make for the gate!" Dick shouted to her, turning in his saddle at the instant he wanted all his sight and skill for something else, and whether Phiz missed the guiding lift of his master's touch, or whether, in the spirit of his first run, the creature took

"IT WAS NOT MRS. GASCOYNE WHO APPEARED AT THE OPEN WINDOW" (*p.* 725).

the leap with too much of a rush, the next thing Margaret heard was the crash of hurdles; the next she saw, a perfect somersault of rider and beast; and then a sickening, huddled-up heap the other side.

With one shriek of terror she reined in her mare, sprang from her saddle, waded the muddy ditch, and through the broken fence reached her cousin just as Phiz, with a great plunge, got on his legs again. Half-stunned, evidently hurt grievously, Dick lay as he had been thrown, helpless, all but speechless. Huntsmen were streaming off an opposite way. Not a soul was within call. Wild with fright and pity, Margaret knelt, and taking the poor brown-haired, mud-bespattered head on her knee, "Oh, Dick, dear Dick, do speak!" she almost sobbed. "What can I do for you, my poor, poor Dick?" and her tears began to fall on the broad bronzed forehead she leant over.

At this the sufferer opened his eyes. Words were not easy, for the throw had almost knocked, and Phiz had almost crushed, the life out of him. But he, too, had something on his mind that must be said.

"Don't cry—for me, Meg," he gasped out; "I'm not worth it——"

("Oh," thought Margaret, shaking, "he has found me out, and this is how he reproaches me!")

"What they'll—say at home—I daren't think——"

("Nor I!" echoed Margaret in her inmost soul.)

"For I was always—fond of you—Meg——"

(She was crying hopelessly now.)

"But I—can't marry you. I—" stopping to fetch a hard breath—"I'm married to some one else!"

With which astounding piece of news, Dick fainted off for the first time in his life.

A straggler from the town on a hired mount came up just then, and Margaret, in breathless agitation, despatched him to the Grange, whence help soon came, and bore the young master back just ten minutes before Gerard Drummond should have left. But this new calamity stayed him; his chattels were ordered out of the dog-cart, and poor, broken-ribbed Dick was given into his most helpful charge till father and mother and doctors reached the scene in deplorably anxious conclave.

But the damage was not mortal, and when bones were set and clear-mindedness returned, Dick seemed to find his best medicine in a conference, urgently asked, readily granted, with his cousin Margaret. To such great mutual relief did these two interchange confidences (partial on one side, or so the forsaken *fiancée* flattered herself) that a most tender, skilful envoy went from the headstrong young husband to his startled, shocked, and, ill though he was, at first angry parents, and Dick's sudden passion for, and stolen marriage with, a young Brooklyn lady met in Neapolitan society was toned down in the telling, till both father and mother, once sure poor deserted Margaret's heart was not quite broken, forgave their wilful heir, and wisely talked themselves into the conclusion that matters couldn't be so very bad since they were arranged by Dick.

Nor were they.

The bride, unwillingly left the day before at Cirencester, was fetched thence, and though the notion of a Gascoyne having broken faith was a bitter pill for the newly-made father-in-law to swallow, he was fain to confess she was a good excuse for the lapse, an opinion he has had no cause since to rescind.

The invalid, recovered and about by Christmas, found, as his wits sharpened by sympathy had suggested, that fate had excellent amends at hand for his fickleness. For Margaret was Gerard Drummond's wife with the New Year, a willing sharer of his exile, whence by now their friends are looking for them back, and plotting to get them settled by Misterton.

Which they are practically certain to do, because the plan was first devised by Dick!

WHAT IS WEALTH?

WHEN Columbus returned from America, what he relied upon most to impress Europe with the great wealth of the country that he had discovered, was the abundant supply of gold to be found there. So plentiful indeed was this metal that it was the common ornament of even the poorest natives. In all their subsequent explorations in the New World the first inquiry of the Spaniards, on arriving at any new place, was always as to its resources in the matter of gold, and according to these resources so did they decide whether or not the place was worth the conquering. The natives seemed to take a different view, and looked upon gold as a very ordinary commodity; for we read that they gladly exchanged such ornaments of gold as they possessed for glass beads and other equally trivial articles, exulted in the bargains that they made, and admired the simplicity of the Europeans! It is worth noting that it was while engaged in this eager pursuit for gold that these explorers stumbled upon the potato, "a humble root," remarks one writer, "little valued at the time, but a more precious acquisition to man than all the spices of the East," and, we may add, than all the gold in the world.

In contrast with the view of the Spaniards, who judged a country's wealth by the gold to be found there, Adam Smith narrates that a monk, Plano Carpino by name, sent by one of the kings of France to a Tartar prince as ambassador, used frequently to be asked by the Tartars whether there was plenty of sheep and oxen in France. The object of this question was to learn whether France was a wealthy country; for the Tartars were shepherds, and their views of what constituted

wealth were determined accordingly. Amongst them he was the wealthiest man whose flocks and herds were most numerous; and in their opinion that was the wealthiest country that numbered the most head of cattle. A similar process to this is at work in our own country, and affects the views of a considerable portion of the community. Amongst us the wealthiest man is the man that has control over the greatest quantity of money; and we are very apt to reason just as the Tartars did, and to say, "Therefore the wealthiest country is the country that has the most money."

Of these two notions—the notion that regards money as synonymous with wealth, and the notion of the Tartars—Adam Smith says, "The Tartar notion, perhaps, was the nearest to the truth."

We are not going to set about seriously to prove that money is not equivalent to wealth—that has been done long ago, and the slightest reflection on the part of any serious person is sufficient to show the absurdity of such a notion. Why do we have money at all? Simply as a matter of convenience. As John Stuart Mill says, "Great as the difference would be between a country with money and a country altogether without it, it would be only one of convenience; a saving of time and trouble, like grinding by water-power instead of by hand, or (to use Adam Smith's illustration) like the benefit derived from roads; and to mistake money for wealth is the same sort of error as to mistake the highway, which may be the easiest way of getting to your house or lands, for the house and lands themselves." The reason that we have money is because it enables us to exchange things more freely and more easily. Suppose that in a community without money a hatter wished to get a suit of clothes, he would have all the trouble of finding a tailor that wanted the goods that he had to give in exchange—these goods would be hats; and when he did find such a tailor, the probability is that the tailor would not require so many hats as were worth a suit of clothes, and consequently no proper exchange could take place between these parties. Without money it would thus be a most difficult thing to do any business at all. Money, however, helps us over these difficulties, but beyond this it is useless. To attempt to increase the wealth of a country by accumulating gold in it, as has in all European states been done, is not less foolish than to go making roads all over the face of a country because roads, where they are wanted, are extremely useful. Just as roads are useful as a means of transit, so money is useful as a means of exchanging commodities. If there were no commodities to be exchanged, all the money in the world would not be of the slightest use. A writer in a daily paper, in an article on the money market, has this sentence, "Yet here it (gold) comes, dropping in from nearly every quarter of the globe by fifty and sixty thousand pounds per day, until the same people who cried a little while ago, 'However shall we get what we want?'—meaning money—now exclaim, 'What on earth can we do with all this *useless* money?'"

Though it is clear, then, on a little reflection, that money is not wealth, and though no one that ever seriously thinks upon matters of this kind would say that it is, still there is a remarkable number of people that allow their reasonings to be vitiated by so gross an error. To take one of the many instances, there is our foreign trade. Our imports always exceed our exports. The excess is something over a hundred million pounds sterling a year. Now this excess, people often argue, means that we are buying more than we are selling, that we are spending our capital, and that we are draining the resources of the country at the rate of upwards of a hundred million pounds sterling per annum. The slightest examination shows how erroneous all this is.

Take the figures of the year 1883. Our imports then were valued at £413,019,608, and our exports at £306,660,714; the former thus exceeded the latter by £106,358,894. The real meaning of this is that we got for our three million odd pounds' worth of exports more than four million pounds' worth of imports. Our bargains were so good with foreign nations that we made more than a hundred million pounds. So far, then, is an excess of imports over exports from being a sign that we are draining our resources, it is a sign that we are increasing our resources, that we are getting more than we are giving. Suppose that a shoemaker in this country sends a pair of boots worth £1 in this country over to a farmer in France, and receives from this farmer fowls in exchange. Fowls may be so much cheaper in France than here, that the boots which were worth £1 here may bring over fowls worth £3 here. No one would say that the shoemaker lost by such a transaction, though he imported three pounds' worth and exported only one pound's worth; every one can see that the more his imports exceeded his exports, by so much the more would he be the gainer. It is just the same if we have a number of traders—in other words, a nation—sending their produce out of the country, and getting back more than they send out; the more they get back, the better are the bargains they have made—the more profitable have been their transactions.

We cannot go into the various views as to the nature of wealth that have been entertained, but will content ourselves with noticing the view that prevails to-day. This view may be expressed in the words, "all useful and agreeable things"— a much wider meaning than ever was attributed to wealth before. Even this wider meaning, however, is falsified by the progress of mankind. It would seem that we have more useful and agreeable things than we can use, and that we are being ruined through this excess. Manufacturers have to put their men on short time and to discharge them, because the market is full of goods. Ships have to lie idle in port. Farmers have to throw fields out of cultivation because the market is full of grain. There is an abundance of everything, and because there is this abundance many people are thrown out of work. The only thing, strange to say, that is scarce is work. If wealth be "all useful and agreeable things," we are rolling in wealth, we are suffering from an excess of wealth, for it is because enough useful and agreeable things are made already that so many people are forced to be idle. To suffer from an excess of wealth

is of course an absurdity, so there must be something wrong with this definition, too.

The fact is, wealth pertains to nothing in particular. It is what is called an abstract name, and has no independent existence. No one ever saw wealth, or handled it as a horse or a dog, or even "useful and agreeable things" may be seen or handled. To call "all useful and agreeable things" wealth, is just the same kind of error as we should make if we were to call wise men wisdom, or a running horse motion, or a high steeple height. Wisdom is what is common to wise men, the point in which wise men agree with one another. Wise men may be tall or short, dark or fair, handsome or ugly; there may be all sorts of differences between them. In one point, however, they resemble each other, and this resembling feature is called wisdom. Similarly, wealth is the point of agreement between wealthy countries or wealthy individuals. There may be all sorts of differences between such; in one respect, however, they agree—viz., in being powerful. Wealth is power, and its source is as varied as the forces that mankind have to oppose. This is why it has had so many meanings given to it, because in the different stages of social development different kinds of opposition have had to be overcome. Thus, in an early and rude stage, such as that in which Europeans first found the American Indians, the wealthiest tribe and the tribe that numbered most members were equivalent. When the hunting-grounds and rivers of such a tribe failed to supply its wants, it picked up its traps and went to the territory of its neighbours. Though at that time a large population was a source of wealth, as the larger the population the more likely was a tribe to be able to help itself to whatever it wanted, still to-day we know that modern communities make no more frequent complaint than that they are too thickly populated, and are only too glad to have opportunities of sending some of their surplus members away. Thus it appears that what may be wealth one day, is not wealth but a source of weakness the next.

The question as to what wealth is, is very subtle, and we have been able to touch only the fringe of it here. We trust, however, that what we have put before the reader may lead him to think further upon these matters, for by-and-by we feel sure they will be forced upon every one's attention.

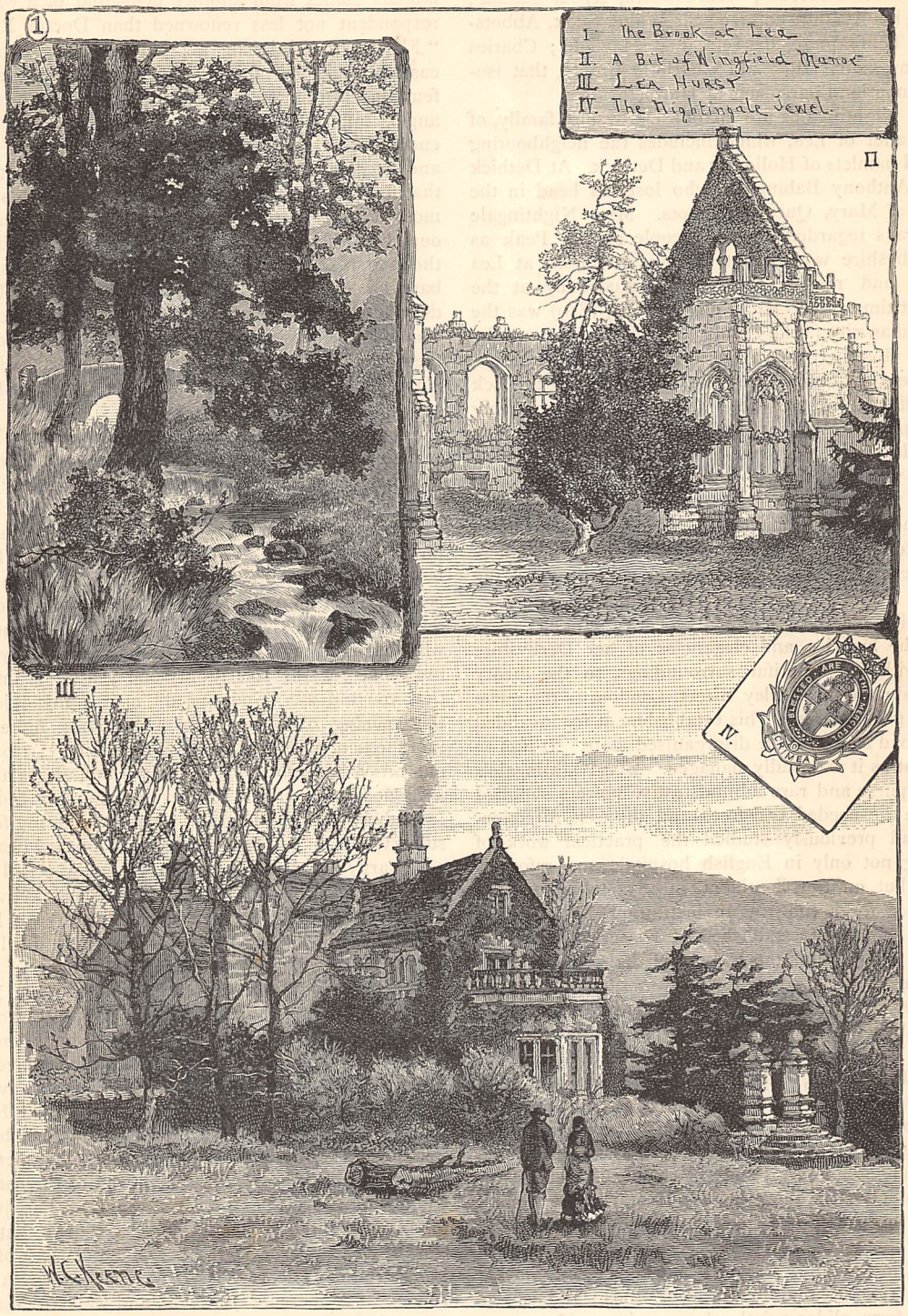
W. B. R.

THE EARLY HOME OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

THERE is no more picturesque spot in the whole of the Peak district of Derbyshire than Lea Hurst, the early home of Miss Florence Nightingale, not even Haddon or Hardwick, Bolsover or Peveril's fortalice at Castleton, with their ancient glory, or Chatsworth, with its bewildering modern magnificence. Lea Hurst, regarded as a building, might belong to Tudor days, so quaint are its square-headed mullioned windows, its clustering chimney-stacks, its high-peaked gables, its projecting oriels, surmounted by balustrade and battlement, its reposeful terrace and lawn, the whole tree-shaded and ivy-draped. It is somewhat disappointing to the artistic sense to be told that this time-toned-looking building of ancient architecture dates from the present century. But if the house were not picturesque and ideal in itself, it would still be worth climbing up the steep wooded scaur from Whatstandwell ("Hot Stannel"), or Cromford, to behold the diversified view of the Derwent Valley which Lea Hurst commands. There is nothing more pictorial in this panoramic shire.

Lea Hurst stands on a bold bluff, but higher hills are above and around it. It overlooks a deep and devious valley, where other valleys meet to diverge. Let us stand at the gateway which divides the hall gardens from the belt of green park, a quaint gateway that invites the artist to steal its lichened steps, its moss-grown columns, with their orbs of stone, into his sketch-book. From this Pisgah-like plateau we look around. Behind us to the south-east rises the combe-like mass of Crich Cliff, tower-crowned, its limestone bulk now glistening white and anon grey, as sun and shadow play with the picture. Opposite, rising from the rocky gorge where the Derwent plashes voicefully over its mossy boulders, between steep and hanging banks, the woods of Alderwasley ("Arrerslee") climb dark and thick to the sky-line. The eye follows this hilly ridge to Cromford and Matlock, with all the beauty of blended wood and water, hall and hamlet, hill and dale, grace of green park and gleam of grey tor, that these names suggest. Closer at hand, and sheltering Lea Hurst from the north, are the mountain hamlets of Lea and Holloway ("Howy"). Not readily does the entranced eye take in the infinite range of this picture, exquisite at all times and in every season.

But what lends to Lea Hurst an enchantment that neither architectural harmony nor landscape loveliness can confer is its personal and human interest. The law of association has linked this quaint home and poetic country with the life and labours of one of England's "uncrowned queens;" and were the house gaunt and ungainly, and the scenery wanting in poetic grandeur, Lea Hurst would still be the haunt of pilgrims. As Longfellow, in a prose passage, has expressed it: "Even scenes unlovely in themselves become clothed in beauty when illuminated by the imagination, as faces in themselves not beautiful become so by the expression of thought and feeling." The genius and goodness of Miss Florence Nightingale have



THE EARLY HOME OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

consecrated Lea Hurst, just as William Shakespeare has consecrated the half-timbered house of his home at Stratford-on-Avon; Wordsworth, Rydal Mount; Burns, his Ayrshire cottage; Sir Walter Scott, Abbotsford; Tom Moore, his retreat at Mayfield; Charles Dickens, Gads Hill; and Charlotte Brontë, that isolated moorland parsonage at Haworth.

The Nightingales are an old Derbyshire family, of the Manor of Lea, which includes the neighbouring upland hamlets of Holloway and Dethick. At Dethick lived Anthony Babington, who lost his head in the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots. Miss Nightingale is always regarded by the people of the Peak as a Derbyshire woman, but she was not born at Lea Hurst, and resides there only occasionally at the present time. Her natal place (May, 1819) was the fair Italian city ("the City of Lilies") whose name she bears. But her early days were spent at Lea Hurst, and there her divine mission of mercy among the sick and afflicted began. Says Mrs. Roe, in a womanly biography: "When at Lea Hurst, if any suffered hurt in the lead-mines or stone-quarries, Miss Nightingale's hands were the first to offer help and solace. So highly was her skill in dressing wounds appreciated, that the country-women said, 'Our good young Miss is better than either nurse or doctor.' Mothers regarded her firm but quiet management of the village children, when sick and refractory, as something like magic." The Lady of Lea Hurst passed from the luxuries and elegancies of her Derbyshire hall, with its beautiful surroundings, to the dreary establishment in Harley Street, London, as the nurse of sick governesses. This establishment for invalided ladies had fallen into a disorganised state. It was as indigent as it was badly managed. Miss Nightingale's liberal purse and rare administrative powers supplied at once the needed resources and the wise direction. She had previously studied the practical work of nursing, not only in English hospitals and reformatories, but on the Continent, in 1851 taking up her residence for a time in an institution of Protestant Sisters of Mercy, established at Kaiserworth, on the Rhine. Then came the horrors of the Crimean War. All the world knows the self-sacrificing services rendered at Scutari by the modest and unassuming Derbyshire lady, with voice of velvet and will of steel. Her name will out-live those of the heroes of Alma, Inkermann, Balaclava, and Sebastopol. Who that has ever read the description of the eloquent war correspondent of the *Times* can forget his thrilling words?—"Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel,' without exaggeration, in these hospitals; and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon these miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed, lamp in hand, making her solitary rounds." No less glowing an eulogium of Miss Nightingale's labours comes from another pen—that of a war correspondent not less renowned than Doctor Russell: "Florence Nightingale left her pleasant home, her easel, Greek Testament, and all the elegancies of feminine surroundings, to go forth, like a 'ministering angel,' into the fiery wilderness of war. She had to encounter brutal stupidity, cruel misinterpretation, and determined opposition; to mingle with the thieves that follow an army, and with sights and sounds of the most horrible description. It is difficult to realise to ourselves the horrors of those hospitals, as she saw them first—devoid of comforts, and even necessaries, bare, cheerless, filthy, and noisome. . . . Unless delirious in agony, no soldier could have used evil words in the presence of his guardian angel. Some of them turned on their pillows when the lady with the lamp glided from ward to ward, to kiss her shadow as it floated over their beds."

While Miss Florence Nightingale's life-work will in history be associated with the Crimea, her devoted labours, despite enfeebled health, have never been suspended. Her interest in everything relating to the nursing of the sick, to sanitary progress, and philanthropic efforts, is unabating. As I write, I have before me a letter in her bold, clear, decisive hand. It is dated from London. Here are one or two sentences from this friendly epistle:—"Overwhelmed with business as I am, London has necessarily been my home for the last twenty-one years. I am sure that you bid me 'God speed' in all my objects—the training of nurses, which becomes more and more essential every year; the sanitary reform in our army and country generally; and, above all, the irrigation development to prevent famine in India, to save the lives of millions of our poor, starving fellow-subjects. . . . Over-worked as I am, my health is necessarily very bad; but I thank God, who still gives me work to do for Him. I am indeed literally a prisoner to my room, except when, once a year, I take my widowed mother to Lea Hurst, now no longer ours. . . . ."

Miss Nightingale's own reference to Lea Hurst brings me back to the Derbyshire hills. A noticeable feature about Lea Hurst, of which I have omitted mention, is its easy accessibility, and its convenient contiguity to places that are of themselves inviting. A "hurrygraph" of the grey gables of Lea Hurst, perched on its rocky eyrie, is to be obtained by the traveller on the Midland Railway, journeying between Derby and Manchester, if he looks out of the carriage window on the left-hand side of the down line, just as the train is about to burst into the tunnel that burrows almost underneath the green undulations of Lea Hurst Park. The tourist from north or south may change at Ambergate Junction, and walk to Matlock (six miles), past Whatstandwell Bridge ("Hot Stannel") and Cromford, "the cradle of the cotton manufacture," taking Lea Hurst to the right half-way. Or, he may leave Ambergate and saunter by Crich Cliff to Wingfield Manor—haunted by the memories of the

captivity of the Scottish Queen, under the Earl of Shrewsbury and his masculine consort, "Bess of Hardwick," and of the struggles between Roundhead and Royalist, and now a ruin, beautiful in its desolation, as all the historic mansions are where Mary was confined in England—and may take from thence a pleasant field-path to Lea Hurst, dropping afterwards into the Matlock Valley. But whichever route he may elect, he will find scenic combinations that may fairly challenge in wild and alluring beauty any landscapes in these isles or in other climes.

Our illustrations include a representation of the jewel presented to Miss Nightingale by Her Majesty in recognition of her work amongst the sick and wounded of our troops.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

THE GARDEN IN NOVEMBER.

JUST now the return once again of this, the first of the winter months and, not unfrequently, a suddenly severe and snowy one, drives us, especially those of us who cannot boast of much in the way of green-houses and conservatories, to consider how far we can utilise and make the most of any spare space in our own homes for the preservation of many of our favourite flowers and ferns, with a view afterwards, perhaps, of keeping some of them for exhibition permanently in-doors. A few words then about the general treatment and management of plants in-doors may not be out of place in this month of November, when the outlook beyond the window-pane is anything but inviting.

Now, when at Michaelmas, although our stock of cuttings had been taken a month previously, we found ourselves busy among the flower-beds, stripping them very reluctantly of their gay attire, it seemed to us a thousand pities to have to discard for good and all so large a number of sturdy and well-grown geraniums. Yet certainly we are, for the most part, often obliged to do this from sheer want of space and house-room. Yet now we say, warmly, why not select a few of the best-grown, strongest and healthiest plants, a dozen or so that still have plenty of buds upon them, and resolve to take them up bodily, pot them off and keep them for in-door exhibition?

In getting them up then, and especially some of the finest-grown geraniums, you will naturally find that the roots have struck out a good deal, but avoid breaking or damaging them unnecessarily, and in potting them do not shake off all the soil that adheres to them, but allow it to remain on, though at the same time some new and nourishing compost had better be used when potting off, and not the now exhausted soil in your surrounding flower-beds: have the pots of a good size, new if possible, or well washed, and above all see more particularly to the drainage of your pots, as this is of the greatest importance, standing as they are about to do in-doors. Choose then a good dry room in your house for what we will call the floral exhibition room, with a south aspect if possible, well lighted and bright and, above all, one capable of plenty of ventilation.

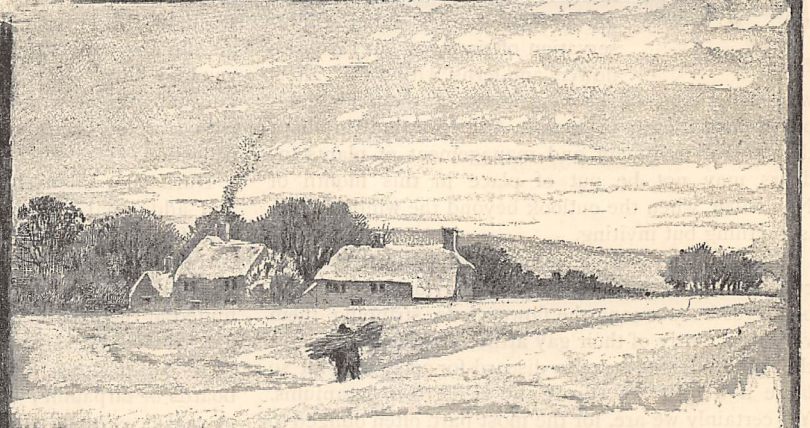
Yet it was of the mere *preservation* of our garden stock in general that we promised first to speak. Boxes of cuttings then, and plants that you have cut down to two or three dwarf arms and planted half a dozen or more all round the edge of a large flower-pot, all these you can stow away anywhere so long as they can have air, and avoid frost and damp. If however you wish to keep your floral room select, and as a sort of green-house, and do not therefore wish to litter your room with your dwarf plants and cutting stock, all this latter and more unsightly collection can go into airy cupboards or to any out-house or shed that you may have. Only bear in mind that, in the case of an unusually severe winter, it is impossible to guarantee with absolute certainty the preservation of *all* your collection.

During an intensely frosty January night a light and additional covering might be thrown over your dwarf stock, a piece of matting for example, or an old curtain, only see that you remove it in the morning. We think also that we have on a former occasion hinted at the experiment of digging a small pit in the garden itself, of sufficient area and depth to contain your cuttings, &c., and which can be protected by boards or tarpaulin; but all this is a source of trouble as well as expense, while the risk of damping off is very great, so that perhaps on the whole we prefer the original experiment, where there is no green-house, of trying to save all the stock in one of the rooms of the house itself.

One other precaution by the way we would give where we have a large collection of plants in a room: have no carpet down but a piece of floor-cloth, or something of a thoroughly water-proof nature, that will spare you the mortification of finding some morning that the water from some refractory plant has run through your floor and traced out an ugly and dirty-looking map on the ceiling of the room below.

And this allusion to such a possible catastrophe reminds us of the watering subject in general, and of the difficulties with which it is surrounded when carrying on gardening in a room of the house. Most of your plants will certainly have to stand in saucers, but when the watering has been given and the surplus water has run through into the saucer, pour it away at once, as it would certainly not do for your plants to stand in a saucer full of water, especially in the winter. Next, your plants in what we will still call the exhibition room should be on a raised stand, and not on the floor, so as by this means to obtain for them increased

light and warmth by their proximity to the windows. Take care that you have a plentiful ventilation every day, though certainly a strong draught on a keen day would be injurious and perhaps fatal to your collection. And another trouble which overtakes us when gardening in a room is that of dust. Just as our ordinary furniture requires a daily dusting, so will the foliage of our room plants require almost as much attention: many of the leaves will want washing with a small sponge, while all dried and withered ones must carefully be picked off by hand. Perhaps at the present time the flowers best in bloom will be small chrysanthemums raised from layers or late cuttings, and now in your small pots by your window. While they are in bloom give them as warm a situation as you can.



A few words, however, as to our general gardening. Heavy work in November should be got through in the kitchen garden in the shape of digging and trenching, draining and manuring; only take care that you wheel the manure on to the beds on dry and frosty mornings. The ground, for example, intended for the onion-bed should be particularly well trenched, and the soil laid up in a rough state so as to facilitate the action of the frost and the air upon it. The asparagus-bed too should be forked, and manure laid over it, together with some salt. If procurable, some sea-weed makes a fine manure for this bed. Protect your celery also, should severe weather set in.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

SOME months ago I spoke of teaching as an employment to which a great number of gentlewomen turned for a livelihood. I drew attention to the fact that in the present day the demand for governesses for private teaching had greatly decreased, owing to the establishment in all parts of the kingdom of public schools and colleges for girls, and that those who sought appointments as instructresses in these high schools and collegiate halls must be prepared to show certificates of examinations passed and honours gained.

I again allude to this subject for two reasons, one of which is that gentlewomen evidently do not realise that the supply of governesses is still greatly in excess of the demand. Some little time ago a friend of mine advertised for a governess, and she received more than one hundred and fifty letters from ladies anxious to take the post. Another personal friend advertised last month, and two hundred governesses wrote to offer her their services. Now, as in both instances there was nothing attractive set forth—the work was not light, and the salary was not high in either case—the deduction to be drawn is that the number of gentlewomen who are seeking and waiting for employment of this particular kind far, far exceeds in number the vacancies which they have prepared themselves for, and are anxious to fill.

There are two branch lines, neither of them perhaps so easy or smooth to travel along as what may be termed the ordinary, or main line of teaching, but they afford special interest as the line is traversed. There are at the present time comparatively but few competitors for the places, and the salaries offered and given are exceptionally high, ranging, I am told, from sixty to a hundred and twenty pounds a year.

There are two classes of children who cannot be taught by ordinary methods or with ordinary children—the deaf and dumb and those deficient in intellect. Of course, these classes are not large in number, and the ordinary class greatly preponderates over them, therefore I do not say to every one of the two hundred, "You will find employment if you turn your attention to the systems of teaching for these peculiar cases," but I do strongly advise those to do so who feel that they possess qualifications which will fit them to undertake work of this particular character.

Let us take the first class mentioned, that of the deaf mutes. The system of educating these which is now in general use is that known as the German system: this teaches the deaf to understand spoken language, to read and comprehend the motions made by the lips of those who are uttering words audibly, and it teaches the deaf themselves to articulate words and express themselves by speech.

This system is possibly more difficult to impart than sign language, but its after-benefit must be far greater, for by its help the deaf are no longer excluded so entirely from the enjoyment of companionship and society in general.

There is a training college at Castle Bar, Ealing, London, W., where this system can be studied and learnt in all its entirety. A year's study and practice is required, at the end of which period certificates are given to students who can pass a satisfactory examination. The college fees are £50 per annum for in-students, and £45 for out-students. The demand for teachers qualified to give instruction in this system at present exceeds the supply. Beyond the fact of there being many children requiring instruction in institutions, in schools, and in private families, there are adults who are anxious to learn the method of lip-reading—those who are precluded by deafness from hearing any words which are not directly addressed to them, but who, with a knowledge of lip-reading, can read what is being said by public speakers, as well as being able to enjoy general conversation.

Let us now consider the second class mentioned, that of children deficient in intellect. Much, very much, can be done to rouse this where apathy and dullness are predominant, or to curb undue restlessness, and train it when the child has no self-control. I must not occupy this space by enlarging on a subject in which I have always taken a special and keen interest, and therefore I will only add that systems and devices, methods and plans, have to be brought into action; if one fails, another has to be tried. There is plenty of scope for the instructress: if the work of instruction seems monotonous in one respect, it has ample variety in other ways.

In most, if not all, of the public institutions and asylums for the teaching of imbecile children, the teachers have been selected from the class employed in elementary schools; but governesses are required for private families, and often there is a great difficulty to find any one trained to undertake cases of this kind.

From time to time we see notified in the newspapers how large a number of women apply for clerkships in Government offices, for, as is well known, many departments are now filled by women. Certain tests of proficiency are applied, and although these tests are not very severe, and the demand made on the intellect is not very great, yet the demand for certain particular branches of knowledge, and for thoroughness and accurateness in those several branches, is unswerving. Candidates must pass a searching examination.

A great and dependable help to procure and acquire this knowledge has lately been placed within the reach of all who wish to offer themselves as

candidates. A book has been published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., a "Guide to Female Employment in Government Offices." In this book there are not only the different subjects named, but actual help is afforded by distinct information as to what the examiners will expect from each candidate on each subject; the books to be studied are recommended, the ordinary defects and mistakes made by candidates are pointed out, and copies of the latest examination papers are included. Very much valuable information can be culled from this small but most useful compendium.

With regard to home employments, I can mention one which I think might prove remunerative. At the present time the fashion for mats and rugs runs high. Rugs are put here, there, and everywhere—in drawing-rooms, in halls, in bed-rooms, to say nothing of the places they have always held at the entrance of rooms and in front of the fire-place. The rugs which are pre-eminently in favour are from Eastern lands—Persia, Turkey, India, Palestine; carpets and rugs from these countries have just now displaced the productions of Western countries. A German firm has introduced a plan for imitating Oriental rugs, and Smyrna rugs can now easily be made in English homes.

The handiwork is accomplished by knitting short pieces of thick wool closely together with soft cotton; the wool and the cotton are specialities introduced by a Manchester firm. A book has been issued by them, which contains twenty-five coloured designs, such as are seen in the veritable Smyrna rugs. With one of these before her, the knitter has no difficulty in producing the proper effect and an Eastern appearance. There is also a book containing specimens of the different colours of the wools; due regard has here also been paid to the Eastern class of dyes, so that in appearance, in pattern, in colour, and general style, and, I am assured, in durability also, the resemblance between rugs brought from afar and those made at home is close and unmistakable.

The work is not heavy, as the rug is made in strips, which are afterwards sewn together. Its manufacture is rendered easy by all the convenient provisions made for its execution: boxes are sold which contain a specimen of work, a pair of knitting-needles, a staff by which to measure the lengths of wool, a paper pattern of the design, a ball of cotton, and a quantity of wools the different colours required for that design.

A table setting forth the approximate quantities of wool required per square yard for each individual pattern has also been issued, so that a knitter is able to estimate the cost and name the price before she takes an order.

The depôt for the sale of work done by gentlewomen is still, I believe, open at 131, Edgware Road, London, W. The entrance fee is half-a-crown; the yearly subscription is five shillings; one penny in the shilling is charged as commission on work sold. I hope that all my readers who are able to do so will call at this depôt, and see whether it is not possible for them to supply their wants there, before they give their custom elsewhere

A. S. P.

MY NAMESAKE MARJORIE.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

FOLLOWS THE HENDERSONS.

WHILE the minds of the Cottage people were yet in their first commotion over the romance of Marjorie Assheton's history, and the love-disasters threatening Stephen Legh, Miss Bassett, grievously disfigured, was wakening afresh to life, in her still, darkened room at Westfields.

Though speaking seldom, it soon became assured to her attentive nurses that memory was returning. Her few questions all pointed to the time of her accident, and her thoughts during long intervals of silence seemed rarely at rest. The Monday after Mr. Legh had left for Brussels she was especially unquiet, muttering to herself words which the listening attendants fancied bore on the subject that disturbed her.

"Hark, Mrs. Dybell," whispered one to the groom's wife, who had been called in to share their labours, "that's the fifth time she's said the same thing. 'Did my letters go?' What letters does she mean, I wonder?"

"Like as not some she was off to post when she got kopped out," was the reply; "I know it were Wearford post they was drivin' to. Ah! now I think of it, she'd a leather sort of bag in her hand, that my master said he picked up and brought home off the road. P'raps the letters are there now. It's hangin' along with her clothes. Shall I look?"

"Do," said Nurse Simmonds, and having obeyed, Mrs. Dybell brought stealthily forth two sealed envelopes, and with lowered voice asked, "Shall Dybell post 'em this forenoon? It may make her easy, and he's got to go to Wearford."

The nurse nodded, and, satisfied that they had done aright, both the women answered promptly, when the

cuckoo question sounded next, that "Oh, yes, the letters were gone safe enough. There was no need to trouble about them."

Her intellect was certainly getting clear, for Miss Bassett asked the same thing no more, but with reviving powers seemed very anxious to hear how other matters were going on about her. Twice she asked if Mrs. Burroughes had been to see her, and this being interpreted into a wish, and reported at the Cottage, produced a visit on an early day.

Only a short and unexciting conversation must be allowed, so ordered the Norwich medical man. And at first, therefore, Mrs. Burroughes only touched on village news, thankful that the subdued light and curtained bed concealed from the patient those marks of disturbance her own face still wore.

But Miss Bassett may have had her suspicions that Miss Assheton had carried her troubles to her friends over the Broad, for presently she said—

"Then everything—" with a pause that might come from weakness—"is going on here just as usual?"

"Here, at Westfields?" returned Mrs. Burroughes—"oh, yes, just the same."

"And at your house? Nothing fresh?"

"Nothing that I shall tell you, most decidedly," thought Mrs. Burroughes, who felt she should nevermore forget that if "speech is silvern, silence is golden." Aloud she answered, "Not anything whatever fresh that would interest you much, Miss Bassett, I think."

"Oh!" A long pause. Then: "And your brother, Mr. Legh?"

"Is getting over his share of the accident, I hope. He has had to go abroad on business—of his own. He is at Paris, we heard to-day."

"And Miss Assheton?"

The tone associated the two so peculiarly, Mrs. Burroughes could not forbear replying to the innuendo. She could do no wrong by setting that misapprehension right.

"Miss Assheton is greatly concerned about the accident, for you both. But, Miss Bassett, the idea you had, and which I confess I shared—we spoke of it at the Norwich concert, if you remember—was entirely a mistake. Nothing of that kind was ever in the thoughts of either one or the other."

Miss Bassett's scarred face twitched nervously in the shade. Were all her machinations to fall impotent to pieces? But she made no comment on what was told her.

"Miss Assheton has never been near me. She has not cared to come!" was her complaint.

"And I should wonder if she had," thought the lady at the bedside, remembering how stormy had been the last scene between them as reported by Marjorie. That episode, however, the doctor and his wife had determined to speak of to no one, relying on Miss Bassett's sense of decent gratitude not to name it while she was so totally dependent on Marjorie's hospitality. So Mrs. Burroughes combined stiffness and soothing in her reply.

"Miss Assheton is of course unused to nursing or to sick-rooms. She knows you are in skilful hands. I am sure she has expressed every wish for you to receive the utmost attention."

"She might have come!" was the querulous retort; "it would have done her no harm; and it might—it might—oh, nurse! my head—the pain is come again!"

"I think we've done enough talking for to-day," said the chief nurse, now approaching, "so suppose, ma'am," to the visitor, "we say good morning now."

"It may be good-bye," put in Miss Bassett. "I have asked Mr. Potts to write—to my friends, in Dorsetshire. They knew I was leaving soon. I had written that. And some one will come for me—as soon as I can move. I want to get away. Mr. Assheton will be here soon. I must get away!"

The nurse looked warningly across the bed; and, nothing loth to end a meeting undertaken only out of womanly kindness, Mrs. Burroughes made a decided farewell, and, Marjorie being out, was soon driving homewards from an hour that had not tended to raise her depressed spirits.

"This is an awk'ard turn, ma'am," her coachman said as they went over the unlucky spot by the bridge, "and that was a werry nasty spill. Upsets like Mr. Legh had the other day ain't easy got over."

"They are not indeed, John!" returned his mistress, and the sigh with which she emphasised her words referred to casualties John wot not of—to a series of fatuous misconceptions which lay like lead upon her conscience.

How would Stephen's search prosper? They had heard that morning from Jarvis, that the "friend" Mr. Legh was seeking had gone from Brussels, was not to be found at Ostend, "where," wrote Stephen's trusty guard, "we've got to foller if Mr. Legh hold out well enough." How ceaselessly the whole business rebuked her, the poor lady never confided even to her husband. Her indiscretion had truly planted a thorn in the flesh, removable by nothing now but the sight of her brother's married happiness, and of that the chances seemed so Will-o'-the-wispish that she dared not build on them for consolation. If half her income to the end of her days had been at Mrs. Burroughes' disposal at this juncture, willingly would she have laid it down to see restored, without the breach she in her ignorant well-meaning had wrought, her brother's betrothed to the peaceful keeping of his love again.

But of such happy extrication from present difficulties, the prospect to Mrs. Burroughes, to Stephen Legh, and above all to Aimée, seemed nil.

To the last and saddest of the trio, the rapid travelling after departure from Brussels gave to the pain-fraught days somewhat the unreality of a dream—a distorted dream of places and of people belonging no more to her real life than the picture hanging on one's wall is part of one's bodily existence.

Never for a waking instant could she forget that which the letter said: that Stephen had discarded her, that again her life had lost its human centre, and this time the parting bore a sting that death itself had lacked.

How she could live and move and work in new

grooves, among new associates, was then and ever after a mystery to her own self. Perhaps the same spirit which would have led some women in similar plight to put on smiles, make cynical fun of their misfortune, and marry the first man retribution offered, upbore her through the ordeal, though taking only the lowly and unfashionable form of patience. Probably the tense emotion of those days she never formulated into words. She only felt, not said, that henceforth she must "suffer and be strong."

"Suffer?" Well, that poor Aimée could and did. But "be strong!" There, materially, other forces were against her.

Grief, never still though voiceless; sleepless nights and days of vast activity—for our American friends let no blade of grass grow under their feet wherever they halted—tried her vitality to the utmost. In her strenuous anxiety to fulfil her share of the travelling contract, she translated, explained, explored for Mr. Henderson, bargained among jewellers and modistes for his wife, supplemented Isabella's wonderful French through long laborious sight-seeings, and taxed every power of mind and will, with the inevitable result that before their week was fully spent at Paris her forces all gave way. She was fain to confess herself "overtired perhaps," beg apologetically for a little rest, and then steal back to her room, overcome with the wretched languor of impending illness.

The Hendersons, in their way three as kind souls as ever fashion sent from Columbia a-pleasuring to the Old World, were greatly disturbed by their fair young interpreter's condition, and confabulated on what was to be done for her.

"'Tisn't rest nor food, though I should think Miss Forest 'd be the better for a few more ounces of that last per diem," said the wealthy New Yorker, "that she wants so particular, but a real good cry, and a right out jovation with some female friend. We'd wire straight off for one if we knew where to find such an article!"

"But she hasn't one, poor thing," said his wife. "Oh my, Randolph, nice as she is, weren't we rash to take her?"

"No. Make the best of it now we've got her," was his business-like reply. "Isabella, wake up your brains, my child. Can't you take us along?"

Miss Henderson considered a moment.

"Miss Forest *has* a friend, pa—the Miss Osborne who had my school before Mrs. Rochford. I guess she'll look to her."

"You shall have an extra five-dollar note for that, Belle," said her father; "we must look up Miss Osborne."

"Why, Randolph, she's in England!" said Mrs. Henderson plaintively, "so that's no good."

"Fudge," returned her husband, who liked nothing better than an excuse for eccentric zigzags in his journeying, "England's only just the other side of a gully. We'll take Miss Forest there right off. Tell her I've business wants me, so we've changed our rowt——"

"*Root*, pa!"

"Well, *rute* if ye like, my dear! We won't scare her by asking where this friend Miss Osborne hangs out. I'll slip over and wire the question to Mrs. Rochford, and she can write us back sharp. You ladies, get Miss Forest into sailing trim by noon, and the thing's done."

And accordingly the thing *was* done.

Aimée was kindly urged to marching orders once more. Paris was abruptly quitted. "Pa was forced to go!" The least positive of the waiters who supplied Stephen Legh with information three hours later was right. The party had set forth for London; and there in a huge hotel looking out on the big lions and splashing fountains of Trafalgar Square, Aimée passed a Sunday, first day of that return to England which was to have been so happy—with Stephen!

By now the unquenchable pain of his desertion had so far mastered self-control, that fancy began to overrule reason, and she was haunted by a great dread of meeting him here in his own land, perhaps with his soon-to-be wife beside him. That fear dogged her steps for the next two days in every street, every gallery, where, forcing herself to action again, she went with the Hendersons. It stole every vestige of colour from her cheeks, and planted such frightened anticipation in every glance of her dark sad eyes as drew looks of equal pity and admiration from many a passer-by. Those looks told plainly something that her own weakness began to whisper. Her mother had been early called to the Silent Land, and sorrow of some sort, so she had gathered from her father, had had its share in quickening the summons. Might not God in His goodness elect so to give her rest?

She thought of that great possibility all through the dreary length of Tuesday's wakeful night, and began to see that she must no longer encumber these kind strangers. If her days were not to be many, she might venture to go near, if not to be with, the almost maternal shelterer of so many months. The next day, with the Hendersons' leave, she would write to Miss Osborne and relieve them of the now burden of her companionship.

So planning she went down on the Wednesday morning, a glorious 1st of September, and found in their private sitting-room Mr. Henderson and his wife, studying a communication just received from Mrs. Rochford.

"Had to write to Brussels on my own account," explained the gentleman, giving Aimée a chair at a little distance, "and here is a letter for you, Miss Forest, put up in mine. Yonder governess didn't know our locality before, so she couldn't pass it on, you see."

Then he went back to consult in an undertone with his wife when he had best take off down country to this Miss Osborne, and consult her upon her former charge's condition. But this benevolent scheming was suddenly broken in upon. Aimée came quickly to them with a strange flush upon her cheeks, and put her missive down before them.

"Read it," she begged, "and tell me what to do.

You are so kind, both. Will you think for me? for I can't think for myself. It seems" (trembling from head to foot) "most wonderful to come just now. But I should like to be among my own, though I have never seen them; and though"—tears stealing through the hands she pressed upon her face—"though I might go only—to die."

the long forenoon. Never would she allow herself to be one whit ashamed of the true honour which had allied her even to rogues and rascals, never had the kindliness to her lowly relative abated, though not one half the gifts she would have forced upon her were accepted. "For," said Jane Wilshire, with pathetic pride, "I dare tell neighbours and all now that I've

"'SOMETHING OF PAPA'S ONE POOR SISTER,' SAID MARJORIE" (*p.* 742).

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

"Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know."

BRIGHT and sunny dawned the 2nd of September on Marjorie Assheton, as restless, excited, and full of life as the near coming of her lover and her father could make her.

They had landed the night before; they would be with her now in a few hours. What Alec would say to all she had to tell him; how her grave father would take his knowledge of her headstrong youth; whether she should fold her wings and, regardless of humble birth, stop here to enjoy lands, money, and married years, or whether she should unfurl them and take flight to the freer country of her childhood: these were questions that kept her busily speculating all

a plenty to do with. My daughter sent it, I can say, and she's a well-off woman, wed, and in a good home."

Yet Marjorie knew enough of her surroundings now to foresee that, remaining, she would have to put up with the rough edge of society before gaining access to its inner circles; and something of a yearning came over her to turn her back on the attempt and get back to the broader bounds of the colony, to that mother whose overweening anxiety to train her girls "like ladies," she had often so sorely taxed, but now so fully understood.

She was thinking of her mother, where and how they should next meet, when Mr. Potts stopped a few minutes at her morning room after his daily call upon Miss Bassett.

"Our invalid is desperately desirous of being moved," he said, after reporting satisfactory progress, "and I fancy, if you'll excuse my saying so, Miss Assheton, it's seeing nothing of you that makes her so. Now Mr. Assheton and—a friend, isn't it, with him?—are coming, she's afraid of being in your way here."

For the life of her Marjorie could not keep a touch of sarcastic coldness out of her reply.

"Unless Miss Bassett is greatly altered, Mr. Potts, she is not the least likely to consider my feelings or convenience. When papa comes I may possibly see her, but I cannot before then. Please make her understand that rooms and attendants are quite at her disposal till you think her fit to move."

("H'm! Quarrelled! As two women shut up in a house are sure to do," thought the would-be mediator.) "Well, I do assure you," he said, "she remains here now simply because I won't give her leave to go. Of her own free will she wouldn't increase her heavy obligations to you, Miss Assheton."

"Don't let her feel them obligations," answered Marjorie quickly; there was no want of liberality in her. "I would have the same done for any servant of the house. But I may as well add that the sooner you can get her well and away, the pleasanter it will be for both of us, Mr. Potts."

The mere mention of Miss Bassett tried Marjorie's temper. To-day it jarred on her worse than ever, and the whole ugly quarter of an hour, when the companion had made her long-calculated *coup*, rose vividly before her with its barefaced attempt to force her into purchasing secrecy, its gross design to tempt her into hiding mere conventional stigma by life-long deceit.

"A common country girl might my mother be," said Marjorie to herself, drawing to full height before a large mirror, "but, thank goodness, an honest one! Alec, for all his Scotch clanship, won't cast me off for that. I'll trust him. But"—the thought darted into her mind at sight of her reflection—"he shall not come and find me like this. Whatever else I am, I'm an heiress, and I ought to look like one." And up-stairs she ran, to change her plain morning dress for something more suitable to the new character in which she would greet her lover.

Hating, as she frankly avowed, "to have a maid at her heels," she chose and donned, alone, the very gayest, richest of her dresses—a shining silk, abundantly trimmed with costly lace; but even this failed to satisfy her humour. First one ornament, then another, was tried on, and cast aside, till all at once at a happy thought she clapped her hands delightedly.

"My diamonds!" she exclaimed, making a fine curtsey at herself in the long glass. "Now is the very time for them. Who should I put them on for first if not for Alec? And papa gave me full leave to open his old bureau in the letter that came that troublesome, unlucky morning. To think I should have forgotten them till now!"

Without losing a minute, off she went to the small room adjoining that in which Mrs. Assheton had died. There stood the old bureau, brass-handled, many-locked. From an upper compartment hung the small key which John Assheton's mother had worn, tied by a ribbon round her neck, to the hour of her death. It was hearing this that made Marjorie think its hidden shelves must hold some private records of her father's; but he had written to her, "No, nothing of the least value was left behind him." So now, free to examine as she would, she broke the big seals affixed by prudent executorship across the doors, opened them, found and took forth the leather-cased gems, and became so absorbed in the glittering beauty of her jewelled treasures, that she was nigh going off, decked with these fine insignia of her wealth, without bestowing another glance on the many drawers as yet unsearched, when the thought, "There may be more," turned her back to hunt through other dainty hiding-holes.

But the faint-scented, cedar-lined receptacles were empty all. Only the cabinet-like centre remained to be searched. Slipping up, after a little difficulty, the front panel instead of opening it outwards, Marjorie was rewarded by the sight of a small paper-bewrapped parcel, on which was written—"*My Daughter's.*"

"Something of papa's one poor sister," said Marjorie softly; "he had one, I know, who died." And then she opened it.

From the folds fell out a flower, a broken locket with a faded likeness of a fair delicate young face, and a letter, which last Marjorie began to read with a smile of pity for the love that so long had cherished these poor relics.

But as a spring cloud darkens an April noon, so, reading on, Marjorie's smile was quenched in the shadow of a great affright.

Again she read the browned uncertain lines, and again, with lips parting, eyes dilating in angry wonder. Then, with one sharp ejaculation of dismay, she thrust the disturbing note within her bodice, flew to her room, caught up the first hat she found—a wide-brimmed straw begirt with soft-tinted ostrich plumes—and casting, as she went by a servant, the order, "Tell my father, if he comes, I shall be here soon," made direct to the boat, with rapid strokes soon sped across the Broad, and gleaming over the Cottage lawn in her silks and diamonds and waving feathers, for all the world like some fairy princess, halted only by the long window of the morning room, where she could see Dr. Burroughes just within, speaking to some one else invisible.

A hired vehicle with a pair of post-horses was standing by the stable gates: the little pony-carriage from the Rectory was at the front door. With whom she might be interrupting an interview, Marjorie never troubled to think; but tapped, peremptorily beckoning the doctor to come out. She had that to say which would brook no waiting.

He hesitated a moment, apologising perhaps to his callers, then opened the window and came forth; his aspect—could she have read its signs—far less placid than usual.

But she saw nothing, could think of nothing, save that which brought her.

"Oh, Dr. Burroughes, read this dreadful thing! Perhaps—" with a tremor of regret that she tried to hide, but could not—"perhaps I'm not the right Marjorie, after all!"

The lines she held out were these, superscribed in Mrs. Assheton's hand—"*From Madoline.*"

"*Antwerp*, March, 185—

"While I am able, dearest mother, I write to you, for I am losing hope that we shall ever meet again. I have not dared to write for six long months, but I do pray that your anger, which sent back my first letter unopened, may have softened now. I know it was just: that marrying as I did I erred grievously against you; but I do beseech you to forgive the act which your estrangement—and only that—has ever made me repent. If I had a long life before me, I could wish no better husband than Paul to share it. But I have not. Every day tells me I shall leave him soon—him and another. I have a little daughter now, and if I could see you take my baby in your arms, and once look kindly on her, oh! what a load would be off my heart before I went. Paul let me have my wish, and I have called her after you, 'Marjorie,' your very namesake, for whom, so innocent, and no sharer in her mother's offence, I do beseech some of your love when I am taken from her. Mother dear, good-bye.

"Your MADOLINE."

"When did you find this, and where?" asked Dr. Burroughes; and Marjorie told him. "Then you and I got the news at much the same time," he said, "and a stranger entanglement I never heard of!"

"Entanglement!" repeated Marjorie ruefully—"Why, it's all only too simple. It was not her son's child that grandmamma Assheton meant her riches for, but her daughter's! And——"

"And, more extraordinary still, that very person is in my house at this moment!" said the doctor. "The best thing you can do, Miss Assheton, is to go in and see her."

Hesitation was no part of Marjorie's unbiassed nature. She took a long breath, as if about to plunge into a cold bath, and, without another syllable, walked very erect into the morning room.

Two gentlemen rose as she entered, and a girl somewhat of her own age, whose exceedingly pale, lovely features seemed clear upon her memory. They were those of the pictured face within the locket.

"Miss Marjorie Assheton," said Dr. Burroughes—"Miss Marjorie Forest," and then he placed a chair for his young neighbour, and seated himself also, as if the intricacies of this business were getting too much for him.

For a few seconds neither kinswoman spoke. Then Westfields' deposed queen put out her hand, twinkling with jewelled hoops.

"I suppose I've been a usurper, Cousin Marjorie?" she said, her voice a trifle harder than usual; "but I never meant it. I hope—" softening, as a rapid glance took in the fragile grace of the form before her—"I hope you may live and be happy at Westfields. I can but go back to where I came from, and you will be none the worse for my having come."

The sad sweetness of the tone that answered fairly startled Marjorie. ("My own speech must have sounded like a cockatoo screeching!" she protested afterwards.) For Aimée felt only that in this bright, generous girl stood one who had supplanted her in something no wealth could ever replace.

"You never intended me to be the worse, I know," she said, "and"—faltering—"any harm that has come to me is not from you. But you shall not have to go away. If it be true that lands and money are mine, it is only a little of them I shall want. You shall stay here, just as if I had never been found."

"Indeed, I won't!" cried Marjorie impulsively—"Why, that would be rank robbery!"

"Mr. Wilton," Aimée went on, leaning upon her chair, and looking to the elder of the gentlemen who had accompanied her, "will arrange everything. He shall make all right for you."

Marjorie knew the name as that of the lawyer to the Westfields estate. She turned upon him questioning—

"Did you bring my cousin here? And how is it you said nothing of her till now?"

"Because, my dear young lady, I knew nothing. I am as much taken aback as your own self at this discovery."

"Then who *will* tell what brought Miss Forest here, and why she never came before?" cried Marjorie; and at this point the stranger, who till now had sat observantly silent, took up the conversation.

"Seems to me that's a spoke wanting I may as well put in. This Miss Marjorie Forest, called 'Aimée' by her father, from her cradle up, till it never came natural to her to own to any other cognomen, is a young lady I had the pleasure of falling in with some fortnight and four days ago, at Brussels, and took to, just as if she'd been raised under my own roof, me and my wife did both. Well, owing to—h'm—circumstances, that she can explain if she chooses, and if not, there's no need to talk about 'em, she took along with us, meaning to help us look about Europe this fall. Just for a whim of my own, we came over to London city on Saturday last, 'stead of going south first, and there yesterday a letter was forwarded on, from the individual Miss Forest located with in Brussels, which letter, since she politely took my advice, set us on the go again. That's the identical document that fetched us here, and it's open to any one's inspection that's able to make head or tail of it. We haven't rightly found our way to the end of the ropes yet."

"Let me look!"

Marjorie reached forward for the closely-written sheet, which Mr. Henderson produced from his pocket-book, and while she studied its contents, Dr. Burroughes passed round the lately-found note of Aimée's mother.

The missive, which, by more chances than one, Aimée had narrowly escaped missing, ran thus:—

"*August* 12.

"A friend in England, who understands much of Miss Forest's life, which possibly she knows nothing of herself, wishes to inform her that a considerable estate, in one of the Eastern counties, is now her rightful property. It was bequeathed, in her death-hour, by Mrs. Assheton to her 'grand-daughter and namesake, Marjorie,' which grand-daughter and namesake Miss Marjorie Forest undoubtedly is. Through misapprehension, the legacy has been taken possession of by another person, but if Miss Forest proves her identity to Mr. Wilton, solicitor, St. Giles', Norwich, she will unquestionably be able to establish her claim, and will probably meet the only surviving relatives of her mother. Should any circumstantial evidence be needed to assist Miss Forest's position, it can be had by communicating through the *Times*, with

"B. H."

"Why," cried Marjorie, as she finished reading, her face suffused with wrath—"the doubly, trebly treacherous woman! She might well want to get away! This is from Miss Bassett."

"And who might that crafty party be?" asked Mr. Henderson. The doctor whistled astonishment below his breath and answered—

"That party, sir, is some one who happens to be detained at Westfields, by what was nearly a fatal accident to herself and my—er—h'm—her driver. But she is sufficiently recovered now to fill in all the details we want. I propose, therefore, that Mr. Wilton as the family solicitor, you as Miss Forest's adviser, and myself as Miss Assheton's, should go round and request a full explanation immediately. You"—turning very gently to Aimeé—"are needing quiet and rest now. You'll have an hour of both, I hope, if we leave you."

"'I SUPPOSE I'VE BEEN A USURPER, COUSIN MARJORIE?'" (*p.* 743).

Aimée tried hard to answer calmly, but the peculiar trials of her position were getting more than she could bear. The sight of her mother's long-past, pitiful entreaties—all fruitless till too late—robbed her of the last remnant of composure.

"I cannot stay, Dr. Burroughes," she said, her words low and broken; "Mr. Wilton will remain and do all that is needful, but I—*must* go. I would never have come—here"—looking up with eyes that seemed to ask "Do you know why?"—"but till we just drove up I

had no idea what persons or what place I was being brought to see."

"Knocked up with her journey, you understand," put in Mr. Henderson; "so she just laid low at the hotel with my women-kind while I set out and did the talking part of her work with Mr. Wilton of St. Giles'. Conversation in a four-wheeler being headachey, we didn't say much driving along, and it seemed to take her queerish when she heard what was this place and who were you people. Young folks that ain't strong have fancies sometimes, you know."

"Well, please don't think of going yet," persuaded Marjorie Assheton; "my father comes to-day, and he will want to see you. And there is so much that is mystery yet that we must all talk about together. And when I give up"—with a determined, "don't care" look—"all that is *not* mine, I have to tell you about the Broad and about Mr. Legh——"

"Dr. Burroughes," said Aimée, shaking like a leaf, her face marble-white, "I—I—*must* go now. Oh, *may* I go?"

"There's no need," said the doctor, staring out of the window across Aimée's head, and talking seemingly in most random fashion, "for Miss Forest to have Mr. Legh's business explained to her. He'll tell her all about it himself soon enough. My brother-in-law, sir," wheeling round on Mr. Henderson with his back ungallantly to Aimée, "has been abroad on very trying work: looking for a friend he couldn't find. He's had an accident and was not fit to go. A sensible surgeon has ordered him back. He's coming from Paris to-day—immediately—in fact, I rather think here he is."

And out into the hall scurried the doctor, bristling with excitement, just as his own carriage, sent to meet the traveller, drew up, and Mrs. Burroughes, only that moment released from her Rectory guests, hurried out to receive him.

"Now, my lad, take my help," said the doctor. "Dear! bless my heart! what a ghost you look. Jarvis, how are you? Take the traps round the other way. Now"—having got his wife and Stephen in the house—"keep as quiet as you can, both of you, will you? But I must out with it at once. Yonder"—moving to the half-opened door—"are Mr. Wilton and Miss Forest."

"Robert!" was all poor Mrs. Burroughes could utter, the conjunction suggesting nothing less than a breach of promise case, herself under cross-examination by the plaintiff's counsel. But Stephen wrenched himself from the doctor's detaining grip, and gaunt, maimed lover that he was, took but few strides to the farther room, saw there, and would have seen had it held a crowd, only one dear face that he had sought almost despairing.

"My darling!" he cried, and, blinded with joy, held Aimée, fainting, to his heart once more.

"I guess I'll go and walk a spell about that garden," said Mr. Henderson, and suiting the action to the word, was there presently to be seen using a very large blue handkerchief in a suspiciously sentimental manner. For the American had sympathies as wide as his own vast continent, and a bit of *bonâ fide* romance stirred him up, in his own words, "wuss than a thunder-clap!"

By the time Aimée had recovered sufficiently to take in the glad truth that Stephen was no traitor to her, and all her misery had come about by misadventure, the outlines of her mother's story were filled in.

Armed with her own letter and authority from all parties, Mr. Wilton obtained an hour's conversation with Miss Bassett, and after some pressure and much pursuit of evidence, through shifty byways invented to excuse her own malignant selfishness, brought away with him complete the hitherto unsuspected record of Madoline Assheton's marriage.

Her husband had been, as Aimée always knew her father, only an artist, but of fair breeding and much ability. Known slightly by Miss Bassett before she became Mrs. Assheton's companion, she it was who took pains to bring him to the neighbourhood, and to Westfields, as one of Madoline's many instructors. "In fact," said Mr. Wilton, "it's quite clear she hoped and intended to marry him herself, and never forgave Miss Assheton the unfortunate love which interfered with this plan."

But master and pupil, by ill-luck, were attracted to each other. Mrs. Assheton, sheathed in a pride that even her son's course had not shaken, perceived nothing of what was going on. If Miss Bassett saw it, with a spite that only a disappointed woman could be guilty of, she held her peace. Both lovers knew well that the mother's consent to their union would never be gained, so in an evil hour they became man and wife without it. The girl-bride came back from a brief visit to a distant part of the county Paul Forest's irrevocably, confessed what had been done, first in fatal trustfulness to Miss Bassett, then to her mother, and within a week was, under pretext of being sent abroad to school, banished for ever from Westfields.

So well was all managed by the haughty self-command of Mrs. Assheton, no vestige of the story got wind. All embarrassment of inquiry that must have arisen later on was averted by Madoline Forest's death. The only notice taken by the implacable mother of her dying daughter's letter was an offer, couched in form of an order, to rear the child, her namesake, in some distant part of England, her father resigning all claim to parentage or communication with her then and thereafter. This he indignantly refused, and that refusal closed all intercourse between him and Mrs. Assheton.

"From that time, you may depend on it," ended Mr. Wilton, "this Miss Bassett fostered the hope that she might secure the lion's share of her employer's property. But that hope was destroyed by the will Mrs. Assheton made when she must have felt herself failing, and some touch of nature got its way at last."

"But how," questioned Dr. Burroughes, "can we make sure the legatee she intended is Miss Forest?"

"For the distinct reason," answered the lawyer, "that she never knew she had another grandchild named after her. 'My namesake Marjorie,' she

wrote and you read out. It was her companion's voice added 'Assheton,' so she herself tells me now. And from the little more she'll say, and what more I can guess, it was a double stroke of revenge on the dead daughter and the dying mother for being baffled in her quest after love and money."

Well Dr. Burroughes remembered the last conscious look the dying woman turned on her companion, the strange startled gleam of anger and surprise, unintelligible to him then, clear enough now.

"And pray how did this agreeable party know where to lay her hand on Miss Forest so pat?" inquired Mr. Randolph Henderson judicially.

"Why," answered Mr. Wilton, "it seems Miss Bassett has a sister, English manageress of some department in a lace factory at Brussels, and she is acquainted with a Madame Blanc, whose mother surely rented the house where Mr. Forest lived for years. Society is cobwebbed all over like that. So you see it has been easy enough for Miss Forest's chief movements to be kept in sight over here."

"Then, sir," said a dark-bearded gentleman, who with a bronzed, but boyish-looking young man, was present at this explanation, in the Westfields dining-room, "I am to understand, to believe that the existence of *my* daughter Marjorie was unknown to her grandmother."

"That, Mr. Assheton, Miss Bassett is prepared to take her oath on if you care for her to do so," was the lawyer's reply.

* * * * * *

But none of them did care for Miss Bassett's oath, nor for anything connected with the foiled, vindictive woman, save to get her speedily away from Westfields, punished sufficiently, as all agreed, for her evil machinations by those wounds of which she will carry the scars to her grave.

A very pretty dispute might yet have been brewed up over the case had either of the Marjories or their representatives been litigiously disposed. But no one was. Having at least a sufficiency for his children, Mr. Assheton professed himself ready to yield all claim to his sister's daughter. Having now infinitely more than she had ever desired, his niece would content herself nowise but by sharing it with her cousin. Wealth would have brought no charm to Aimée had it come to her tainted by heartburnings and dispute. So Mr. Wilton was set amicably to work. Westfields was tied up to Marjorie Forest and her heirs, and the surplus income of the estate for over twenty years (a good round sum, even in Australians' eyes) was given over by hard and fast bond to Marjorie Assheton's keeping.

With her father this last Marjorie paid yet another visit to Jane Wilshire's poor home, only to find the old woman sinking so fast that, to her grief, she was unable to get up and "make her reverence" to her son-in-law. Her wrinkled face kindling with joy, she heard from him of his "good wife—there never was a better"—her daughter—and freely forgave "the gentleman" all the long pangs his pride had cost her.

Within few days the widow and mother of Bridgeham's worst poachers was at rest, the tie that bound her to the Asshetons neither known by nor told to any beyond the small number who were already aware of it.

Two months went by, just long enough for the cousins to grow into close, warm friendship, that years since have only deepened, and then one bright November morn, when love and happiness had lured the roses back to Aimée's cheeks, the bells of Bridgeham church rang out for a double wedding. And soon after away over the sea sailed Marjorie Boyd, with the sterling young Scotchman she had chosen for her mate, to the life she had always secretly craved; while a month later, in time to receive Miss Osborne, earliest, and the Hendersons, heartiest of friends, to her first English Christmas, came back Marjorie Legh.

"My little lady," Dr. Burroughes always calls her, proud of the popularity the sweet refinement of her nature promptly won her.

"My sister, Mrs. Legh, of Westfields," says Mrs. Burroughes, just a trifle in awe still of the noble disposition which pardoned unstintingly her almost fatal intermeddling.

But to Stephen Legh (through wilful independence, that his wife laughs at, of the firm "Earnshaw and Legh, St. Mary's-in-the-East") she is "my Aimée" now and to the end of time, though the fair home she brought him is theirs by virtue of her other title, "MY NAMESAKE MARJORIE."

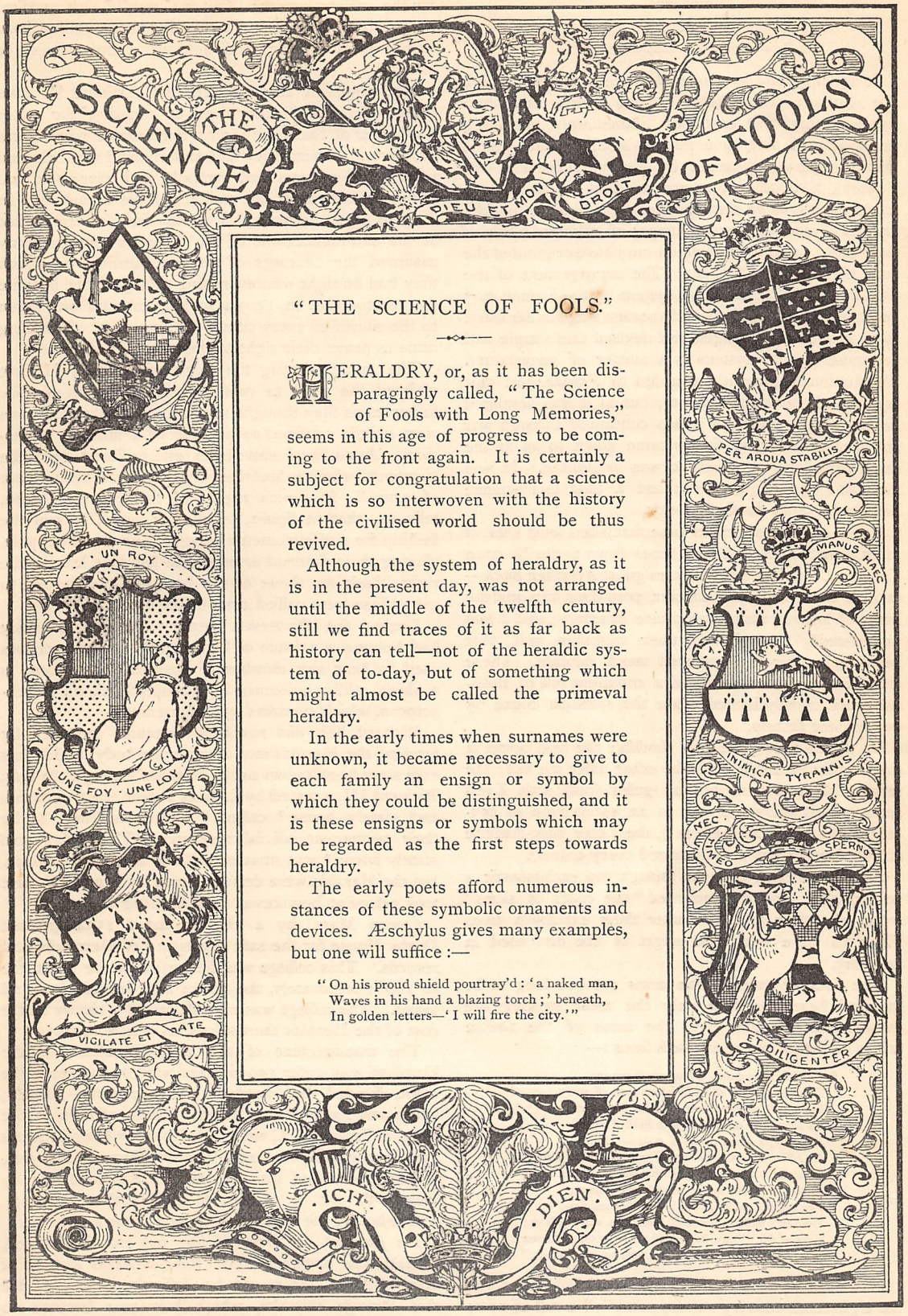
THE END.

MARION: A SONG.

WHEN first we met, I thought thee fair,
A flower yet scarcely blown;
I knew not *then* how true and rare
That heart, *now* all my own;
As marble beautiful but cold
I looked upon thy brow;
But in the rock still lies the gold,
And pure as gold art thou.

And day by day new charms I viewed
As brief years o'er thee passed,
Till into loveliest womanhood
Thy beauties grew at last.
Oh, Marion dear, I bless this hour
That all thy deep love shows—
The fairest leaves within the flower
The bud will *last* disclose.

J. F. W.



"THE SCIENCE OF FOOLS."

HERALDRY, or, as it has been disparagingly called, "The Science of Fools with Long Memories," seems in this age of progress to be coming to the front again. It is certainly a subject for congratulation that a science which is so interwoven with the history of the civilised world should be thus revived.

Although the system of heraldry, as it is in the present day, was not arranged until the middle of the twelfth century, still we find traces of it as far back as history can tell—not of the heraldic system of to-day, but of something which might almost be called the primeval heraldry.

In the early times when surnames were unknown, it became necessary to give to each family an ensign or symbol by which they could be distinguished, and it is these ensigns or symbols which may be regarded as the first steps towards heraldry.

The early poets afford numerous instances of these symbolic ornaments and devices. Æschylus gives many examples, but one will suffice :—

> "On his proud shield pourtray'd : 'a naked man,
> Waves in his hand a blazing torch ;' beneath,
> In golden letters—'I will fire the city.'"

Virgil says of Aventinus that—

> "Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field;
> His father's hydra fills his ample shield."

It is supposed by some that the standards which the German princes had carried before them into battle during the centuries immediately preceding the Conquest first gave rise to heraldry, and that it was afterwards advanced by Henry L'Oiseleur (the Fowler), A.D. 920, who commanded all combatants (in tournaments) to be distinguished by a kind of mantle, or livery, made of narrow stripes of coloured cloth of contrasted colours, from which may have originated the pale, the bend, the bar, &c. The arrangement of the tinctures and charges into a system by the French may be regarded as the third and greatest stage in heraldry. Who it was that arranged and devised this simple and yet most perfect system is a matter of uncertainty. The honour is generally awarded to France, and that is all that is positively known; but as it was arranged in those early days, so it has continued through war and peace, and has finally come down to us in the same simplicity in which it was originated. It was not until the reign of Richard I. that this science assumed a more fixed character.

Speed and other writers have furnished long lists of arms from the Anglo-Saxon times down to the Norman Conquest. Other early writers go still further back—indeed, until the fall of Lucifer, providing him and the hosts of heaven with appropriate bearings; and it was undoubtedly through this, their mistaken zeal, that heraldry in after-days suffered much ridicule. These enthusiastic writers invented a complete roll of Biblical arms, mostly formed upon the symbols borne by our ancient fathers.

To Adam they gave two shields: the first borne in the Garden of Eden, and the other after his fall; the former Morgan describes as gules (red), with Eve's arms argent (silver), borne as an escutcheon of pretence (she being an heiress!), the latter paly-tranche (divided every way and tinctured every colour).

Sir John Ferne, a clever though too enthusiastic a writer, also seriously proposed "the coats of skins" worn by Adam and Eve after their expulsion from Eden to have been the origin of the furs used in heraldry.

The lists of antediluvian arms are too long to be inserted here, therefore only the most striking are mentioned. Morgan gives the arms of the twelve tribes in the following uncouth lines:—

> "Judah's bare gules, a lion couchant or;
> Zebulon's black ships like to a man of war;
> Issachar's asse between two burthens girt;
> As Dan's sly snake lies in a field of vert;
> Asher with azure a cup of gold sustains;
> And Naphtali's hind trips o'er the flowery plains;
> Ephraim's strong ox lyes with the couchant hart;
> Manasseh's tree its branches doth impart;
> Benjamin's wolfe in the field gules resides;
> Reuben's field argent and bleu bars wav'd glides;
> Simeon doth beare his sword; and in that manner
> Gad, having pitched his tent, sets up his banner."

Not content with this fabrication of Biblical arms, the eighteenth-century writers compiled a roll of arms for the ancient heroes; Master Gerard Leigh ascribes to the great Alexander, "a shield gules, a golden lyon sitting in a chayer, and holding a battaye-axe of silver."

The reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. have been called the "palmy days of heraldry," for under the favour of these monarchs the science made great advances. Then every hall and chancel was coloured with heraldic forms and symbols, and every one was proud to bear aloft the colours of his ancestors. In fact, so great became this enthusiasm for arms, that at the commencement of the fifteenth century many assumed the bearings of ancient families to which they had no right whatever, and this practice became so common that in 1419 a royal command was given to the sheriff of every county "to summon all bearing arms to prove their right to them."

The nobles during the reign of Richard II. first claimed the right to confer arms upon such of their followers as they thought worthy; until this time arms were strictly confined to persons of a military profession. Arms were sometimes embroidered upon the garments, whence doubtless originated the term "coat of arms." It is with regard to this custom, Nisbet tells us, that in Spain, in former years, it was the fashion for single women to divide their shield per pale, placing their paternal arms on the left side, leaving the right blank for those of the husband they hoped to get; these were called arms of expectation.

During the thirteenth century we find heraldry had become a science of high repute. Our ancestors used to bear any number of quarterings. There is a shield still in existence at Fawsley Hall, co. Northampton, which contains 334 quarterings.

Richard III. did much to promote heraldry by forming the Heralds into a corporate body, which has ever since been known as the Heralds' College. In 1483 Richard III. granted by Letters Patent the "right fair and stately house" called "Pulteney's Inn" to be their permanent official residence. This "fair and stately house" was situated in Cold Harbour, London, but the Heralds were driven thence by Henry IV., and took refuge at Bounceval, near Charing Cross.

Queen Mary, by a charter dated 1554, granted Derby House for the safe depositing of their rolls and records. This college was destroyed by the great fire in 1666; fortunately, the books and records were all saved. The college was re-built in 1683, chiefly at the cost of the Heralds themselves, as it now stands.

The management of the heraldic affairs of the kingdom was under two officers, who, to facilitate the work, divided the kingdom into two parts—namely, north and south of the Trent. These officers, in the reign of Edward III., were called Norroy King-of-Arms and Surroy King-of-Arms. Surroy King-of-Arms was, however, changed into Clarenceux King-of-Arms by Henry V., out of respect to his brother Clarence, whose herald the first King of that name had been.

En passant, an error of the day may be noticed, namely, the appellation of King-*at*-Arms instead of King-of-Arms. It would be difficult to account for this strange mistake, which has now become so

common. Over Norroy and Clarenceux there was Garter King-of-Arms, as principal of the establishment. Next in order to Norroy and Clarenceux came the Heralds and the four Pursuivants of Arms, or Students. These could not be admitted to any higher office until after several years of probationary study and practice. These four degrees still exist.

The officers of the college are in the present day much the same as of old; there are, first, the Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England; secondly, the Kings-of-Arms—Garter, Norroy, and Clarenceux; thirdly, the six heralds—Somerset; Chester, Genealogist and Blanc-Courser, Herald of the Order of the Bath; Richmond, Registrar of College Arms; Windsor; Lancaster, Gentleman Usher of the Red Rod and Brunswick Herald, Herald of the Order of the Bath; and York, Secretary to the Earl Marshal; fourthly, the four Pursuivants—Blue-Mantle, Rouge Dragon, Rouge-Croix, and Portculus.

Garter exercised a concurrent jurisdiction with the other Kings-of-Arms in granting armorial ensigns, but he alone had the privilege or right to order all the funerals of the peers, archbishops, Bishops of Winchester, and of the Knights of the Garter. He could demand fees at all funerals, marriages, coronations, creations of lords, baptisms, &c., incident to any king or noble, always provided he was present. He could also claim largesses, or rewards, for proclaiming the styles and titles of the nobility. The fees for the privilege of bearing arms was—for a bishop, £10; a dean, £6 13s. 4d.; a gentleman, 100 marks per annum in land (£6 13s. 4d.); and for a gentleman of inferior rank, £6.

The Heralds had power to enter any house, church, mansion, &c., to inspect the arms, and if they found any fault, pull down or deface them; to reprove, control, or make infamous by proclamation at the assizes all persons unlawfully claiming to be esquire or gentleman; to prevent persons of insufficient rank using velvet palls at their funerals; and to forbid all engravers, masons, and painters representing ensigns, except such as were under their direction. Their charges were generally, if they went out of the county—for Garter King-of-Arms, 8s. a day; the other Kings, 7s.; each of the Heralds, 4s.; and for the Pursuivants, 2s., besides their ordinary expenses.

If a Herald saw a carriage in the street with any defect in its armorial ensigns, he could at once command it to stop whilst he defaced the error.

Nothing injured the college so much as the disgraceful tribune before which all delinquents were cited, namely, the Earl Marshal's Court of Chivalry, an institution as arbitrary and irregular as the Star Chamber itself. This court had the power to imprison or fine any one for "mere words spoken against the gentility of the plaintiff." Hyde (afterwards Lord Clarendon) says: "A citizen of good quality, a merchant, was by this court ruined in his estate and his body imprisoned for calling a swan a goose."

This arbitrary court was abolished at the Revolution, to be revived, however, at the restoration of Charles II., after which it continued, though rather feebly, to exercise its functions until 1732.

A few words on heraldic mottoes. Perhaps the earliest instance of a motto anywhere is on the seal of Sir John de Byron, appended to a deed dated 21st Edward I. The motto is "Crede Beronti," modernised into "Crede Biron," from which the Corporation of Rochdale have adopted their motto, "Crede Signo," Lord Byron having at one time been Lord of the Manor of Rochdale.

Heraldic mottoes are generally divided into three classes: enigmatical, sentimental, and emblematic.

The enigmatical are those whose origin is involved in mystery, as the Duke of Bedford's "Che sara, sara"—"What will be, will be"; Lord Ellesmere's "Sic donec"—"Thus until"; Lord Gray's "Anchor fast Anchor"; Cuningham's "Over Fork Over"; and that of the Dakynses of Derbyshire, "Strike, Dakyns," &c.

The sentimental may be sub-divided into religious, loyal and patriotic, and philanthropic.

Amongst the first are "Mors Christi, mors mortis mihi," "Spes mea in Deo," "Sub cruce," and "Sola virtus invicta."

Loyal and patriotic: "Vincit amor patriæ," "Non sibi sed patriæ," and "Patria cara, carior Libertas."

Under the third, or philanthropic head: "Homo sum," "Non sibi solum," and "While life lasteth."

The emblematic are classed into punning, truisms and cockneyisms.

The first are after the following style:—The crest of the Martins of Dorsetshire was an ape; their motto, "He who looks at Martin's Ape, Martin's Ape shall look at him." Jefferay of Sussex—"Je feray ce que je diray;" Cave of Northamptonshire—"Cave"; Fairfax—"Fare, fac"; Onslow—"Festina lente, on slow"; D'Oylie of Shottisham, Norfolk—"Do no yll, quothe D'Oylie"; and Fitton—"Fight on, quoth Fitton."

Truisms are not so common; one good example is the motto of the Slacks of Derby—"Lente sed lerte."

Cockneyisms much resemble the first of this class. Wray of Lincolnshire—"Et juste et vray"; Smith—"Smite"; Dr. Cox Macro—"Cocks may crow."

In conclusion, the study of heraldry is a subject which strongly recommends itself to ladies, as it seems particularly adapted to their tastes. It is a subject which requires patience and neatness to enable the student to emblazon creditably. It is in one point entirely different from any other study, namely, that it has an end—an end which may soon be reached.

If the student possesses but a slight knowledge of French or Latin, his greatest difficulty is surmounted, and he steps at once into the pleasant paths of heraldry.

The terms and descriptions need no impressing on his mind, and, after all, he finds them simple and easy, and he cannot help admiring the grand yet simple system in which our ancient fathers formed the heraldic code of laws.

C. F.

An English Girl.

Words by J. R. Eastwood. *Music by* Hamilton Clarke, Mus. B.

Voice. Piano.

Moderato. *mf* O fair as is the

frag-rant rose That in an Eng-lish gar - den grows, That breez - es woo, that dews im-pearl—O

p *cres*

sweet she is, an Eng - lish girl! With tress - es dark, or gold - en hair, Blue eyes or black—she

cen - - do. f *dim - in - u - en - do. p*

still is fair,—With all the love-ly looks we see In Jes - sie, Kate, or Do-ro-thy.

cen - - do. f *dim - in - u - en - do. p* *p* *mf*

p *cres*

The hap - py eyes are frank and bright, And full of laugh-ter,

p *cres*

cen - - - do. f *p*

full of light; The lips are per - - fect, speak - - ing truth,..... The

cen - - - do. f *leggiero. mf* *p*

cres - - - cen - - - do. f

lips are per - fect, speak - ing truth, And peer - less with the smile of youth; The lips are per - fect,

cres - - - cen - - - do. f

dim - in - u - en - do. rit.

speak - ing truth, And peerless with the smile of youth.....

cres - cen - do.

p rit. dim - in - - -

mf

A queen— by ev - 'ry po - et sung,—She needs no scep - tre, be - ing young, Nor

- u - en - do. p

f

cares to wear a bril - liant crown On bright - er tress - es rip - pling down. O sweet as is the state - ly

f

f

rose..... That in an English garden grows,..... That breez - es kiss, that dews im - pearl— My

f

rit.

love..... she is an Eng - lish girl!.. .....

8va... loco.

f

Ped. *

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE fashions for autumn and winter are of a mixed character; while on the one hand there is a touch of expensive magnificence, on the other, the dominant want in the matter of dress has been well considered, viz., good-looking, fair-wearing fabrics, not too costly.

The most expensive class of goods in my opinion are the mantles, though, happily for those who like walking and object to weight, it is now quite possible to have a really handsome cloak, thoroughly warm yet light, the newest form being short at the back, falling but a little way below the waist, and long in front. Plush is the material of the year; of this there are two classes, one with a little longer pile than velvet, closely allied to *velours suprême*, and the other with a very long pile. Brown is the favourite colour, of a dark tone approaching black. Fur tails as fringes are much used, and, for the less expensive cloaks, fur balls. Rich beaded galons and chenille fringes appear on some of the new models, and a novelty is that some of the chenille is tipped either with wooden carved beads (called rosary), or with very small natural fir-cones, highly varnished. Tinsel plays an important part. Many of the woollen stuffs used for mantles are flecked with tiny specks of gold, and gold cord borders many of the jackets and mantles; but it is in no way assertive, and is so deftly interblended with the material that it is never gaudy.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

As a rule the sleeves are short, and are cut in one with the new cloaks; but some of the shapes have very long hanging sleeves reaching to the ends of the mantle, and are lined with a bright-coloured silk that shows; they are chiefly the wrap-cloaks, but some in the handsomer materials have the same. Broad stripes are the fashion in all fabrics, and some of the best mantles have velvet stripes on woollen and silk grounds; others again are almost covered with broad galons of silk and wooden beads, being bordered with the new fringe of wooden pendeloques, which are sharp-pointed and long, like livery tags. Whether the basque at the back is a quarter or half a yard in depth (the two ordinary lengths), it is always full and closely plaited, showing the fringe or fur bordering well. A curious idea is a mantle with a muff for each hand in either end, but it is not a bad one, for the hands are well protected, and the trouble of a distinct muff is avoided.

Astrakan—that is, the woollen imitation of the real fur—appears as a bordering to many jackets and mantles; indeed, some of the former are made entirely of astrakan, which is now to be had in all colours, and many of the new felt hats have an interwoven border to match. Brocaded woollen stuffs are a great deal used for mantles, the brocade in frisé. Dark and black furs are worn in preference to any others, which gives an opportunity for using much dyed fur of an excellent appearance, but less expensive. The collars are all made very high, *à la Médicis*, often bordered with close-set large cut beads; and gimp epaulettes are introduced high on the shoulders. The mantles are a resuscitation and re-adaptation of the old visite shape. If you were to ask me, "What sort of new winter mantle must I have this year?" I should say you have your choice of a long one fitting the figure at the back, somewhat loose in front, and reaching to the hem of the dress; you can even have it so closely buttoned down in front, that it does not matter what the dress is beneath: this is a fashionable shape; or you may have a scarf-like mantle barely reaching to the waist, shaped to the shoulders, and

falling in long ends; or the newest and most distinctive style of the season, the cape-like back falling some half-yard below the waist, with long ends in front; or a smart little jacket—to be smart, by-the-by, it must fit like a glove. It does not matter whether the jacket is single or double-breasted, whether it fastens diagonally or has a full vest or a changeable waistcoat, all these styles are worn; some have no breast-darts, some are cross-cut in front, but they are as a rule short in the basque; they may be braided or bordered with fur, but the newest style seems to be to edge them with cord for young girls.

For a long time an opera mantle has been a thing of the past; people have worn handsome velvet mantles and coloured plushes in the evening, which as often as not have served for carriage cloaks too. Now, however, charming little opera mantelettes have been brought out, made of soft corded silk, bordered with chenille fringe, the seams and edges outlined with beaded galons and lined with quilted silk.

In millinery the novelties are legion. Hats and bonnets are covered with stockingnette, just like the jerseys; others again with an outer covering in the form of open interwoven piece lace, made in wool, or netting made of cord.

Silk beaver hats and bonnets are to be worn again, and the hats of 1792, with crowns diminishing to a point, are coming in once more. It is curious in Paris to see the height which hats and bonnets have reached; they tower six inches above the face, and are singularly unbecoming to English physiognomy. The feathers in hats in the French capital are placed at the side, seven or eight together, while in front there is a narrow oblong metal buckle, at least four inches deep. Felt hats and bonnets are to be had in every shade: light blue, light green, grass-green, or heliotrope—even bright yellow if you wish it.

The more expensive bonnets are covered with very costly materials, the leading ones being embroidered velvet, and the last novelty in Paris is the velvet lace, viz., lace embroidered in silks and gold, just like Madeira embroidery on thick muslin. Joined together the stripes form crowns, and the lace borders the brims. Then again, crowns are formed of velvet, embroidered all over with silver sprays, and of plush with exceedingly long pile in two colours, such as green and red, the red pile underneath being half the depth of the green, and giving a shot appearance. And woollen stuff for covering bonnets has the semblance of honeycomb knitting, though woven, and is interspersed with silver or gold. A new idea is cloth embroidered all over with silver, having large cut-steel buttons or circles to accentuate the pattern here and there. Some of the velvets are embroidered with open wheels in gold thread.

Woollen ribbons are quite new, but are at present too costly to be general; they, like nearly all other ribbons, are striped with satin or plush, and appear of varied colours, the wool wood-colour, the stripes red or green. Shaded satin and plush striped ribbons are fashionable, but all, with barely an exception, have the picot or purl edge, and the exception is a

A NOVEMBER MORNING.

still greater novelty, which I doubt if any but the leading houses will have in England till the spring, viz., ribbons edged with a very narrow double fringe, in two colourings, generally applied to watered ribbon.

Woollen scarves replace the canvas ones on hats, and are merely of the nature of a braided ribbon with silk edges. Some of them and some of the ribbons also are plush broché, that is, scattered all over with rounds the size of a shilling, the upstanding plush of a distinct colour. Velvet ribbons have purled edges, and often a reversible satin side.

The leading colours in millinery are ivory, maize, orange, old gold (which is coming back again because it goes so well with the new tone, lynx—a yellow-brown, the tint of the darker shade of Suède gloves), bronze, rose, crevette, peach, grey, lead, in four tones, a full rich scarlet, a grass-green, which after the rage it had in the summer is, however, on the decline, and

tea-green, heliotrope, and chrysanthemum. Lynx and alezan—a reddish-brown, having a touch of terra-cotta, for this shade holds its own—are also to be seen in millinery. Plush, faille, and other ribbons are all double-faced, and not wide, two and a half to three inches being most used on both hats and bonnets.

Notwithstanding the crusade of sensible people on behalf of poor birds, little and big ones are used in profusion; the single feathers and stiff wings are printed with mediæval designs in colours and gold, wings and heads are touched up with gold and felted, viz., covered with a sort of felting preparation, hardening them. Velvet feathers and single plumes have been stamped and outlined in gold; and it is to be hoped that they will be used in preference to the poor birds; they are newer, and we love novelty. The beads used in millinery are larger; the brims are often bordered with cut beads the size of a hazel nut.

It is time we now come to discuss the new silks. In these, the great novelty are the *Pentes*, a word the French world seem to have coined for the occasion. It means one breadth of silk a metre and one-sixteenth long, either interwoven with Bayadere stripes or worked with beading and embroidery; sometimes three of these are used in the skirt, but as a rule one suffices, which is placed either in the front or at the side. I will describe a few: a rich corded silk of a deep green tone worked in horizontal lines in French embroidery, with silk and small metallic beads; a rich corded silk with graduated Bayadere stripes, also horizontal, in velvet, the widest stripe at the base; and another with a thick interwoven plush-like fringe below the last stripe.

It is a velvet year; brocade is decidedly going out; the designs are no longer floral, they are striped or geometrical, but plain fabrics are made up with fancy velvets, and these are nearly all striped in mixed colourings, either with a collection of fine irregular lines or very wide ones. They are costly, but are so arranged as to show every morsel employed on the dress, whether it be in panels or vests; the less expensive fabric is draped beside it. Plaid stripes in velvet on a silk ground are new. Poplins bid fair to be really worn, and Sicilienne velveteen, another soft make of corded silk, appears this season with velvet stripes. In expensive silks one of the handsomest is Pluche dentelle; it has broad plush stripes, and between them a design like white lace of a rich point character thrown on the silk, and most decidedly handsome.

As an illustration of the bouclé or knopped cloth I have described, it is used for the comfortable mantle worn by the elder figure in our cut, "A November Morning." The colour is dark brown, the yoke is plush to match the bouclé spots, or ovals, and the ornaments that drape the sleeves are of brown rosary beads. The bonnet is embroidered cloth, and the plush and moiré bows and ribbon-strings are in different shades of the same brown,

The little maiden of seven is in dark green plush, trimmed with wool lace the shade of the reflets of the plush, consequently some tones lighter than the beautiful material of the frock. The felt hat and feathers also show shades of bottle-green, while the brim is lined with plush to match the dress.

In the other group the toilettes are of a more elaborate description, as they are intended for evening wear. The inquirer who asks her younger companion, "What do you think of it?" wears a canvas embroidered petticoat of a pale beige colour, draped with a soft lilac Indian silk; the second figure is in brown woollen lace over red silk—the latter material showing in the full low plastron and skirt. These coloured lace dresses are durable and most inexpensive. They are now made of mohair, and consequently are much firmer, and have none of the flimsiness that was their weak point when soft wool was woven into such laces on their first introduction. They now appear in flounces a yard deep, one edge being either scolloped or vandyked, and thus they cover the entire skirt. They are sold in lengths of four yards, and are made up over silk, satin, and brocade. These mohair laces are produced in many colours, and the newest show two contrasting colours, such as brown and red, green and *plomb*, &c., and some of the designs reproduce those of antique guipure. It is probable they will have a long run of popularity, as they are showy and the reverse of costly, and great ingenuity is apparent in the manner of weaving them. They appear as plastrons, panels, borders, insertions, and in set pieces for mantles, so that those whose tastes they suit will find them admirable for furbishing up and retrimming half-worn winter dresses, as they are frequently used in combination with such woollen fabrics as Thibet cloth, diagonal, serge, &c.

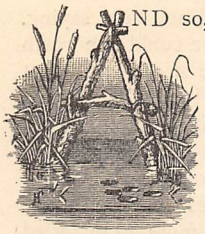
Irish crochet laces are now produced in cream and écru, and in such widths as to be available for the tablier of a skirt; in fine qualities they are used for breakfast caps, which are coming in again, and are trimmed with the new picot ribbons arranged in soft rosettes at the top of the crown.

It will not be a difficult task to remodel winter dresses this season, for if the bodice be shabby and unfashionable, either a jersey or a cloth jacket, selected with due consideration to the colour of the skirt, can be substituted. The new jerseys fit the figure without a wrinkle as they are now made with many seams; they are pointed in front, have a narrow postillion plaiting at the back, have plush waistcoats, high collars, and small cuffs. Brown, *plomb*, blue, and black jerseys are made with cardinal-red plush waistcoats, &c., and very well they look. For evening wear, a white jersey, with mordoré or golden-brown plush trimmings, is stylish on a youthful figure.

Cloth jackets trimmed with braid are also worn with various skirts, and are most convenient as an extra bodice. For example, with a skirt of either black silk, blue satin, or striped woollen, a light brown cloth jacket with either dark brown or tinsel braid could be worn; and dark blue and claret cloth jackets trimmed with silver braid look well. The jacket is double-breasted, and made like a bodice with a postillion basque. It has a high collar fastening with a clasp.

THE FORTRESS OF LIFE.

VI.—NEEDLESS FEARS. BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



"AND so," said Captain H——, making a vigorous onslaught on the walnuts, "this is the last little dinner we are to have together—for some time, anyhow. Next week I'll be, I hope, a thousand miles away."

"Perhaps," I replied, "it may be the very last—there always is a last, you know, of everything."

"Ye—es," said the captain, cracking still another walnut.

"You don't look very unhappy about the matter," I added.

"Oh, no!—fact is, I'm a fellow that never troubles himself much about anything. What is the good of worrying in this world?"

"True; and happy is he who does not worry, and the longer is he likely to live. We ought all to submit to the inevitable—believing in the good, opposing all credence to even the suggestion that things are not well ordered by Him who sees farther ahead than we can."

"Besides," added my friend, "only people of a highly nervous temperament shudder to think of the last, be that last what it may—even death itself. Cowards die every day: the brave die but once."

"Yes, but the word 'coward' is hardly the one to apply to nervous people: some are born nervous—in other words, delicate—with probably thin, weak hearts and a predominancy of brain and nerve matter. Such people are badly balanced, so to speak. Clever they are though, often enough: bright, active, to a certain pitch—that is, till they suffer from over-strain—and capable of great refinement. The world could not wag along well without such people; railways would not be running to-day, nor telephones and telegraphs flashing messages, nor would our cities be lighted by electricity, had such persons never been born; neither should we have many great poets."

"If any."

"If any, as you say. But they are not cowards; and though they worry over little matters, they rise triumphant over great. If an individual of this kind had to meet and fight a giant, he would be in a terrible fright, perhaps, while the foe was still a mile off, yet when he did get hand-to-hand with him he would do his best cheerfully, and it might go hard with the giant. But I have known such individuals, when they began to grow old, give themselves many and many an unhappy quarter of an hour, wondering what death they would die—wondering and fearing to think of it—wondering what it really would feel like to fall with the Fortress of Life. Of course, they are to be pitied; but there is a remedy, for these dark moments only come on them when they are idle and perhaps not over-well—and the remedy is ceaseless but not wearying activity, and regularity in living.

"On the other hand," I continued, "there are those who, not born nervous, have rendered themselves so, by their mode of living and by their utter disregard of the rules and laws of health. They have wasted, and are wasting, the most precious boon that Nature gives to man—health. They regret it; but, though darkness and dissolution may be looming on ahead, how loth they are to change their habits! They go on living in a kind of fool's paradise. 'Sickness or death,' they say to themselves, 'will not come yet awhile; our constitution is a wonderful one; we are feeling as strong as we did years and years ago, and our people all live to great ages — why shouldn't we?'

"But sickness does come, and then—then the fortress falls. They are bewildered; they cannot, will not, believe that this is indeed death: that it has come so soon—so unexpectedly. They cling to their position while the foundations of the fortress are trembling—while the walls are tottering, and great stones tumbling from the battlements—cling to the stage while the curtain is falling. Verily, my friend, such men do not die happy."

"And you believe in happy deaths?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"And in most deaths being painless?"

"We have got on to a gloomy subject, but I must not refuse to answer you. It is my firm belief—and that of very many, if not of all, who have studied the subject—that actually dying is quite painless to both body and mind. The sufferings are the sufferings inseparable from the illness to which the body is about to succumb, and even they are seldom so great as they would seem; but before the end—the actual end—the calm comes; the mind may be clear—clear as a moonlit sky when the clouds that loomed so threateningly have vanished into thin air. Or sleep, gentle sleep, may close the scene."

"It would seem to me," said Captain H——, "that there is usually more mental pain in contemplating the coming end, than actual bodily suffering when it approaches."

"That is so, I doubt not."

"There is a natural love of life inherent in the breasts of all—a natural wish to cling to our present existence."

"Yes, but natural love of life becomes a disease—it becomes *un*natural in those who rush heedlessly, unthinkingly, through existence, knowing they have to die, harbouring a fear in the darkest closet of their hearts, which they have not the moral courage to take out occasionally, and stand face to face with and examine, till, instead of a bugbear, it becomes a familiarity, and finally no terror at all, but rather a something that may eventually prove to be a friend."

"Your language reminds me," said Captain H——, "of some lines of your national bard—

"'Oh, Death! the poor man's dearest friend—
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
By thee are laid at rest.'"

"Very sad lines," I replied; "but there is a ring about them that isn't real. Depend upon it, when Burns wrote them he was suffering from that sort of dyspeptic depression which always succeeds a period of pleasurable table excitement, too much spirited conversation, and—too many walnuts, my friend."

"Ah! that's a hint to me."

"If you care to take it so. But as regards the lines you have just quoted, they speak of death as being a rest. This is nonsense. The very nature of rest implies at least a semi-consciousness; you cannot talk of a stone taking a rest, and even in our sleep—except in that dead and senseless sleep caused by chloral—we are not wholly unconscious; we are then really resting; but the body in the grave feels no more than does the stone; if rest meant entire cessation of all activity, both body and mind, we might speak of the rest in the grave. If one feels very tired from manual labour or exercise, to lie on the grass or on a sofa for a space of time is to rest; but after lying for a certain time weariness ensues: to resume work or exercise is then a rest."

"Rest, then, would really mean pleasant change?"

"Yes—pleasant, happy change; and this is the kind of rest that those who have made themselves familiar with what death really is, may look forward to."

"Forward and upward."

"True; why should the thoughts of death bring with them the gloom of the vault, the odour of brown mould, or memories of grass growing long and dank on graves? Forward and upward! All things in the world tend in that direction; if man's mind and thoughts do not the same, then are they diseased."

"Man's soul, in this Fortress of Life," said Captain H——, "might be likened to a general in command of troops and of a city hemmed in by a remorseless foe which must eventually fall."

"As did Khartoum," I said.

"Yes, as did Khartoum: a good example. And when the bitter end came there, the brave general was ready, and feared not to meet it, because he had done his duty; he had done his very best for his people around him. He was ready."

"So may we be, and so ought we all to act. What a deal there is included in those words, 'Be ready!' Especially to those who have ties in this world, and others to leave behind them. Their task in life is a day-after-day one—a continual round of duty; and even little duties neglected grow into a fearful burden at last—a burden which is hard to bear during health, and which in sickness sinks one.

"The love of money and the race for wealth," I continued, "have become in our day a madness—a meaningless madness.

"'Mr. So-and-so,' a friend of mine told me the other day, 'is barely forty-five yet, and already wealthy, I believe,' he added with a burst of enthusiastic admiration. 'He will *die* worth a million.'

"'And the more fool he!' I could not help saying. '*Die* worth a million, will he? If he could live worth a million there might be some sense in it. But what good is the wealth to him when dying? What good all the gold he has rendered himself prematurely old in gathering? Will that million of money—the whole of it—gain for him success over pain? Will it buy for him an extra hour of life? No! In my humble opinion there is no creature more to be pitied than your miserly would-be millionnaire who toils and groans behind his desk in a dusty city—who pores by day over musty ledgers, and dreams of gold and shares at night in his bed. He cannot be a happy man in the true sense of the word; nor can he be a healthy man—he has no time to be either. The best that can be said for such a mode of existence is that he is living for others—living for those who come after him. He is a self-made man, people tell you. Yes, a self-made man and a self-made martyr.'"

"I think I can quite follow the drift of your thoughts," said Captain H——. "You would have people——"

"I would have people," I said, seeing that he hesitated—"I would have people to live rationally and temperately, neither neglecting exercise, fresh air, nor sleep, and obeying all hygienic laws, not only for their own sakes, because life with health is a pleasant thing, but for sake of the friends and relations who will sadly miss them when gone, and also for sake of insuring themselves—accidents apart—years spent in comfort and a happy death. I would have people spend a quiet moment or two in considering their latter end, and familiarising themselves with the inevitable; and I would have them be prepared to die, from even a worldly point of view. How often have I not heard men exclaim, when told there was little hope of their being restored to health, 'Oh! but I am not ready to die yet. I have work to do in the world. I have work unfinished that must be done.' And so on, in the same vein and same strain."

"And yet you would not have people always thinking—or even, perhaps, often thinking—and moping over the inevitable."

"I would not have them mope at all, nor even think gloomily of it. I tell you that, once the thought is faced, it loses all its terrors, and we are able to look beyond. The fear of death is, I maintain, in itself a disease, and I, as a physician, am but proposing a prophylactic for the trouble. Only make it a habit to occasionally commune with your own heart, to look sometimes inward and not always outward, and you will enjoy life none the less, while the end thereof will be peace and calmness."

INKINSFELL: AN ALPINE VILLAGE STORY.

"LYING AS IF ASLEEP AT THE CLIFF-FOOT" (*p.* 759).

I HAD often wondered what caused Inkinsfell to leave his far-off mountain home in Switzerland, and come and settle down in the quiet and peaceful, but certainly unromantic, village of Warsdene.

He might have come to a worse place, it is true, and hardly to a prettier. Though barely forty miles from the roar of great London, and not a thousand yards from the iron road, Warsdene is still as primitive in all its ways, still as thoroughly English, as if the old coaches were daily running, and steam, as a power, unheard of.

It is in summer-time especially that this wee town shows to advantage. "Shows," did I say? nay, rather

hides, for it is so embowered in trees, so swallowed up in leafage, that but for the smoke which goes curling skyward from cot and villa, standing on the hill-top yonder, you scarce could tell Warsdene was there.

Near town you might call it—near, and yet *so* far. Why, yonder moorland, where in autumn the heather blooms so crimson and bonnie, and where the dark pine-trees are waving, might be part and parcel of wildest Wales, or of Scotland itself. The moor is elevated far above the level of the sea, and sweet and fresh are the breezes that blow thereon; and listen, naturalist: I have met with, on that same moorland, specimens of Alpine flora and insect life unknown, I believe, to any other shire south of the silvery Tweed.

There is a great stone—rock, boulder, call it what you will—on the very highest part of the hill. Quite as large is it as the squire's mansion, and naturally every one wonders how it got there. But there it lies, as sure and fast as flies in amber; yet, beautiful though the view from the summit is—if you can clamber up—strange to say, scarcely ever is the place, or even its vicinity, chosen by pic-nic parties.

It was seated near this giant boulder, then, that I first met my friend Inkinsfell.

And since then I have met him here not only in summer-time but in winter, when the snow covered all the moorland and was caked upon the north-east sides of the pine-trees.

He used to enjoy his short brown meerschaum almost too much for the good of his health, I have thought: smoking in a dreamy, philosophical kind of manner, as if his mind were busy—busy with the past.

"So, like myself," I said to him one day, "you like to

> "'—— seek these wilds, traversed by few,
> Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.'"

"Didn't know who the proprietor was," replied Inkinsfell innocently, "or that there could be a deal of harm in coming here. But, oh! sir," he continued, talking more emphatically, "the solitude pleases me."

"Puts you in mind of your own country, eh?"

"That's it, that's it, sir."

"Well, what say you to a seat, my friend, on the leeside of this pebble?"

Inkinsfell laughed, and we sat down.

"And what a pebble it is, too!" he said. "It's as big as a cloud."

"Yes; and we never see any one here, because they're afraid to come. Fairies meet here by moonlight, so they say, and the spot is otherwise uncanny. There is a legend of a bride and bridegroom who visited the place on their wedding-day. They went sailing afterwards on the river down yonder, but——"

"They were never seen alive again," said Inkinsfell.

I nodded.

"I'd rather be in Zugovia than here," continued my friend, speaking more, I thought, to himself than to me, for his face was turned towards the distant valley of the Thames, through which the great river could be seen meandering for miles like a silver thread, until finally lost in the distant woods.

He paused, thinking.

"You must have many tender recollections of Zugovia?" I ventured.

He wheeled at once towards me, and his eyes sought my face. His own looked rugged and stern, and even Carlylish, if I may coin an adjective.

"Spent my boyhood there," he said, almost querulously, "grew up there, married, and grew grey in that Alpine village. And she—my wife—is sleeping there in the little churchyard. Yes, sir, it is the memory of that grave that sometimes makes me sad."

There was a question in my mind, but I dared not put it, for fear of giving offence by seeming inquisitive.

He appeared to read my thoughts, however.

"You wonder why I live in this country," he said, with a smile: "why I, a mountaineer, reside in a land like this? Well, I'm an exile, and I'll tell you why, if you listen.

"It was in spring, some five, or maybe six years ago, that there came on a visit to our valley two young gentlemen, who, to all appearance, were very sincere friends indeed. My little cottage was a short distance out of the village, and near the lake. It suited me to live there. I was a well-known guide, and a good deal sought after, and maybe a bit proud; anyhow, if any one wanted my services they had to come and ask for them—I never went begging for employment.

"They came to my cottage one evening. I was working in the garden, getting in the spring seeds. They said they wished to climb the Netterhorn next morning; would I oblige them by going as guide? I looked at them. They were young, as I've said, but strong and well-knit. They could do it, ugly climb though it be, so I consented to accompany them. I was pleased with their pluck, for they belonged to no club, made no boast about what they had done before or intended doing next, as some of the raw clubsmen do, and they told me frankly that neither was in training, only they loved to see the sunrise from a mountain-top.

"We got better acquainted after this climb, and together we did many a peak. They came often to my cottage to spend an afternoon in the garden or in our tiny parlour, where little Reina, my daughter, used to sing and play on the zither to them.

"The very dissimilarity in their appearance, I suppose it was that made them such fast friends. Chorlton was tall, handsome, and aristocratic in his bearing—a thorough gentleman of the English type. Lockwood was the name of the other, a gentleman too, though neither so tall nor good-looking as his friend. He was made of sterner stuff, perhaps. A dreamy, daring, passionate, somewhat hot-headed Scot; very fond of adventure, very fond of music, and quite wedded to the works of Burns, Scott, and Ossian.

"The two had been together at Eton, I learned, and inseparable friends at Oxford, where both had occupied rooms in the same college, and both graduated at the same time.

"They told me that, boy-like, they were never tired of building castles in the air about what they should do when the curriculum was at an end, and they were —free. One would be free, at all events, for Lockwood was a man of means, though Chorlton had his way to make in the world, and meant to begin doing it—after a bit.

"They took their degrees, and spent a very pleasant and happy time of it for six months afterwards. They went up the Rhine, they crossed the Pyrenees, they sojourned in Spain, they messed with soldiers at Gibraltar, dined in the flagship at Malta, ran over to Rome, and thence to the Pyrenees, and finally brought up at my little cottage.

"Though spring advanced into summer, they stayed on and on, but we now made fewer excursions into the hills, at least up the peaks. Lockwood said he was afraid of making his muscles too hard.

"It came to pass that they nearly always spent their evenings at our cottage. All day, I believe, Chorlton painted, and Lockwood studied medicine: that was to be his profession. Many were the pleasant fishing and boating excursions we had together on the lake. My daughter always came with us. We were leading a sort of idyllic life. Well, they were young, and it made me young again to witness their happiness. I scarcely ever saw Chorlton out of good-humour. But it was sometimes otherwise with Lockwood. He had fits of temper, and used then to make odious comparisons between Scotland and England. He was talking one evening about Ossian and Homer, certainly not in favour of the latter, and hurling snatches of Greek and Gaelic at his friend.

"'From all I've read and heard about your favourite bard, Ossian,' said Chorlton quietly, 'he appears to me to have been a kind of Celtic edition of the more ancient poet Homer, and to have copied that individual's thoughts and expressions most unblushingly."

"Lockwood gave his friend just one look, then he seized his hat and stalked out, indignant—majestic. We saw him no more that day; he had gone all alone up among the mountains, 'to cool down,' as he explained next morning. Lockwood used to take fits of running away by himself, even for the veriest trifles. 'It is the best plan,' he would say, 'when you feel melancholy.' So he would take the boat and row right away into the centre of the lake, lie on his oars, let the boat drift, curl up in the stern sheets, and read or dream.

"This proud temper, then, of Lockwood's was really the only drawback to the perfect happiness of the two. He was like most Scotchmen, passionately patriotic, but then he might have kept his patriotism to himself as much as possible.

"The summer waned away and autumn came, and every tree and rock, and even the bare patches on the hill-sides, were clad in its beauty-tints.

"'I cannot miss this,' said Chorlton; 'I must stay and sketch.'

"So the two stayed in the village.

"For the first time I now observed that my little Reina was quieter than was her wont. I was anxious. Could she be ill? I suggested sending for our village doctor. She only laughed and blushed: that alone might have caused me to suspect the truth. But then, to me she seemed but a baby.

"About this time my friends came one afternoon to my cottage accompanied by two American tourists. I bade them hearty welcome, for I dearly love a conversation carried on by men of different nationalities. But the conversation should never take the form of international boasting.

"The Americans, like Chorlton and Lockwood, became constant visitors at my quiet little place by the lake, and everything went on well till one night—that I shall never forget.

"Lockwood began the argument, and before it finished there was hardly a poet, historian, or soldier, either American or British, that was not brought on the board. Finally, Lockwood got angry.

"'But,' he said, addressing his friend, 'there is neither patriotism, poetry, nor music, worth the name, in the soul of an Englishman, Chorlton.'

"Chorlton made a cutting though quiet reply, but appeared sorry as soon as he had spoken. Lockwood's face flushed somewhat; he hummed a tune, and beat a tattoo on the table with his fingers, then got up and walked straight out.

"A gloom settled on all present. It was like the shadow of some coming event. Reina seated herself to play, but her fingers had lost their cunning, her thoughts were not in accord with the music. After a time she quietly left the room. She returned in a few minutes. Very pale and very sad she looked.

"'Mr. Lockwood has taken a guide and gone up the mountain,' she whispered to me.

"'At this time of the day?' I cried: 'this is madness!'

"What could we do? Evening was already settling down on the lake; it would be dark in an hour. We could only wait and hope. But hours flew by and no Lockwood re-appeared, either at his own home or our cottage.

"It was long past midnight. I was about to lie down, in the hope of getting a short sleep before sunrise, when a footstep was heard on the gravel outside. I opened the door, and Chorlton almost pulled me out.

"'Lockwood is lost!' he cried; 'the guide has returned. Hush! say nothing to your daughter.'

"His warning came too late. Reina was at my elbow the next moment. She divined everything at a glance, and her grief and despair were terrible to witness.

"A search party was speedily organised. We were up—far up among the mountains before daylight.

"Lockwood, it seemed, had determined to get high up above the snow-line to see the sunset, and rashly chose a most dangerous route. What followed may be told in a line—a slackened rope, a slip, a slide, the rope broken, the guide alone!

"It was hours and hours before we found him—lying as if asleep at the cliff-foot, his axe not far off, his hand still clasping the broken piece of rope.

"Poor Chorlton, his grief was painful to witness!"

"How sad!" I said, here interrupting the old Alpine guide. "And so Lockwood was dead?"

"Nay," replied Inkinsfell, "else I would not be here. Lockwood recovered, and is now doing a thriving practice not twenty miles from where we are now seated."

"And your daughter is, of course——"

"Mrs. Lockwood. Yes, you are right; and, if you choose, we will go together and see them some day."

"I shall be delighted," I replied.

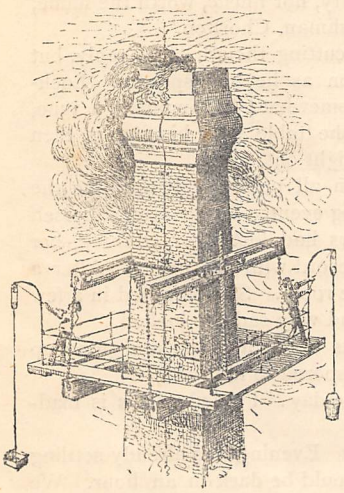
I took the old man's arm and together we left the breezy moorland, and were soon well on our way to Warsdene.

THE GATHERER.

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.*

A Chimney Climber.

The engraving illustrates a machine for climbing tall chimneys, which has been used on a chimney of some alkali works at Liverpool. It consists of two stout grippers of wood, capable of being fastened to the chimney by two long bolts, one on each side of the chimney. From these grippers, two similar grippers, also bolted to the chimney, are suspended by means of four chains; and these lower grippers carry the staging as shown in our engraving. The upper and lower grippers are also connected by two steel screws, which are operated to raise the staging higher. For this purpose the upper grippers are kept fast and the lower slackened, until the new position is reached, when they are again bolted tight to the chimney. This supports the platform and allows the upper grippers to be next raised to a fresh position as the length of the chains and screws permits. The device is calculated to save time hitherto lost in repairing chimneys by the methods of "Steeple Jacks."



Lighthouse Illumination.

According to the report of the Experimental Committee on Lighthouse Illumination which has now been published, the electric light is considered by the Committee the most powerful under all conditions of weather, and to have the greatest penetrative power in fogs. For lighthouse illumination with gas they also find that the Douglass patent gas-burner is much more efficient and economical than the Wigham burner, and that for the ordinary necessities of lighthouse illumination mineral oil is the most suitable and economical illuminant. For salient headlands, important landfalls, and places where a very powerful light is required, electricity offers the best advantages. Oil requires no gas-works at the lighthouse; and, as in the case of electricity, the heat generated by its combustion is less than that of gas.

An Electric Vessel.

The *Volta*, a vessel of steel 36 ft. long by 7 ft. beam, and 3 ft. 6 ins. deep, propelled by electric power, and fitted with two masts with sails in addition, was launched on the 31st August at Greenwich. The screw-propeller is driven by two Reckenzaum motors arranged on a line with the keel, and placed under the floor. Seventy accumulators furnish the current, and will propel the vessel about forty miles with one charge of electricity. The cells are placed low down in the bottom of the boat so as to ballast her. The masts and sails are removable at will; and they are designed to economise the electric power. The *Volta* will be able to cross the Channel; and, from the silence of her movements, may be used for search or torpedo work.

A Rug Machine.

A machine for making rugs of yarn, wool, or any kind of cast-off clothing or clippings, has been brought out recently. To make a rug, a foundation is first formed of some striped fabric, on which the material or waste cloth is sewn by the machine, which is of steel, and is capable of working a rug in a few hours.

Rotary Castors.

A new rotary castor has recently been invented, which can be specially recommended for heavy furniture. It is constructed of brass or iron in all the usual

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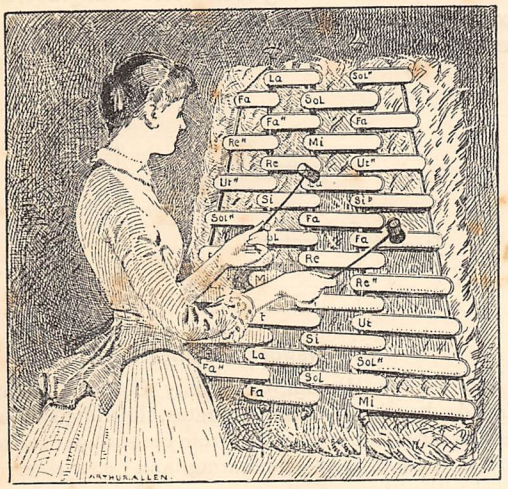
forms, with vitrified bowls or rollers; and it is made with either a plate for screws, or a socket top, or a centre screw. The novelty consists in the application of four small steel wheels of the "bogie" type, which revolve round the centre pin beneath the socket and immediately above the crown of the horn. The axle-plate, which is of steel, holds the wheels in their places, so that there is no strain on the axle-pins —all the strain coming directly on the top and bottom edges of the wheels. There is a direct and uniform bearing upon the top flat part of the horn of the castor, thus insuring free play to the bowl, resulting in a smooth and steady movement upon the floor.

Solid Electrolytes.

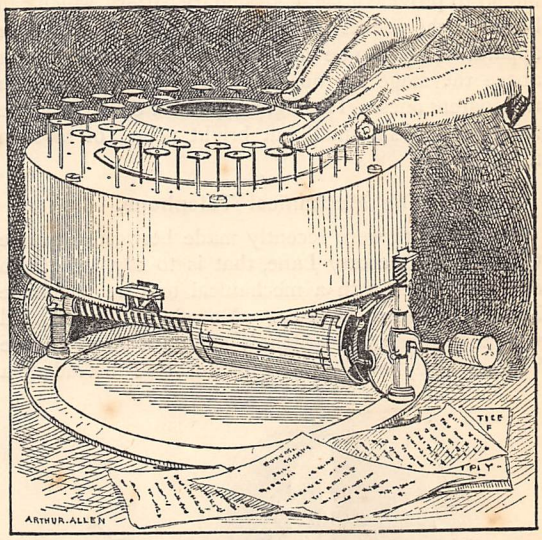
In a former note we have described the electric batteries of Mr. Shellford Bidwell, in which sulphide of copper and sulphur form a solid "electrolyte" between metal plates of silver and copper. Professor S. P. Thompson has also observed that a piece of sulphide of copper placed between plates of platinum in circuit with an electric current becomes a kind of small accumulator. That is to say, after the current has passed through it for a time, on stopping the charging current, and connecting the platinum plates through a galvanometer, a current is observed proceeding from the sulphide of copper. The solid sulphide between the platinum plates appears to constitute a "secondary" cell.

The Xylophone.

The Xylophone as a musical instrument was known to the ancients in one form or another; but about 1830 A.D. it was brought into fashion by Gussikow, a Russian musician. Quite recently it has come to the front in France, where it forms a feature in some



orchestras. The form commonly employed is that shown in the accompanying figure. As the name implies, it is "an instrument of wood and straw," and, as now made, the rods of wood of varying length are strung together by cords, so as to form the triangular figure shown. The frame is laid on bands of straw to bring out the sounds, and render them stronger and purer. The sounds are produced by striking the pieces of wood with a couple of small hammers. All marches and tunes of a quick rhythm can be executed on the instrument.



A Type Reporter.

A small and compact type writer has been invented, which it is claimed can be used for reporting lectures as well as for ordinary correspondence. The apparatus is illustrated in the accompanying figure, and weighs only 5 lbs., while it can be easily carried in the hand. The pistons are pressed down by the fingers in printing; and more than one copy can be obtained from the same impression. Moreover, by a peculiarity of construction, the same machine is capable of using different sizes of type. We need not enter into the details of the apparatus, which are purely mechanical; but we may add that the type is inked and strikes the paper itself without any intervening ink-band. The machine is, in fact, a kind of little printing-press. A larger size than that illustrated is produced by the same makers for office use.

A Revolving Hand-Basin.

A new washhand-basin has been brought out by a Glasgow inventor, which requires no stop-cocks to be turned on for the admission of hot and cold water, for letting away waste water, or for cleansing the basin. These operations are performed by revolving the basin horizontally.

An Electrical Clip Light.

A neat portable electric lamp for surgical examinations has been recently brought out by a well-known firm of electrical manufacturers. It consists of a very small incandescent lamp, silvered on one side to act as a reflector. The lamp is fixed to a double-

hinged clip, by which the light can be brought to bear in any direction upon the object under scrutiny. The apparatus is small enough to be carried in the vest pocket; and the lamp is fed by Leclanché cells, which give a light for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at a time. After a rest of an hour, the light can be obtained afresh from the battery. The makers intend to provide a small secondary battery, which can be put in the pocket and used to yield the light. The apparatus can also be used with the microscope, either above the stage for opaque objects, or below it for transparent ones. The light is pure in colour, and the reflector throws a small but bright pencil of rays on the object.

The Mechanical Telephone.

Experiments were recently made between Ludgate Circus and Chancery Lane, that is to say, the length of Fleet Street, with a mechanical or wire telephone introduced from America. No electricity is used with this apparatus, which is simply a form of the "lovers' telephone," having a taut wire instead of a

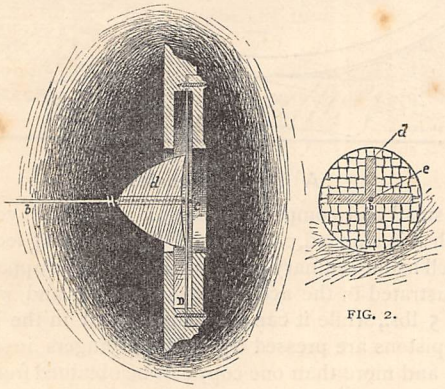


FIG. 2.

FIG. 1.

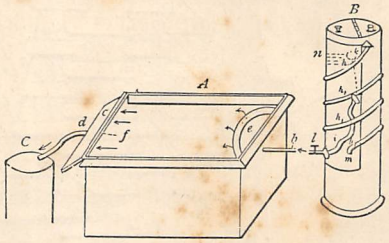
string, and a plate or tympanum of plaited willow chips instead of a drumhead of strained skin. The wire runs along the buildings, from which it is supported by brackets and vibration-insulators of india-rubber. At turnings the wire is kept tense so as to transmit the vibrations of the diaphragm set up by the voice. The end of the wire is of course fixed to the centre of the diaphragm, and when the sound sets the latter in vibration, the wire takes these vibrations up and transmits them to a similar diaphragm at the other end which reproduces them as sound. Fig. 2 illustrates the form of diaphragm, D, employed as seen from behind, and Fig. 1 is a section through the instrument. The wire *b*, Fig. 1, is shown in section at *e*, Fig. 2, and *d* is a "sound collector," or cross-cut mass of wood or sonorous body through which the wire passes before it is fixed by a pin, *c*, to the centre of the plaited diaphragm, D. The edges of the sound collector, *d*, just touch the diaphragm and take up its vibrations. The mouthpiece, B, is open both in front and behind. The experiments were said to be satisfactory, and it is hoped that the instrument will be useful in private works and premises. In connection with this subject we may mention that some successful experiments were recently made with the telephone between Uxbridge and Liverpool, a distance of 200 miles, over which talking was distinctly heard. The Gower-Bell apparatus of the Post-Office was employed, and the lines had newly been erected. The wires were double, that is to say, there was a going and returning wire, instead of the going wire and "earth" or ground return connection used in ordinary telegraphy. The two wires were also crossed at intervals to defeat the disturbing effects of external induction, that is to say, the induced currents due to telegraph messages traversing other wires near the telephone line. It is customary to cross the wires once in every four spans, that is to say, once for every four posts on the line. The experiments showed that speaking could be carried on over a much greater distance.

A New Music Folio.

A new music folio, which is suitable for carrying songs or pianoforte music, has recently been patented. Its appearance when closed is very much like that of the ordinary music folio or roll. But when opened it is seen that the strong spring back causes the whole of the folio to lie flat on the stand, and that, as the tapes for securing the various pieces are at one side of the folio, it is possible to use the music without removing it from the case. This, of course, prevents loss and confusion. The spring back gives the folio another advantage, in that it saves the music sheets from being bent or folded down the middle, and thus rendered unsightly when in use.

Liquefying Oxygen.

M. Cailletet now liquefies oxygen by the cold produced from ethylene boiling in the open air by means of cold air or oxygen blown into it. The degree of cold thus produced is 123° below zero Centigrade, and oxygen compressed in a glass tube and exposed to it resolves itself into a colourless liquid.



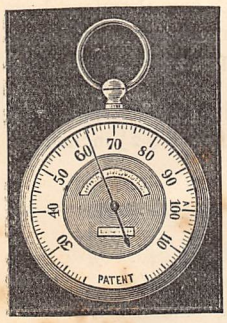
An Evaporation Meter.

Mr. George Haslam, of Trinity College, Toronto, Canada, has devised the apparatus, illustrated above, for measuring the evaporation from the surface of water. In the figure, A is an evaporating tank; B, a reservoir filled with water up to the point *n*; *h* h_1 is a graduated glass coil by which water in pouring out through the tap *l* is registered. Pressure on the tap is regulated by a tube and funnel *i*, buoyed up by *k*. The water flows from B to A, through a perforated semi-circular chamber *e*, which makes the fluid spread over the entire

surface of the evaporating tank. Surplus water flows over at *f*, down *c d*, into the reservoir C, which is similar to B, in fittings. Thus the loss from B, less the gain in C, is equal to the evaporation from B. The arrangement is chiefly designed for running water, and removes the necessity of refilling the tank, although good results can be attained by the latter plan also.

A Metallic Pocket Thermometer.

A pocket thermometer, of a convenient size and shape, has been brought out by a well-known optician. It is not based on the metallic thermometer of Breguet, in which the unequal expansion by temperature of two dissimilar metals is caused to move a hand upon a dial and indicate the temperature in question. In the new apparatus, which we illustrate herewith, the motion of the hand is obtained from the expansion and contraction of a liquid hermetically sealed in a metallic vacuum.



A New Ambulance Stretcher.

A new ambulance stretcher has lately been patented, which is specially adapted for fitting to carts, waggons, pit-cages in mines, &c. The frame-work is constructed entirely of steel, and spiral springs attached to straps, two on either side of the stretcher, support it and prevent all jarring or jolting. A hand-rest is provided, adjustable to various heights, and there is an arrangement by means of which the feet of the occupant may be raised higher than the head. The cover is removable for cleansing purposes, and the occupant lies in contact with canvas only, the steel cross-bars being much below the cover. Though large enough to carry any man, this new stretcher when wrapped up for storage measures only 5 feet 9 inches by 3 inches by 4 inches, and weighs under 30 lbs.

Our Ancestors.

A mathematical calculation recently made shows that in taking three generations to a century one has father, mother (2), grandparents (4), and great-grandparents (8), as ancestors—in all 14. Going back two centuries one has in the same way 64 ancestors, supposing that no intermarriage has reduced the number. Following out the calculation, it is found that from the time of the Norman Conquest, eight centuries ago, a person has 16,000,000 ancestors. This figure is so large that, even allowing for intermarriage, it shows the people of a nation are in some degree kin.

A Shuttleless Loom.

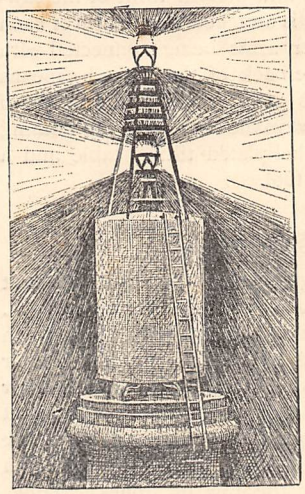
It is reported that an English inventor has devised a new loom which works without the time-honoured shuttle. At each end of the loom, which is an ordinary one without the "boxes," a large coil of weft stands on the floor, and this weft is caught by steel fingers which take it across the warp through the sheath as by a shuttle. The weft is cut at the list, and the edge of the fabric is left jagged; but in other respects it resembles ordinary newly-woven cloth. A motion stops the loom when an end breaks, just as an ordinary loom is stopped when the weft breaks. The new loom is said to economise time in changing the shuttle, and the inventor is reported to claim that one operative can tend a number of looms.

An Asylum Tell-tale.

This tell-tale is intended to record the fidelity of the night attendant on duty in asylums and other places of watch. It is the design of Dr. J. Millar, Medical Superintendent of the Bethnall House Asylum, and is in use in different English asylums. The apparatus consists of a clock movement, so arranged that the hour axle carries a paper disc instead of the usual hand. It is enclosed loosely in a strong mahogany box, which is kept locked, and fixed at a convenient point on the beat of the attendant. Several of them serve to keep the attendant "on the move." In passing a tell-tale box he inserts a pencil as far as it will go into a hole provided in the lid of the box, and thus makes a mark on the paper disc, which has been already set so as to correspond with the time at which a mark is made. When the clock is wound up in the morning the record is examined. To save changing the paper disc three different-coloured pencils may be used on three successive nights; and the paper may be also shifted so as to record other three nights on a second circle without putting in a fresh disc.

A Gas Beacon.

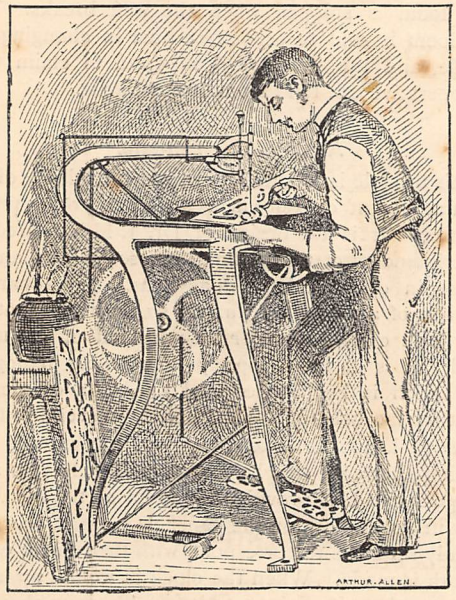
The figure illustrates a new gas beacon light erected for the Clyde Lighthouse Trust on the Gantoch rocks off Dunoon, Firth of Clyde. Steps lead up to the superstructure, which consists of a reservoir or gas-holder containing Pintsch's oil gas under pressure, and two powerful gas lanterns. The lamps show two red lights, and will burn for thirty-five days with one supply of gas. These beacons are very useful, owing to the small amount of attendance they require, and the bright light which they give.



The Great Glacier of Alaska.

The front end of this glacier presents a wall of ice 500 feet thick, and its breadth varies from three to ten

miles, while its length is 150 miles. Almost every quarter of an hour, hundreds of tons of ice break from it and plunge into the sea, raising great waves. The top is broken, and covered with ice-hills and miniature mountain chains. It is stated that the ice advances to the sea at the rate of a quarter of a mile per annum.



The Walking Beam Saw.

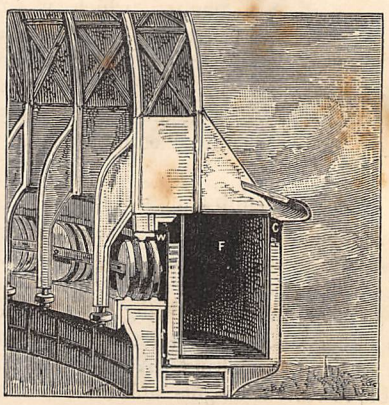
Fretwork is now extensively employed; and amateur mechanics and others will be interested in the new walking beam fret-saw which we illustrate. The saw has a vertical action, as shown, and its movement is produced by a lever, like that of a bell-crank, pivoted near the end of the top and bottom arms of the saw-frame. The saw-holder is attached to one arm of each of these levers, the other arms being connected with an oscillating arm at the back of the frame by means of metal rods. By this arrangement the tension of the saw is held to be always the same, and the running free and steady. A nickel-plated tilting table and a blower form part of the tool.

The Silex Piano.

It has long been known that certain flint-stones emit a musical note when struck with other flints; and M. Baudre, a French musician, has constructed a piano on this principle. The flints are chosen according to their pitch when struck, and suspended horizontally by their two ends in a row like the keys of a piano. An elegant metal framework supports the stones, and wires are used to suspend them. A sounding-board is placed a fraction of an inch below the row of stones. Tunes are played by means of two smaller flints held in the hands. The stone which emits the greatest tone weighs 4½ lbs.; that which gives the corresponding half-tone weighs 9 lbs. This large flint is immediately followed by one weighing 1 oz. A 3 oz. stone in the set gives the same note as another weighing 6,000 grains; so that it is not alone the size of the stones, but other properties which affect the sounds.

The Standard Flame.

Hitherto the British unit of light has been the light of a spermaceti candle ⅞ inch in diameter, burning 120 grains per hour, or in other words, six candles to the pound. Standard candles are, however, open to serious objections, as the light they give varies 10 or 15 per cent., according to the conditions of the wick and other circumstances. The standard pentane flame of Prof. Vernon Harcourt, F.R.S., has therefore been recommended by a recent committee for use as a standard of light. This flame is produced by burning a mixture of pentane and air (20 volumes of air to 7 of gaseous pentane) in a burner with an opening ¼ inch in diameter. The height of the flame is 2½ inches.



A Floating Dome.

Domes for covering great telescopes and equatorials require to move round so as to permit the instrument to follow the movements of heavenly bodies. Some of these are floated on water, so as to produce little friction and be easily moved. Such, for example, is the new floating dome for the Nice Observatory, which we partially illustrate. The floating part of the dome, F, swims in a ring or circular caisson containing salt water. The caisson rests on thirty-six strong cast-iron supports rising from a tower of masonry. The revolving motion of the dome is guided by the wheels, W, shown; and it is capable of being moved by the hand.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Editor hopes to publish the award in the Short Story Competition in an early number of the Magazine.

Intending Competitors for the Prize Song Competition, and the Fifty Pound Prize Story Competition, are reminded that the latest dates for these competitions are respectively November 2nd, 1885, *and January 1st,* 1886.